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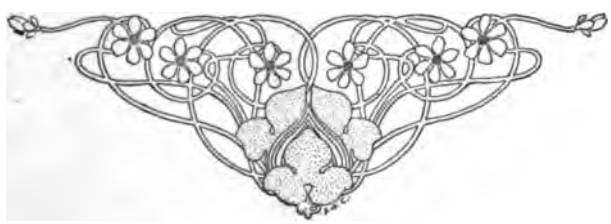

MISS MARY GARDEN AS "MÉLISANDE" IN DEBUSSY'S "PELLÉAS AND MÉLISANDE"

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LITERARY ROLLS OF HONOR IN FRANCE

THE ACADÉMIE FRANÇAISE—THE ACADÉMIE DES GONCOURT—THE COMMITTEE OF WOMEN OF "LA VIE HEUREUSE"

BY TH. BENTZON[1]

IN a period when so many time-honored traditions of France sink beneath the waves of what we are pleased to style progress, without perhaps caring to learn whether we gain or lose as the stormy tide flows on, there is one national institution still standing firm, which, despite all that is said against it, is unique: I mean the French Academy. In vain have men tried to raise up rivals: it remains the sole arbiter of taste, the guardian of our language, the last surviving vestige of sovereignty. To prove this would be an interesting study, in view of the increasing importance attached to the "Académie des Goncourt," and to the committee which has been humorously called the "Academy of Women."

When the Goncourt brothers gathered round them that literary set to which they themselves never gave the name of Academy, though it did not displease them that it should be so styled, they were in a certain way renewing the attempt of Baïf, who, in the sixteenth century assembled at his house in the Faubourg St. Marceau, Paris, the wits of his day. The Goncourts, Edmond and Jules, received in an upper room of their house at Auteuil, in what they called the garret. Here Théophile Gautier, Louis Veuillot, Gustave Flaubert, Paul de Saint-Victor, Fromentin, Barbey d'Aurevilly, Théodore de Banville, and Jules Vallès took the place of Ronsard and the poets of the Pléiade. The aim of these latter had been to enrich their mother-tongue by judicious borrowings from the ancients, and to make it bear comparison with Latin and Greek. The new neologists, bolder than their forerunners, refused on any pretext whatsoever to be patronized by the great, even should they be poets, as was King Charles IX. In

[1] Madame Thérèse Blanc, author of this article, died in February, 1907. She was one of the few

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this they were unlike another company of writers who in the seventeenth century, from 1629 till 1634, when the French Academy was created, had weekly meetings, with discussions about their own books in Conrart's hospitable and comfortable home. The all-powerful minister Richelieu heard of these meetings, and he offered the society, or, rather, he imposed on it, his patronage, making it almost against its will a publicly constituted body.

The improvement of our language from that time forward—an improvement which had begun in the subtle conversations at the Hôtel de Rambouillet—owes much to the famous dictionary, where the new forms of speech introduced by the "Précieuses" were carefully sifted, method and good taste prevailing over boldness and mannerism. The "Dictionnaire de l'Académie" still diligently occupies the "Forty" and almost justifies the raillery of Boisrobert, a well-known wit, one of the first elected:

Depuis six mois dessus l'F on travaille,
Et le destin m'aurait fort obligé
S'il m'avait dit: Tu vivras jusqu'au G.

(For six long months they have worked on the F,
And I 'd feel much obliged to Fate
Had it told me: You 'll live to see the G.)

This long and careful work of unequaled importance, inasmuch as it shaped the language forever, began under the auspices of Richelieu.

Conrart was named secretary. His title of "secrétaire perpétuel," handed down from generation to generation, belongs now to a most distinguished scholar, M. Gaston Boissier. Conrart was scarcely what can be called an author, and in stinging verse Boileau commends his "prudent silence." He published very little, although he left behind him many ponderous manuscripts; but he was the generous friend of many good writers and therefore deserved their gratitude.

The real ruler of the new-born Academy was the great Cardinal. Outside the range of politics, he sought to prepare and encourage the splendid efflorescence of French literature which was to blossom during the following reign. One cannot but admire his foresight and his genius for organization. No doubt he had his failings, chiefly his despotism; and this is why the parliament tried at first to oppose the formation of the Academy, fearing to see it become in his hands an instrument something like a tyrannical board of censure. Richelieu had also great literary pretensions; he wrote bad plays and in consequence felt jealous of Corneille's "Le Cid." His influence prevented the Academy from doing justice to this masterpiece; but public opinion was the stronger, and good judges kept on saying "Beautiful as 'The Cid.'"

Still, notwithstanding their flattery of Richelieu and their exaggerated praise of other men in power, the Forty were never subservient to the government. A too-powerful protector is often as dangerous as he may be helpful, and this they found when patronized by Louis XIV, who was with difficulty persuaded to accept the nomination of La Fontaine. Yet surely no man could ever be more worthy to take a seat among the "immortals." When at length the king consented, he did so in a few characteristic words: "You may name him; he has promised to be good."

This submission excited the ire of independent minds like Messieurs de Goncourt, and to avoid slipping into a similar groove, they decided to exclude forever politicians and men of rank from their small circle.

With them there are no formal calls by the candidate upon his future colleagues, an obligatory and rather arduous task, and of course no visit to the head of the state after the election. Those various steps for obtaining a vote and for thanking have been deemed by some humiliating to the candidate and by others a mere form of politeness. It would seem that there is somewhat more ground for reproach in the fact that the Academy elections often single out men of second-

women admitted to the Légion d'Honneur. Aside from her writings, chiefly novels, some of which had the distinction of being crowned by the French Academy, she appealed to Americans by her interest in our literature, the knowledge of which in France she greatly promoted, and by her sympathetic regard for American ideals. She followed especially the progress of women in this country, and wrote a volume on the subject. In THE CENTURY for May, 1903, will be found an appreciative article regarding her by Mrs. James T. Fields.—THE EDITOR.

From a carbon print by Braun, Clément & Co., of the painting in the Louvre by Philippe de Champagne
Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

CARDINAL DE RICHELIEU, FOUNDER OF THE ACADÉMIE FRANÇAISE

rate talent while stars of the first magnitude are excluded from this literary firmament. Such was the case with Descartes, Rotrou, Pascal, Molière, Regnard, La Rochefoucauld, Malebranche, Le Sage, Vauvenargues, Diderot, and Beaumarchais. Nor in our own time did Paul Louis Courier, Benjamin Constant, Lamennais, Béranger, Balzac, Alexandre Dumas, the elder, or Alphonse Daudet belong to the Academy. Questions of morality, political opinions, and social importance are sometimes considered, just as they would be in a drawing-room. The Academy is above all things anxious to remain the "bonne compagnie," that is to say, a society of gentlemen in the real acceptation of the word; the man, therefore, may be chosen rather than his works. Such as it is, those who profess most disdain for the Académie Française are proud to enter its list, and frequently do so after exhausting against it all their powers of satire. Like La Fontaine, people "promise to be good" as they grow older. In fact, the adversaries of the Academy as a rule are those to whom justly or unjustly it has refused admittance. We have only to ask the deserters of the Goncourt Society: Zola strove in vain to effect an entrance into its precincts, and for that purpose actually paid those customary visits he had denounced as a shame. Guy de Maupassant had his place marked out there when madness overtook him. With the exception, perhaps, of the uncompromising Daudet, who had cut himself off from the Academy by attacking it in a violently written book, many others would have taken the same path if the Society had remained what it was in the life of the Goncourt brothers, a bunch of eminent literary gossips. The Academy possessed the superior advantages of its emoluments, its rewards for being present, and its prizes. During the Consulate, after the French Revolution had transformed it into an "Institut National," divided into as many classes and sections as there are branches of human knowledge, a decree was issued by which each of its members was to receive pecuniary advantage consisting in a modest annuity of fifteen hundred francs.[1] As to the prizes, they had existed since 1671, when the first laurel crowns for eloquence and poetry had decked the brows of a woman, Mademoiselle de Scudéry and of a much-forgotten author named Lamonnoye, who had boldly written about the abolition of dueling, a clear proof that the Academy favored no prejudices.

Many prizes were founded in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, among others those by the philanthropist Montyon, with *prix de vertu* at the head of the list. Those prix de vertu are rewards granted to persons who have accomplished any act of heroism, of self-sacrifice, of devotion to old age, to sickness, to infirmity. Together with the speeches that accompany these awards, they prove from year to year that praiseworthy actions are performed in every scale of French society, so much cried down by those who take seriously its boastful confession of vices, whereas the addition of a little hypocrisy is perhaps all that is wanting to make it exactly like its neighbors.

Once a year, thanks to M. de Montyon, this mask is snatched off and our French nation most unwillingly shows its good deeds.

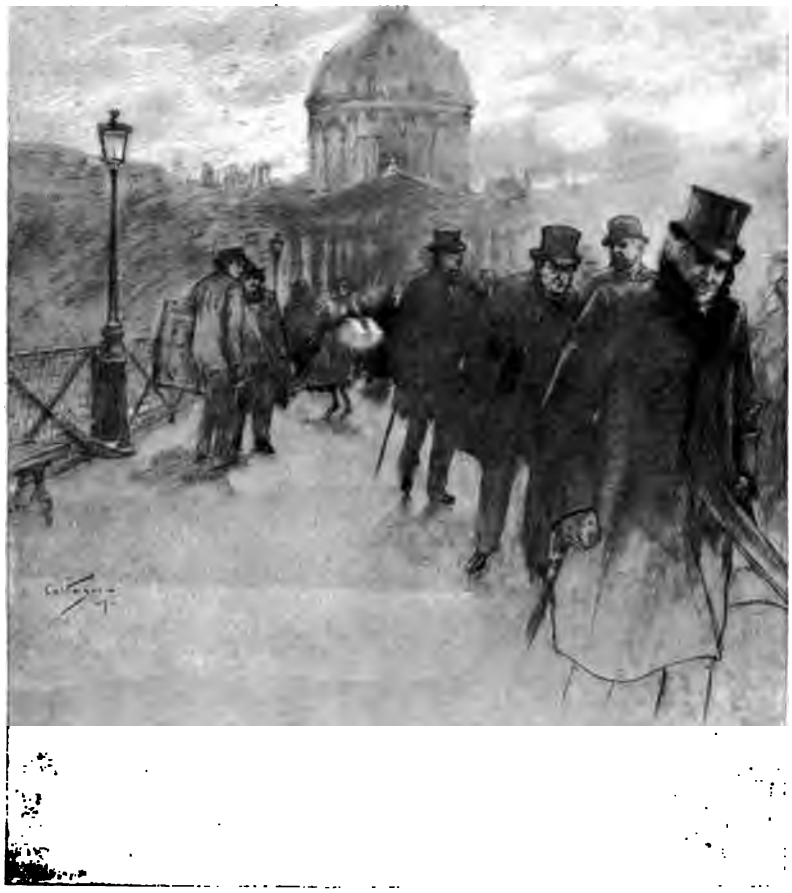
The same benefactor bequeathed prizes for the best works published during the year and especially for the book that should seem most likely to promote the cause of morality. The Goncourt Academy, on the contrary, utterly disclaims any moral aim, and pretends to represent art solely for art's sake—"l'art pour l'art." Exclusive in its own way, it is not quite free from some of the very reproaches it casts at the cupola which still shelters Bossuet's statue; only the exclusiveness tends the other way. While the venerable body insists on principles and seeks to avoid or to moderate excess, the younger strives at any cost to break down old barriers and throw open new roads. Its influence is all the greater because, since the death of Edmond de

[1] The Institute was then composed of one hundred and forty-four residing in Paris and an equal number of associates scattered in different parts of the Republic, without counting twenty-four foreign savants who were to take part in its labors. General Bonaparte was elected member of the Institute of Physical and Mathematical Sciences (1797). An act of the 26th of January, 1803, signed by him, contains the nominations of members for the several classes. He himself and his brother Lucien appear among the number.

Drawn by André Castaigne. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick. See "Open Letters"

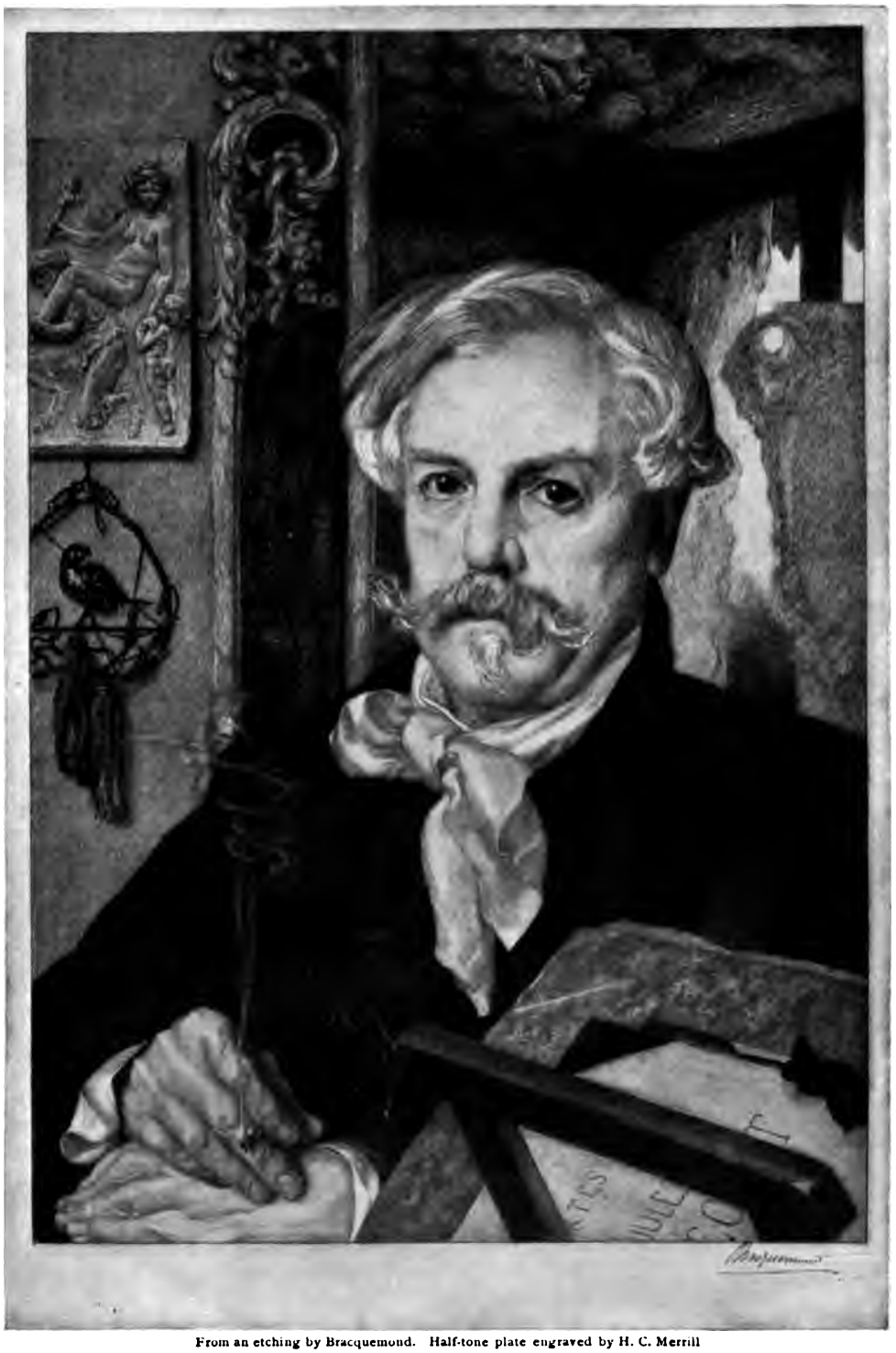
A RECEPTION AT THE ACADÉMIE FRANÇAISE

Goncourt, its encouragement is not merely honorary. In his will the founder bequeathed an annuity of six thousand francs to every member of the literary society whose formation had been the dream of his own life and of that of his deceased brother. To Alphonse Daudet, the executor of his last wishes, was intrusted the task of carrying out this provision, and also of establishing an annual prize of five thousand francs for a purely literary work. All this demanded a yearly sum of seventy thousand francs, and the difficulty was to find it. The house at Auteuil, the bonds in which the fortune of Edmond de Goncourt consisted, his collections (although they brought in nearly one million four hundred thousand francs at the sale thereof), did not all together produce the necessary funds. The sum was further diminished by the decision of the Conseil d'Etat, that stout protector of family interests, allotting four or five thousand francs to certain relatives of the Goncourts who had advanced claims to his inheritance. Besides all this, the will, dated in 1890, was open to discussion, for the incorrigible champion of artistic style (*l'écriture artiste*), though he carefully consulted a lawyer before drawing up this will, declined to word it as the lawyer advised, his own prose seeming to him, he said, "more literary by far."



Drawn by André Castaigne. Halftone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

MEMBERS OF THE FRENCH ACADEMY, AFTER A SESSION, CROSSING THE PONT DES ARTS, FROM THE INSTITUTE



From an etching by Bracquemond. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

EDMOND DE GONCOURT

So it was indeed, and so much so at the expense of legal terms that it was almost null and came near being canceled. At last, by means of a reduction in the yearly annual sum allotted to each member, the Academy was formed with the following ten associates, the first eight having been chosen by Edmond de Goncourt himself. Alphonse Daudet, Huysmans, Mirbeau, the two brothers Rosny, Léon Hennique, Paul Margueritte, and Gustave Geffroy. Léon Daudet has since taken the place of his father, and two remaining places have been filled by Descaves and Elémir Bourges, author of the "Crépuscule des Dieux."[1] Annual prizes are given: that of 1904 went to a very fine work full of healthy humanity in its rather coarse realism, "La Maternelle"[2] by Léon Frapié.

There is nothing like one good deed for producing others. Such generosity gave the great publishing firm of Hachette the idea of founding a prize of the same value. It takes its name from the wide-spread monthly "La Vie Heureuse," and a jury of twenty women of letters is to award it annually to the best work published by a writer of their own sex.

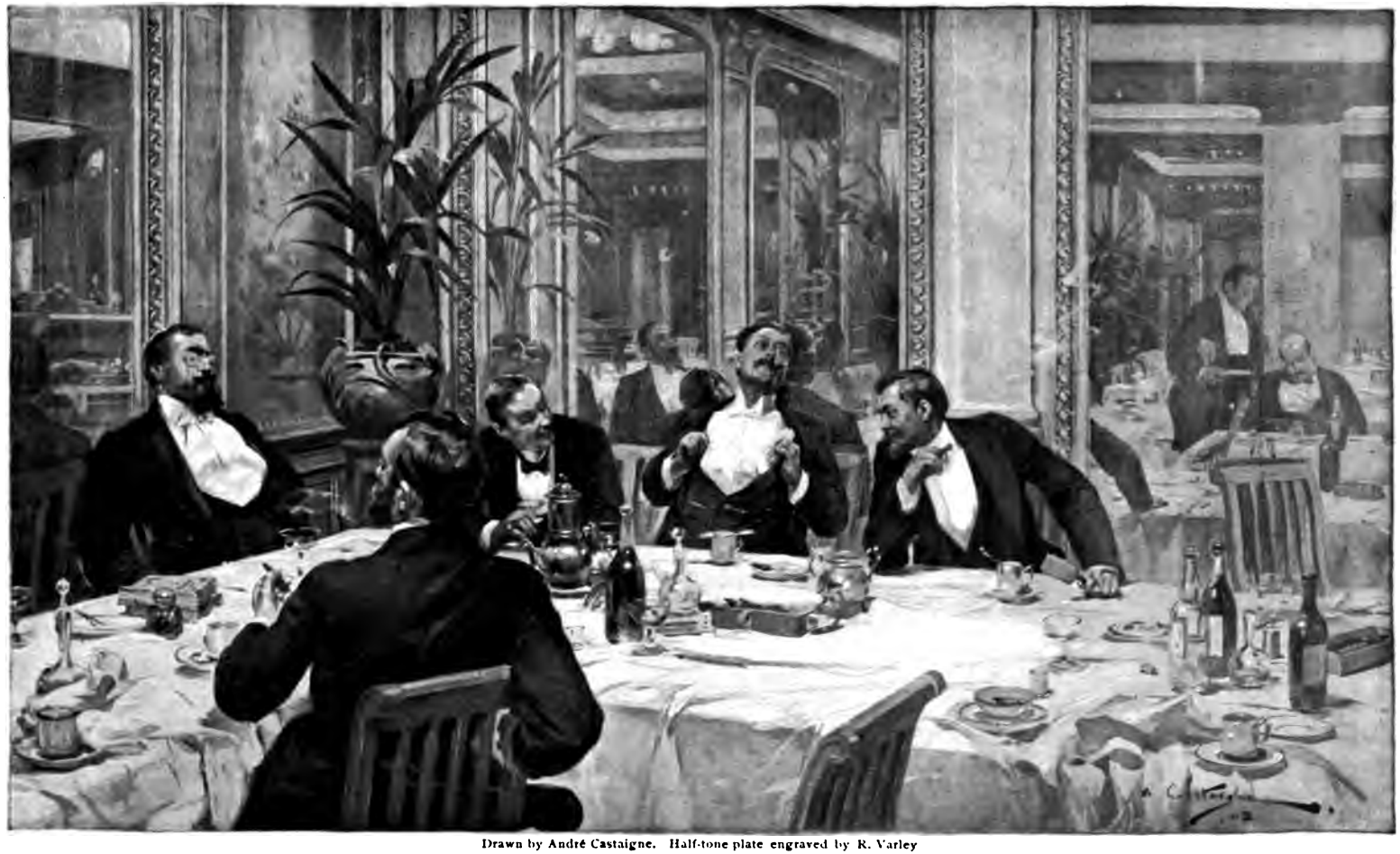
But see how impartial Frenchwomen are! They have resolved of their own accord that men shall be allowed to compete. This, indeed, is clever as well as liberal, for the average standard of the competitions is thereby considerably raised. Besides which it gives a piquant lesson to the Goncourt Academy, which affects the most rigorous exclusion of women from its rewards. Till now the best reception women who write have met with has been at the old French Academy, some of its most important prizes having been awarded to Arvède Barine, Th. Bentzon, Daniel Lesueur, to mention chiefly those of late years. The Academy, it is true, admits women only as competitors for prizes. George Sand herself was never offered a chair, even as an honorary member. Let us recall some pretty verses the good-hearted Théophile Gautier wrote to her about this exclusion:

Je vois l'Académie où vous êtes présente.
Si vous m'y recevez, mon sort est le plus beau.
Nous aurons, à nous deux, l'esprit de quarante—
Vous comme quatre et moi comme zéro.

(I see the Academy wherever you are.
If you receive me there, my bliss is complete.
We two shall unite the wit of the Forty—
You shall stand for the four and I 'll stand for the nought.)

However, if they do not put themselves forward, women have always taken an active part in the Academy elections, each literary salon having its own candidate. We may say, therefore, that though they are not Academicians, they often have the making of them, therein playing the same powerful though secret part they play in politics. We need only watch their triumphant looks when, from the places of honor in the center, they witness the sittings for the reception of their friends. But there are no seats for them either at the Palais Mazarin or the garret at Auteuil. From time to time, however, the newspapers publish the names of the forty Frenchwomen of letters who would form a very respectable academy. Grapes being not yet ripe for them, what can they do but assume of their own accord the dignity that masculine selfishness refuses to grant with a good grace? "La Vie Heureuse" ("The Happy Life"), which has such a lucky title, helped them in this matter. With the free disposal of five thousand francs to be awarded every year to the best work of the season either in prose or poetry, it gave, moreover, into their hands the right to have printed by Hachette the first manuscript from the pen of any gifted young author. What a blessing this confers when we think of the difficulties that beset the paths of beginners; but at the same time what an arduous task is the reading of such a mass of written or printed matter undertaken by women who of their own free will deny themselves the right to compete, and simply take all the trouble without any compensation! The jury formed in 1904 elected successively as president Arvède Barine (Madame Vincens), the author of that fine life-like history "La Grande Mademoiselle," and Th. Bentzon, who is best

[1] In 1907, Jules Renard, author of "Poil de Carotte," was elected in place of Huysmans, deceased.—THE EDITOR.
[2] The Maternal School (the public kindergarten for working people).



Drawn by André Castaigne. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

"H. Rosny" Gustave Geffroy Léon Daudet Octave Mirbeau Lucien Descaves

A MEETING OF THE ACADÉMIE DES GONCOURT AT A RESTAURANT IN PARIS

known in America under the name of Madame Thérèse Blanc. Both declined the honor, leaving it to a poet, their youthful colleague, Comtesse Mathieu de Noailles. Madame Dieulafoy, another clever writer, the partner of her husband in the excavations made in Persia, whose name is affixed to one of the halls of the Louvre, is vice-president; Madame de Broutelles, the very intelligent and amiable directress of "La Vie Heureuse," is secretary. So, at a first sitting in the Hôtel des Sociétés Savantes, with a good deal of fuss and bustle, for we Frenchwomen are not yet accustomed to public meetings, the Committee was formed for one year.

After having looked over the numerous volumes sent in by the candidates, the Committee assembled at the Avenue Henri Martin in the drawing-room of the Comtesse de Noailles. It had put on a holiday look for the occasion. Ah! how far superior to their male competitors these writing women look at first sight! The green coats embroidered with palm branches, and even the carefully sheathed sword, cannot rival such dresses. That worn by the frail and graceful mistress of the house is a dream in nasturtium-colored velvet and "style empire"; the short waist encircled with satin ribbons, the long skirt striped with rolled bands of sables and old "point d'Alençon." We see side by side the handsome Baronne de Pierrebourg, who signs Claude Ferval to the novels she writes for the "Revue des Deux Mondes" and the "Revue de Paris"; Madame Félix-Faure-Goyau, who adds to the name of her husband, himself a writer, that of her father, the former president of the Republic; Séverine, with white, powdered hair crowning her expressive countenance, which might be that of a Madame Roland or any other heroine of the French Revolution; Marni, a rival of Gyp, whose sharp and subtle wit, decidedly modern, has sparkled in the newspapers and won applause on the stage; Madame Marcelle Tinayre, looking almost like a girl, the author, however, of the most talked-about novel of the last few years, "La Maison du Péché"; Madame Alphonse Daudet, who has written exquisite books in verse and in prose, faithful mirrors of her life as wife and mother; Madame Jean Bertheroy, whose fine Greek romances show learning and wealth of imagination closely allied; another novelist, Daniel Lesueur (Madame Lapauze), who also entered her career through the lofty gate of poetry by translating Byron; Madame Georges de Peyrebrune, whose great successes, "Marco" and "Victoire la Rouge," are of a much earlier date. By a piquant coincidence, the two successive wives of Catulle Mendès are both present; the first having resumed by divorce right the glorious name of her father, signs Judith Gautier to her masterly works on Chinese literature; the other is a young and pretty poet whose esthetic attire makes a sensation wherever she appears. The only celebrities wanting to the assembly were Madame Adam and Madame Gabrielle Réval, whose "Sèvriennes," a picture of the great normal school of Sèvres, met with varied appreciation, although no one denied the talent displayed therein.

The votes are called; it is to be a secret ballot. The urn passes round, Madame de Noailles counts the votes and Madame Myriam Harry is elected by an overwhelming majority. She is the author of a singular, remarkable book, "The Conquest of Jerusalem," and fully understands her subject, treating it in a novel and startling way. She was born in the East, and the mingled race from which she springs has given a most peculiar bent to her mind. As a child she spoke indifferently a smattering of English, German, and Arabic; her first books were composed in German, yet she now writes admirable French. She has lately married a sculptor, Perrault, and thus belongs to the land in which chance brought her literary talents to maturity.

Amid the rustle of silk and velvet, the sheen of furs and lace and plumed hats, we notice the close-cropped head of Madame Dieulafoy, with her masculine coat just enlivened with the narrow red strip of ribbon, sign of the Legion of Honor. Since her travels in Asia, where she lost the habit of wearing our irksome skirts, she dresses as a man.

Some of the ladies meet here for the first time. We in France have none of the freemasonry among women of the same profession that obtains in America. No club has ever assembled us,

From the painting by A. de La Gandara. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

COMTESSE MATHIEU DE NOAILLES, PRESIDENT OF THE COMMITTEE OF WOMEN OF "LA VIE HEUREUSE"

though there is a project afloat for founding in the Madeleine quarter one for women artists and writers.[1] It will be very much like the Lyceum Club in London. Indeed, as we have gone so far, I may as well say at once that a branch of the Lyceum will shortly be opened. It is, my readers may know, an international club. The Committee of "La Vie Heureuse" will set up its headquarters there. Meanwhile the members meet in turns at one another's houses to discuss new books or anything that may seem interesting. At one meeting the question was: "Should the word author serve for both genders?" Madame Dieulafoy read some letters from learned philologists whom she had consulted—Messrs. Meyer, Bréal, Salomon Reinach, Thomas, de Gourmont, and Havet. Oddly enough, these gentlemen, probably from a sentiment of chivalry, were in favor of a word with a feminine ending, such as *auteuresse* or *autoresse,* and some actually proposed *autrice;* but our members are conservative and not at all devoid of taste: they inclined for the old form, and we shall continue to say *femme auteur.* After the settlement of this delicate question, Madame Th. Bentzon read a report about the future Lyceum Club, of which she is an ardent promoter.

How rapidly things change even in our old, slow-moving land, where woman seemed destined to sit forever by the fire and spin! Here we have already an Academy of Women, a women's club, without counting the Puteaux Tennis Club or the La Boulie Golf Club, and other similar associations. Decidedly America has invaded our shores. What will come of the change? The future alone will show.

A new member has been elected in the person of Mme. Duclaux (A. Mary F. Robinson), who writes English and French equally well and who will bring a foreign element into this most eclectic society, "La Vie Heureuse."

Summer vacations, of course, interrupted the sittings, but it was all gain, as holidays bring time for reading and appreciating new books. This was done scrupulously and to good purpose, the reader may be assured. Most votes, at the next competition, would in all likelihood have fallen upon "L'Esclave," a novel by Madame de Régnier, who has chosen New Orleans as the scene for her book. But on account of the recent death of her father, the perfect poet José Maria de Hérédia, the lady refused to be a candidate, as indeed she has refused to be among the jury. We may, incidentally, regret that the latter should be so numerous, some of the best books of the year coming generally from experienced writers, who award, but do not accept, prizes.

There is, however, a goodly crop of novels from women lately embarked in the literary career. One of them: "Comment s'en vont les reines" by Colette Yver, a political romance, was very near winning the palm which, after all, a man, Romain Rolland, carried away. His "Jean Christophe" reminds us somewhat of the first part of "Wilhelm Meister," without being similar. It is, on the contrary, original in its simple straightforwardness, and relates impressions of childhood and the growth of a musical vocation.[2]

Most books written by women just now treat of the evolution brought about in the female mind by a new system of education and new surroundings. No less suggestive are the opinions expressed as to the necessity of love in marriage and on the melancholy want of respect in the stronger sex for the weaker. As to the style, it makes us sometimes feel how useful, nay, how necessary, is the sheltering grand old dome of the aged Academy, so frequently and so unjustly ridiculed. What, I wonder, would become of pure, good French without it? It is accused of shutting out with its formidable walls every bold flight of fancy. But all its efforts hardly suffice to stem the rising tide of newfangled words that threaten to invade and spoil our sober, precise language. No form of speech is more difficult to wield or to master, but none is more exact, more accurate, than French. Master-minds have taught us that it requires to be respected; you cannot play

[1] This project has not been realized. The meeting of November 30, 1907, which awarded the year's prize to Madame Colette Yver, was held at the house of Madame Félix-Faure-Goyau.—THE EDITOR.

[2] In 1907, the prize was awarded to Madame Colette Yver's "Princesses de Science." The prize of 1906 went to "Gemmes et Moirés," a volume of poems by Mademoiselle André Corthis.

Comtesse Mathieu de Noailles Mme. Deulafoy Mme. Alphonse Daudet

From a drawing by André Castaigne. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

Mme. Duclaux Mme. Daniel Lesueur Mme. Jeanne Marni Mme. Marcelle Tinayre
Mme. Delarue-Mardrus Mme. Félix-Faure-Goyau Mme. Séverine

A MEETING OF THE COMMITTEE OF "LA VIE HEUREUSE" AT THE HOME OF ITS PRESIDENT THE COMTESSE DE NOAILLES

with it, enriching it at will, as other languages are enriched by borrowings from abroad. Some innovations it does in time accept, but not till they have been tried and weighed in every way by the forty guardians of the Iron Gates. By such severity of choice alone can we still hope to preserve an instrument worthy of a Renan, of a Pierre Loti, of an Anatole France.

The venerable French Academy, the only academy, let us say, is at once the refuge and the reward of those who disdain to court a vulgar, unwholesome notoriety, and we should be justly surprised were not the indignant defenders of moral cleanliness grateful for its opposition to a kind of noisome looseness in print. When its gray old walls crumble away, we may bid good-by to French intellect, "l'esprit français," such as it was when it won and wore through centuries the admiration of the world. This does not mean that any bold literary innovation should be despised, but the outlets sought for by amateurs of unrestrained impressionism and realism are abundantly afforded by the Goncourt society. People who find fault with the dark aspect of the Palais Mazarin; its wide, dull, sunless courtyards; its galleries lined with formal rows of marble statues; its stern-looking office; the ill-stuffed green leather benches and narrow tribunes of the Salle du Dome, formerly the Chapel of the "College des Quatre Nations,"—these fastidious people may console themselves by thinking of the elegant rooms, so snugly upholstered, so artistically adorned, those picturesque retreats of women of the world, artists, and travelers, where the jury of "La Vie Heureuse" holds its meetings. Unfortunately, these are never public, as are the receptions at the French Academy. Otherwise what a crowd would rush to them, exactly as it does to the gates of the Palais Mazarin when we see the lucky possessors of admission tickets assemble early on the mornings of public sittings in interminable rows before the closed door, thereby showing that, in spite of all the detractors may say, these solemn festivities are still in favor.

However private the sittings may be in the salons of Madame de Noailles, Madame Alphonse Daudet, Madame Daniel Lesueur, or Madame Dieulafoy, caricature has not spared them; but every one knows that caricature is but a form of notoriety. The jury of "La Vie Heureuse" is rather proud that pens and pencils should have already been wielded against its brilliant discussions, which generally end at a daintily served tea-table. After all, there is nothing either very amazing or very new in the idea of an academy of women. In the Middle Ages did not a learned lady of Toulouse distribute to the poets flowers in gold and silver which the Collège du Gai Savoir owed to her munificence? And was not the blue room of the Marquise de Rambouillet, almost as much as the cozy dinners of Conrart himself, the beginning of an Academy where the Précieuses sifted and enriched forever the French language? Nowadays the "Vie Heureuse" Committee is perhaps the only place in Paris from which political quarrels and social prejudices are banished. The proof is that in December, 1905, the new Committee was elected with Séverine as president—Séverine the one woman journalist really worthy of that name, the eloquent public speaker who calls herself aloud an anarchist; and beside her, as vice-president, the most womanly of women, the refined and dignified Madame Poradowska, a close French observer of country and clerical life in Poland and Galicia. You will see that the two together will join in doing good work and at first join their fellow-members in the most excellent work of all—the work of mutual tolerance and conciliation which for several years has not been sufficiently attended to in Paris.

MEMBERS OF THE FRENCH ACADEMY—MARCH, 1908

Messieurs	*Elected*	*Messieurs*	*Elected*
Emile Ollivier	1870	Comte Albert de Mun	1897
Alfred Mézières	1874	Henri Lavedan	1898
Gaston Boissier	1876	Paul Deschanel	1899
Victorien Sardou	1877	Paul Hervieu	1899
François Coppée	1884	Emile Faguet	1900
Ludovic Halévy	1884	Edmond Rostand	1901
Jules Claretie	1888	Marquis de Vogué	1901
Comte d'Haussonville	1888	René Bazin	1903
Vicomte Melchior de Vogue	1888	Frédéric Masson	1903
Charles de Freycinet	1890	Emile Gebhart	1904
Pierre Loti	1891	Etienne Lamy	1905
Ernest Lavisse	1892	Alexandre Ribot	1905
Paul Thureau-Dangin	1893	Maurice Barrès	1906
Paul Bourget	1894	Cardinal Mathieu	1906
Henry Houssaye	1894	Henri Barboux	1907
Jules Lemaître	1895	Maurice Donnay	1907
Marquis Costa de Beauregard	1896	Marquis de Ségur	1907
Anatole France	1896	Francis Charmes	1908
Comte Albert Vandal	1896	Jean Richepin	1908
Gabriel Hanotaux	1897	Henri Poincaré	1908

MEMBERS OF THE GONCOURT ACADEMY (1908)

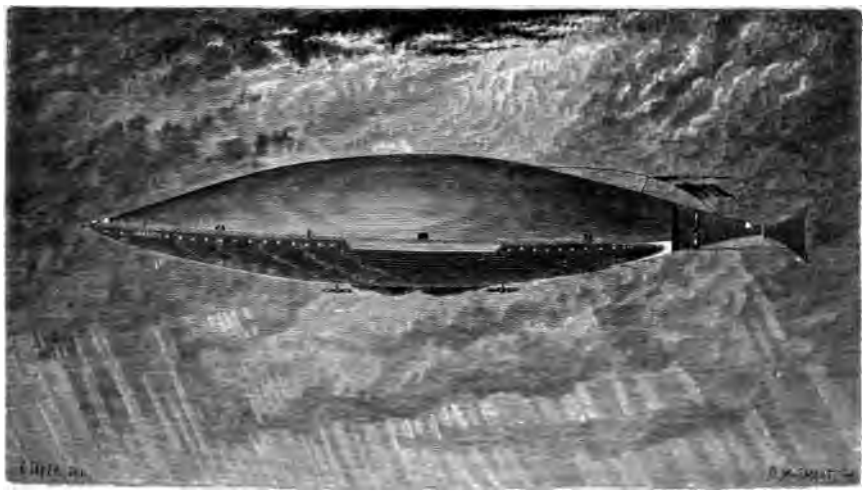
Messieurs	*Messieurs*
Elémir Bourges	Léon Hennique*
Léon Daudet (vice Alphonse Daudet*)	Paul Margueritte*
Lucien Descaves	Octave Mirbeau*
Gustave Geffroy*	Jules Renard (vice Huysmans*)

Two brothers who sign "J.-H. Rosny"*

*Original members chosen by Edmond de Goncourt

MEMBERS OF THE COMMITTEE AWARDING THE PRIZE OF "LA VIE HEUREUSE" IN 1907 (THE SO-CALLED "ACADEMY OF WOMEN")

Mesdames	*Mesdames*
Juliette Adam	Daniel Lesueur
Jean Bertheroy	Jeanne Marni
C. de Broutelles	Catulle Mendès
Alphonse Daudet	Comtesse Mathieu de Noailles
Delarue-Mardrus	Georges de Peyrebrune
Dieulafoy	Poradowska
Duclaux	Gabrielle Réval
Claude Ferval	Duchesse de Rohan
Judith Gautier	Edmond Rostand
Félix-Faure-Goyau	Séverine
Myriam Harry	Marcelle Tinayre



MR. STEDMAN'S FORECAST OF AN "AËRONON OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY"
(REPRINTED FROM HIS ARTICLE "AËRIAL NAVIGATION,"
IN THIS MAGAZINE FOR FEBRUARY, 1879)

THE PRINCE OF THE POWER OF THE AIR

AËRIAL NAVIGATION A MENACE TO BRITISH SUPREMACY

BY EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN

MR. STEDMAN was engaged upon this article at the time of his death on the morning of January 18, 1908, and the first paragraph was his last written words. As the reader will perceive, the subject is one in which Mr. Stedman for many years had taken more than merely speculative interest. The article is printed from a full but obviously not a final draft, with slight transpositions and omissions,—among the latter chiefly an incomplete résumé of what has been accomplished or undertaken in aëronautics by various governments.— THE EDITOR.

THIRTY years ago, having business with the most restless and formidable of American financiers,—one successful in getting hold of railways and telegraph on his own terms, and applying something like genius to their development,—I asked him why, with his engineering bent and imagination, in view of what seemed to me fairly close at hand, he was not moved to devote a befitting sum—say five per centum of the year's profits—to experiment in construction of a flying-machine or, rather, of a dirigible aërostat. He replied very mildly, in his best vein of cynical humor, that life was short, and he would leave that field, and the means of exploiting it, to his heirs; for himself, he preferred the modest competence obtainable from roads for which he had an exclusive right of way to gains wrested from the atmosphere—a region where there was no monopoly of roadbeds, and where the world at large could cross and even use his track. Possibly he had some premonition that he was to die comparatively young. For all then said of him, I admired his intellect and liked his courteous ways; and, taking one thing

with another, I trust he may have gone to some clime whose habitants are equipped with plumes which render artificial means of flight superfluous.

In the autumn of 1878 I wrote an extended paper entitled, "Aërial Navigation (a priori)," which was published by "Scribner's Monthly," now THE CENTURY MAGAZINE, in February, 1879. Its acceptance, bearing in mind the state of opinion on this topic twenty-eight years ago, showed both open-mindedness and courage, and a willingness to follow Dr. Hale's motto, "Look forward and not back."

The paper opened with a confession that its writer rode a hobby, and a hobby early bestraddled; for it was as a youngster on a vacation, before the Civil War, fishing at Greenwood Lake and watching the perch move below, up and down, back and forth, in the shallows, that I conceived the idea that the fish model should be the first to insure measurable success —however advantageously progressive ingenuity might imitate the bird and arrive at the idea, in time, of a flying-machine heavier than the air. Of course I knew little of the mechanics of resistance,—who did?—but my instinct was that the fish, totally immersed in its fluid element, was a palpable prototype of an "aërobat." This word I coined as a companion to "aërostat"—the word still properly used for a gas-bag that is not propulsive and dirigible at command. "Aëronon" is an equally good word, and "aëroplane" exactly expresses the new machine on the kite principle. At this time I went so far as to make some rude and crude diagrams, merely to show the application of certain principles; so I may confess myself sorry that they were reproduced then, for the paper already is yellow with age. Two other pictures were added, giving my notions of what might be expected at the end of twenty-one years, and possibly to lend a little more picturesqueness to my exposition.

First, I proceeded to show the utter failure of the slightest advance, over a hundred years earlier than my paper, upon [the Americans] Rittenhouse and Hopkins's use of hydrogen for ascension of a gas-balloon in 1783. Among the causes of the failure, I cited: (*a*) the impotence of an aërostat that is forced to lose ballast to compensate for the loss of gas; (*b*) the globular shape of the balloon, with its car hung far below, as if a fish shaped like an inflated bladder had tiny fins suspended by a ligament; (*c*) misconceptions caused by the use of the word air-ship—an aërial machine being in one element only, and not in an elastic and an unelastic element; (*d*) the futile attempts to capture and include the secret of flight, the study of the bird having had then only one outcome, namely, that its hollow bones furnished the natural combination of lightness and strength; (*e*) there had been no deliberate and scientific attempt by skilled engineers, and with co-adequate means, to navigate the air—all experiments having been relegated to the ignorant enthusiast, the crack-brained theorist, the would-be inventor, who, each in turn, spent only a few hundred or a few thousand dollars on his respective failure, where the aid of capitalists and governments was required. In contrast with the $5000, the most which any of these novices had expended, I referred to the readiness with which capital had placed $500,000 at the disposal of Captain Ericsson to build a steamer to test his caloric engine for marine propulsion. This showed that capital is provided when conditions are understood or even imagined.

Offsetting this failure, the fact remained that there was nothing in nature against the solution of the problem, which was wholly a mechanical one.

I condense briefly the long series of statements of what seemed to me then essential to reach an outcome:

(1) Forget the shape and uses of the old balloon: what was wanted was an air-traveler, governable at will. Forego attempts to construct a flight-machine until the principle of the fish model is thoroughly developed and utilized. The first confidence of the people at large must thus be gained. The submarine torpedo-boat was cited.

(2) An aërobat must resemble its model in being so delicately upheld that the slightest motive power would elevate or depress it. Further on, I termed this condition "buoyant equipoise," and predicted the use no less of the vertical screw above or below for this purpose, than of the propeller in front or rear for

horizontal traveling; the aërobat to be so weighted as to float naturally a short distance above the earth; and to be dependent upon its motor for change of elevation.

(3) Every particle of advance toward unity of design was a gain. The machine must contain its power and freight within itself, at least as near as possible; must be an integral structure, not a motive appendage dragging an aërostat high above it with an adverse leverage proportioned to its flexibility.

(4) As to form, attention was invited to the shape of the elliptic fishes—to the fact that a pickerel will change its locality so swiftly that the eye cannot follow the movement; that the trout and salmon dart up the swiftest rapids; that the porpoise plays round the fastest steamer. Consideration, also, was given to the law that, although the air packs in front of a projectile like snow before an engine, and the resistance increases as the square of the velocity, yet the law is modified by the shape of the moving body; and that doubtless the side of the body, even not less than its head, shares in this modification.

(5) Motive power, and its application by means of the screw, was considered, and how the benefit for the invention would be determined exactly by the advance in producing engines that would utilize greater proportion of the energy produced, and give vastly greater horsepower for each unit of weight.

(6) Coming to structure, it was held that the aërobat must be solidly framed and protected, not flexible; must be greatly longer than its beam, and divided into upper and lower chambers, if possible; must have a rigid framework, and in the end be made so large as to permit a metallic covering. Here aluminum was dwelt upon, the lightest of plentiful metals; the scale of reduction noticed in its cost; and the prediction made that it would soon be so cheaply produced as to be available. Some years afterward, attention was called to its greatly reduced price, in a letter to the "New York Tribune," supplementary to an article by Professor Newberry in the same newspaper. But at a long period later, Clarence King gave the writer his opinion that steel, on account of its greater ductility, would furnish the greater strength for the same weight, and that the structure, if large, must be bulwarked at the front.

(7) Finally, questions of money, safety, steering, and the field of motion were discussed; as to dimensions and outlay, it was claimed that these must be on a grandiose scale, proportionate to the greatness of the enterprise, before practicable results could be reached; that any smaller demonstration would be merely a working model, which might warrant the application of the services of the best engineers to produce an adequate one.

One point also remains to be made. Two cuts in the article illustrated air-travelers of the near future, one of which, after the earlier stages of navigation, would be considered a clumsy affair, a kind of "Dutch bottom." The other was far more elongated, and a kind of "aëronon of the twentieth century." (See cut page 18.) Finally, it was shown that the gradual lines of advance should be through increase of lifting and propelling mechanical power, which should finally be so great as to meet the views of those claiming that atmospheric navigation can be effected only by a machine far heavier than the air.

About the time when that article was in hand, I had very fresh in mind the old Commodore's monition, "Sonny, don't prophesy unless you know!"—a monition strengthened by the fact that, within a few weeks after he himself said that he never bought more than he could pay for, his brokers temporarily suspended payment until he could raise money on the lender's terms to receive his own purchases. But I did not consider my forecast a prophecy,—that is, I did not look upon it as containing much left to the fates or chance,—it seemed to me but the reading and interpreting of a text already inscribed on the wall; not the promise of things hoped for, but the evidence of things not yet seen by the average eye. And I repeat that time has warranted the confidence of conviction upon which I acted.

For the problem was even then solved in so far as that portion of it was concerned which was only the precedent to the other, and which is the only one in open practice at this writing. I made no claim to the invention of anything: so far as this was concerned, my work was *a*

priori, abstract and not concrete. Anthony Pollok of Washington, a trained engineer no less than a great and successful patent lawyer, the hero of the Goodyear litigation, and later the very protagonist of the Bell telephone war and victory, believed in my general theory, but held that even a model would not secure a patent for that which was in the air and, willy-nilly, "dedicated to the public" by its feeble experimenters. What can be patented are the special devices for applied results. Not the man who sees or expounds, but the man who does the thing, is the only legitimate patentee of modern inventions—or, more likely, the capitalist to whom he assigns them.

I will not deny that in day-dreams I often fancied myself doing the thing; but my own theory was against any partial experiments. Sometimes, with something of the childish pride which always accompanies our sleep dreams of levitation, I used to lie with shut eyes imagining the glory of appearing over New York, soaring above the course of Broadway, circling about the then "tall Tower" or Trinity spire, as a beginning of a straight course for Washington and a landing demonstration to Congress on Capitol Hill. Nothing at that day—not even news from Mars—could have been more amazing to the public. The man who should have done it would have made his name as unforgettable as Christopher Columbus. Yet now the evolution has come on so gradually, from the day of De Rosier in France and Rittenhouse and Hopkins in America to the beginning and latest of flights of Santos-Dumont and Count Zeppelin, that nothing short of an unexpected battle in the air would astonish us, in the proper sense of the word. Have we not had the search-light, the sky-scraper, wireless telegraphy, the automobile, all within this period? The truth is, the public imagination is so trained upon invention and discovery that everything is possible to it. The error now is in favor of encouragement to inventors—just as in the literary realm there is too facile a process for making and selling worthless books, as a result of the copyright law and the transformation of our forests into printing paper.

In the summing up of the article, the writer "let himself go"—if he did not rise "upon the wings of prophecy"—in contemplating what doubtless would be the effect of man's final conquest of the air, the only region as yet unadded to his domain. Presuming that if all things seen be regarded as a fanciful day-dream, I implied that the race had first to attain majority to be intrusted with the consequent illimitable freedom. Earlier, the gift would be fatal. I now feel like adding this: During my own life, no epoch-making invention has ever come until it was needed. Until the means of traffic and travel on the sure and firm-set earth had been thoroughly exploited, and it was time for flight, invention and capital never seriously essayed the problem, which is to be, after all, a greater advance for the twentieth century than the railroad and telegraphy for its predecessor. Moreover, until those former processes had steadily increased the economy of energy, and the advance toward perfection of mechanical motors, serious effort was impossible. As to the effects of aërial navigation, I said that the first and obvious one would be to make Decatur, Illinois, a seaport. I might as well have said Denver or San Moritz, the new ocean being everywhere and every spot on earth, from the Victoria Embankment to either pole, a "port of entry." Fourier's idea of the slower growth of overgrown cities would follow, and the multiplication of smaller land-locked centers of habitation, culture, and trade. I showed that Fourier's mistake was in urging us to effect, by a forcing artificial process, what only time and evolution could bring about—the desired distribution of population throughout the land. I showed that the change must be gradual; the art of aërial navigation long in perfecting; our primitive vessels and motors as rude as was Stevenson's locomotive; freight would long move, if not always, by water and rail; mails and express packages, and passengers would be the first transmitted; and a picture was drawn of the swift dropping of the great newspapers into towns and villages everywhere. Space was devoted to the thrills of wonder and ecstasy pertaining to the luxury of flight, which would render all former travel tame by comparison. And, those twenty-eight years ago, the article enlarged on the check upon the arrogance

of monopolies,—the great transportation companies,—whose license and immunity and freedom were dwelt upon, including their evil control of law-making and practice. Aërial companies of course will be chartered, but who could impede the right of way upon these higher than the high seas? The quick adjustment of science to the new opportunities was predicted; meteorology, discovery, astronomy from the clear upper air, geology—in every direction knowledge would be amazingly increased.

Eventually new mechanical and manufacturing industries would arise, marked by grace, lightness, and strength. A new profession of aëromanship would exercise the labor of a countless army of trained officers and airmen; a new poetry and romance would have birth. Landscapes painted between earth and skies would take on a new universe of drawing, color, light, and shade. The ends of the earth would be visited by all. Sportsmen would have the world for a sporting-ground; the yachts of the air would be christened with beautiful names—Iris, Aurora, Hebe, Ganymede, Hermes, Ariel, and others not derived from the pure springs of Aryan beauty.

Above all, and influencing all, a new departure must at once be made in political science and international comity. Boulevards would be virtually abolished; laws and customs must soon more closely assimilate; free trade must be imperative and universal; the Congress of nations no longer would concern itself with academic questions. War perforce would come to an end, after perhaps a few destructive experiments; there would be no "ghastly dew" from "the nations' airy navies." Death-dealing aërial vessels and squadrons would be maintained solely for police surveillance over barbarous tribes and nations. The dawn of a Saturnian age at least would be at hand. I closed with an appeal for the liberal expenditure of a single government, or even of one of the moneyed corporations or some multimillionaire, of that former time, toward a solution of the problem. With or without their efforts. I said the result was even at our door.

The appearance of this article brought the writer into business. The general reader found it interesting. Fellow-writers thought it an ingenious flight of fancy, the verisimilitude of realism and romance, akin to Locke's "Moon Hoax," Poe's adventure of "Hans Pfaall," "MS. Found in a Bottle," "The Gold-Bug," "M. Valdemar," "Arthur Gordon Pym." A fellow-member of the Century Club—Newton, an accomplished engineer—said that between ourselves I "meant it as a fake," and looked upon me incredulously when I assured him that I was in dead earnest. All this I expected, but I had not foreseen the instant attention the article gained from people in Europe and the States, who, it appeared, were concerned about the prophecy. I soon learned of the existence of foreign aërial societies from their official committees. From that time, for several years aspiring and impoverished inventors sent me diagrams, theories, even models. I have a great box full of such matters accumulated in those years. Despite newspaper scoffing, and the banter of minor engineers, and the raillery of my really learned friend Newton, who soon after died, I was surprised and gratified to find that various distinguished professional experts expressed great interest in my views, and, allowing for such defects as would be expected in a long article not based upon a full study of a subject, in the main coincided with them, so far as the coming solution of the matter was concerned. Notably so, Mr. Chanute, that able, open-minded, and distinguished civil engineer, official, and inventor, who has been the most able and hopeful thinker on the subject from that time to the present day. The talks with him and the views he gave me from his full knowledge made me quite content to have ventured with that paper at that time. At the date of my paper, I think he was the chief engineer of the Erie Railway, and soon afterward made his earlier experiments to test the relative resistance of the atmosphere to differently shaped railway cars, moving at different velocities. He never lost sight of the subject either by word or act, keeping step with every advance both in dirigible aërostats and in gliders heavier than the air. Toward the latter he directed in the end his chief interest, and he has always claimed that only two questions are left—those of stability and power. He has been the friend and con-

fidential ally of the Wright brothers, and his paper on their motor-flyer, forming the opening chapter of our Aëro Club's volume, informed the experimenters of Herring's automatic gliding-machine, run by a light yet strong gasolene motor. He himself also constructed a multiple-winged machine, which was "demonstrated" near Chicago in 1896.

In addition to the general and quasi-imaginative forecast of what would be the results of aërial navigation, I ventured, from the progress of what in 1878 had already to be observed, to make certain chronological expectations; to wit, that by the end of the nineteenth century, dirigible air-travelers, substantially on the fish model, would be making at least twenty miles an hour in perfect calm, and that from this they would soon advance to three times that potential. All would depend upon the inventions and improvement of motors; upon the shape, and structure of the machines; and upon the engines and steering-apparatus, and so on.

As a matter of fact, within five years (in 1884) a dirigible flight of a spindle-shaped machine, at the rate of fifteen miles an hour, was executed by La France; but the structure, and its motor and steering-apparatus, were too primitive to justify any confidence in its practical utilization. The weight of this motive power was near 170 pounds to the horse-power. Little advance was made for years, but in 1890 Maxim demonstrated that a heavy aëroplane could be made at least to rise from the ground, and since then we have had the daring and brilliant experiments of Langley, Lebaudy, Lilienthal, Herring, Chanute, and others, culminating, up to date, in the motor-flyer of the Wright brothers and the tetrahedral designs of Professor A. G. Bell. Unquestionably Santos-Dumont gave the greatest new stimulus to the campaign, and fired the public imagination by both practical and dramatic success with the aërostatic air-ships, which his fortune enabled and his ambition nerved him to build and navigate successively, and also by his prize-winning dirigible flights in full view of the French capital, continued for years; and soon ambitious demonstrators, and governments were imitating and striving to excel him. Motors weighing only one pound to the horse-power have been produced. Structure has been refined and strengthened. The vertical screw has been taken in hand. Not only private capital, but that of governments, is devoted to the competition. In France, speeds of over twenty miles an hour in a calm were attained in the first lustrum of this century. Germany, instantly alert as a military nation, has reached the greatest success thus far with Count Zeppelin's air-ship, its buttressed frame, its large proportions, its actual calm-speed of thirty-eight miles an hour, its double motors. Previously *La Patrie* had gone from Paris to Verdun, a distance of 187 miles, in six hours, forty-five minutes, but making 23 miles an hour when not helped by the wind. The most successful machines have demonstrated my early protest against car-leverage by placing the car and motor close to the end of the aërostat, and Zeppelin's magic attachment almost reaches my ideal of an integral moving body. The account of all this, regularly taken by me from the press for a quarter-century, is well condensed and illustrated in Mr. Augustus Post's first handbook of the Aëro Club of America, with plenteous other matter. This book,[1] the club, the experiments of its enthusiastic members, show how thoroughly the demonstration that the problem of aërial navigation is solved has entered into the mind, and has promoted the contests of sport and venturous amateurs, as of governments and savants. At this moment the highest mechanical genius of the world is applied to the perfection of motors and dirigible aërostatic ships, and to the solution of the problems of power and stability for aëroplanes and tetrahedral kites. Of all the dirigible fish patterns, those by the Germans are the most successful, and certainly most conform to my requirements of unity, rigidity, and front strengthened like the head of a fish; they are also the largest, profiting by the fact that, as Mr. Carl Dienstbach states it, "By the law of air accumulation in front of a moving body, the resistance becomes proportionately less for one big body than for many small ones," together equaling

[1] This volume was compiled by the Committee of Publication of the Club: Mr. W. J. Hammer, Mr. Israel Ludlow, and Mr. Augustus Post, Secretary of the Club.

it in cross-section. This has virtually justified my argument for liberal outlay and magnitude of dimensions. Finally, at the present writing, England has waked up to the necessity of grappling the problem as a war measure, and her engineers are at work. Then our Government, viewing with sympathy the efforts for ultimate achievement and management of the aëroplane flyers and gliders, sees that the dirigible is already accomplished, and needs only a little further application to military needs, and has gone to work itself, with all the advances of other governments to start with. I conclude that the era of life and government as effected by man's conquest of the air is upon us; that certain radical results are to follow, as surely as the simple invention of the elevator has quadrupled the residence capacity of any given area of city, and the toy-bicycle, first, and the automobile later, have revolutionized road-building—to take only two of the modern inventions of general utilization; and that the aërial age is yet in its infancy.

But at this moment I am not half so much intent upon rehearsing my "told you so" as about completing the train of results which would follow upon even initiatory navigation of the air. For, in fact, I made the strangest possible omission—an omission that to me would be incredible, if I did not plead the absolute incredulity at that time prevailing as to the solution of the problem at all—a problem then classed with the squaring of the circle. It is true, I reflect with complacency, that I did devote picturesquely eloquent passages to what would follow man's conquest of the air, and I did say, as all have found obvious, that it would make war a hideous impracticability. But of late—that is, since the appearance of Captain Mahan's masterwork, in 1893, on the "Influence of Sea Power in History"—I have wondered how it was that, going at such length into the corollaries of the German nature, I could have failed to think of the one result—of that glaring concrete type which most impresses the unreflecting average class,—most instantaneous in existence, and most dramatic and startlingly recognizable and to be reckoned with.

When four grand armies of Germany, France, Great Britain, and the United States find themselves in possession of aërostats manageable for flight and military use, the very first question in world-politics to be asked is, How will this affect the foreign policy and international status of Great Britain, now for two centuries demonstrably the Princess of the Power of the Sea, and by the same token unassailable whether in her insular stronghold, or upon the waves which Britannia has ruled? The question is not, What of her colonies, where her scepter guides the sun around the globe, but, What of the nucleus of Great Britain? What of the tight little island, mother and defender of them all? Is there to be,—can there be?—a Prince of the Power of the Air? For if there is, then the distinction, the unique advantage of the British empire vanishes, and Great Britain must take her place on a level with all the other sovereign great powers. This may not, will not, imperil her safety; but it must reduce her pride, her vaunted superiority, and her prerogatives, to the common international denominator. Either this must eventuate or the assent of historians and history to her insularity and her sea-domain as the basis of her greatness has been purely chimerical—an illusion upon which her supremacy has been as well assured as if it were fact.

It is no illusion. Her sea-power, supplemented by her statesmanship and valor, has forwarded her growth and sustained her greatness. It must cease to do so from the decade in which the atmosphere enveloping the globe becomes man's greater ocean. So far as war is concerned—as the deterring factor, the "Last Chantey" of the waves as dominating alike London's "gossiping Mall and Square" and "The naked shingles of the world" will be sung, and a new song may be sounded in the empyrean, the way of a ship in the sea—of an eagle in the air.

"The sea is a wide common, over which a man may pass in all directions." Thus writes Mahan, and he adds that there are certain trade-routes "which controlling reasons" have led men "to choose . . . rather than others." But, after all, the surface of the sea, with its trade-routes, bears to the upper ocean the fancied relation of flatland to actual space. The atmosphere has no continental borders, no island coasts. The sea is "cabin'd,

cribb'd, confin'd," not "broad and general as the casing air." Yes, supremacy in peace and war has indeed depended upon sea power, and "man's commerce on secure ports where his ships could lie in safety"; and such ports set close together against all waves and against all winds have made Britain what she is. So from the date when Anglo-Saxon and Norman blended on English soil, two concepts have possessed the national mind. First, a perfectly clear understanding of the source and muniment of the national greatness, and, second, that apprehension, often dormant in tranquil periods, but alert at the least suggestion of trouble with the first-class neighboring power. Every true son of Britain feels that the vital spot of the empire, the source of energy, is the tight little island: threaten it, and a tremor runs throughout the colonial system; pierce it, and, for the moment at least, paralysis must ensue.

For this reason solely, our transatlantic kinsmen,—from whom we derive, however mixed the increased immigration, our own equipoise,—as heroic a people as any men on earth, and the most steadfast when once in fight and the battle goes wrong, are periodically falling, without apparent sense of the grotesque, into funks which the less brave and competent seldom display. Their hysteria is that of a people long immune, whose insularity is wealth and comfort. To those who have nothing to lose, but everything to gain,—the gipsies and the free-lances among countries, the proletarians of the world, however ignoble in war,—the Britisher's spasms of alarm afford diversion. Nothing has added more to the gaiety of nations than English governmental opposition, and the reasons given for it, to the tunnel—thrice cabled to halt—between the coast at Cap Blanc-Nez, in France, and that below Shakspere's Cliff "near Dover." More reasonable, of course, has been the national attitude toward a succession of suspects and rivals. First, within memory of those now living, it was France, the hereditary foe; then, for half a century, Russia—the one power that would seem Great Britain's natural ally in mutual exploitation of Asia upon latitudinal lines; and now Germany, whom, it must be confessed there is manifest reason for dreading not only as a trade-rival, but for her masterful determination to figure in all respects as what an English school-boy would call "one of her own size."

Concerning Germany, and all uninsular compeers, she has had much reason, hitherto, for complacent reliance upon the principle laid down by Mahan: "If a nation be so situated that it is neither forced to defend itself on land, nor to seek extension of its territory by way of the land, it has, by the very unity of its aims directed upon the sea, an advantage as compared with a people one of whose boundaries is continental. This has been a great advantage to England over both France and Holland as a sea-power."

But when he says, elsewhere, "if she maintain her navy in full strength, the future will doubtless repeat the lesson of the past," the world, once awakened to what aërial war-power means, will enter a demurrer. Is, then, the lesson of the past, which depends upon the unique insularity, so surely to be repeated? There are portents to the contrary: the shadow cast by Zeppelin's air-ships—even by the heavier-than-air scouts appearing across the horizon; *La Patrie* dropping out of a clear sky into an astonished village in Ireland; and the promise of aërial creations which shall flock at the mariner's hallo, and skim and hover like ospreys on the track of the seafaring fleet.

And what of England, the country which of all has most to lose and least to gain? How is she contemplating the era when all nations equal her in possession of the atmospheric ocean, the higher seas? When the aërial fleets of the world can pass as readily as her own not into, but over, the Cinque Ports; over St. Paul's, and Lombard Street, and Buckingham Palace; over Windsor, over Manchester, and Birmingham, and Sheffield; over the length of the fairest, strongest, securest, most historic, and richest of argosied realms, from Land's End to John o' Groat's,—from her new naval base at Rosyth to the borders of the Mersey?

Major F. S. Baden-Powell, late of the Scotch Guards, summed up the whole matter, last year, with so quiet a significance that one would think there could be no other subject so occupying the mind of his countrymen. "If in the future all nations adopt air-ships for war, much of

our insularity will be gone and we must make due preparation."

But in the event of England's loss of insularity, what preparation, or equality of aërial equipment, can restore to her a specific supremacy like that,—with all it includes,—which is possessed by her, so long as sea-power is the sovereign power, and "Britannia rules the waves"?

Recalling the past, it is atypical, to say the least, that all England is not at this moment evincing for once a just apprehension; not of defeat in war or even of violence at alien hands, but of the falling-in of that concession of specific immunity which has been a sound warrant for the "gude conceit of hersel" so little relished by the envious. A like apathy, however, prevails in other countries most concerned, in some of which the people at large express a full realization of what is soon to affect modes of life and international liberties and restrictions. The subjugation of the atmosphere has not come impressively like the steamboat of Fulton, or the "What hath God wrought" over Morse's wire, but has crept slowly from the diversion stage to the utilization of advanced engineering and equipment.

Who can doubt that the actual condition is understood in the chancelries of Europe—it must be that cabinets and rulers have an inkling of it, that British statesmen know what it means, else why are they watching so intently the efforts made by one another? England, as usual, is letting others pull the chestnuts out of the fire, ready to profit in imitation of what others may produce; although, even she, at last, has tested, rather unsuccessfully, a dirigible air-ship of her own.

And yet, if the statesmen of the great powers really appreciate what is coming, why do they insist so on the increase of their navies?

DR. BELL'S COMMENT ON THE FOREGOING ARTICLE

THE letter which follows, written in response to a request from the Editor of THE CENTURY that Dr. Bell would read the proofs of this article, is here printed with his consent:

Many thanks for the privilege of reading Mr. Stedman's article, which I return. I see nothing to correct in it.

While of course the bird is Nature's model for the flying-machine heavier than air, Mr. Stedman is undoubtedly right in looking upon the fish as the true model for the dirigible balloon. It is certainly noteworthy that the dirigible war-balloon of to-day already approximates the fish-like form predicted by him.

He is also right I think in supposing that of all the nations of the world the interests of Great Britain will be most vitally affected by progress in aëronautics. For it is obvious that sea-power will become of secondary importance when air-power has been fully developed through the use of dirigible balloons and flying-machines in war. The nation that secures control of the air will ultimately rule the world.

Yours sincerely,

Alexander Graham Bell.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 16, 1908.

Some Mexican Churches

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS
MADE BY HENRY RAVELL
WITH TEXT BY
LOCKWOOD DE FOREST

CHURCH BUILT OVER THE HOLY SPRING AT GUADALUPE
RUINED CHURCH AT MONTEREY
TOWER OF CHURCH AT CHURUBUSCO
CHURCH AT CHURUBUSCO

THERE is no country better worth visiting than Mexico. It is very striking, in crossing the border from the United States, to note how completely everything changes. Here there hardly seems anything man has constructed which harmonizes with its surroundings; there everything seems to be entirely a part of the country. It is more foreign than Europe is now, and constantly reminds one of the East. Riding in some of the little-traveled districts, I could hardly believe that I was not in India. The dust in the road, the thorn-scrub on both sides, with that pungent smell of the blossoms, all reminded me of the country about Ahmedabad. The plateau in winter, the dry season, is very much like the desert —long stretches of country, with purple mountains in the distance, without a tree in sight except where there is a town, or where irrigation has kept a little green and a few trees have been planted. Often the horizon is so distant that the mountains melt into the sky, and perhaps one catches a glimpse of the snow on one of the volcanoes. The color is that of its own Mexican opal—greens, blues, and reds. Everywhere the distinctive features are the church towers and tiled domes rising above the towns. The exteriors of these churches are always picturesque and interesting; but the interiors are usually disappointing, for they have suffered much during many revolutions, and perhaps even more from senseless renovations. There are a few still untouched, where one can see them as nearly all were once, entirely covered with richly carved wood heavily gilded. Gold was used thickly everywhere, till the carving looked like solid metal. I have seen much gold in churches, but none to equal that in Mexico.

In the cathedral of the City of Mexico there is still some of the gilded carving left, but not enough to give the real effect. As I never passed a church without going inside to see what there was, I was able to form a very correct estimate of the interiors. The cathedral in Puebla has the finest inlaid choir stalls to be found anywhere. I do not remember having seen any more beautiful geometrical designs even in the Orient. There is a very beautiful chapel in the church of Santo Domingo, entirely unspoiled, and nearly all the churches in Puebla have more or less of this gilded carving—certainly enough to show how general it was.

The most beautiful is the church of San Francisco, about three miles from Cholula. It is almost unknown, and I heard of it only from one of my resident friends, who arranged with the chief politico to let me have his carriage to get there, with the necessary order to enter. The church stands on a hill overlooking the Atoyac Valley and facing Popocatepetl to the west. The entire exterior is covered with tile, the only example of this in Mexico. The interior is one mass of the richest gilded carving of the oldest and best period. The effect is wonderful. One gets none of the glare of European gilded decoration.

The only other examples to compare with this are the cathedral at Taxco and the church on the hill above Tlaxcala, both of later date. The little church at Tlacolula, on the road to Mitla, has a very fine chapel, and the church of Santa Rosa at Querétaro is another beautiful example of the gilded carving. Santo Domingo at Oaxaca is interesting, but its gilded stucco does not equal the carving in the other churches I have mentioned. The Mexican Indian is an instance in which the skill of the workman has turned even bad designs into works of art.

The photographs by Henry Ravell, here reproduced, give a very good idea of the type.

So much interest is being taken in the artistic development of photography that something should be said about Ravell and his work. His father was a photographer in one of the photographic enlargement firms at Auburn, New York, which in the seventies and early eighties was the most important center of this industry in the world. Ten Eyck & Co., the largest of the ten principal concerns, did a business of $75,000 a year, and had two hundred agents scattered nearly all over the world, even as far as Australia. They employed not only a staff of photographers but of artists, and were prepared to furnish portraits from eight by ten to life-size in photograph or any other medium, including oil. Some of our suc-

RUINED CHURCH AT MONTEREY

cessful artists of to-day began there. Ravell, after being his father's assistant as a boy, studied water-color painting with Henry W. Ranger, and twenty-five years ago was sent to Mexico as an agent. He has been at work there ever since, painting a little, but mainly photographing. He has had to work everything out for himself. His early training has given him exceptional skill in developing different printing processes, which he has brought to great excellence. Last summer he started experiments in color-printing. His process is simple. Instead of introducing colors on the negative, as in the Lumière process, he is using the colors in the sensitizer of the printing paper. The specimens he has sent me are printed in three or four colors. Each print is finished, recoated all over with the sensitizer with the next color, and again printed. This is done for each color separately, the black print coming last, as in the regular color-printing process.

TOWER OF THE CHURCH AT CHURUBUSCO

CHURCH AT CHURUBUSCO

THE RED CITY

A NOVEL OF THE SECOND ADMINISTRATION OF WASHINGTON

BY S. WEIR MITCHELL, M.D.

Author of "Hugh Wynne," "Constance Trescot," etc.

X

IT was after dark when Schmidt left Margaret at her home. As he was about to drive away to the stable, he said: "Those are wild girls, but, my dear child, you were so very pretty, I for one almost forgave them."

"Oh, was I?" she cried, shyly pleased and a little comforted. "But the lottery prize; I shall hear about that, and so will my mother, too. I never gave it a thought when uncle spoke of it long ago."

"It is a small matter, Pearl. We will talk about it later. Now go in and quit thinking of it. It is shrewd weather, and nipping."

Margaret knew very well that she had good cause to be uneasy. Friends had been of late much exercised over the evil of lotteries, and half of Langstroth's satisfaction in this form of gambling was due to his love of opposition and his desire to annoy the society of which he still called himself a member. Although, to his anger, he had long ago been disowned, he still went to meeting once or twice a year. He had had no such sacrificial conscience in the war as made Clement Biddle and Wetherill "apostates," as Friends called them. He was by birthright a member of the society, and stood for King George, and would pay no war tax. But when the vendue-master took his old plate and chairs, he went privately and bought them back; and so, having thus paid for the joy of apparent opposition, drank to the king in private, and made himself merry over the men who, sturdily accepting loss for conscience's sake, sat at meals on their kitchen chairs, silently unresistant, but, if human, a little sorrowful concerning the silver which came over with Penn and was their only material reminder of the Welsh homes their fathers had left that they might worship God in their own simple way.

The one person Langstroth loved was his great-niece, of whose attachment to the German he was jealous with that keen jealousy known to those who are capable of but one single love. He had meant to annoy her mother; and, with no least idea that he would win a prize for her child, was now vexed at Margaret's want of gratitude, and well pleased with the fuss there would be when the news got out and Friends came to hear of it.

When Pearl threw herself into the mother's arms and broke into tears, sobbing out the double story, for a moment Mrs. Swanwick was silent.

"My dear," she said at last, "why didst thou let them dress thee?"

"I—I could not help it, and—and—I liked it mother. Thou didst like it once," she added, with a look of piteous appeal. "Don't scold me, mother. Thou must have liked it once."

"I, dear? Yes, I liked it. But—scold thee? Do I ever scold thee? 'T is but a small matter. It will be the talk of a week, and Gainor Wynne will laugh, and soon it will be forgotten. The lottery is more serious."

"But I did not do it."

"No."

"They will blame thee, mother, I know—when it was all my uncle's doing. Let them talk to him."

The widow smiled. "Nothing would please him better; but—they have long since given up Josiah for a lost sheep—"

"Black, mother?" She was a trifle relieved at the thought of an interview between Friend Howell, the gentlest of the gentle, and Josiah.

"Brown, not black," said the mother, smiling. "It will someway get settled, my child. Now go early to bed and leave it to thy elders. I shall talk of it to Friend Schmidt."

"Yes, mother." Her confidence in the German gentleman, now for five years their guest, was boundless.

"And say thy prayers with a quiet heart. Thou hast done no wrong. Good night, my child. Ask if Friend de Courval wants anything. Since her son went away, she has been troubled, as who would not be. Another's real cause for distress should make us feel how small a matter is this of ours." She kissed her again, and the girl went slowly up-stairs, murmuring: "He went away and never so much as said good-by to me. I do not think it was civil."

Meanwhile the mother sat still, with only the click, click of the knitting-needles, which somehow seemed always to assist her to think. She had steadily refused help in money from Uncle Josiah, and now, being as angry as was within the possibilities of a temper radiant with the sunshine of good humor, she rejoiced that she owed Josiah nothing.

"He shall have a piece of my mind," she said aloud, and indeed a large slice would have been a sweetening addition to his crabbed sourness. "Ah, me!" she added, "I must not think of the money; but how easy it would make things!" Not even Schmidt had been permitted to pay more than a reasonable board. No, she would not repine; and now Madame, reluctantly accepting her son's increased wages, had insisted that his room be kept vacant and paid for, and was not to be gainsaid about the needed fur-lined roquelaure she bought for her hostess and the extra pay for small luxuries.

"May God forgive me that I have been unthankful for his goodness," said Mary Swanwick, and so saying put aside her thoughts with her knitting, and sat down to read a little in the book she had taken from the library, to Friend Poulson's dismay. "Thou wilt not like it, Mary Swanwick." In a minute of mischief young Mr. Willing had told her of a book he had lately read—a French book, amusing and witty. He had left her wishing he could see her when she read it, but self-advised to stay away for a time.

She sat down with anticipative satisfaction. "What hard French!" she thought. "I must ask help of Madame," as she often called her, Friend Courval being, as she saw plainly, too familiar to please her guest. She read on, smiling at the immortal wit and humor of a day long passed. Suddenly she shut the book with a quick movement, and set it aside. "What manner of man was this Rabelais? Friend Poulson should have been more plain with me; and as for Master Willing, I shall write to him, too, a bit of my mind." But she never did, and only said aloud: "If I give away any more pieces of my mind, I shall have none left," and turned, as her diary records, to "The Pilgrim's Progress," of which, she remarked, "an old book by one John Bunyan, much read by Friends and generally approved, ridiculed by many, but not by me. It seems to me good, pious wit, and not obscene like the other. I fear I sin sometimes in being too curious about books." Thus having put on paper her reflections, she went to bed, having in mind a vague and naughty desire to have seen Margaret in the foolish garb of worldly folk.

Margaret, ashamed, would go nowhere for a week, and did more than the needed housework, to Nanny's disgust, whose remembrances were of days of luxury and small need for "quality folks" to dust rooms. The work over, when tired of her labor, Margaret sat out in the winter sunshine in the fur-lined roquelaure, Madame's extravagant gift, and, enraptured, read "The Mysteries of Udolpho," or closing the book, sailed with the *Marie*, and wondered what San Domingo was like.

Meanwhile the town, very gay just now with dinners Mr. John Adams thought so excessive, and with sleigh-riding parties to Belmont and Cliveden, rang with wild statements of the dressing scene and the lottery. Very comic it was to the young bucks, and, "Pray, Mrs. Byrd, did the garters fit?" "Fie, for shame!" "And

Drawn by Arthur I. Keller. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"'THOU CANST NOT SHOE MY CONSCIENCE, DANIEL OFFLEY'"

no stays, we hear," wives told their husbands, and once in the London Coffee-house, in front of which, long ago, Congo slaves were sold and where now men discussed things social, commercial, and political, Schmidt had called a man to stern account and exacted an apology. The gay girls told their Quaker cousins, and at last Friends were of a mind to talk to Mary Swanwick, especially of the lottery.

Before graver measures were taken, it was advisable that one should undertake to learn the truth, for it was felt not to be desirable to discipline by formal measures so blameless a member where clearly there had been much exaggeration of statement.

Ten days after the dinner at Landsdowne, John Pemberton was met in the hall of the Swanwick house by Mr. Schmidt, both women being out. The German at once guessed the errand of this most kindly of Quaker gentles, and said, "Mr. Pemberton, you are come, I suppose, to speak for Friends of the gossip about these, my own friends. Pray be seated. They are out."

"But my errand is not to thee, who art not of the Society of Friends."

"I am of the society of these friends. I know why you are come. Talk to me."

"I am advised in spirit that it may be as well to do so. Thou art a just man. I shall speak."

On this he sat down. It was a singular figure the German saw. The broad, white beaver hat, which the Quaker gentleman kept on his head, was turned up in front and at the back over abundant gray hair. A great eagle nose overhanging a sharp chin, brought near to it by the toothless jaws of age, gave to the side face a queer look of rapacity, contradicted by the refinement and serene kindliness of the full face now turned upon the German.

"Friend Schmidt," he said, "our young friend, we are told, has been unwise and exhibited herself among those of the world in unseemly attire. There are those of us who, like Friend Logan, are setting a bad example in their attire to the young. I may not better state how we feel than in the words of William Penn: 'Choose thy clothes by thine own eye, not by another's; the more simple and plain they are the better; neither unshapely nor fantastical, and for use and decency, not for pride.' I think my memory serves me."

"I shall not argue with you, sir, but being in part an eye-witness, I shall relate what did occur," and he told very simply of the rude jest, and of the girl's embarrassment as he had heard it from the mother.

"I see," said Pemberton. "Too much has been made of it. She will hear no more of it from Friends, and it may be a lesson. Wilt thou greet her with affectionate remembrance from an old man and repeat what I have said?"

"I will do so."

"But there is a matter more serious. We are told that she bought a lottery-ticket, and has won a great prize. This we hear from Josiah Langstroth."

"Did he say this—that she bought a ticket?"

"We are so advised."

"Then he lied. He bought it in her name, without asking her."

"Art thou sure? Thy language is strong."

"Yes, I am sure."

"And what will Mary Swanwick do with this money won in evil ways?"

"I do not know."

"It is well that she should be counseled."

"Do you not think, sir, as a man of sense and a gentleman and more, that it may be well to leave a high-minded woman to dispose of this matter? If she goes wrong, will it not then be time to interfere? There is not a ha'-penny of greed in her. Let her alone."

The Quaker sat still a moment, his lean figure bent over his staff. "Thou art right," he said, looking up. "The matter shall rest, unless worse come of it."

"Why not see Mr. Langstroth about it?" said the German, mischievously inclined. "He is of Friends, I presume."

"He is not," said Pemberton. "He talked in the war of going forth from us with Wetherill, but he hath not the courage of a house-fly. His doings are without conscience, and now he is set in his ways. He hath been temperately dealt with long ago, and in vain. An obstinate man; when he sets his foot down thou hast to dig it up to move him. I shall not open the matter with Josiah Langstroth.

I have been led to speak harshly. Farewell."

When Mrs. Swanwick heard of this and had talked of it to Margaret, the Pearl said, "We will not take the money, and uncle cannot; and it may go." Her decisiveness both pleased and astonished the mother. It was a maturing woman who thus anticipated Schmidt's advice and her own, and here for a little while the matter lay at rest.

Not all Friends, however, were either aware of what Pemberton had learned or were fully satisfied, so that one day Daniel Offley, blacksmith, a noisy preacher in meetings and sometimes advised of elders to sit down, resolved to set at rest alike his conscience and his curiosity. Therefore, on a February afternoon, being the 22d, and already honored as the birthday of Washington, he found Margaret alone, as luck would have it. To this unusual house, as I have said, came not only statesmen, philosophers, and the rich. Hither, too, came the poor for help, the lesser Quakers, women and men, for counsel or a little sober gossip. All were welcome, and Offley was not unfamiliar with the ways of the house.

He found Margaret alone, and sitting down, began at once and harshly to question her in a loud voice concerning the story of her worldly vanity, and asked why she could thus have erred.

The girl had had too much of it. Her conscience was clear, and Pemberton, whom she loved and respected, had been satisfied, as Schmidt had told them. She grew red, and rising, said: "I have listened to thee; but now I say to thee, Daniel Offley, that it is none of thy business. Go home and shoe thy horses."

He was not thus to be put down. "This is only to add bad temper to thee other faults. As a Friend and for many of the society, I would know what thee has done with thee devil wages of the lottery."

She looked at him a moment. The big, red, coarse face struck her as comical. Her too often repressed sense of humor helped her, and crying, "Thou canst not shoe my conscience, Daniel Offley," she fled away up-stairs, her laughter ringing through the house, a little hysterical, perhaps, and first cousin to tears. The amazed preacher, left to his meditations, was shocked into taking off his beaver and saying strong words out of a far-away and naughty past.

She was angry beyond the common, for Schmidt had said it was all of it unwise and meddlesome, nor was the mother better pleased than he when she came to hear of Offley's visit. "I am but half a Friend," she confessed to Schmidt, not liking altogether even the gentler inquiries of John Pemberton.

When on the next Sunday Madame de Courval was about to set out for the Swedes' church, Mrs. Swanwick said, "It is time to go to meeting, my child."

"I am not going, mother."

"But thou didst not go last First Day."

"No. I cannot, mother. May I go with Madame?"

"Why not?" said Schmidt, looking up from his book. And so the Pearl went to Gloria Dei.

"They have lost a good Quaker by their impertinence," said Schmidt to himself. "She will never again go to meeting." And, despite much gentle urging and much persuasive kindness, this came at last to be her custom, although she still wore unchanged her simple Quaker garb. Madame at least was pleased, but also at times thoughtful of the future when the young vicomte would walk between them down Swanson Street to church.

There was, of course, as yet no news of the *Marie*, and many bets on the result of the bold venture were made in the coffee-houses, for now, in March of the year '93, the story of the king's death and of war between France and England began further to embitter party strife and alarm the owners of ships. If the vicomtesse was anxious, she said no word of what she felt. Outside of the quiet home where she sat over her embroidery there was an increase of political excitement, with much abuse, and in the gazettes wild articles over classic signatures. With Jacobin France for exemplar, the half-crazed republicans wore tricolor cockades, and the *bonnet rouge* passed from head to head at noisy feasts when "Ça Ira" and the "Marseillaise" were sung. Many persons were for war with England, but the wiser of both parties were for the declaration of neutrality, proclaimed of late amid the fury of extreme party sentiment. The new French minister eagerly looked for by the republicans was soon to come and

to add to the embarrassments of the Government whatever of mischief insolent folly could devise.

Meanwhile the hearts of two women were on the sea, and the ship-owners were increasingly worried; for now goods for French ports would be seized on the ocean and sailors claimed as English at the will of any British captain.

Amid all this rancor of party and increase of anxiety as to whether America was to be at war or peace, the small incident of a girl's change of church was soon forgotten. It was not a rare occurrence, and only remarkable because, as Schmidt said to Gainor Wynne somewhat later, it proved what a convincing preacher is anger.

Mistress Wynne had come home from Boston after a week's travel, and being tired, went to bed and decided to have a doctor, with Chovet for choice, because Rush had little gossip. She was amply fed with it, including the talk about the change of dress and the lottery. So good was the effect that, on the doctor's departure, she threw his pills out of the window, and putting on pattens, took her cane and went away through the slush to see Margaret. On the way many things passed through her mind, but most of all she remembered the spiritual struggles of her own young days, when she, too, had broken with Friends.

And now when she met Margaret in the hall, it was not the girl who wept most. Miss Gainor, looking up, saw Schmidt, and cried to him to go and not mock at two women in tears no man could understand.

"Ah," cried Schmidt, obediently disappearing, "he who shall explicate the tears of women shall be crowned by the seraphs." Thus he saw Gainor in her tender mood, such as made her to be forgiven much else of men and of angels. She comforted the girl, and over the sad story of the stays and garters she laughed—not then, but on her homeward way in very luxury of unfettered mirth.

He who got the largest satisfaction out of poor Margaret's troubles was Josiah Langstroth, as he reflected how for the first time in his life he had made Mary Swanwick angry, had stirred up Friends, and at last had left the Presbyterian ministers, the trustees of Princeton College, in a hopeless quandary. If the owner of the prize in their lottery would not take it, to whom did it belong? And so at last it was left in Miss Swanwick's name in the new bank Hamilton had founded, to await a use of which as yet no man dreamed.

XI

When De Courval lost sight of the red city, and while the unusual warmth of the winter weather was favoring their escape from the ice adrift on the bay, the young man reflected that above all things it was wise to be on good terms with his captain.

Accordingly, he said: "It is fit, sir, that you should advise me as to Mr. Wynne's instructions. Have the kindness to read them. I have not done so."

Much gratified, the captain took the paper. "Hum!" he exclaimed, "to reach Port au Prince in time to prevent unloading of the *George Washington*. To get her out and send her home with her cargo." He paused. "We may be in time to overhaul and stop her; but if she has arrived, to carry her out from under the guns of the fort is quite another matter. 'To avoid the British cruisers.' Well, yes, we are only in ballast," —he looked up with pride at the raking masts and well-trimmed sails,—"the ship does not float can catch the *Marie*. 'Free to do as seems best if we are stopped by privateers.' Ah, he knows well enough what I should do."

"He seems to have provided for that," said De Courval, glancing at the carronades and the long Tom astern such as many a peaceful ship prudently carried.

The captain grinned. "That is like Hugh Wynne. But these island fools rely on us for diet. They will be starving, and if the *George Washington* reach the island before we do, they will lose no time, and, I guess, pay in worthless bills on France, or not at all. However, we shall see." This ended the conversation.

They had the usual varied luck of the sea; but the master carried sail, to the alarm of his mates, and seeing none of the dreaded cruisers, overtook a French merchant ship and learned with certainty of the outbreak of war between France and Great Britain, a fresh embarrassment, as they well knew.

At sundown on February the 15th, the lookout on the crosstrees saw the moun-

tains of San Domingo back of the city of Port au Prince, and running in under shelter of one of the many islands which protect the bay, the captain and the supercargo took counsel as to what they should do.

"If," said De Courval, "I could get ashore as a French sailor at night, and learn something of how things stand, we might be helped."

The captain feared risks neither for himself nor for another, and at last said: "I can run you in at dark, land you on a spit of sand below the town, and wait for you."

Thus it was that in sailor garb, a tricolor cockade in his hat, De Courval left the boat at eight at night and began with caution to approach the town. The brilliant moon of a clear tropic night gave sufficient light, and following the shore, he soon came upon the warehouses and docks, where he hoped to learn what ships were in the harbor. Soon, however, he was halted by sentries, and being refused permission to pass, turned away from the water-front. Passing among rude cabins and seeing almost no one, he came out at last on a wide, well-built avenue and into a scene of sorrowful misery. Although the new commissioners of the republic had put down the insurrection of the slaves with appalling slaughter, their broken bands were still busy with the torch and the sword, so that the cities were filled with refugees of the plantation class—of men and women who were quite helpless, and knew not where to turn for shelter or for the bread of the day.

De Courval had been quite unprepared for the wretchedness he now saw. Indistinct in the moon-made shadows, or better seen where the light lay, were huddled groups of women and children, with here and there a man made helpless by years of the ownership of man. Children were crying, while women tried in vain to comfort them. Others were silent or wildly bewailing their fate. To all seeming, indifferent to the oft-repeated appeals of misery, went by officials, army officers, smoking cigarettes, drunken sailors, and such women as a seaport educates to baseness. Half of the town had been for months in ashes. The congestion of the remainder was more and more felt as refugees from ruined plantations came hither, hungry and footsore, to seek food where was little and charity where was none.

Unable to do more than pity, the young vicomte went his way with care along a street strangely crowded with all manner of people, himself on the lookout for a café where he might find sailors. Presently he found what he sought, and easily fell into sea-talk with a group of seamen. He learned only that the town was without the usual supplies of food from the States; that the troops lived on fish, bananas, and yams, and that General Esbarbé had ruthlessly put down the negro insurrection. Only one ship had come in of late. The outbreak of war between England and France had, in fact, for a time put an end to our valuable trade with the islands. Learning nothing of value, he paid his score and stood a moment in the doorway, the drunken revel of idle sailors behind him, and before him the helpless wretchedness of men and women to whom want had been hitherto unknown. He must seek elsewhere for what he wished to learn. As he hesitated, two men in white linen went by with a woman. They were laughing and talking loudly, apparently indifferent to the pitiable groups on door-steps or on the sidewalks.

"Let us go to the Cocoanut," said the woman. One of the men said, "Yes." They went on, singing a light drinking-song. No one seemed to care for any one else: officials, sailors, soldiers, destitute planters seemed all to be in a state of detachment, every kindly human tie of man to man broken. In fact, for a year the island had been so gorged with tragedy that it no longer caused remark.

De Courval followed the men and women, presuming that they were going to a café. If he learned nothing there, he would go back to the ship.

Pushing carelessly by a group of refugees on the outside of the "Cocoanut," the party went in, and one, an official, as he seemed to be, sat down at a table with the woman. De Courval, following, took the nearest table, while the other companion of the woman went to the counter to give an order. The woman sat still, humming a coarse Creole love-song, and the vicomte looked about him. The room was dimly lighted, and quite half of it was occupied by the same kind of un-

happy people who lay about on the streets, and may have paid for leave to sit in the café. The unrestrained, noisy grief of these well-dressed women amazed the young man, used to the courage and self-control of the women of his own class. The few tables near by were occupied by small parties of officers, in no way interested in the wretchedness about them. A servant came to De Courval. What would he have? Fried fish there was, and baked yams, but no other dish. He asked for wine, paid for it, and began to be of a sudden curious about the party almost within touch. The woman was a handsome quadroon. Pinned in her high masses of black hair were a dozen of the large fireflies of the tropics, a common ornament of a certain class of women. From moment to moment their flashing lanterns strangely illuminated her hair and face. As he watched her in wonder, the man who had gone to the counter came back and sat down, facing De Courval.

"Those *sacrés enfants,*" he said, "they should be turned out; one can hardly hear a word for the bawling. I shall be glad to leave—"

"When do you go, Commissioner?" said the woman.

"In a day or two. I am to return to France as soon as possible and make our report."

De Courval was startled by the voice, and stared at the speaker. The face was no longer clean-shaven, and now wore the mustache, a recent Jacobin fashion. The high-arched eyebrows of the man of the Midi, the sharp voice, decided him. It was Carteaux. For a moment René had the slight vertigo of a man to whose intense passion is forbidden the relief of physical action. The scene at Avignon was before him, and instantly, too, the sense of need to be careful of himself, and to think solely of his errand. He swallowed his wine in haste, and sat still, losing no word of the talk, as the other man said:

"They will unload the American ship to-morrow, I suppose."

"Yes," said Carteaux; "and pay in good republican *assignats* and promises. Then I shall sail on her to Philadelphia, and go thence to France. Our work here is over."

De Courval had heard enough. If the ship went to the States, there he would find his enemy. To let him go, thus unpunished, when so near, was obviously all that he could do. He rose and went out. In a few minutes he had left the town behind him and was running along the beach, relieved by rapid action. He hailed the boat, lying in wait off the shore, and had, as he stood, the thought that with his father's murderer within reach, duty had denied him the privilege of retributive justice. It was like the dreams with which at times he was troubled—when he saw Carteaux smiling and was himself unable to move. Looking back, as the boat ran on to the beach, he saw a red glow far away, and over it the pall of smoke where hundreds of plantations were burning, with everywhere, as he had heard, ruin, massacre, and ruthless executions of the revolted slaves set free. Such of the upper class as could leave had departed, and long since Blanchelande, ex-governor, had been sent to France, to be remembered only as the first victim of the guillotine.

The captain, uneasy, hurried De Courval into the boat, for he had been gone two hours. There was a light, but increasing, wind off shore to help them and before them a mile's pull. As they rowed to the ship, the captain heard De Courval's news. "We must make sure it is our ship," said the captain. "I could row in and see. I should know that old tub a hundred yards away—yes, sir, even in the night."

"The town, Captain, is in confusion—full of planters, men, women, and children lying about the streets. There is pretty surely a guard on board that ship. Why not beat in closer without lights, and then, with all the men you can spare, find the ship, and if it is ours, take her out?"

"If we can. A good idea. It might be done."

"It is the only way. It must be done. Give me the mate and ten men."

"What! Give you my men, and sit down and wait for you? No, sir. I shall go with you." He was of a breed which has served the country well on sea and land, and whose burial-places are battlefields and oceans.

It was soon decided to wait to attack

until the town was asleep. In the interval De Courval, in case of accident, wrote to his mother and to Schmidt, but with no word of Carteaux. Then for a while he sat still, reflecting with very mingled feelings that success in carrying the ship would again cut him off from all chance of meeting Carteaux. It did seem to him a malignant fate; but at last dismissing it, he buckled on his sword, took up his pistols, and went on deck.

At midnight the three boats set out with muffled oars, and after a hard pull against an off-shore wind, through the warm tropic night, they approached the town.

The captain whistled softly, and the boats came together.

"Speak low," he said to De Courval. "It is the *George Washington* and no mistake. They are wide-awake, by ill luck, and singing."

"Yes, I hear them."

"But they are not on deck. There are lights in the cabin." The "Ça Ira" rang out in bits across the water. The young noble heard it with the anguish it always awakened; for unfailingly it gave back to memory the man he longed to meet, and the blood-dabbled mob which came out of the hall at Avignon shouting this Jacobin song.

The captain said: "I will board her on this side; you on that. She is low in the water. Pull in with your boat and secure the watch forward, and I will shut the after hatches and companionway. Look out for the forecastle. If her own men are on board, they will be there."

De Courval's heart alone told him of the excitement he felt; but he was cool, tranquil, and of the temperament which rises to fullest competence in an hour of danger. A minute later he was on deck, and moving forward in the silence of the night, came upon the watch. "Hush!" he said; "no noise. Two to each man. They are asleep. There—choke hard and gag. Here, cut up this rope; a good gag." In a moment three scared sailors awoke from dreams of their Breton homes, and were trussed with sailor skill.

"Now, then," he said in French, "a pistol-ball for the man who moves. Stay by them, you Jones, and come, the rest of you. Rouse the crew in the forecastle, Mate. Call to them. If the answer is in French, let no man up. Don't shoot, if you can help it."

He turned quickly, and, followed by four men, ran aft, hearing wild cries and oaths. A man looking out of a port-hole had seen two boats and the glint of muskets. As the captain swung over the rail, half a dozen men ran up on deck shouting an alarm. The captain struck with the butt of his pistol. A man fell. De Courval grappled with a burly sailor, and falling, rose as the mate hit the guard on the head with a marline-spike. Then an officer fired, and a sailor went down wounded. It was savage enough, but brief, for the American crew and captain, released, were now running aft from the forecastle, and the French were tumbled into the companionway and the hatches battened down in haste, but no man killed.

"Get up sail!" cried the captain. "An ax to the cable; she is moored to a buoy. Tumble into the boats, some of you! Get a rope out ahead, and pull her bow round. Now, then, put out the lights, and hurry, too!" As he gave his orders, and men were away up the rigging, shot after shot from the cabin windows drew, as was meant, the attention of the town. Lights were seen moving on the pier, the sound of oars was heard. There was the red flare of signals on shore; cries and oaths came from below and from the shore not far away.

It was too late. The heavy ship, as the cable parted, swung round. The wind being off the land, sail after sail filled, and picking up his boats in haste, the captain stood by the helm, the ship slowly gathering way, while cannon-shots from the batteries fell harmless in her wake.

"Darn the old sea-barrel!" the captain cried. Two boats were after them. "Down! All of you, down!" A dozen musket-balls rattled over them. "Give them a dose, boys!"

"No, no!" cried De Courval. "Shoot over them! Over! Ah, good! Well done!" For at the reply the boats ceased rowing, and, save for a few spent bullets, the affair was ended. The brig, moving more quickly, soon left their pursuers, and guided by lights on the *Marie*, they presently joined her.

"Now, then," said the captain, "get out a boat!" When one by one the dis-

gusted guard came on deck and in the darkness were put in the boat, their officer asked in French who were their captors.

De Courval, on hearing this, replied, "His Majesty's schooner *St. George,* privateer of Bristol."

"But, *mon dieu,*" cried the bewildered man, "this ship is American. It is piracy."

"No, monsieur; she was carrying provisions to a French port." The persistent claim of England, known as the "provision order," was well in force, and was to make trouble enough before it was abandoned.

The officer, furious, said: "You speak too well our tongue. Ah, if I had you on shore!"

De Courval laughed. "Adieu, Citizen." The boat put off for the port, and the two ships made all sail.

By and by the captain called to De Courval to come to the cabin. "Well, Mr. Lewis,—if that is to be your name, —we are only at the beginning of our troubles. These seas will swarm with ships of war and English privateers, and we must stay by this old tub. If she is caught, they will go over the manifest and take all they want out of her, and men, too."

"I see," said De Courval. "Is there anything to do but take our chance on the sea?"

"I shall run north and get away from the islands out of their cruising-grounds."

"What if we run over to Martinique? How long would it take?"

"Three days and a half as we sail, or as that old cask does. But what for?"

"I heard that things are not so bad there. We might sell the old tub's cargo."

"Sell it? They would take it."

"Perhaps. But we might lie off the port if there is no blockade and—well, negotiate. Once rid of the cargo, she would sail better."

"Yes; but Mr. Wynne has said nothing of this. It is only to risk what we have won. I won't risk it."

"I am sorry," said De Courval, "but now I mean to try it. Kindly run your eye over these instructions. This is matter of business only."

The captain reddened angrily as he said, "And I am to obey a boy like you."

"Yes, sir."

The master knew Hugh Wynne well, and after a pause said grimly: "Very good. It is out of the frying-pan into the fire." He hated it, but there was the order, and obedience to those over him and from those under him was part of his sailor creed.

In four days, about dawn, delayed by the slower ship, they were off the port of St. Pierre. The harbor was empty, and there was no blockade as yet.

"And now," said the captain, "what to do? You are the master, it seems. Run in, I suppose?"

"No, wait a little, Captain. If, when I say what I want done, it seems to you unreasonable, I shall give it up. Get a bit nearer; beat about; hoist our own flag. They will want to understand, and will send a boat out. Then we shall see."

"I can do that, but every hour is full of risk." Still he obeyed, beginning to comprehend his supercargo and to like the audacity of the game.

Near to six o'clock the bait was taken. A boat put out and drew near with caution. The captain began to enjoy it. "A nibble," he said.

"Give me a boat," said De Courval. "They will not come nearer. There are but five men. I must risk it. Let the men go armed." In ten minutes he was beside the Frenchmen, and seeing a young man in uniform at the tiller, he said in French: "I am from that brig. She is loaded with provisions for this port or San Domingo, late from the States."

"Very well. You are welcome. Run in. The vicomte will take all, and pay well. *Foi d'honneur,* monsieur; it is all as I say. You are French?"

"Yes; an *émigré.*"

"We like not that, but I will go on board and talk it over."

When on the *Marie* they went to the cabin with the captains of the two American ships. "And now let us talk," said De Courval. "Who commands here for the republic?"

"Citizen Rochambeau; a good Jacobin, too."

De Courval was startled. "A cousin of my mother—the vicomte—a Jacobin!"

"Is monsieur for our side?" asked the officer.

"No; I am for the king."

"King, monsieur! The king was guillotined on January 21."

"*Mon Dieu!*"

"May I ask your name, monsieur?"

"I am the Vicomte de Courval, at your service."

"By St. Denis! I know; you are of Normandy, of the religion, like ourselves. I am the Comte de Lourmel."

"And with the Jacobins?"

"Yes. I have an eminent affection for my head. When I can, my brother and I will get away."

"Then we may talk plainly as two gentlemen."

"Assuredly."

"I do not trust that vicomte of yours —a far-away cousin of my mother, I regret to say."

"Nor would I trust him. He wished the town illuminated on account of the king's death."

"It seems incredible. Poor Louis! But now, to our business. Any hour may bring a British cruiser. This cargo is worth in peace twenty thousand dollars. Now it is worth thirty-two thousand,—salt beef, potatoes, pork, onions, salt fish, and some forty casks of Madeira. Ordinarily we should take home coffee and sugar, but now it is to be paid for in louis d'or or in gold joes, here—here on board, monsieur."

"But the cargo?"

"The sea is quiet. When the money is on deck, we will run in nearer, and you must lighter the cargo out. I will give you one day, and only one. There is no other way. We are well armed, as you see, and will stand no Jacobin tricks. Tell the Vicomte Sans Culottes I am his cousin, De Courval. Stay, I shall write a note. It is to take on my terms, and at once, or to refuse."

"He will take it. Money is plenty; but one cannot eat louis d'ors. How long do you give us?"

"Two hours to go and return; and, monsieur, I am trusting you."

"We will play no tricks." And so presently the boat pushed off and was away at speed.

"And now what is all that infernal parley-vouing? It was too fast for me," said the captain; but on hearing, he said it would work. He would hover round the *George Washington* with cannon loaded and men armed. Within the time set the officer came back with another boat. "I have the money," he said. "The vicomte swore well and long, and would much desire your company on shore." De Courval laughed. "I grieve to disappoint him."

"The lighters are on the way," said De Lourmel—"a dozen; and upon my honor, there will be no attempt at capture."

The ship ran in nearer while the gold was counted, and then with all possible haste the cargo, partly a deck-load, was lightered away, the wind being scarcely more than a breeze. By seven at night the vessel was cleared, for half of the *Marie's* men had helped. A small barrel of wine was put in the count's boat, and a glad cheer rang out as all sail was set.

Then at last the captain came over to where De Courval, leaning against the rail, allowed himself the first pipe of the busiest day of his life; for no man of the crew had worked harder.

"I want to say you were right, young man, and I shall be glad to say so at home. I came devilish near to not doing it."

"Why, without you, sir," said De Courval, "I should have been helpless. The cutting out was yours, and this time we divide honors and hold our tongues."

"Not I," said the master; nor did he, being as honest as any of his race of sea-dogs.

The lumbering old brig did fairly well. After three stormy weeks, in mid-March off the Jersey coast they came in sight of a corvette flying the tricolor. The captain said things not to be put on record, and signaled his clumsy consort far astern to put to sea. "An Englishman all over," said the captain. Then he sailed straight for the corvette with the flag he loved flying. There was a smart gale from the east, and a heavy sea running. Of a sudden, as if alarmed, the Stars and Stripes came down, a tricolor went up, and the *Marie* turned tail for the Jersey coast. De Courval watched the game with interest. The captain enjoyed it, as men who gamble on sea chances enjoy their risks, and said, laughing: "I wonder does that man know the coast? He 's a morsel reckless."

The corvette went about and followed. "Halloa! He 's going to talk!" A can-

non flash was followed by a ball, which struck the rail.

"Not bad," said the captain, and turning, saw De Courval on the deck. "Are you hit, man?" he cried.

"Not badly." But the blood was running freely down his stocking as he staggered to his feet.

"Get him below!"

"No, no!" cried De Courval. The mate ripped open his breeches. "A bad splinter wound, sir, and an ugly bruise." In spite of his protests, they carried him to the cabin and did some rude sea surgery. Another sharp fragment had cut open his cheek, but what Dr. Rush would have called "diachylon plaster" sufficed for this, and in great pain he lay and listened, still for a time losing blood very freely. The corvette veered and let go a broadside while the captain looked up at the rigging anxiously. "Too much sea on," he said. "I will lay his damn ribs on Absecom bar, if he holds on."

Apparently the corvette knew better, and manœuvered in hope to catch a too wary foe, now flying along the shallow coast in perilous waters. At nightfall the corvette gave up a dangerous chase, got about, and was off to sea. At morning the English war-ship caught the brig, being clever enough to lie off the capes. The captain of the *George Washington* wisely lacked knowledge of her consort the schooner, and the Englishman took out of his ship five men, declaring them Britons, although they spoke sound, nasal Cape Cod American.

Using the darkness, Captain Biddle ran by Henlopen light; and at evening of the next day, the wind being fair, anchored off Chester and went to bed, happy and full of good rum punch, while De Courval, feeble from large loss of blood and in much pain lay in the cabin, feeling that he had justified the opinion Wynne had expressed of him. That he felt a little uplifted was to be forgiven a young man who knew that he had done well a dangerous task. He had, too, the satisfaction of having made that test of the quality of his courage which peril alone permits. Then, at last, he fell asleep, and waking at the rattle of the chain, saw through a port-hole the red city in brilliant sunshine; and this was on Sunday, the sixteenth of March, 1793, at ten in the morning.

(To be continued)

DECLARATION

BY EDITH HOPE KINNEY

HOW shall I say to thee in words
What would be better broached by birds
Or spelled by buds in spring?
Would I might trust the nightingale
To phrase aright so rare a tale
As this to thee I bring!

Of flowers, the rose alone might be
Ambassador from me to thee,
All messengers above;
But not the nightingale in tune,
Nor rose, with eloquence of June,
Can voice to thee my love.

It flutters still, a speechless song,
Within my heart, the whole day long,
And strives, with thee anear,
To find itself a silver tongue,
To get its golden secret sung,
That thou, oh, love, shalt hear.

THE REMINISCENCES OF LADY RANDOLPH CHURCHILL

BY MRS. GEORGE CORNWALLIS-WEST

SIXTH PAPER: A VISIT TO RUSSIA—DOMESTIC LIFE AND RECREATIONS—AN AUDIENCE WITH THE CZAR—IMPRESSION OF RUSSIAN SOCIETY—MOSCOW—RUSSIAN CHARACTERISTICS

DURING the winter of 1887 we went to Russia, where we spent a most interesting and delightful month. The Marquis de Breteuil, an old friend of ours, whose ancestor had been French ambassador to the court of the great Catharine, and Mr. Trafford made up our party. Everything was new and attractive to us. The people were charming and hospitable, and seemed full of *bonhomie,* and we saw no signs of that grinding despotism and tyranny which is supposed to be synonymous with Russian life. My first impression of the scenery was one of disappointment, the country between Berlin and St. Petersburg, or rather the part beyond the Russian frontier, being flat and uninteresting. The waste and dreary expanse, when covered with snow, inspires a feeling of deep melancholy. To live for months every year buried in that cold, monotonous silence is quite enough, I should imagine, to account for the vein of sadness which seems to be the basis of the Russian character, and which betrays itself in all Russian music and painting. As our snow-laden train crawled into the station in St. Petersburg, and we stepped out joyfully and stretched our cramped and tired limbs, the broad streets, full of life and animation, and as bright as day with electricity, seemed a delightful contrast. I do not know what I expected to see, but the city disappointed me with its modern appearance. Looking at the houses of rather mean exterior, with their small double windows and tiny doors, little did I dream of the splendor within. Space, however, seemed to be immaterial, and this struck me the more forcibly, accustomed as I was to London, with its narrow streets and considered inches.

The French system of apartments is common in St. Petersburg, although not so general as in Paris; but where it exists, the entrance and staircases are much more decorated and cared for than is usual where several families live under the same roof, and this gives the appearance of a private dwelling. In the great houses I was struck by the very large number of servants, and was told that in the cases of some rich noblemen whole families of useless dependents—muzhik, with their wives and children—were installed in the lower regions. If this was the case in town, what must it have been in the country? Such generosity, combined with the utter absence of real supervision in the financial management of the establishment, must have been a heavy burden on the largest fortune, and it is not surprising that the Russian nobility of to-day, with the added burden of the late war and the internal dissensions of their unhappy country, are in an impoverished state.

However, we saw nothing of this, and all the entertainments and functions to which we went, whether private or public, were extremely well done. Russians dearly love light, and on these occasions made their houses as bright as day with a profusion of candles as well as electric light. Masses of flowers, notwithstand-

THE WINTER PALACE, ST. PETERSBURG

ing their rarity in such a rigorous climate, decorated every available place, and the staircases were lined with footmen in gorgeous liveries. Although many of the houses were very smartly furnished with all that money could buy and modern art suggest, they struck me as lacking in the real refinement and true artistic taste that one sees in Paris; but the French are born connoisseurs, and think of little else than artistic comfort.

In those days the average Russian drawing room was superior to the ordinary English one. If there was a lack of imagination, there was also an absence of tawdriness, which contrasted favorably with the overcrowded London room, where, at that time, the esthetic and Japanese craze reigned supreme where evenly balanced structures of paper fans, Liberty silks, and photographs were thought decorative, not to speak of labyrinths of tiny tables, chairs, and screens. I was prepared to suffer a great deal from the cold, but found, as in most Northern countries, that the houses were heated to suffocation, and the windows were rarely opened, a small ventilator being thought quite sufficient. Russians assert that all foreigners bring so much caloric with them that they do not feel the cold at first. This may be so, but there is no doubt that they feel the want of air and the stuffiness of the rooms, which dries up the skin and takes away the appetite.

On the other hand, I thoroughly enjoyed the outdoor life of sleighing and skating. Comfortably seated in a sleigh, behind a good, fat coachman to keep the wind off, I never wearied of driving about. The rapidity with which one dashes noiselessly along is most exhilarating, notwithstanding a biting wind or blinding snow. The ordinary Russian sleigh, smaller than the American cutter, barely holds two, but the thick fur rug, even in a common droshky, or cab, is so well fastened down that it helps to keep one from falling out, besides protecting from the cold. The troikas, wide sleighs with three horses, of which the middle one trots while the other two gallop, have become rather rare, and are used princi-

pally for traveling or for expeditions in the country. Nothing is prettier than a really smart sleigh with two horses, one trotting and the other galloping, covered with a large net of dark blue cord fastened to the front of the sleigh, to keep the snow from being kicked into the face of the occupant. The coachman, with his fur-lined coat gathered in at the waist, and his bright red or blue octagonal cap, with gold braid, drives with his arms extended in order to preserve his circulation. I was much impressed with the fact that the coachmen hardly ever seemed to use their short, thick whips, which they kept carefully hidden. A footman stood on a small step behind, his tall hat and ordinary great coat looking a little incongruous, I confess, and marring an otherwise picturesque sight. The horses are so beautifully broken that a word will stop them. The whole time I was in Russia I never saw a horse ill-used. No need for a "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals" there. The Isvoshnik who owns his cab-horse looks upon him as his friend, and very often shares the animal's stall at night.

Among the many acquaintances we made were M. and Mme. Polovstow, who showed us a great deal of hospitality. He was President of the Council, a very important post, and was high in the favor of the Czar. His early history was rather romantic. As private secretary to the millionaire Steiglitz, Polovstow won the affections and the hand of his adopted daughter, to whom Steiglitz left the whole of his fortune.

Many institutions were founded by Madame Polovstow's adopted father, and she took us to see the "Steiglitz School of Art," which was kept up at her own expense. I was much interested to find in the museum a certain Italian cabinet which the late Duke of Marlborough had sold from Blenheim, and the destination of which had always been a mystery.

One night we went to the opera with them to hear "A Life for the Czar" by Glinka, charming music, stamped with all the national characteristics of sadness and wild, boisterous gaiety. The orchestration, however, seemed rather feeble. All the ladies wore high dresses, which took away from the brilliant appearance one is accustomed to in other opera-houses. Sometimes the performance was entirely ballet,—no singing,—and one night I had the opportunity of seeing the famous dancer Zucchi in "Esmeralda." She was then in her prime, and she certainly was a marvelous dancer of the old school.

After the opera, enveloped in great fur coats and caps, we drove in troikas to the islands in the Neva, where the Polovstows had a charming pavilion. We were ushered into a large conservatory brilliantly lighted and full of orchids and rare flowers, a dazzling and wonderful contrast to the snow-clad scenery outside, on which "the cold, round moon shone deeply down," turning everything to silver. Hidden by palms, a band of Tziganies was playing inspiriting melodies, while in the dining-room an excellent supper was served on genuine Louis XV plate. We did not get back to our hotel until the small hours of the morning. Russians, I found to my cost, love late hours and seem never to go to bed, the evening generally beginning for them at midnight.

On one occasion I was taken for a spin on the Neva with a fast trotter, a ride which I did not greatly enjoy, owing to the end of my nose being nearly frozen. When we returned, my host rushed up to me and rubbed my nose violently with snow, as it looked ominously white. As long as your nose keeps a glorious red, you are safe.

While in St. Petersburg I was able to indulge to my heart's content in my favorite pastime of skating, which I did on the lake of the Palais de la Tauride, a royal palace where Russian society congregated. But great was my disappointment to find that the Russians did not care for figure-skating, and, in fact, did not skate well. I was told that had it not been for the Czarina (Marie), who was an adept in the art, people would not have appreciated skating at all. As it was, they much preferred tobogganing down the ice-hills, half a dozen or more persons in a sleigh. It was in one of these that I had my first experience of this sport, and was duly "blooded" (if one may call it so) by being placed in the front seat of the sleigh and shot into a bank of snow. The ice-hills, which are built on the lake, are merely blocks of ice placed on a wooden path raised to a

platform at a steep angle, which you ascend by a staircase. To go down one of these hills on skates for the first time gives the same delightful feeling of satisfaction and pleasure which in hunting is experienced in getting over a big fence, leaving the field a bit behind. It is not an easy matter, as the pace is terrific, and in coming to the level again at the foot of the hill it is very difficult to keep your feet; but if you do, you shoot across the whole lake. Many were the accidents, and I saw one poor lady break her arm.

Sir Robert Morier, the British Ambassador, was away when we first arrived, but later he and his family showed us great kindness and hospitality. Meanwhile we were bidden to Gatchina to have an audience with the Czar and the Czarina. Gatchina, about an hour by train from St. Petersburg, is the Windsor of Russia. It is a curious mixture of splendor and unpretensiousness, and is approached from the station through a series of small parks, which must be lovely in summer. I was surprised to see so few sentries: to all appearance the

GRAND DUKE ALEXANDER, AFTERWARD ALEXANDER III, AND THE PRINCESS DAGMAR, NOW DOWAGER EMPRESS OF RUSSIA

Czar was not more guarded than the King at Windsor. The entrance to Gatchina on the public road had only one sentry.

The palace has no great architectural merits, but its six hundred rooms and endless corridors were filled with priceless Oriental china, and the walls were adorned with tapestries and treasures of art. *Coureurs* in black-and-orange liveries, their caps embellished with tossing black, white, and orange feathers, gave a slightly barbaric appearance to the scene, which was added to by the mass of bowing attendants, and by two Nubians dressed in white, with turbans and scimitars, standing outside the Czarina's audience - chamber.

GRAND DUKE SERGE (BROTHER OF ALEXANDER III), ASSASSINATED AT MOSCOW IN 1905

While waiting to be received, we were shown into an apartment which savored of the early Victorian style, with paintings of mediocre quality. Here a *déjeuner* was served, and afterward we went to our respective audiences. Randolph stayed quite an hour with the Czar, who discussed all the political questions of the day. The Czarina, whom I had had the honor of knowing as Czarevna at Cowes some years before, was most gracious and charming, reminding me of her sister, Queen Alexandra, although not so beautiful. She asked endless questions about England and all that was going on politically and socially, and finally, having arrived "*au bout de notre Latin*," and Randolph not appearing, I was taken to see the palace.

Among many rooms, I remember a large hall worthy of an old English country-house, full of comfortable arm-chairs and writing-tables, games, and toys. I even spied a swing. In that room their Majesties often dined, I was told, even when they had guests, and after dinner the table would be removed, and they would spend the remainder of the evening there. This seemed strange to me when I thought of the many hundred rooms in the enormous building. But their tastes were of the simplest, and the Czar particularly affected tiny rooms, though they were much at variance with his towering frame and majestic bearing. His manner impressed me with a conviction of sincerity and earnestness.

Before leaving St. Petersburg, we were invited once more to Gatchina. This time it was in the evening; a special train conveyed about one hundred and fifty guests. On arriving, we were met by a long stream of royal carriages, which took us to the palace, where we witnessed an entertainment consisting of three short plays in three languages, after which supper was served. I had been given a seat in the third row, but when the royalties came in, I was bidden to sit behind the Empress, who every now and then would turn round and make some pleasant remark.

There are some curious customs at the Russian court which do not harmonize with one's idea of a despotic and autocratic sovereign. While we were sitting at small tables, the Czar walked about, talking to his guests, all of whom, including officers, remained seated. It appears that this was the habit of Peter the Great, who disliked ceremony of any kind; and as tradition is everything in Russia, this custom was religiously kept. There is no doubt that the etiquette of

the Russian court is much less rigid than it is in England or Germany. For instance, it is not the custom to treat the members of the imperial family with so much deference as in other European courts; I noticed that the ladies did not think of courtesying to a young grand duke, and would rise only when the Czarina did, or at the entrance of the Czar. The ladies, too, when making their obeisance, bowed stiffly from the waist, which was even more ungraceful than the English bob, our apology for a courtesy. The men, on the other hand, were very deferential, particularly to the ladies. At private dinners, when we were announced, the host would rush forward, seize my hand, and kiss it, and then proceed to introduce all the men present. I then had to ask to be presented to every lady, and duly call on them personally the next day. This I found very irksome and wearying, and it stood in the way of my sight-seeing.

THE GRAND DUCHESS SERGE (PRINCESS ELISABETH OF HESSE, SISTER OF THE CZARINA)

Most Russian ladies smoke cigarettes, and at all the parties to which I went, one of the reception-rooms was set apart for the purpose, which caused a continual movement to and fro, taking off the stiffness of a formal dinner-party and enabling people to circulate more freely. This in itself would ensure a pleasant evening; for who has not seen with despair the only chair at hand triumphantly seized by a bore, whom nothing but a final "Good night" will move?

Russians, as a rule, have enormous appetites, and are very fond of good living, eating—not to mention drinking—often to excess. In Russian society drinking is not considered a heinous offense. The night we went to Gatchina, the officer in charge, the Colonel of the Preobejensky Guards, the smartest regiment in Russia, who was responsible that night for the safety of the Czar, was so drunk that he fell heavily on my shoulder when presented to me. Those near laughingly propped him up, evidently thinking nothing of it.

We lunched several times at the celebrated restaurant kept by Cubat, where our plates were piled with enormous helpings fit for a regiment of soldiers. Cubat was a most interesting person, late head *chef* to the Czar, whose service he had only just left. When asked the reason, he said that the supervision in the kitchen of the royal palace was so irksome and stringent, — dozens of detectives watching his every gesture and pouncing on every pinch of salt,—that the salary of $10,000 a year did not compensate him. He later bought the hotel Païva (now an English club) in the Champs-Elysées and started the Cubat Restaurant; but the prices were so high that it soon came to an end.

One night we dined with the Grand Duke and Duchess Serge at their beautiful old palace called "Beloselski." It was built in the reign of the great Catharine, whose hand is found in everything of real taste in Russia. Decorated and furnished by the best French artists of the day, of whom the Empress was a generous patron, with its lovely Bouchers and carved white panelings, I thought it quite the finest house I saw while in Russia. We waited some time for a belated guest, Madame ——, who finally appeared, looking regal, with the most magnificent jewels I had ever seen on any private person; but on her bare arm, as distinct as possible, was the black-and-

blue imprint—fingers and thumb—of a brutal hand. No one could help noticing it, and the Grand Duchess pointed at it in dismay. "No, no," cried Madame ——, laughingly, "—— is at Moscow." "*Quelque jaloux!*" said my neighbor. At dinner I sat between the Grand Duke Serge and the Grand Duke Paul, quite the best-looking man I saw in Russia. I found an old friend there in Count Schouwalow, who had been Ambassador in London; also M. de Giers and his wife, at whose house I afterward met the redoubtable Pobiedonostzeff, Head of the Synod, with whom I had a long talk—a tall, gaunt man, whose strange, yellow teeth, seemingly all in one, impressed me more than anything else. Other interesting people dining there that evening were Count and Countess Ignatieff, Prince and Princess Soltykow, and Prince and Princess Woronzow.

Neither politics nor anything of that nature, whether internal or external, was discussed; reticence as regards public affairs in Russia is equaled only by discretion as regards the politics of other countries.

One of the most interesting sights we were privileged to see was the New Year's reception at the Winter Palace. At eleven o'clock in the morning the whole court attended, and society paid its respects to the sovereign. The Czar, dressed on this particular occasion in the uniform of the Gardes du Corps, gave his arm to the Czarina, and was followed by the imperial family. The train of each Grand Duchess was carried by four young officers. I remember that that of the Grand Duchess Vladimir was of silver brocade, with a sable border half a yard in depth. These were followed by long files of ladies-in-waiting, dressed in green and gold, and maids-of-honor in red and gold. The procession ended when all the court officials, resplendent in gorgeous uniforms and covered with decorations, walked with measured steps through the long suite of rooms, and lined up on each side with officers in the red, white, or blue of their regiments. To these the Czar spoke as he passed, saying, "Good morning, my children"; to which they replied in unison, "We are happy to salute you." In other rooms ladies were assembled, dressed in the national costume of every hue, and covered with jewels, mostly cabochon sapphires and emeralds. All wore that most becoming of head-dresses—the "kakoshnik," made of various materials from diamonds to plain velvet. The Czarina, with her graceful figure and small head, looked very stately in a magnificent tiara, blue velvet, and ermine train, as the cortège passed on to the chapel to hear mass. This lasted an hour, every one remaining standing—an art which royalty alone seems to have the gift of practising without breaking down and without apparent effort.

CONSTANTINI PETROVITCH POBIEDONOSTZEFF

I cannot adequately describe the scene in the chapel, which, if it had been less perfect in detail, might have appeared somewhat theatrical. On the right, the dresses of the women formed a sea of warm color, the soft red and green velvets of the ladies-in-waiting predominating, their long, white tulle veils looking like aureoles around their heads, touched here and there by iridescent rays from the rich stained-glass windows. On the left, the men presented a scarcely less brilliant group, the dark velvet cassock of a Lutheran pastor standing out in effective contrast to the vivid red of a cardinal

close by. The royal choir, which follows the Czar wherever he goes, is the finest I have ever heard. Composed of male voices alone, without the aid of any instrument (none being allowed in the Greek Church), it was perfection. The character of the music I found rather monotonous, and I thought to myself how this choir would have rendered one of Mendelssohn's grand anthems.

A story was told me of this celebrated choir. Clad originally in funereal black, they offended the eyes of a certain maid-of-honor, a favorite with one of the Czars, who, remonstrating with her for not attending mass, asked the reason. The lady pleaded that she was suffering from melancholy, and that the sight of the black choir would aggravate it. The next day her excuse was gone, for the choir appeared in crimson surplices braided with gold, and they have continued to do so ever since.

Mass over in the chapel, the procession reformed, a pause being made in the room reserved for the ambassadors and diplomatic corps. His Majesty entered into conversation with a favored few, who improved the shining hour, since, with the exception of some court balls, this was the only occasion they had of speaking to him during the year. Finally the ladies passed before the Czar and kissed hands, holding on to each other's trains, a sight which was more quaint than imposing. When all was over, we sat down to luncheon, reaching home about three o'clock. Not having any such sumptuous day gowns as I found were worn, I was reduced on this occasion to a blue-and-gold tea-gown, which did sufficiently well, although it seemed a strange garment in which to go to court. On our way out, I saw a sentry guarding a magnificent sable cape, which I was told belonged to the Czarina. It was nearly black, and it had taken years to collect the skins at a cost of $60,000.

Much to my chagrin, we did not stay in St. Petersburg for the court balls, but, time pressing, went on to Moscow. Before leaving, however, we visited the Winter Palace, Prince Troubetskoy, the Lord Chamberlain, being deputed to take us over it. He had evidently been asked to "do the civil," but was dreadfully bored, and hustled us smartly through

GRAND DUKE PAUL (BROTHER OF ALEXANDER III)

the immense number of rooms and interminable corridors. Even then it took us two good hours to get round.

We also visited the school for naval cadets, the admiral and his staff receiving us with much ceremony. The cadets looked pale and rather hunted. I felt so sorry for them, penned in small rooms, and with only a strip of yard, surrounded by tall brick walls, in which to exercise.

Our friend the Marquis de Breteuil did not go to Moscow, as he was invited by the Grand Duke Vladimir to join an expedition to shoot bears. It was significant that on the day they started, the Czar, who was setting out on some journey at the same hour, had three trains kept in readiness, and not even the Grand Duke knew in which his brother was traveling!

For the tourist there is no comparison between St. Petersburg and Moscow, the latter is so much more striking and so full of local color. Everything was a source of interest, from the narrow streets filled with a motley crowd of fur-clad people; the markets with their frozen fish or blocks of milk, from which slabs would be chopped off, and carcasses of beasts propped up in rows against the stalls;

GRAND DUKE VLADIMIR (BROTHER OF ALEXANDER III)

GRAND DUCHESS VLADIMIR (MARIE PAVLOVNA, DUCHESS OF MECKLENBURG)

to the Kremlin with its palaces and churches. [illegible] "the middle land," as it is called, is full of relics and rich people. We visited the Trubetskoff picture gallery, belonging to a retired merchant whose house was crowded to overflowing with all the common and uncommon curiosities of Russian history, and many of the terrible mandolines by which the old Tsars used to torture people. The Kremlin chapels contain relics dated back to the 10th century, and the terrible mandolines by which people were tortured in the old times are still there. The Kremlin chapels are very rich in relics, and the walls are covered with pictures of saints. [illegible] proposed to the Czar of Peter [illegible]

[illegible] Tsar [illegible] Tsar [illegible] Tsar [

escort. I was amazed to find the whole place full of beggars and cripples of every description, who pestered us for alms; on our previous visit we had not seen one. We heard afterward that previously the Governor had issued an order bidding them all to leave the precincts, that we might not be annoyed by them. During our stay in Russia, the authorities were everywhere anxious that Randolph should have a good impression, and while in St. Petersburg we were followed about by two detectives, not, as we at first imagined, to spy upon us, but to see that as distinguished strangers we were not molested in any way.

Prince Dolgorouki was an absolute autocrat in Moscow. Upon our expressing a wish one night when we were dining with him to hear some Tziganies who were giving a performance some distance off, a messenger was despatched forthwith, and they were ordered to come to the Governor's house. They gave us a very good representation of wild national songs and dances. What happened to the spectators from whom their performers had been snatched we never heard.

Before leaving, we attended the "Bal de la Noblesse" in the Assembly-Rooms. It was a fine sight, the floor excellent, and the music most inspiriting. There was a "Marshal of the Ceremonies," who reminded me of the descriptions of Beau Nash—strutting about, full of airs and graces, introducing people, and arranging and ruling with great precision the intricacies of the various dances. Officers would be brought up to me, clicking their spurs together and saluting; then they would seize me about the waist without a word, and whisk me round the enormous room at a furious pace, my feet scarcely touching the ground. Before I had recovered, breathless and bewildered, I would be handed over to the next, until I had to stop from sheer exhaustion.

I believe when the court goes to Moscow, which it does every four or five years, it is the occasion for the appearance of families bearing the finest old names of the country, who generally live buried in the provinces—people who look upon society in St. Petersburg very much as the Faubourg St. Germain looked on the heterogeneous mass of which society in Paris was composed under the Empire, and who are so Russian that even the mazurka, since it is Polish, must not be danced too well.

The day we left Moscow our friend the Governor came to see us off, and presented to me a lovely bouquet of orchids, which was produced from a band-box at the last moment. But before I had had time to sit down, the poor flowers were shriveled as though they had been scorched, one minute of the twenty-two degrees below zero proving too much for them. I left Moscow with great regret, as, apart from the delights of the place, I met some charming women, whose society was most agreeable. I gathered from them that Russian ladies, not indulging in any sport and taking little or no exercise, stay a great deal indoors, and in consequence have much time to educate themselves, to read, and to cultivate the fine arts. Speaking many languages, and reading widely, they form a very attractive society. It is said that Russians are not given to intimacy, and foreigners never get to know them well. I think that this is so, but I see no reason to credit them with less warmth of heart and faculty for lasting friendship than other nations possess. It was, however, a matter of surprise to me that women so eminently fitted by nature and education to influence and help those struggling in the higher vocations of life, should have seemingly but one ambition—to efface themselves, to attract no attention, to arouse no jealousies. Yet I doubt not that their influence is felt, though it may not be open and fearless as in England or America. As a refutation of the supposed insincerity of Russian character, it is an undisputed fact that a *succès d'estime* is unknown, and the stranger or diplomatist, however well recommended, or however good his position, is not by any means invited to the fêtes as a matter of course. After the first introduction, he is asked only according to his host's appreciation of him. I am not speaking of official circles, where policy is the master of ceremonies. The same may be said of the London society of to-day. Although formerly all foreigners and the personnel of the embassies were *personæ gratæ*, nowadays English society has become too large, and a hostess has to pick and choose.

While writing on the subject of Russia

and the Russians I must not omit the one it has been my privilege to know best; namely, the Dowager Duchess of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, formerly the Duchess of Edinburgh. We used to see her very often when she lived in England. A warm-hearted woman of rare intelligence and exceptional education, her early life as the only daughter of the Czar (Alexander II) was a most interesting one, as, quite apart from the exalted position she held, it was her duty to read to her father for two hours daily his correspondence and the secret news of the world, in itself a liberal education. An excellent musician, Rubinstein once said to her, so she told me, "Vous ne jouez pas si mal pour une Princesse." We frequently played together duets on two pianos, or quartettes in which Lady Mary Fitzwilliam, my sister Mrs. Leslie, and Signor Albanesi would join. A fine linguist, speaking fluently several languages, she wrote them equally well.

The letters which follow reflect the writer's amiable character and give glimpses of her life at Peterhof and elsewhere.

FROM H. I. AND M. H. THE DUCHESS OF EDINBURGH, NOW MARIE, DUCHESS OF SAXE-COBURG-GOTHA

Stuttgart, June 16, 1886.

DEAR LADY RANDOLPH:

I had no time to thank you from Coburg for your kind, long letter from Hatfield. How triumphant you must be, and how pleased Lord Randolph is! Please give him my *heartfelt* good wishes on this parliamentary success. And so the G. O. M. is done for, at least for the present moment, and you all think that you have saved England! But when the new elections have to begin again, what hard work for you, though you are so full of energy!

I hope you did enjoy Ascot and that the hideous climate did not spoil, as usual, all the enjoyments.

I have come to Stuttgart for a few days on a visit to my aunt, the Queen of Würtemberg. She is a very charming and amiable old lady, a real *grande dame* of the past generation. The Queen lives in a most charming villa outside the town, with lovely grounds, and such roses as I have never seen before anywhere. The country around is very pretty, and a short stay here is most enjoyable. . . .

We are dreadfully struck by the tragic death of the King of Bavaria. As a child, I used to know him well: he was a charming young man, *so* good-looking and so pleasant. I quite fell in love with him when I was ten years old. He had the finest eyes one could dream about, and which often haunt me now after more than twenty years. Can any novel or drama be more tragic than the life and death of this unfortunate mad King? I have never seen Munich, and want to go there from here; also perhaps to Augsburg, where there is an interesting exhibition.

I hope the Eastwell flowers are pretty good, but I wish I could send you some roses from here; they are too magnificent. My aunt has created the place, and looks after it with "devoted attention."

THE KREMLIN, MOSCOW

I wish you would come to Coburg in September; it would be a great pleasure for me.

Accept my best love and many wishes to hear often from you.

Marie.

Peterhof, August 2, 1886.

DEAR LADY RANDOLPH:

I was so pleased to receive your interesting letter only a few days after my arrival here, and I thank you for it a thousand times.

What an interesting time you are having now, and how excited you must all be! Now I hear the Cabinet is formed and Lord Randolph is Minister so soon again. Please offer him my most sincere good wishes for his success in public life, and though I shed a tear or two over the fall of "my idol," I sincerely hope that the new Ministry will be more successful. I do not believe it, however, and slightly chuckle over the difficulties they will have to face.

Here we do not think much of politics at present, and enjoy life more simply by having lovely weather, pleasant company, and being out-of-doors from morning till night. Nowhere does one enjoy the summer more than in Russia, and I must say that it is really heavenly weather when the summer is fine, for we have the very long days and hardly any night.

Here we live in separate small villas in the park, and the big, fine, old rococo palace is only used for receptions or distinguished guests. I live with the children in one house, and the Majesties live in a cottage some five-minutes' walk from us. It is all very delightful in fine weather, but not so convenient during rainy days, as one keeps running from one house to the other. Nearly all my relations live in the neighborhood- dozens of cousins of every description, masculine and feminine, uncles, aunts, nephews, and nieces. You never saw such a family party. The Queen of Greece is here with nearly all her children, grown-up young men and babies, she herself looking younger than me, and dancing away merrily whilst I look on. I cannot make up my mind to dance in the same place which witnessed my début some sixteen years ago, a slim young lady then, a fat matron now. So I walk about, renew old acquaintances, have people presented, and try to make myself agreeable. All welcome me with joy and such cordiality that the task is an easy one. One dresses here immensely and is wonderfully smart and well got up; it is a real pleasure for me to see all the lovely toilettes, bonnets and cloaks—quite a study.

My uncles and cousins have beautiful country places all about Peterhof, and the other day one of them gave a very pleasant small dance. To-day there is a big ball at the palace, with ambassadors, etc., and we expect one or two more dances. On Monday was the Empress's namesday; also mine, and it is always a grand day for festivities and presents. We had in the evening a lovely ballet in the open air and grand illuminations in the park. There are beautiful fountains here, a copy of Versailles, which light up in a wonderful way. Every evening, bands play in the park and quantities of people walk, ride, and drive about. It is a very animated sight, and we go about in big char-à-bancs with postilions *à la française*. My lovely *belle-sœur*, the Grand Duchess Serge, lives in the same house, while three of my brothers are at the camp, serving with various regiments. We have also to go there from time to time to witness various military performances. It is a grand sight, as there are always about 30,000 troops assembled there. We are soon to spend a week there for the grand manœuvers. After my very quiet London life, I feel perfectly confused at this very animated existence; but it does me a great deal of good.

My children are very happy: ride about, bathe in the sea, and run wild nearly the whole day long.

We have an Austrian Archduke staying here with a very nice Archduchess, whom we try to amuse.

I must now finish this very disjointed letter, written during several days.

What will you do this autumn, dear Lady Randolph? London must be detestable now. I quite pity you, and wish you were here.

Au revoir, mais quand?

Marie.

Malta, January 13, 1888.

DEAR LADY RANDOLPH:

It is quite unpardonable of me not to have written to you before, but somehow, cruising about as we did the whole autumn and living on board ship, being very hot and lazy, all this did not predispose one to active correspondence. And now it is the slight boredom of the Malta life, its uninteresting course, and *mille autres excuses*. I am sincerely glad that you have both gone to Russia and have such pleasant impressions: your nice letters, from England first and next from Petersburg, gave me much pleasure. Many sincere thanks, and I feel quite touched that you found a moment's time to write from my native country amidst all the excitement.

I did very strongly recommend you to all my relations, but two of them you had already previously greatly impressed, the Grand Duchess Vladimir at Paris, and my brother Serge last summer in London. . . .

My countrymen and women are very lively and demonstrative; they have kind, warm

hearts and are really fond of one. I feel that more and more when I go back to Russia.

Give many messages to Lord Randolph, and I also hope he will write me a few words. I am always thinking of his "escapade" last winter at Messina, and cannot help laughing at it very sincerely. How I should enjoy another good talk with him, because, you know, I have a *faible* for him. . . .

The Duke is hurrying me, as the post starts at once; it is most irregular here. I am so sorry I cannot write a more interesting letter; I have not half told my tale yet. *Au revoir*, dear Lady Randolph. Many more thanks, and do not forget a true friend.

Marie.

Before closing this chapter I must mention one more Russian friend I was fortunate enough to make in the late M. de Staal, for many years Russian Ambassador in London. His delightful personality, charm of conversation, and kind heart, made him extremely popular; and his memory will live long in the thoughts of his many friends. I used to meet him at Eastwell, a fine place in Kent which the Duke of Edinburgh had for some years, and where M. de Staal was the life and soul of the party. He sent me his photograph some time before his death, with the following charming and characteristic note:

Chesham House, *Chesham Place, S. W.*
le 31 Oct. 1902.

CHÈRE MADAME ET AMIE:

Voici la très vieille face d'un très vieux homme qu 'est à demi-mort, mais vous aime bien.

Ne l'accueillez pas trop mal.

Sincèrement à vous,
Staal.

(To be continued)

THE SCHOLAR'S RETURN

BY WILLIAM ELLERY LEONARD

ROBIN, give another chirp in the apple-tree!
Robin, come and pull a worm and cock your head at me!

After all the weary quest up and down the lands,—
Castles on the green hills, sphinxes in the sands,
Cities by the river-lights, bridges far away,—
Here again and home again, nevermore to roam again,
Here again to-day!

After all the pedant zest in among the books,—
Parchments old, and red and gold, in monastic nooks,
Hic and *hoc*, and Languedoc, Caxtons, Elzevirs,—
Here again and back again, nevermore to pack again,
After years and years!

After playing connoisseur at a painted wall,—
Pea-green damsel, purple ma'm'selle, king, and seneschal,
Saintly soul and aureole, ruin and morass,—
Here with eyes to see again the haycocks down the lea again,
Lounging in the grass!

Robin, give another chirp in the apple-tree!
Robin, come and pull a worm and cock your head at me!

THE WICKEDNESS OF PHŒBE

BY ROY ROLFE GILSON

Author of "Miss Primrose," "In the Morning Glow," etc.

IN the first place it should be understood that I am old enough to be Phœbe's father. I dandled her upon my knee when she wore bits of blue bows, one on each temple, to keep the elf-locks out of her eyes. Once, indeed, I held her by the heels and shook a button from her throat, though, womanlike, even at two and a half or thereabout, she turned her offended little back upon me, her preserver, as soon as I set her to rights again in her chair. Were I to rescue her now, grown up as she is,—were I to find her drowning, for example, and thereupon, as before, seize her incontinently by the heels and drag her back to the bank and life again,—would not the eternal woman in her rise, drenched, blurred, gasping, pulling at her skirts, and cry: "Wretch! How dare you! Go away!"

No; on second thought I feel that Phœbe would do otherwise. I believe that she would throw herself into my arms, or into any man's arms that seemed near and strong enough, with an "Oh, oh, oh, Whatever-your-name-is!" I believe this because I find that I must always think twice at least, and usually three times, to guess what Phœbe would do in a given instance.

Her eyes were blue when she wore the blue bows. They are gray now, and wide and brimming with such endless wonder that I rub my own, short-sighted as they are, to make out what in the world the dear child is looking at. You would think, to gaze at her, that something marvelous was happening, perhaps behind you, or in the air; whereas the vision, I fancy, is in her own fair soul. Or she sees, it may be, something in life that you and I used to see, once, but have forgotten. To Phœbe, this old, old earth is scarcely twenty. To have her glance fall and dwell upon you is to feel yourself part and parcel of her blessed springtime, the roseate airs of which enable her to gaze smilingly upon the wintriest things. Her confidences are the sweetest flattery that I know of; they seem to make you—poor, harmless, married, gray-growing fellow that she deems you—an elder brother to all manner of young, sunlit blossomings and dreams. She does not guess that in those eyes of hers I have read far more than she ever tells me. I have descried in their mists and shinings more, I swear, than her precious broker's clerk can find in them, with all his rapt gazing. He is only twenty-three. What, pray, do such callow youngsters know of their own love-stories? What kind of romance would *he* make of Phœbe? Some maudlin nonsense about violets or stars.

I am not her Uncle Jimmy, but she calls me so. We are unrelated save by those early ties that I have mentioned, a kinship not of blood, but of our own sweet will, and of that propinquity which no mere garden-hedge like ours, however thorny, can divide. She lives next door. We all worship her—my wife, my children, and the stranger within our gates. I refer to that estimable young man, the broker's clerk, who boards with us—till June.

She is not all eyes, their seeming preferment among her charms being due to those little blue bows that I chanced to think of. She is, I confess, a little lower than the angels, and yet, were it not for these fair, fresh, flower-like girls, how would men ever have dreamed of such heavenly things? Phœbe, in summer, for example, in her sprigged muslins, or whatever the fluffy things are, gives one the impression of a being that might

Drawn by Thomas Fogarty. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"COME ON, UNCLE JIMMY"

float away upon the rosy bosom of a cloud, with a harp in her fingers. Not that the child is n't solid, you understand. She is, in fact, inclined to—that is to say, she is as plump as a partridge, and eschews potatoes, milk, butter, sweets—all foods, indeed, that are conducive to—whatever it is that she seems to fear. The poor broker's clerk is at his wit's end to find favors for her, for she "only just nibbles," as he says, at candy; and what is there left to lay at her feet but flowers, flowers, flowers from one year's end to the other?—flowers and theater-tickets, neither of which, fortunately, are considered fattening. She will dance till midnight, and she walks the pale youth, Sundays, to the fag-end of Jones's woods, though he assures her, I have reason to believe, at every breathing-spot, that she is not as forbidding—not *half* as forbidding, I suppose the cub puts it—as she seems to think. Personally, a little roundness is very attractive in my eyes, and speaking artistically, you never saw lovelier lines in your life than Phœbe's.

It is not the present, I suppose, but the future that alarms her; for aside from her mincing at table, there is not in her demeanor the slightest suggestion of self-dissatisfaction or regret. It is better so. I am perfectly willing that she should be aware of the pink in her cheeks and the rich, red brown in her tresses, for I have observed that a woman is never so pretty as when she knows it. On Easter, in her new spring suit, we all remarked that she ate six caramels.

"Oh, dear!" she said, "I never thought!"

How could she, having so many other pleasanter things on her mind and back to remember?

We live, you must know, in an old-fashioned town not far from the city. In earlier days, I infer, the young men went West, and the Phœbes whom they so thoughtlessly left behind them are still here, but have given up waiting for their return. On Barberry Lane there are five pairs of spinsters, and one single spinster, who all love Phœbe, and so gently, so wistfully, in fact, that I think it troubled her a little, musing of her own particular future, till the broker's clerk solemnly assured her that he would *never* under any circumstances —save one—go West.

"Why, they look at me just as if they had once been like *me* themselves!" Phœbe informed me.

"And is n't it," I said, "just possible, my dear, that they *were* like you once?"

She smiled.

"What, the Misses Caraway ever like *me*, Uncle Jimmy!"

"And why not?" I asked.

She laughed wickedly.

"What nice, *proper* girls they must have been!" she said.

"And are you not a nice, proper girl, Phœbe?"

"Oh, of course," she assured me; "but —now don't you ever go and tell anybody that I said it, Uncle Jimmy—cross your heart—but I simply *adore* wickedness!"

It is a rule of mine never, upon a charming occasion, to appear astounded. A little delicate surprise at the unexpected is at times permissible; but if the confession is a woman's, astonishment is inhuman, monstrous. Besides, it frightens the dear bird away.

"So you adore wickedness?" I repeated gravely, after a long, tranquilizing pull at my cigar.

"In *other* people, Uncle Jimmy."

"Oh, of course. Other people, of course. Surely. Still, you do adore it?"

"Well—" She hesitated. "Of course, Uncle Jimmy, that is not a statement which one—one would want to get *out*."

"Oh, no, of course not."

"It 's a little too—don't you know?—too general, Uncle Jimmy."

"Oh, far too general," I admitted.

"I should not have made it," she went on, "if I had not known, of course, that you would understand. You always do."

"That 's very kind of you, Phœbe," I replied; "very trustful of you, I 'm sure."

"It is not *all* men that I would trust so," she assured me.

"Heavens, no! I should hope not," I replied. "Now, you seem to think," I went on speculatively, "that the Misses Caraway, for example, did *not* adore wickedness at an early period in their careers."

"Well, what do *you* think about it, Uncle Jimmy?" There was real wickedness in her eyes now.

"Oh, I 'm asking *you,* Phœbe."

"Well," she answered, and with great deliberation, "I have every—confidence—in the Misses Caraway," and giggled delightedly, but would say no more.

Now, it may appear from this conversation of ours that there was no good reason in the world why I should ever be astonished by Phœbe Dix again. It should have prepared me, you may think; I should have been ready for anything. Ah, but you don't know Phœbe!

"I tell you," said the broker's clerk, speaking to me privately as man to man, "we are n't half good enough for these dear innocents of ours. I would do anything in the world for Phœbe. I offered to give up smoking, but she would n't let me."

He said this ruefully, as if he could imagine no greater proof of a man's devotion than dashing amber and briarwood into a thousand pieces at his lady's feet.

"She says she likes it," he went on rather less mournfully, I thought, as his pipe drew better. "She says that if she were a man, or some women even, she would smoke herself."

"Little devil, eh?" I murmured, for the cub amuses me. *I* draw at him, sometimes, as he draws his brier.

"Oh," he assured me in some anxiety, "she did n't mean anything by that, you know. Oh, no."

I laughed. He is a nice, clean, gentlemanly fellow, Armistead is, and a college man. He is so impeccable—the very word! I have been waiting moons for it. Impeccable: there is not a vulgar or a hasty syllable in the four. It is a word that Armistead himself would dote upon: impeccable—impeccable in the way he holds and fondles his brown pipe; impeccable in his way of speaking only when he is quite confident that no indiscretion—no split infinitive, for example—will creep in unawares; no undue emotion, either, but just a little sly-dog epigrammatic observation now and then. To be impeccable in speech, or to say nothing, is Armistead's rule; to be impeccable in conduct, or to do nothing, is, I believe, another axiom of his, and might lead one almost to infer that to be impeccable in thought, or not think at all—but let us not be hasty. Phoebe assured me almost tearfully the other day that he was "all—all, Uncle Jimmy, that you could wish for," and I take her word for it. If I am not apprehensive against June, it is because I know Phœbe. She will make a man of him yet.

But *do* I know Phœbe?

Well, at least I know her sex the better for knowing as much, or as little, as I do of her. She has taught me a thing or two. The Misses Caraway may call her, if they like, a new-fashioned girl, shaking their heads over her wilfulness; but she is new-fashioned in an old, old fashion, let me tell you. Girls, I am inclined to think, have been pretty much the same since Eve was a mere saucy ribling. Nay, I will not except the Misses Caraway. Why, those dear, shocked ladies do not know themselves! All fashions—I do not refer to outer raiment—may be traced to Eden.

PHŒBE was in town, shopping I believe, and met me at the station where, six days out of every seven, I take the 5:45 express. We missed it, and by the exasperating tail-end of a minute, a thing which had not happened to me in months before.

"Missed it, confound it!" I exclaimed.

"Goody!" said Phœbe.

"*Goody!*" I repeated. "There won't be another for an hour, young lady!"

She clapped her hands.

"All the better," she said. "Now, Uncle Jimmy"—her eyes danced—"now, Uncle Jimmy, we can see *life!*"

Well as I had known the girl, I almost broke that rule of mine. You remember: never, upon a charming occasion—

"See w-what?" I demanded.

"*'Sh!*" whispered Phœbe. "Come on, Uncle Jimmy; let 's be real *gay!* Come on!"—her cheeks were flushed with—*no!*—anticipation!—"Come on, Uncle Jimmy. *Stop* laughing, and come on. You take me to dinner somewhere. Take me to dinner in one of those nice, sporty little French restaurants—*you* know—where you used to go before you were married. Come on."

"Look here," said I, "it strikes me that you are assuming a good deal, Phœbe."

"Why," she replied, "I 'll pay for the dinner, Uncle Jimmy, if that 's what you mean."

"That 's *not* what I mean," I retorted. "You've been casting aspersions on my pre-marital existence, and I won't stand for it."

"Nonsense!" was her answer. "Do hurry, please, Uncle Jimmy, or we may not get a table, you know. Such places are apt to be crowded at the dinner-hour."

"Such places," I repeated vaguely—"well—er—what—which—have you any special one in mind?"

"*I!* Oh, mercy, no! What do *I* know about such dreadful places?"

"You seem to think that *I* do," I retorted as indignantly as possible.

"Well," was her calm, even scornful answer, "I assume that you are a man, Uncle Jimmy."

"True," I replied meekly; "I am, Phœbe. But it has been so many years, you know, since—"

"Nonsense!" she interposed. "You talk like Methuselah."

"Really," I assured her, "I 'm trying to think."

"You 'll have to hurry," she said, tapping her foot, "or the fun will be over."

"There used to be a place," I began reflectively.

"What was the name of it?"

"That 's what I 'm trying to think, Phœbe."

"Oh, you old slow-poke!" she exclaimed, half-laughing, half-frowning at me. "Was it the Blue Rabbit?"

"No, it was n't the Blue Rabbit."

She caught my arm.

"*Do* be careful where you take me, won't you? I only wanted to see a little—but you *will* be careful, won't you?—*won't* you, Uncle Jimmy?"

"Of course," I said. "I wouldn't like to be the means of getting you *arrested*, Phœbe."

"Oh, *don't*, Uncle Jimmy! Why, you 'll scare the life out of me, if you go on using such dreadful language."

"Well," I said, mollified by the apparent success of my rebuke, and by what I was inclined to consider a rather skilfully virtuous conduct of a—a delicate situation, "I do know a place, Phœbe."

"Oh, do you, Uncle Jimmy?"

She seemed rather astonished, I thought, and relieved.

"Yes," I assured her; "and it is called—or used to be—is still, I think—that is, if I remember correctly—"

"Called what, Uncle Jimmy?"

"The—the Gay Paree, I believe."

"Don't you *know*, Uncle Jimmy?"

"Yes, I—I believe that I know it is called the Gay Paree."

"It *sounds* promising, does n't it?" she replied. "Let 's go. Come on. How do we get there?"

"This car," I explained, helping her into it, "will take us to the very door."

"Side door?" she whispered.

"No, front," I replied.

"Front, did you say, Uncle Jimmy?" There was, I fancied, a shade of disappointment in her tone.

"Front," I assured her. "Oh, it 's all quite open and aboveboard at the Gay Paree. You may rest easy."

"And do they have little stalls with curtains, Uncle Jimmy?"

"Gracious, no!" I said, my rule, as I have remarked before, being shattered utterly. "What in the world would they want curtains for in a public café?"

"That 's so," she replied. "It never occurred to me. But they serve wine there?"

"Wine? Oh, yes—wine. Lots of wine. Two colors. And soup—beautiful soup—very nourishing—natural-history soup."

"Natural-history soup!"

"Yes. Contains specimens of all the flora and fauna of the Eastern States."

"It *does!*"

"You 'll see."

"And does it—does it taste nice, Uncle Jimmy?"

"De-licious! It 's a bowlful of education."

"And do they have music, too?"

"Music? Oh, yes—music: three fiddles and a jigamaree."

"A w-what, Uncle Jimmy?"

"Why, a piano-thingamabob that you play with drumsticks."

"How interesting!" she cried. "And everybody sits around little tables—"

"Yes; oh, yes. Everybody sits, close up, around little tables, you know—"

"Is n't that jolly!" murmured Phœbe. "And watches—"

"*Exactly!*" I assured her. "Everybody watches everybody else, you know, and thinks how awfully wicked everybody else must be."

"They *do!*" said Phœbe.

"Why, of course. That 's what they go there for."

"And will they think *me* wicked, Uncle Jimmy!"

"Sure," I replied. "They 'll look over at you and me, laughing and drinking wine, and some nice, respectable person out seeing life, you know, will say, 'Now just look over there.' And if the nice person is a man, he 'll say, 'Just look at that old fellow over there running away with that pretty, young, innocent thing!' But if the nice person is a woman, *she 'll* say, 'Just look at that shameless little hussy!' "

"*Uncle Jimmy!*"

"Eh?"

"Uncle Jimmy, I want you to stop this car."

"What?"

"I want you to stop this dreadful car. *Now!*"

"But what for?"

"I want to get out. I want to get out right here."

"But, my dear Phœbe—"

"*'Sh!* Not so loud. Somebody 'll hear you. Conductor! the next corner, please. Uncle Jimmy, we 're going *straight* home."

"But, my dear Phœbe—"

"Don't be silly. I 'm *not* your dear Phœbe. Come. There 's a car going back. We 'll catch it if we hurry."

"But, Phœbe—"

It was not, however, until we were seated again in the other car that I could induce her to listen to my remonstrance.

"But why," I asked, "this sudden alteration of our plans, Phœbe?"

"I 'm astonished, Uncle Jimmy."

"Astonished!" I repeated. "Astonished! Astonished at what? Astonished at whom?"

"At *you*, Uncle Jimmy."

"At me!"

"At you! To think—"

Her lip quivered. It did, positively.

"To think that you would *dare* even to *offer* to take me to such a place!"

"But, my dear child, I understood—"

"You understood nothing—nothing."

"But the place is perfectly respectable," I protested, "only, as I explained to you, the joke—"

"There is no joke, I assure you, Uncle Jimmy. This may be humorous to you, but—"

"Well, then, the truth of it, Phœbe—"

"You should not have told me the truth of it. You should not have *dared* to tell me the truth of it"

"But," said I, "Phœbe, for the life of me, I don't see—"

"Of course you don't see. Of course you don't see. When does a man *ever* understand a woman?"

"Well, I guess you 're right there," I replied gloomily.

"You were perfectly willing," Phœbe went on, speaking low but tensely, and looking straight before her that the few other passengers might not observe her emotion—"perfectly willing to expose a young girl—"

She swallowed hard.

"It was your own proposition, Phœbe."

"Why, it was n't either! I told you that I wanted to *see* life. I did n't say—" She swallowed hard again, and tears, actually tears, glistened in her eyes —"And you might have known how sick and tired I was of sewing-circles and—and lunch parties—and the—the Misses Caraway."

"I did know, Phœbe; but you can't see life, my dear, without seeming to be a part of it, you know—to other people."

"Can't you?"

It was a meek little "Can't you?" "I 'm afraid—oh, I 'm afraid I 've been cross, Uncle Jimmy."

"Not a bit of it," I assured her. "You 're hungry, that 's all. We 'll get a bite down here opposite the station, at the Pelham, before the train goes. Oh, it 's perfectly respectable—perfectly, I assure you. There is no life there—none whatever, my dear Phœbe."

"*Sure,* Uncle Jimmy?"

"Sure pop."

And seated in the Pelham, her famished spirits revived most charmingly.

"You 're sure you don't think any the less of me, Uncle Jimmy?"

"Oh, my dear!"

"Or that I 'm foolish?"

"My *dear* child!"

"Promise me," she said—"promise me, Uncle Jimmy, faithfully—cross your heart and hope to die—that you 'll never, *never* mention our—escapade!"

THE ELEPHANT'S BRIDE

(ADVENTURES ON THE RAGGED EDGE)

BY JOHN CORBIN

WITH PICTURES BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

EVEN in the height of shame and mortification at what Jaffray had done, Mary was too just to forget that he had had provocation.

All through his first long and wearing year at his office desk they had looked forward to his vacation. As a bachelor he had gone every spring in the trout season to visit friends who had a luxurious camp far up in the woods of Maine. This year, the owner, being abroad, had offered the two young people the hospitality of the camp all alone, with its abundance of stores and corps of guides. The expense, to be sure, would still be considerable, for in addition to the journey, they would have to be liberal in fees; but they both so loved the forest and the streams! On his last vacation as a bachelor he had had a three-days' contest with a huge trout in a certain pool in the Allagash which had baffled all his lures —Grandfather Squaretail, they dubbed him. Time and again he planned how they would tackle the wily old codger—how Mary would strike and land him, and with what rod and fly.

Uncle Sturtevant, it is true, had refused to give him more than the usual two weeks of vacation—two weeks to penetrate to the heart of Maine, recuperate from a whole year's work, and return for another year! Then, at the last moment, stepson Augustus had fixed upon the day of their departure for his wedding, and Aunt Augusta had made it a test of family loyalty that Jaffray wait over to be best man. Aunt Augusta loved dearly to pin upon her undistinguished head the halo of her husband's name. The final blow came when Uncle Sturtevant refused to extend Jaffray's vacation so as to make up for waiting over, his only reason being that to do so would break up the office vacation schedule. Two whole days from their precious fourteen! It had reduced Mary to tears.

Jaffray had very nobly comforted her. There was no crisis in life, he said, which could not be met with dignity and a sense of humor. He always said this when they were up against it. It was the chief article in his creed. And so they had ended by laughing at Aunt Augusta's snobbishness and Uncle Sturtevant's meanness as if they had really been funny.

None the less, when they got home from the wedding she was angry with Jaffray. "And *now*," she said, as he opened the door, "*what* have you to say for yourself!"

The apartment was dismantled, and while she fixed him with her eyes, she sat severely on a trunk in the middle of the floor.

"Before you give me a run-in," Jaffray expostulated, "I want to ask you two questions—*two*." He held up a pair of forking fingers. His manner was airy, inconsequent, audaciously confident.

The fact did not lessen her severity. "Ask me twenty questions, play any old game you choose; but in the end—"

"Was that party a wedding or was it a funeral?"

"It was, I own, a very solemn function—until you kissed the bride."

"And after that—question two,—did I act like a monkey?"

The question startled her, and knowing his present mood, she scented danger.

But she ventured to say, "From the time you kissed her, the shines you cut up would have done credit to the monkey in the happy family in the zoo."

"Right!" he exclaimed, breathing more freely. "And therefore I have no kick coming from you, Mary."

"That is mere nonsense." She threw aside her theater cloak.

"Before I kissed the bride," he argued, "that party was a dead rabbit."

Mary was unmoved. "It was the wedding of your cousin Augustus."

"That explains the dead rabbit. It does n't excuse it. And he 's only my step-cousin. Augustus is no kin of mine."

"I should be glad if *you* could even *explain* the monkey-shines. You behaved disgracefully—and you know *why!*"

His demeanor became excessively sober, and he did not answer.

On their return from the woods they were to go into another apartment, and their belongings had already been moved there—except beds for the night, a trunk in which to pack away their evening clothes, and traveling-suits for the morrow, which were laid out on the bed. As they undressed, they folded each garment and packed it away in the trunk. Duffle bags were corded, rods and tackle put in neat order for the journey. In Maine Sunday trains are few, and in order to avoid the loss of two more precious days, they had to clear out for the woods at eight in the morning by the Mayflower Limited.

Mary forced the issue. "You drank a great deal of champagne!"

His answer was to walk the length of the room on a crack in the rugless floor. He was exuberant, delighted; but a mathematician could not have drawn a straighter line. "Me pussy-footed!" he triumphed. "Look at that!"

"If I understood your deplorable language," Mary ventured, "I should say that it perfectly describes your condition. In another moment I expect to find you rampaging the back-yard fence! In fact, that 's precisely what you 've been doing all evening. *Why* did you kiss Augustus's bride?"

"Now you 've got me," he said, but least of all in the manner of contrition. "Before kissing Augustus's bride, I admit, a man would have to be—"

"Roger!" she interrupted him with stern rebuke. "She 's a *very* nice girl." The rebuke was merited, and Jaffray sobered perceptibly beneath it.

Only the autumn before, Augustus had fallen in love with the daughter of an old but impoverished family, and his mother, firm in her belief in her millions, and delighted with the prospective alliance, had carried on a campaign for him of ostentatious confidence. The result had been disaster. Augustus was the kind of man to whom such things come hard. One consequence of this had been that he had taken to his bed in a nervous breakdown, and another that he got up from it to marry his pretty trained nurse, Miss Kathleen Quinlan. It had been to redeem the occasion socially that Aunt Augusta had insisted on Jaffray's waiting over to be best man

"I humbly beg my new cousin's pardon," said Jaffray. "Kathleen is a peach, and a corker—much too good for Augustus."

Mary pursued her advantage. "Before the dinner was over, you had kissed every one of those pretty Irish bridesmaids. At the theater you squeezed every hand in reach."

"Did any one kick?" he demanded.

"They appeared to be having the time of their lives."

"Well, then!"

"It is I who am *kicking.*" She quoted the word with fine scorn.

He had put the last garment in the trunk, and was sitting on the lid with an air of great vigor. Finally he forced the hasp into the socket and turned the key.

"I don't see what all this row is about. Did *I* ask to be Gus's best man? No. I said I had a previous engagement with a most aristocratic and punctilious old trout on the Allagash. If they did n't want me to buck up their dead rabbit party, I should like to know, why did they ask me to break it!" His manner was of one deeply aggrieved.

"You had words with your cousin Augustus. You regularly *set out* to make trouble!"

"In your opinion, just because a man is taking on a better half, does he have to act like a stuffed shirt?"

"No, but they mostly do. Your cousin Augustus always acts like that."

Drawn by May Wilson Preston

"FOUR STRONG ARMS OF THE LAW LAID HOLD OF HIM"

Jaffray's head emerged from his pajamas. "Whoo-oop!" he cried. "Now you 're guessing warm! When I tried to make that wedding look less like a funeral, he chucked out his chest and said there are some functions in life that are sacred. I humbly begged his pardon, and said, 'Sacred, Augustus, but not solemn.' " As he rehearsed the conversation, he illustrated it with fluent gestures. "I said I was only symbolizing the joy of the whole family in welcoming his bride. Dignity was all right, I said, but there was something also in good-fellowship. Life is real, I said, life is earnest; but there is no fix you can't come well out of if you have dignity and a sense of humor—a little dignity, Augustus, and a good deal of the sense of humor."

"That is a very excellent sentiment," Mary said severely.

"It is the sum of all philosophy. But what do you think Gus said?" Jaffray paused portentously.

"What did Augustus say?"

"No," said Jaffray, firmly; "never mind what Gus said. I 'm happy now, and happy I 'm going to sleep. 'Close thine eyes in thoughts of joyance,' " he quoted, " 'and thou wilt wake to a morn of happiness.' " In her unfashionable days, Aunt Augusta had been a psychic soul, and even now, to Jaffray's delight, these words were framed and hung up in her splendid guest-chambers. He thumped his head into the pillow and closed his eyes.

"You might at least put out the light," Mary prompted him.

He sat up, blinking.

"Roger," she said firmly, "nothing could excuse such conduct. All the bridesmaids knew what was the matter. The people in the seat behind us were grinning at you. You were squiffy, spifflicated, pie-eyed: I know now what those words mean. When I think of it, it gives me the shame shivers down my spine. You 've got to take your scolding, either now or in the morning. That other time, you remember, you said I was no sportsman because I held off at night, when you were *en train,* and then slammed you

in the cold, gray dawn. Still, if you *want* me to wait till morning—"

"Hold on!" Jaffray cried. "I 'll take it now! But before you let loose on me, wait till you hear what Gus said. 'A *little* dignity!' he said. 'An elephant would have more. When an elephant is going to get married, he kills every monkey in the forest for a mile around, and I wish *I* could!' You hear that! *Me* a monkey in the forest! Me of the bander-log! When they made me break my appointment with Grandfather Squaretail! That was why I got busy. Give a dog a bad name! I played the whole bag of monkey-tricks! I got Gus on the run so he would n't even let me check his baggage, for fear I 'd put placards on it; would n't even tell me where he was going, for fear I 'd bombard his address with hymeneal picture-cards. And all I tried to do was what any best man should. But we got even, the bridesmaids and I. I 'm sorry, sister, if you had the shame shivers, but it really was up to me to buck up that dead rabbit wedding. *Now*, what have you got to say?"

Mary said nothing.

"If you say 'monkey' in the morning," Jaffray concluded, "you 're a paper sport, a tin-horn tooter." He pounded his head again into his pillow, and slept the sleep of the just.

Mary got up and turned out the light.

In the morning they were awakened by the expressman knocking on the door. It was late, but they had just time to check their luggage. Breakfast they could get on the train. Mary gathered up her belongings and fled to the bath-room. Jaffray instructed the man to take bags and tackle to the station and then the beds and the trunk to the new apartment. After he was shaved and bathed, he packed their toilet-articles in a traveling hand-kit.

When Mary was not looking, he drank a long draft of water from the tap; then he plucked up spirit to hum and whistle a fairly good imitation of his usual matutinal blitheness. Not a word from Mary, not an accent alluded to the evening before. Mary was not a paper sport.

All of a sudden the morning face of Jaffray clouded to a dull gray dawn. He scanned every corner of the bare apartment, made a dash from closet to closet, and then to the bath-room. Dumfounded, he stood in the middle of the floor, holding his coat in one hand, his waistcoat in the other, and swore. It is said of some men that they swear delicately, artistically. But the most venturesome has never put down in black and white an example of the art profane. It does not exist. The vocabulary of objurgation is pitifully small, hopelessly monosyllabic, eternally offensive.

Mary was aghast. "*What* has happened?" she cried. "Roger! Stop!"

"Matter!" cried Jaffray. "*Trousers!*"

His traveling-suit was dark blue, and in the stress of the night before he had mistaken it for black. Both pairs of trousers were on the way to the station! Long before the expressman could be recalled, the Mayflower Limited would be gone, they would be held up in civilization over Sunday, and two more days of their precious holiday would have been sacrificed to the wedding.

"Only ten days!" Jaffray lamented, "It 's all up! Before we got to the Allagash it would be time to come back!" He became aware of dull pains in his head, and recited again the small vocabulary of words of one syllable.

"Stop!" Mary cried.

For a moment their two minds held a single thought—that except for his misconduct yesterday they would not be in their present plight. In that moment Mary proved forever that she was a sportsman down to the ground.

"There must be some way," she said. "Think! We must both of us *think*."

"Think!" Jaffray echoed. "Can you think up a pair of trousers!"

"We can drive to the station in a hansom. It is so early no one will see you get in. When we are there, I can open the trunk, and you can put them on in the cab."

Jaffray looked at his watch and groaned. There was not time to summon a cab. The whole world had turned to a dark-brown abomination.

But Mary would not despair. "There *must* be some way! You know what you always say: there is no crisis in life so terrible that you can't come out of it with dignity and a sense of humor—a little dignity and a great deal of humor."

"A little dignity—without pants! A

sense of humor—without pants!" He sank down on the bare floor, still holding his coat and waistcoat.

Mary's face brightened with inspiration. "I have it!" she cried.

"Have it, your grandmother! Have you got a pair of pants?"

"I have my squirrel cloak!" She produced the garment in triumph—an old, tan-colored affair that in the woods was to be at once blanket and dressing-gown.

Jaffray said a word of one syllable.

But she was not to be cast down. When he was in college, she argued, had he not often appeared before the multitude in athletic panties—even before *her,* when she was a young girl? Well, that was what he had on now, and a coat and waistcoat, too. Besides, her cloak would cover him almost to the knees. If he took the Subway, he could overhaul the express-wagon and get into the trunk before the man had left the station. The streets at this hour would be empty. As for the station, she would go with him, and stand in front of him so that no one could see.

Her plan was plausible and her courage heroic. "You are the gamest girl in Gotham," he said with rare admiration. "But if I go trouserless, I go trouserless alone."

By this time she had him on his feet and the squirrel cloak about his shoulders. Beneath the skirt of it showed two rims of white, and below that his athletic calves in gaudy socks and garters.

"It 's not half so bad as those advertisements in the magazines," she encouraged him. "And think of your appointment with Grandfather Squaretail—of your whole year's vacation!"

Gathering the cloak together in front, he snatched up the traveling-kit and was gone.

When Jaffray strode out into Stuyvesant Square, it was half-past seven by St. George's clock. The streets, instead of being empty, were thronged with girls going from their East-Side homes to work in the shops of Broadway.

"Himmel!" said a Yiddish maiden, "Iss it a man oder vooman?"

Jaffray blushed till his scalp-lock tingled, but he only hit up the pace.

"Oh, Mamie," cried an Irish voice, "get on to the guy all dressed in his garters!" Then the two sang out in shrill unison: "Dicky-dicky-dout, your shirt-tail 's out!" until he was beyond earshot.

There was a troubled dream that all his life had haunted him of talking in one half of his pajamas to a party of ladies in evening gowns, and in it he had always been able to maintain the aspect of unconscious dignity—until he awoke all bathed in perspiration. He had no such fortitude now, and no blessed awakening was possible. Shame burned in his cheeks like a fever. Thank Heaven! there was n't a policeman in sight!

From time to time he met wayfarers of his own sex who looked at him and grinned. His heart was fired with a desire to sandbag and then rob each of them who possessed the inestimable treasure of trousers. And all of them did, confound them!

As he dashed down the Subway steps to the platform, fortune favored him. The express was standing ready, and the last few passengers were filing into it. The platform master spied him and came toward him shouting, but Jaffray dodged into the car just in time to escape the sliding-door, and the train drew out.

He had often complained of the crowding of the cars; but now, he had promised himself, it would cover his shame: no one ever saw a strap-hanger's legs. As it happened, however, his present journey was against the stream of traffic. The seats were barely filled, and most of the passengers were type-writers on their way from Brooklyn to up-town offices. The corners of the area at the end of the car were already occupied. Jaffray stood forth in full view. His feminine fur cloak alone was enough to attract attention, and presently, as the train thundered along, every eye within range was centered on him.

"What the —— you doing here like that!" snapped the guard.

Jaffray was mute, with the sense of being a public offense.

"You get off next station, see!"

"All right," Jaffray assented, though the thought was despair. Hope rose, however, when he realized that the next station was the Grand Central.

One by one the white illumined tiles of the local stations flashed by, Eighteenth Street, Twenty-third, Twenty-eighth, an-

Drawn by May Wilson Preston

"THERE ON THE TOP OF THE TRAY WAS THE CAUSE OF SO MUCH WOE"

nihilating the handicap of the express-wagon. As the train dipped below the level at Thirty-third Street, Jaffray noticed a motherly-looking woman, holding a hand-net full of parcels from the market, who was eying him with special interest. As their glances met, she put down her net, lurched toward him across the swaying car, took the cloak from his shoulders and caught it about his waist.

"There, sonny!" she said.

His legs were covered, but by the same token the neat modishness of the superior man was revealed. There was a general titter, rising here and there to a laugh outright.

"Thank you, Madam," said Jaffray, and the modest inclination of his head, the soft good breeding of his voice, convulsed even those who had hitherto remembered their manners.

As he gathered up his grip on approaching Forty-second Street, the entire carload shifted to the station side of the train to watch his début on the platform.

There was the usual throng jostling about the doors, but Jaffray went through it like a half-back, and leaped up the stairs with the cloak flying behind him, careless now of exposure.

On the sidewalk beside the exit stood a policeman, his arms idly suspended from thumbs in his belt.

Jaffray shot past him at a sprinter's speed. Half a block in front was the baggage-room. He was a public nuisance, but he had the legs on the law.

The first object that caught his eye was the expressman with mattresses and bedsteads driving away from the door. Jaffray called out to him. The only response was from the policeman, lumbering behind. His cries to the expressman became a shout. It was answered by the policeman's whistle. His only hope now, he realized, was to overtake the expressman, get his trousers, and slip into them before the policeman caught up with him. At that moment he saw in front of him another policeman, responding to the call of the whistle. The two converged on him. It was all up with Jaffray, and he dodged for cover into the baggage-room.

There a momentous sight confronted him. The baggage-man, all of a grin, was laying out on the counter the trunks of Augustus and his bride, still bedecked with the white ribbons which Jaffray himself, with the aid of the bridesmaids, had tied on them in neat profusion as they left the house the night before. And there was the bridal elephant, too, eying the ribbons with weary disgust.

Also the bride was there. Her face was averted from the grins of the baggage-men, so that she was the first to see Jaffray *sans culottes*. A startled cry escaped her.

Augustus turned with a glance of inquiry that was soon transformed into an infuriated glare.

But the moment he saw our hero, our hero saw something that made his heart leap with joy. Beside the bridal baggage on the counter stood his own trunk. By the most fortunate of blunders, the expressman had deposited it, together with canoe bags and tackle.

"Thank Heaven!" cried Jaffray, and made a dash for it past the portentous form of Augustus.

Augustus caught him in two powerful arms, and gripped him with the strength of rage. "What do you mean by this insult?" he snarled between set teeth. "You infernal monkey!"

Gripping his cousin by the neck, Jaffray braced himself firmly and threw him off. In the entire English language there was only one word that would have diverted his thoughts from his long-lost, his priceless trousers. But Augustus had spoken it. "Idiot!" Jaffray said. "You 've made enough trouble with your chesty poses. Let me get my trousers!"

"I 'll have you arrested for a public nuisance," shouted Augustus.

Already the door had been darkened by the bulking forms of the two policemen, and before Jaffray could put his key in the lock, four strong arms of the law laid hold of him.

"What is he, clean dotty?" asked the one who had responded to the whistle.

"Hold fast," the other cautioned. "He 's got pipes to his garret all right, all right—crazy as a loon!"

Jaffray expostulated, explained; but together they haled him forth to the street. "It 's the ding-dong wagon for yours," said one of them, conclusively, "and a through ticket for the bug-house."

And now entered the real heroine of this tale. Miss Kathleen Quinlan that had been, and Mrs. Augustus Rarrish that was, had looked with pity on the plight of our hero. With a swish of her skirts she overtook the policemen and was pleading his cause. The gentleman, she explained, was Mr. Roger Jaffray, her husband's cousin and best man, but otherwise quite sane.

"Then what does he want here like that?" the policeman demanded.

"I want my trousers," said Jaffray.

"It is only a wedding-party joke," said Mrs. Augustus Rarrish.

"Joke nothing!" Jaffray cried, "I want my trousers."

"Sure, that ye do," the policeman assented. "Take my advice, and go home and get them."

"But they 're there, in the trunk," he said; "I tell you, they 're there in the trunk!"

Then was exemplified once and for all time the superlative value of discipline, of training. Nurse Quinlan that had been, spoke her mind to the guardians of the law as if they had been hospital orderlies, and they stood aside.

He who should have been her lord and master took her forcibly by the arm, and between clenched teeth commanded her to remember that she was his wife.

"Augustus," she cried, "don't make yourself a worse idiot than you are!"

Instinctively he stepped back from her.

Jaffray's fingers were fumbling excitedly with the lock of his trunk. She took the key from him, calmly inserted it, turned it, and raised the lid.

There on the top of the tray was the cause of so much woe. The sight of a sail to a shipwrecked mariner is no more welcome than was the feel of the blue serge as Jaffray clutched it. But on him also Mrs. Augustus Rarrish exerted her sway. She took the trousers in her own bridal hands, shook them out, and commanding Jaffray to sit on the baggage-counter, held them wide open by the suspender buttons.

"This is an outrage!" thundered Augustus.

Mrs. Augustus held out each leg of the trousers for Jaffray in the precise manner

prescribed by the Presbyterian Hospital. Jaffray fairly leaped forward as he slid into them.

A crowd had gathered in the baggage-room, and as the tale of what had happened passed from lip to lip, a series of guffaws smote the ceiling.

Jaffray paid no heed to it, or to the muttered curses and fierce imprecations of his step-cousin. "Quick, baggage-master!" he said, "I 've got to check my luggage."

"And what about *my* luggage?" clamored Augustus. "I 've got to catch that Mayflower Limited."

When Jaffray had appeared on the scene, it transpired, Augustus had been in dispute with the officials. His beribboned baggage was overweight, and it was necessary to put it on the scales and calculate the precise amount to be charged for the excess. Now there was not time for this.

"But unless I catch the Limited," Augustus thundered, "I shall be held up at Portland two days. I can't get a train on Sunday."

For Jaffray it was a moment of bitter temptation. Except for Augustus's idiocy, he would himself have attended to the baggage yesterday afternoon. What was his duty now? After all, he was his cousin's best man, and had kissed the red lips of the bride—and that was now the least of her claims upon intimacy and consideration. "Will four tickets cover the lot?" he asked.

"Sure will they," said the baggage-master.

Jaffray held out his tickets, and they were duly punched.

"Oh, *thank* you!" said Mrs. Rarrish.

"Thank *you,* Kathleen!" said Jaffray. "*You* are an eternal corker."

Augustus glared. If he had had the proboscis which by nature belonged to him, he would have snapped Jaffray's head from his shoulders. But, submitting to his deformity, he grasped his bride by the arm and hurried her to the train.

It was then that Mary appeared.

At the sight of her Jaffray's heart fell. "I don't suppose you could check my traps on these tickets now?" he inquired.

"Lose my job," the man answered laconically. "But when the superintendent comes, I 'll explain the matter of the pants, and he 'll do it all right."

"Unfortunately," said Jaffray, "I 'm off for the Maine woods, too—only, it seems, I 'm not."

Across the street in the hotel tears mingled with Mary's breakfast. Jaffray pleaded and comforted in vain. She could only remember that the labors of midsummer were before him, worn out as he was; that their dream of woods and streams and hemlock beds were again twelve months in the future. There was a catch in her voice as she spoke of Grandfather Squaretail.

"But everything can be borne," he protested, "with dig—" He paused a moment, and then concluded—"with dignity, humor, and trousers."

The dimples began burrowing up into Mary's cheeks, and even the sad look in her eyes gave way to a smile.

He saw his advantage, and leaped to his feet. "Trousers," he said. "Do you see them? The most precious thing in the world! You can live without parents, or cousins, or aunts; but a civilized man cannot live without—trousers! And I put these on with the help of the elephant's bride!"

NEGRO HOMES

BY BOOKER T. WASHINGTON

THE first Negro home that I remember was a log-cabin about fourteen by sixteen feet square. It had a small, narrow door, which hung on rusty, worn-out hinges. The windows were mere openings in the wall, protected by a rickety shutter, which sometimes was closed in winter, but which usually hung dejectedly on uncertain hinges against the walls of the house.

Such a thing as a glass window was unknown to this house. There was no floor, or, rather, there was a floor, but it was nothing more than the naked earth. There was only one room, which served as kitchen, parlor, and bedroom for a family of five, which consisted of my mother, my elder brother, my sister, myself, and the cat. In this cabin we all ate and slept, my mother being the cook on the place. My own bed was a heap of rags on the floor in the corner of the room next to the fireplace. It was not until after the emancipation that I enjoyed for the first time in my life the luxury of sleeping in a bed. It was at times, I suppose, somewhat crowded in those narrow quarters, though I do not now remember having suffered on that account, especially as the cabin was always pretty thoroughly ventilated, particularly in winter, through the wide openings between the logs in the walls.

I mention these facts here because the little slaves' cabin in which I lived as a child, and which is associated with all my earliest memories, is typical of the places in which the great mass of the Negro people lived a little more than forty years ago; and there are thousands of Negro men and women living to-day in comfortable and well-kept homes who will recognize what I have written as a good description of the homes in which they were born and reared.

Probably there is no single object that so accurately represents and typifies the mental and moral condition of the larger proportion of the members of my race fifty years ago as this same little slave cabin. For the same reason it may be said that the best evidence of the progress which the race has made since emancipation is the character and quality of the homes which they are building for themselves to-day.

In spite of difficulties and discouragements, this progress has been considerable. Starting at the close of the war with almost nothing in the way of property, and with no traditions and with little training to fit them for freedom, Negro farmers alone had acquired by 1890 nearly as much land as is contained in the European states of Holland and Belgium combined. Meanwhile there has been a marked improvement in the character of the Negro farmer's home. The old, one-roomed log-cabins are slowly but steadily disappearing. Year by year the number of neat and comfortable farmers' cottages has increased. From my home in Tuskegee I can drive in some directions for a distance of five or six miles and not see a single one-roomed cabin, though I can see thousands of acres of

land that are owned by our people. A few miles northwest of Tuskegee Institute, in a district that used to be known as the "Big Hungry," the Southern Improvement Association has settled something like over fifty Negro families, for whom they have built neat and attractive little cottages. During the first six years nearly all of these settlers have paid for their houses and land from the earnings of their farms.

The success of this experiment has helped to improve conditions throughout the county. Similar results have obtained at Calhoun, Alabama, where a somewhat like experiment has been tried.

What I have said in regard to the condition of the people in the neighborhood of Tuskegee is equally true of Gloucester County, Virginia, where the influence of Hampton has been much felt. My friend Major R. R. Moton of the Hampton Institute writes:

> In traveling over some fifty miles of Gloucester County last May, visiting schools and farms of the colored people, I did not see a single one-room house occupied by colored people. Not only that, but the houses of the colored people, I might add, were for the most part either painted or whitewashed, as were the fences and outbuildings. While, on the other hand, in a travel of about eight miles in York County, which is separated from Gloucester County by the York River only, I counted as many as a dozen dilapidated one-room dwellings of colored people. The reason of this is due largely to the influence of the fifty or more graduates and former students who have settled in Gloucester County, while York County has not been touched by the former students and graduates of Hampton Institute.

At Mound Bayou, Mississippi, in the center of the Mississippi-Yazoo delta, where the Negroes outnumber the whites sometimes as high as ten to one, a Negro colony, founded by Negroes, has come into possession of thirty thousand acres of land, and has built a Negro town in which, during the twenty years of its existence, no white man has ever lived. Another and large Negro town has grown up at Boley, Indian Territory, within the last five years, where all business, schools, and town-government are in the hands of Negroes, most of them from the farms and country towns of northern Texas, Arkansas, and Mississippi.

With regard to the progress made by Negroes in the cities we have less complete and definite information. But the number of those who possess homes, particularly in the Southern cities, is, I am convinced, much larger than most people, even those who are best informed, are aware. And this progress has been made for the most part in recent years; for after emancipation the freedmen did not at once understand the importance of acquiring property and building homes. They have had to learn that, as they have had to learn, in the first forty years of freedom, so many other simple and elementary principles of civilization.

I remember that the Reverend W. R. Pettiford, President of the Alabama Penny Savings Bank at Birmingham, Alabama, told us in one of his reports at the National Negro Business League that when he began his campaign among the miners and laborers of that region, before he could induce them to save money he had first to convince some of them of the necessity of giving up the loose connections in which they had been accustomed to live in slavery, and to establish permanent family relations for the benefit of their children. Many of these people who had been living together for years were ashamed to go through the legal form of marriage: it was a sort of acknowledgment that they had been in the wrong. It was only after their responsibility to their children was explained to them that they could be induced to do so. Others were led to take the step through the influence of the church, or were drawn to it by the growing strictness in such matters of the community in which they lived.

So an increasing number of Negro homes has gone along with an increasing sense of the importance of the safeguards which the home throws about the family, and of the household virtues which it encourages and makes possible.

In every Southern city there is a Negro quarter. It is often merely a clutter of wrecked hovels, situated in the most dismal and unhealthy part of the city. A few years ago there might be two or three of these quarters, but there was very little choice between them. They all had the same dingy, dirty, and God-forsaken appearance. These are the places that

are still usually pointed out as the Negro homes. But in recent years there have grown up, usually in the neighborhood of a school, small Negro settlements of an entirely different character. Most of the houses in these settlements are still modest cottages, but they are clean and neat. There are curtains in the windows, flowers in the gardens, the doorways are swept, there is a little vine growing over the porch, and altogether they have a wholesome air of comfort and thrift.

If you should enter these homes, you would find pictures on the walls, a few books on the table, and an atmosphere of self-respect and decency which is conspicuously absent in the other quarters to which I have referred. These are the homes of a thrifty laboring class, usually of the second generation of freedmen. You would find, if you should inquire, that the owners had all had some education. Many of them have gone through colleges or an industrial school, or at least are sending their children there; and if you should inquire at the places where they are employed, you would learn that they were steady, thrifty workmen, who had won the entire respect of their employers. Many of them were perhaps born and reared in the dingy hovels to which I have referred. Many of them had come originally from farms, and, after leaving school, have settled permanently in the city.

In these same communities, however, you will frequently find other homes, larger and more comfortable, many of them handsome modern buildings, with all the evidences of taste and culture that you might expect to find in any other home of the same size and appearance. If you should inquire here, you would learn that the people living in these homes were successful merchants, lawyers, doctors, and teachers. There is nothing picturesque about these dwellings, and nothing to distinguish them from any other houses of the same class near-by; they are not usually recognized as Negro homes.

Now, the fact is, that white men know almost nothing about the better class of Negro homes. They know the criminals and the loafers, because they have dealt with them in the courts, or because they have to collect the rents from the places in which they congregate and live. They know to a certain extent the laboring classes whom they employ, and they know something, too, of the Negro business men with whom they have dealings; but they know almost nothing about the doctors, lawyers, teachers, and preachers, who are usually the leaders of the Negro people, the men whose opinions, teaching, and influence are, to a very large extent, directing and shaping the healthful, hopeful constructive forces in these communities.

In the course of my travels about the country I have had the opportunity to visit the homes of many of the people of this influential class. I have talked with them, by their firesides, of their own personal struggles. I have had opportunity to learn of their difficulties, temptations, aspirations, and mistakes, as well as to counsel and advise with them in some of the common undertakings in which we were engaged.

If it were possible, I should like to describe in detail some of the homes that I have visited, and to tell some of the histories that I have heard, because most that has been written about the Negro race in recent years has been written by those who have looked upon them from the outside, so to speak, and have seen them merely through the dull, gray light of social statistics. It is my experience that a house is like a face: it is not difficult to perceive and feel the subtle influences that find expression there, but it is hard to describe them. But I can make here only a few random notes upon my own impressions; I must leave to a poet like the late Paul Laurence Dunbar, and to a novelist like Charles W. Chestnutt, the task of telling the new thoughts that are now stirring in plantation cabins, or the ambitions and struggles of the men and women who have gone out from them to win success in the bigger world outside.

One of the most beautiful and interesting homes with which I am acquainted is that of W. H. Lewis, Special Assistant to the United States District Attorney at Boston. Mr. Lewis lives in Cambridge. His home is on Upton Road, one of the many pleasant avenues of that beautiful university city. The house itself was designed especially for Mr. Lewis, who has chosen to put the entrance rather near the street, in order to give more room and privacy for the fine lawn at the back. On

the rear porch, looking out across the lawn, the family sometimes have their meals in summer. The interior is designed with all the ingenuity and taste that have made modern houses models of comfort and convenience, and is at once large enough to be airy, and snug enough to be warm. Mr. Lewis is extremely fond of old furniture, and he has many trophies to show for his prowls among the antiquaries. I might mention also that in the library and study, which is the place which he regards as particularly his own, Mr. Lewis has a good collection of the books which concern the history of his race, and other races, and the walls are hung with the portraits of the men, both black and white, who have distinguished themselves by service to the Negro race. Mr. Lewis was born in Virginia thirty-nine years ago. Both his father and mother had been slaves, and he got his early education in the Virginia Normal and Collegiate Institute, a school for colored youth. As a boy he peddled matches along the wharves at Portsmouth, Virginia, and in one way or another he made his way until he was able to enter Amherst College. While he was in Amherst he was captain of the foot-ball team. He won the Hardy Prize Debate and the Hardy Prize Oration, and at his graduation, in 1892, was chosen class orator. He was graduated from the Harvard Law School in 1895. During all this time he made his own way, working at various occupations which chance offered. He worked for a time, during this period, as a waiter in Young's Hotel, Boston. After his graduation he began the practice of law. He was three times chosen representative from Cambridge to the legislature, and was finally appointed, in 1903, to the position of United States District Attorney. Such, in brief, is the history of one of the more successful of those who are sometimes referred to in the South as the "new issue."

The limits of this article will not permit me to describe at the same length the homes of Dr. Samuel G. Elbert of Wilmington, Delaware; of Professor William S. Scarborough of Wilberforce, Ohio; nor that of A. D. Langston of St. Louis, Missouri, all of whom are, like Mr. Lewis, men of scholarly attainments, whose homes reflect the best influence of modern American life.

Dr. Elbert, who was graduated from the Harvard Medical School in 1891, and after several years' experience, first as interne, and then as assistant resident physician, at the Freedman's Hospital in Washington, completed his medical education by a three years' graduate course at the Medical School at the University of Pennsylvania, is still a zealous student, and has collected a private library of some 5000 volumes. Professor W. S. Scarborough, who is the head of the department of Greek at the Wilberforce University, is author of a Greek textbook and a member of a number of learned societies to whose proceedings he is a valuable contributor. Mr. A. D. Langston, who is the son of the Hon. John Mercer Langston, the only colored man ever chosen from the State of Virginia as United States representative, is, as his father was before him, a graduate of Oberlin College. He has been for the larger part of his life a teacher, and is at present the head of the Dumas School at St. Louis, Missouri, where he is doing valuable work for the education of his race.

A Negro home very different from any of these is that of Paul Chretien, who owns a large plantation of 360 acres two miles from St. Martinsville, in St. Martin's Parish, Louisiana. Mr. Chretien's father was a Creole Negro who made a fortune before the war raising cattle on the low and swampy prairies of southwestern Louisiana. When he died, he left each of his children, three boys and two girls, 360 acres of land, and to Paul he gave the quaint and beautiful country place in which he lived. It was a vast; roomy structure of brick and wood, with a wide gallery across the front, and a porch set into the building at the back. The house stands in the midst of a large garden in which flowers and fruits blossom and bear in tropical profusion. Side by side with such fruits as Northern people are familiar with, grow oranges and figs, which lend an air of luxuriance to eyes accustomed to soberer Northern landscapes.

Among the other Negro homes that I have visited, which have preserved either in their exterior or interior something of

HOME IN CHARLOTTE, N. C.

TOPEKA, KANSAS

MACON, GA.

ST. MARTINSVILLE, LA.

SALISBURY, N. C.

MONTGOMERY, ALA.

HOME OF BISHOP ELIAS COTTRELL, HOLLY SPRINGS, MISS.

WILMINGTON, DEL.

WILMINGTON, DEL.

WILMINGTON, DEL.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

WILBERFORCE, OHIO

TUSKEGEE, ALA.

the quality of the old Southern mansion, I might mention those of Bishop Elias Cottrell at Holly Springs, Mississippi; A. J. Wilborn of Tuskegee, Alabama; John Sunday of Pensacola, Florida; G. E. Davis of Charlotte, North Carolina; and that of Nicholas Chiles of Topeka, Kansas.

Bishop Cottrell, who will be remembered among the Negroes of Mississippi for the useful and courageous work he has done and is doing for Negro education in that State, has served the Colored Methodist Church of Mississippi in one capacity or another since 1875, and has been a bishop since 1894. A. J. Wilborn, a graduate of the Tuskegee Institute, is a merchant in Tuskegee, where he was born a year before the breaking out of the war. He was one of the first students of the Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute. At the present time he owns one of the best business blocks in the town, and does a large and profitable business, particularly among the farmers in the surrounding country.

Professor G. E. Davis has been for twenty-one years a teacher in Biddle University at Charlotte, North Carolina. I quote the following passage from a letter from Mr. Davis because it illustrates one of the curious family traditions—where there were family traditions—that have been handed down to the new generation from the days of slavery.

> My mother's father was born free. His father, a native Scotchman, was a man of means, and left my maternal grandfather considerable wealth, entirely in gold coins, in strong iron chests. My maternal grandfather's wife, and consequently his children, were slaves, with a kind master. The father and husband hired the entire time of his wife and all his children, ten in number, and gave his sons the trade which he followed — mason and plasterer—and the girls the refining influence of a Christian home.

I might add that the struggle for freedom which his ancestors began, Mr. Davis has faithfully and honorably continued, adding to the hard-won freedom his father gained that other freedom that comes of economic independence, knowledge, and discipline.

John Sunday was a wheelwright before the war; then he became a soldier, and was afterward a member of the Florida legislature. Since then he has been in business. He tells me that in 1906 his total taxes amounted to $1079.45. He has eight sons and two daughters, all of whom he educated at his own expense. Three of them went to Fisk University, and two of his sons are physicians.

Nicholas Chiles conducts a newspaper in Topeka, Kansas. He made his money, however, in real estate. Turned adrift, like many Negro boys after the war, to shift for himself, after years of aimless wanderings and adventure he attracted attention some years ago by buying a house in the same block with the Governor's mansion, and making of it a beautiful home.

An interesting fact with regard to the home of W. H. Goler of Salisbury, North Carolina, is that he built it almost wholly with his own hands. Mr. Goler learned the trade of mason at Halifax, Nova Scotia, where he was born. He recalls that he worked at a later period on the old Adelphi Theater Building in Boston,—afterward the store of Jordan & Marsh,—and that when the men employed there refused to work with a Negro, he organized a gang of Negro bricklayers to take the place of the men who struck on that account. It was from the money he earned as a bricklayer in Boston that he was able to pay his way through Lincoln University, Pennsylvania, which he entered in 1873 at the mature age of twenty-seven. He completed his collegiate course there in 1878, and three years later was graduated from the theological department. After two years as pastor of a church at Greensboro, North Carolina, he became a teacher at Livingston College, where, in addition to his other work, he superintended the industries of the college and, with the help of the students, made the brick and laid the walls of most of the college buildings. He is now president of that college.

J. H. Phillips was born on the "Carter Place," a few miles from Tuskegee. He studied at Hampton Institute, and went from there to the Phillips Academy, Andover, Massachusetts. He has a beautiful home in Montgomery, which, he informs me, is insured for $7500.

JACKSONVILLE, FLA.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

BISHOP ABRAHAM GRANT

COLUMBUS, GA.

BISHOP R. S. WILLIAMS

BISHOP G. W. CLINTON

CHARLESTON, WEST VA.

Mr. Phillips once said to me:

In building and furnishing our home, we may have been a little extravagant; but the homes in which we were born and reared were neither ceiled nor plastered, the walls were without pictures, our beds without springs, and the kitchen was without a stove. On the floor there was no matting, or carpet, except a burlap sack I used to stand upon on cold mornings. We are trying to make up, my wife and I, for all we missed in our childhood.

I have room to say but little of the wonderful career of Bishop Abraham Grant, who was born in an ox-cart while his mother was being carried home from the slave-market; was himself sold for $6000, Confederate currency, during the war; and has since traveled over a large part of the world—through Europe, Africa, and the West Indies—largely in the interests of his church. Bishop Grant's present residence is in Kansas City, Kansas, although his home, as he says, is in Indianapolis.

I can only mention the names of Bishop R. S. Williams of the Colored Methodist Church, whose home is in Augusta, Georgia; and Bishop G. W. Clinton of the Zion African Methodist, who lives at Charlotte, North Carolina; C. W. Hadnott, a contractor and builder of Birmingham, Alabama; and Andrew M. Monroe, who has been for many years collector for the Merchants' National Bank at Savannah, Georgia,—men whose homes, if less pretentious than some others I have named, still have about them, in a more than usual degree, the cheerful, wholesome atmosphere of a home.

One of the most imposing Negro residences of which I know is that of Dr. Seth Hills of Jacksonville, Florida. Dr. Hills is still a young man, and has been singularly favored by fortune and unusually successful in his profession. His father, a very practical man, who was at the same time preacher and carpenter, set him at an early age to learning the cigar trade. It was with this trade that he supported himself for the most part during the years he studied at Walden University, and afterward at the Long Island Medical College of Brooklyn, New York. While there he was fortunate enough to make friends who helped him to complete his education there and abroad. His home is one of the many handsome Negro residences of Jacksonville.

There are other Negro physicians whose homes attracted me; among them are Dr. C. S. Swan of Columbus, Georgia, and Dr. Richard Carey of Macon, Georgia. Dr. Carey was graduated from Howard University, studied afterward in New York, and in Vienna, Austria. Since his return from Europe he has confined his practice almost wholly to diseases of the eye, ear, nose, and throat. I might mention also the names of J. M. Hazelwood, S. W. Starks of Charleston, West Virginia, whose residences are as handsome and complete as any that I know, and Dr. Ulysses Grant Mason of Birmingham, Alabama, who, after completing his course at Meharry Medical College, Nashville, went abroad in order to take a special course in surgery at the Royal Hospital of Edinburgh. In 1895 Dr. Mason was elected to the position of assistant city physician, a post not held before that time by a colored man.

There are other Negro homes that are quite as deserving of notice as any that I have mentioned. I have written of those that have come in my way, and they have served the purpose of this article, which has been to throw some new light on the deep and silent influences that are working for the upbuilding of the Negro people in this country.

The average person who does not live in the South has the impression that the Southern white people do not like to see Negroes live in good homes. Of course there are narrow-minded white people living in the South, as well as in the North and elsewhere; but as I have gone through the South, and constantly come into contact with the members of my race, I am surprised at the large numbers who have been helped and encouraged to buy beautiful homes by the best element of white people in their communities. I think I am safe in saying that the sight of a well-kept, attractive home belonging to a Negro does not call for as much adverse comment in the South as it does in Northern States.

The fact is that human nature is pretty much the same the world over, and economy, industry, and good character always bring their rewards, whether the person concerned lives in the North or in the South.

Drawn by L. n Guipon. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"'BE A GOOD BOY AND TAKE THESE THINGS TO MY ROOM'"

HOW THE WIDOW TAMED THE WILD

BY BARTON WOOD CURRIE

Author of "Under the Joshua-Tree"

WITH PICTURES BY LEON GUIPON

A DUSTY gray car, long and slim-bodied, coasted noiselessly down the trail into Main Street and swung past the Dizzy Ghost with a warning flutter of the exhaust. At the driving-wheel sat a slender figure, graceful, notwithstanding a loose linen cloak smirched with patches of the impalpable alkaline powder that every squall of the desert wind raised from the ground in thinly nebulous sheets. Nor did the masking leather goggles, caked with the soft, clinging mold, erase the impression of loveliness concealed. Beside the wraith-like figure, enshrined in dusty mystery, perched an uncommonly ugly bulldog, made grotesquely hideous by protruding eye-shields fastened above his flat snout. Secured by two flat-linked nickel chains, the dog, grimly confident of the external evidences of his ferocity, sat as tight as sculptured stone, his fore-legs curving in a perpetually belligerent bow. The tonneau of the automobile was cluttered with bulging ore sacks and torn tire-shoes.

Along the uneven thoroughfare of Bullfrog straggled idle motors, worn and scratched and shabby from their tours into the alkali-flats, over flint-ribbed trails and through washes of spongy, clogging sand. Smudgy, walnut-tanned chauffeurs sat at the levers of some of them, ready, with engines drumming, to dash out again on the ceaseless quest for treasure. They, as well as the slouching miners loafing on the board sidewalks beneath the shop and saloon awnings, doffed their hats to the girl who rolled by them, the torn ends of her dusty brown veil wisping out behind and revealing a tangled mass of light chestnut hair crowned with a little red cap.

"Who 's the fair one, Jonesy?" asked a sallow-cheeked young man who stood framed in the doorway of the Dizzy Ghost, smugly aware that his speckless flannels freshened the dingy surroundings. He turned with a drowsy look of inquiry to the white-haired little man with the ruddy complexion, sitting a few feet from him at the end of the long, polished counter.

Jonesy stepped to the door and shaded his eyes from the sun's glare. He was barely in time to see the graceful automobile twist into a narrow lane, making a sharp turn about a huddled group of little shacks.

"That 's Betty, the Widow's daughter," he said softly, dropping his hand, and backing into the shade. "That 's her new bubble, the Silver Fox, one of those six-cylinder, fifty horse-power distance-eaters. She makes the trip about every other week to the Red Hawk, just beyond Funeral Range—Bashful Bob Robley's little mint, you know."

"No, I don't know," said the young man, peevishly. "Bashful Bob Robley? The *Widow's* Betty? That 's all Piute to me. You oracles of the desert take it for granted that a tenderfoot should know the history of every tank-tender, miner, and millionaire from Buffalo Meadows to Skidoo."

"That 's so," mused the boyish little veteran of a thousand booms, lighting his skull-bowled pipe with the crystal eyes that he detested to smoke, but delighted to display. "It 's becoming mighty difficult to keep track of you downy youths in these benzine-buggy days, with clouds of prospectors flitting over the Nevada wastes in goggles and dusters, looking

Drawn by Leon Guipon. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"SHE WAS IN COMMAND OF THE SITUATION"

more like the dismal goblins we see in dreams than men. Still, I don't understand how you missed hearing about Bashful Bob Robley and the Red Hawk on your journey down from Reno. Why, he 's Betty's husband, and Betty is the Widow's daughter."

"Oh," muttered the tenderfoot, with an unconscious sigh; "she 's married, then. That sort of quashes the thrill. I 'll say this much, though," he added with some animation: "from the moving-picture glimpse I had, she seemed a rare bloom for this arid wilderness. This Robley person has more than a bonanza to congratulate himself on."

Jonesy regarded his fantastic little pipe with dreamy admiration for a moment, pushed back his panama so as to reveal a scanty thatch of white above a broad, crinkled forehead, and fixed the attention of the blasé young man with the remark:

"Usually, when I reveal that *she* is kin of the Widow Buckley, the reply is, ' 'Nough said.' It does not require any supplementary discourse to cause Nevada folk to sit up and take notice. The Widow would have made Barnum's petrified giant rise up on his toes and salute, had the whim developed."

"But you must make allowances for the colossal ignorance of a tenderfoot, a totally new tenderfoot," smiled the young man. "But let the oracle relate."

Surreptitiously exchanging the skull-bowled pipe for a more satisfying dudeen, Jonesy began:

"From 'way back in my dim school-boy days I recall a remark anent Cæsar, something like '*wine, widy, wichy!*' Well, you can lay it all on the case ace that the Widow did pretty much all that. Likewise there were no Mrs. Brutuses sitting around at their knitting, waiting to trim her laurels.

"She arrived about the time Goldfield had obtained the dignity of a few shacks, creating a more or less irregular thoroughfare. Wooden edifices were succeeding tents, for the ore had begun to pan so rich and yellow that there were a few magnates among us who could afford the precious Truckee pine for humble construction work. Yes, and there was quite a bit of building going on or planned.

"Next door to the Hush-a-by saloon Paul Wilcox was putting up quite an imposing structure, forty feet front with gingerbread work on the eaves. Paul was fresh from Nome, where he 'd promoted his fortunes some by the deft manipulation of the little ivory ball.

"He was standing outside his shack, sizing up the rich effects of red lead on the façade, and directing the artist who was painting the big sign over the door, when the stage rattled down over the hummocks on its daily run from Tonapah, drawing up before Comfort Inn, across the way, in a whirling spray of dust. The loungers in the hotel dawdled out to get a focus of the strangers and to slip the glad hand to friends. The two camp dogs scuttled down out of an alley of tents with their feeble alkali coughs that they still imagined were terrible warnings of prowess. Our population then was about three hundred and two, counting the said dogs.

"Now, it came to pass that this arrival of the Tonapah stage was the greatest event in the history of the camp since Little Sammy struck the lead of a golden lode under a Joshua-tree. It was as big an event with us as the arrival of Eve in the Garden of Eden, though the Lord knows the scenery was more like the pit than Paradise. You see, the Widow was aboard that stage; likewise, Betty. The Widow came out of the rickety rig in one jump, firmly and solidly, as was her way. Betty followed in her way—demure as a coy kitten; and when the boys got one look at her pretty face, every man-jack of them realized for the first time in some months that there were such things as starched collars and neckties. So there were sudden, burning regrets over the recent demise of Joe the barber, who had unwisely attached himself to the staff of an inefficient sheriff.

"The Widow stopped short of the inn door, swung round on the boys with one of her rare smiles, and then exploded gustily:

" 'My! but you 're a tough-looking lot! But I knew you would be, and that 's why I came. Wait till you try some of my buckwheats. They 'll bring you back to grace, for they 're better than the kind mother used to make.' She waved to Betty, who was a little flustered at the stage door by seven pairs of hands offer-

ing to assist her down and carry her luggage.

" 'Come on, daughter,' laughed the Widow, and swept into the hotel, illuminating its narrow dinginess by her large, beaming smile. The desk was in an uneven bulge of the hallway, if you could call the slit between the bed-stalls a hall. Yours respectfully was proprietor, clerk, bartender, and bell-hop.

" 'Son,' said the Widow to me, piling her boxes and bags and canary-cage so they made a wall between us, 'be a good boy and take these things to my room. I 'll want one for a day or two before I engage a shack and get down to business.'

"That 'son' and 'good boy' sounded good, though I knew I had some few burning summers and bitter winters the best of her, and I was gathering up her parcels and telescopes, when a serious thought gave me pause. The Comfort Inn was full, jammed tighter 'n a herring-can. The remark was on my lips that my guests were compelled to arrange themselves in layers to fit, when my glance was drawn to the doorway. It was full of faces whose features were twisting in pantomime, and wherever I looked, hand-waves and fingers jabbed mysterious signals, each jab followed by confused mumbling. But the Boniface of the inn saw a light, turned to the Widow, and bowed:

" 'Madam, the entire hostelry from Little Sammy's front parlor to Waldorf Pete's hammock in the open-faced extension is at your disposal.' Then there was a stampede down the aisle, a crashing open of doors, and the hauling out of grips, ditty-bags, chunks of sample ore, tools, and all the junk a prospector treasures more than heirlooms.

"In less than three minutes the Comfort Inn did n't have a guest who had n't pulled stakes and offered his furnished closet to Mrs. Maud Buckley and daughter. The laugh she released at this demonstration of gallantry was sure worth the price of admission. And Betty's blushes! Well, if she had said, 'Gentlemen, will you kindly give me one of your mines,' there 'd have been a wholesale assignment of claims as fast as the notary could splice on the seals.

" 'Knew you were a good lot, spite of your looks,' said the Widow in her big, ringing voice, as Little Sammy ushered her into his sumptuous apartment, begging her pardon with his best Boston accent as he hauled out the one chair of the suite to make room for her entrance. But she had a woman's eye for making things fit, and where he had felt like a hippopotamus in a pill-box, the Widow and Betty were able to move about freely and breathe without bursting the walls.

"The Widow was not long stowing away her kits and canaries, and washing the alkali out of her eyes. The sun was just dipping on its toboggan down the slants of Funeral Range when she burst from the state-room and announced with that finality she gave to every utterance:

" 'Jonesy,'—just as if she 'd known me for years,—'I am going out to hire a shack; but I 'll be back in time to look after the pig-tailed heathen I see fussing in the back kitchen.'

"I chuckled to myself as she flung through the door, thinking there was an equal opportunity of her hiring a three-piece hutch and building a church out of sage-brush roots. You see, I did n't know the Widow then.

"She marched the length of Main Street and back. A dozen of the boys were trailing along with her, fairly hanging on her every word. The procession halted in front of Paul Wilcox's place opposite the inn. The painter had just finished the sign, and Paul was still admiring the masterpiece through one cocked eye.

" 'Nice bit o' shanty you 've got there,' said the Widow, tapping him on the shoulder so he spun round and reached for his gun. When he saw who it was, his jaw slipped down, and he turned three colors under his mahogany skin.

" 'Look here,' she ran on, squaring her shoulders and taking a deep breath, 'I am going to hire half your shack. The situation appeals to me, and I guess the town will back me up in shaving down your gambling hell. I know there 's got to be gambling here. I learned at Nome that men who dig gold out of the ground are more like moths than proper human beings. They no sooner get their pretty wings than they rush madly to the first flame that 'll singe them. But I imagine we 'll be good neighbors so long as you keep order and cut out the gun-play.'

All this in one breath, striking Paul Wilcox cold and making his red little eyes blink like a bat in a sun-glow. When he got his voice, his cheeks were lime green.

" 'Madam,' he said hard and gritty, 'I don't talk your language. There is as large a chance for you to rent half my shack as there is of your raising sheep on Casket Mountain. I would n't let out a caboose in the left wing for one thousand hard men a month. Ain't got room enough for all my tables as it is. Why—'

"But there his tongue halted. The Widow stepped up to him in two short strides and caught his arm. She said a few words to him soft and low, drawing back to watch him as he turned verdigris yellow and quaked in his boots. Finally he choked, gripping his Adam's apple, that seemed bulging through his skin.

" 'Yes, yes,' he said huskily, 'you can have it, and I 'll put in the partition and tables for the restaurant; but for God's sake—'

"Her hard, dry laugh stopped him again, and she swung round on us with: 'Mr. Flet—, oh, I beg pardon,—Wilcox, has consented to rent me half of his mansion, boys. He—well, never mind.' Then she turned to him again and went on:

" 'You see that the carpenter builds the tables and cash-desk. I 'll attend to the stove and fixings. And that sign—' She paused and allowed her features to relax into a smile,—'did it not strike you, Mr.—er, Wilcox,' she said, holding her sides and shaking, 'that Moose *Skin* does not scan well in your line of business? For instance, that last word, though gorgeously painted, is a trifle too insinuating, if not a dangerous allusion to your gentle profession. I advise you to cut the board right in half there. "The Moose" will do for your shingle. Mine will be plain and simple—"The Home Grub." Now don't look so sad about losing the pelt of your antlered pet, for I suppose you can look after the *skin* part of your profession inside.' Her laugh rolled out on the evening stillness and echoed away in a dip of the hills, dying in a crackling chuckle in Red Horse Gulch.

"There was no doubt about the destined popularity of The Home Grub. The Widow was a keen business woman, and before she got her stove up and hired her Piute dish-washers she had sold fifty-trip meal-tickets to the entire community. There was no need of canvassing for patronage. She simply invited the boys to a flap-jack orgy on the morning after her arrival, standing over the galley in the Comfort Inn and turning the buckwheats until her arm was tired. We all sat outside on long benches while Betty passed round the steaming pancakes on platters and bits of shingle. Every time she issued from the kitchen with a new relay the camp rose and cheered.

"Preceding this festival occasion it had been mostly a case of every man his own chef. As a consequence, the general diet had been canned tack and bleary coffee. The coffee the Widow made was clear as the Tahoe Spring, and she 'd freighted down on the hurricane-deck of the Tonapah stage a case of condensed cream.

"That was sure a pancake barbecue the pioneer lads of Goldfield will remember after they 've forgotten their first wives. Whenever I feel the blues coming on, I close my eyes and summon up the picture of Her Gracious Majesty Queen Bess, as some of the younger chaps called Betty, tripping out the side door of the Comfort Inn with a tin plate heaped high with glistening brown buckwheat cakes gripped daintily in little pink-and-white fingers, her sleeves rolled up over plump, dimpled arms.

"Now, I might insert right here before I forget it that those dimples in Betty's arms mighty near caused a tragedy. Red Kenny, who was fresh from the Cœur d'Alênes, with some reputation as a two-handed shooter, was sneaking glances at Betty every time she passed; and so was Molly Vanoff,—Christian name Molokai, if I remember rightly,—the tow-whiskered Russian engineer, a wild little cuss who must have had some rare Tatar ancestors.

"I heard Red, his mouth full of cakes, whisper to Molly: 'See those dimples—eight to each arm! D'jever see anything so pretty? Makes me feel good all over, and forget my past, just to look at that sweet little lady. I 'm going to put on some more guns, Molly, an' ther first man that cusses or chews terbaccer in that girl's vicinity is going to acquire an infu-

sion of lead that 'll give him the aspect of a matrix.'

" 'Those are honorable sentiments, Red, and I second them thorough,' said Vanoff, talking out from his throat as most Russians do; 'but,' he added, slowly turning over a flapjack and admiring it out of one screwed-up little eye, 'you over-reckoned the dimples. There are only six dimples to each arm—three at the elbows and three at the wrists.'

"Red choked down the cake and whispered short and raspy: 'I said eight dimples, you tallow-whiskered mudjik; which means four and four, two times four, and one times eight. There never was a Kenny in my branch, Mr. Vanoff, who ever ascertained the flavor of his own words, and Redding Emmett Kenny is n't going to learn now.'

" 'Six dimples is my estimate,' came back Molly, soft and purry. 'Six, I think, is half a dozen, and the figure stands.'

" 'You 're a liar,' snapped Red, 'which also stands.'

" 'For which ill-omened remark,' said Vanoff, closing his eyes in that dreamy way he had when he was raving mad, 'I will let a little light dawn on your intellect by blowing off the top of your head. If you will favor me with your company over to that Joshua-tree, back of the bank, we will measure off eight paces and decide this difference of opinion according to the frontier code, which, I believe, still obtains in this untamed wilderness.'

"They got up and moved slowly across the trail, examining their hardware as they went. Sheriff Baldwin called after them, but ducked into the tank shed when Red waved the blue nose of a .44 his way.

" 'Where are those two boys wandering to?' suddenly cried out the Widow, who had followed Betty from the kitchen with the last pyramid of cakes. Then she glimpsed the flash of their guns, spilled the buckwheats on the bald head of Sternberg, the banker, and went after Red and Molly in short, flying jumps that shook the ground. I 'd seen men disarmed before, and with some celerity, but I never witnessed any of Mr. Colt's blue-nozzled barkers gathered with less hesitation.

"She got to Red Kenny first, gripped his gun arm in that big, square hand of hers, and gave it a twist that made him drop the cannon with a squeal of pain. She caught it with her free hand as it fell, and then loped for Molly. He saw the big shooter waving at his breast, the Widow, red-faced and puffing behind it, and his hands went up high and empty, as if worked by a snap spring. Thereupon she marched the pair, droop-eyed and shambling, down to the inn.

" 'Look here,' she said, lining them up before the bench, 'what were you two babies quarreling over?'

"Molly got his tongue first and stammered: 'It was a trifling difference of opinion, madam. Mr. Kenny, who is a little too rashly observing, stated that there were eight dimples in each of Miss Buckley's arms. I confess that I also have an eye for the beautiful, but was unable to see more than six dimples. Therefore—'

" 'Therefore,' switched in the Widow, 'you were both wrong. There are only five. I 've counted them since she was a baby, and I ought to know. But of all living things that are not equipped with long ears and double-knuckled hind legs you two are the prize babies!' She laughed shortly, and then fell serious.

" 'But this sort of thing'—she whirled them both around, so as to face her—'stops right here. Shake hands. Now pass over the remainder of that ordnance. I am going to keep this wicked machinery for one month, and if I see either of you boys toting guns, or any other kind or condition of hardware, your meal-tickets will be canceled, and you will not be permitted to so much as put your noses inside The Home Grub. Furthermore, I will forbid Betty to notice you. Do you promise?'

" 'We promise,' they said in solemn duet, hanging their heads and looking very foolish. And, what 's more remarkable, they kept it.

"One day before the end of their probation Red Kenny rushed into The Home Grub and said breathless and panting to the Widow, who was behind her desk:

" 'Mrs. Buckley, give me my gun quick. There 's a couple of claim-jumpers camped on my shaft while I was up in To-

napah looking after Molly, who 's down with mountain fever. They laughed at me when I ordered them off, and said: "Run away, little carrot-top, your mother says you must n't fight with bad boys." This to me,' he wailed—'to Red Kenny! I could have wept when I felt my empty belt, and then they trained their artillery on me and peppered the trail as I came down to camp.

" 'I had to run from them like a lily-livered coyote,' he blubbered. 'I—Mike Kenny's son, who never turned his back before to man or varmint.'

" 'Your month is n't up yet,' cut in the Widow, setting her lips tight. 'Moreover, I 'm not going to see any unnecessary gun-fighting in this camp if I can butt in and prevent it. Mrs. Maud Buckley will attend to those claim-jumpers. Where is that claim of yours? Back of the Diamondfield property?'

"Red looked at her blankly, and again begged for his gun. Completely ignoring him, she called out to Wong, her China-boy, to hitch up Jim to the buckboard. Facing Kenny again, she snapped at him:

" 'Young man, you sit in here behind the counter and punch tickets while I 'm gone. I 'll settle the hash of those claim-jumpers good and proper, and more civilized than burying.'

"Turning to Betty, who was prettying up the tables with a bunch of faded daisies Bashful Bob Robley had brought down from Reno, the Widow requested her to see that Red Kenny did not leave the premises until she returned. Betty looked up from under her long lashes at the fire-eater, shook her finger at him, and smiled till every one of her pearly little teeth gleamed. Red surrendered, blushing and confused, and sat down limply behind the desk. The power and persuasiveness of those two women was past belief.

"But of course the Widow knew the country—the gold country—from Dawson to Tombstone. And she knew the people, understood their humors and the self-willed, little-boy impulses at the bottom of them. She managed a camp like a vigorous Mother Hubbard in a boot-leg community. I actually believe if she had ordered the whole kit and caboodle of Goldfield's pioneers to go supperless to bed they 'd have slunk away to their cots without bleating for a nibble.

"Wong drove round with the buckboard, and the Widow climbed in. She sat that vehicle like a heroic Amazon chieftess setting out to certain conquest. Her will just seemed to envelop her body and sweep it along with a force and potency that was irresistible. Yet she was a woman with it all, loved canary birds, and felt weepy when they did n't perk up and sing.

"Stray ends of the Widow's conversation with Red Kenny had percolated beyond the thin walls of The Home Grub, and when she headed Jim up the trail for the Diamondfield district, the shacks and tents on the main and only thoroughfare emptied, and all down the buttons of your waistcoat—rich man, poor man, beggar-man, et cetera—bustled out and rubbered. And they waited out to watch developments when the word passed round that the Widow had ridden forth to corral a pair of claim-jumpers. Guns were cleaned, the undertaker notified, and a solemn procession arranged for in case the claim-jumpers became fussy. Then we crossed our legs, propped ourselves back, and began to estimate a proper time for the Widow to make the journey, barring untoward delays. We had a prodigious amount of confidence in her, but had she overstayed a reasonable period, there would have been a deserted mining village and a double-quick dash up Diamondfield Hill. Had anything happened, we would have combed the desert until the undesirable population of Nevada was two shy.

"The minutes dragged with clanging tick, and five-score pairs of heavy boots were rustling nervously on the alkali when Bert Collins, the reformed sailor who bought my Hush-a-by saloon, emitted a whoop, and cried:

" 'Thar she blows!'

"We hoisted ourselves on to roofs and into the rigging of tents to scan the humpy eastern horizon. Sure enough, a cloud of dust fluttered on the north shoulder of Diamondfield Hill, out of which gradually emerged a horse and the shadowy length of a buckboard. Sandstorm Smith marshaled the boys in line, and four abreast we slowly and silently pounded up the trail. We moved slowly because

we could see the full figure of the Widow. That was sufficient. She was in command of the situation.

"Presently, as the horse jogged down to us, it became manifest that the Widow was n't driving. She sat on the off seat from the whip-socket, towering over a short, stocky man, whose features were blurred in a bushy black beard. Jim trotted at his usual mechanical pace, wagging his head from side to side. Soon we were able to discern that the driver's hands shook. Likewise, it is probable, his knees smote together. You see, the Widow's arms were crossed high on her bosom, and from one hand slanted a long-barreled weapon. Now and then when the buckboard lurched the muzzle tickled the driver's ear. It occasionally happened that the sight caught in his tangled whiskers. The Widow's right hand rested lightly on her left shoulder and leveled another gun astern of the vehicle.

"Our ranks divided to allow the buckboard gangway before we discovered the plight of the second claim-jumper. He was quite as nervous and uncomfortable as the driver, being attached to the wagon like a tender to a yacht. Jim's halter served as painter, being noosed around his neck. He was a lank, slouching giant, appallingly unhandsome, with six-weeks' stubble of beard sticking out like the needles of a yucca palm. Though it made my funny-bone itch and burn just to look at him, I 'm not so hardened that there was n't a glow of pity underneath. His wrists were bound behind him, and at every jolt of the buckboard he floundered in a chop of boulders and sand. He allowed his feet to take care of themselves, as his entire attention was centered on the shiny stub of gun-barrel that peeked at him over the Widow's shoulder. So intent was he in dodging that hollow metal eye that he paid no more heed to our swarming round than if we were uninteresting details in the general scenery.

"Sandstorm Smith, who led the procession with Paul Graves, the camp undertaker, and his two assistants, was for immediately relieving Mrs. Bradley of her two prisoners. He ventured that he had never doubted her ability to take 'em, but that it was hardly a lady's function to deal with them proper and according to the custom of the Nevada gold-fields.

" 'This is my little party, Sandstorm Smith,' she fired up at him. 'When I require your services, I will announce it in a loud voice.' There was a snappy blaze in her eyes, and Sandstorm fell meek; that is, as meek as it is possible for Sandstorm Smith to become.

"It can't be said that superfluous conversation disturbed the welkin as we convoyed the Widow and her prizes to the entrance of The Home Grub. At intervals some of the boys sat down and rolled about a little as if gripped in the throes of some curious disease. Eventually Sandstorm Smith's garrulousness broke loose again. He fell out of line and insinuated himself alongside the buckboard, now and then scrutinizing the driver as if he were some strange and wonderful exhibit.

" 'I can see behind that artistic drapery of Spanish moss on your chin, Mr. Claim-jumper,' he whispered hoarsely, when he could bear the restraint no longer, 'that your color is n't good to-day. A half-hour each morning with a home-exerciser will benefit your circulation. Also, Mr. Beard, your hands shake as if indicating high tension and over-wrought nerves, or perhaps it is an early manifestation of creeping palsy. Stick out your tongue, pal, and show the doctor if it is coated. Mayhap you are bilious, in which case I recommend hot mustard foot-baths and a simple diet. Lead taken in small, frequent doses will assure a complete dismissal of such disorders. Do my eyes deceive me, or is it not a fact that you are suffering a decided tremulousness at the knees? But cheer up, my slightly hirsute friend, for when you learn to dance the moonbeam two-step, you 'll forget all about such trifling ailments, and—'

" 'Muffle that, Sandstorm!' snapped the Widow, dropping the guns in her lap, and taking the reins from the claim-jumper. 'There 'll be no moonbeam two-step in this,' she added sharply, as she drew up the horse in front of The Home Grub, 'or any other measure of the high brangle.' She sprang down from the buckboard just in time to bar Red Kenny from leaping upon and attacking his recent tormentors. He fell back before her, and when she commanded him to return to his perch in the restaurant, he meekly slunk away. Then she gave the

lapful of revolvers to Betty, who trembled in the doorway, and bade her drop them into Casey's dead shaft. Shaking herself and bowing out her arms above her hips, she stepped back to the buckboard and stood beside the cowering figure in the seat. She waited for a stillness in which every man's breathing could be heard separate and distinct. Waving her hand at the bushy black beard of the claim-jumper and, raising her voice until it rang out into sharp echo against the encompassing hills, she made the astounding announcement:

" 'Gentlemen—my husband!'

"She paused to allow the sensation to induce complete paralysis, then continued slowly in a lower tone: 'Yes, this is Mr. Percy Buckley. After a lapse of fifteen years he has decided to assist in the support of his family. He is a first-class carpenter and builder when in the mood to pursue his craft. He has been attacked for many years by a failure of mood, but I feel confident that he is now cured—that he will seize the opportunity offered in this booming camp for continued, lucrative employment. Is that not so, Percy?' She turned and smiled reassuringly on the trembling, sullen claim-jumper. He gasped and choked, but could n't mumble a word.

" 'He says *yes*,' ran on the Widow, breezily, 'and I am confident that I can depend on him this time. I have impressed upon Mr. Buckley that there is something in a marriage contract, after all. Likewise *he* appreciates the fact that it will add greatly to his comfort and health, in fact make both possible, to become a hard-working, law-abiding citizen, and a *providing husband*. He is disinclined at present to test the unwritten law against claim-jumping.

" 'As for that overgrown grasshopper hitched to the tail of the buckboard, I beg you to consider his youth. He may have aged some in the past few hours, but he is still young. He was apprenticed to my lord and master when a small boy, and I grieve to say the influence was not good.

" 'However,'—she grasped Mr. Buckley's shoulder and shook him out of his limpness,—'*Roger* will reform also. Will he not, Percy?' She shook him again, until I listened to hear his bones rattle. All she got from him was a groan and a desperate nod of the head.

"Sandstorm Smith had cut Roger loose, and led him around to the little family group. If ever a man looked like an ostrich maddened by the single desire to stick his head in the sand and hide from a curious, attentive world, Roger McMullen bore that aspect. His head drooped forlorn and heavy with shame; glistening tears rose to his eyelashes, and fell into the jungle that hid his features.

"Sandstorm was about to orate again. As he took a long breath, the Widow realized that in anther moment uproar and riotous levity would succeed the breathless, stupefied calm. Half-lifting her shrinking, dodging, long-lamented mate to the ground, she delivered this parting shot:

" 'Thank you, boys, for your promise to see that Percy and Roger live up to their promises.' She held open the door of The Home Grub and jerked her thumb. I have n't figured out yet which of the claim-jumpers passed through the aperture with the more celerity. They vanished in a blur of agile movement.

"Deep into the night, and long after the vermilion dawn had painted the barren landscape with golden shadows, there now and then burst in the desert silences echoing reports of hysteric sound. My young friend, that sound was not wailing or weeping."

Jonesy tapped the ashes from his pipe and ceremoniously restored it to his pistol pocket. The tenderfoot fidgeted for a moment.

"But what about bashful Bob Robley and the Red Hawk bonanza?" he asked.

The white-haired little oracle of the Dizzy Ghost sniffed. In a tone of unequivocal disgust he drawled: "A mine is only a mine, a man only a man; but a woman—well, what is the answer?"

The tenderfoot immediately became absorbed in the contemplation of a string of burros winding down the Rhyolite Trail.

UNCLE CARTER OF THE PEG-LEG

A SKETCH FROM LIFE

BY LUCINE FINCH

Author of "The Slaves Who Stayed"

UNCLE CARTER was Aunt 'Liza's husband; and, I may say, very much her husband, for she ruled him with the proverbial "rod of iron," and cared for him as she would for a child, with a certain harsh tenderness that was deliciously inconsistent. The old man was what Aunt 'Liza called "feeblous-minded," and he did, for the most part, go about in a more or less dazed condition, with a far-away look in his faded old eyes, and the smile of a child on his face.

The only time he ever became loquacious was over his peg-leg, of which he was very proud, and which gave him a quaint distinction among the children of the neighborhood.

"I los' her endurin' uv de wah," he would say, patting his peg-leg fondly. Why he persisted in calling the lost member "her" was part of the wonderful mystery to all the children, who followed him awed and wide-eyed when he grew communicative. There was something weirdly significant about it.

"Yas, suh," Uncle Carter would say, with his foolish old head waggling, "she was tooken off me endurin' uv de wah."

"What did they do with—her?" we asked eagerly.

"Do wid her!" Uncle Carter would shout, his eyes shining. "Bury her, man! Bury her in de groun', and de preacher preach a ceretony over her lak she was folks."

It was one of the mysteries of my childhood, Uncle Carter's peg-leg.

"Show us how she is hitched on," we would say. We always hesitated over the personal pronoun; but it seemed in some vague way more respectful to the mysterious departed to refer to it as "her," and Uncle Carter's peg-leg was a thing to reverence. Did not the boys owe much of their popularity to the fact that they "owned" an old negro with a wooden leg, which he would show with great unction to his small admirers? I say "owned an old negro" because we never quite lost the feeling of possession that was so tender a thing in our relation to the five old slaves who stayed with us after the war closed. "Show us how she is hitched on."

"Hotch on!" Uncle Carter would almost dance with excitement. "I reckon she is hotch on. 'Liza Carter she des nacherly have to pull and pull to distach her f'om me. Look heah!" and he would, with eager and trembling old fingers, untie the string that bound the cut-off leg of his trouser about the top of the wooden stump, displaying to the earnest gaze of those who were brave enough to look several straps and buckles and a brass-bound stump of wood tapering to a point at the foot end. I confess I was never brave enough even to glance at it, but I would pay the boys to tell me exactly how it looked.

"Do you take her off at night?" we asked him once.

"I does," said the old man, solemnly; "I does, honey chile."

"But, Uncle Carter," I remember protesting at this, "if the cabin should burn down, or if—a flood should come, or the end of the world, you could n't get around, because she would n't be hitched on to you."

Then the smile grew foolish again, and the silly old head waggled. Uncle Carter could not follow reasoning or argument.

" 'Liza Carter she take keer me, den," he said with sweeping and conclusive assurance. Then he would begin to mumble and talk to himself, and we knew that the audience was at an end.

Uncle Carter was notoriously lazy—"clever enough to be lazy," my father would say, laughing. I remember wondering just what he meant by that.

"You is de laziest creeter on dis place," Aunt 'Liza would say, shaking her fat fist at him. And Uncle Carter, quailing before the blow that never fell, would respond humbly:

"Dat so, honey; dat so, chile, I is. I suttenly is."

One time a small garden patch was given to him to take care of. He was to weed it, and keep the earth soft and the paths in order. Strange to say, nothing would grow in Uncle Carter's garden.

"What 's the matter with your garden, Uncle Carter?" my father asked him. My father always seemed to take Uncle Carter as a joke.

"She 's mangy," Uncle Carter responded drearily, leaning on his hoe. "She 's des nachel bawn mangy, Marse Eddie."

And later we found out why. When the weeds came up, instead of removing them, the old man would laboriously remove the vegetables!

"Wegetables and weeds dey won't mix, en dey ain't no use axing 'em to," he said, when remonstrated with. "Hit would take me a moughty long time to move all dese weeds, but hit don't take me long des ter snatch up de cabbage."

There seemed nothing more to say, so some other work was given him. "What do you think you can do, you old black rascal?" my father asked.

"Who?" Uncle Carter responded. "Who? Me? Law, chile, I kin do 'mos' anything, but I ain't much on de work, Marse Eddie, chile. I ain't much on de work."

When he was put to sawing wood, it seemed that his vocation was found. It required no particular amount of intelligence, and he could take as long as ever he liked about it. There was always wood to be sawed, and no apparent reason why the task should ever be finished.

"A little at a time," the old negro would say, after working a very short while. "Work little, live long." Uncle Carter was full of terse and unaccountably sane bits of philosophy.

I remember once when he was sawing away, surrounded, as he always was, by a group of small children who seemed fascinated by him, that he said, rolling up his eyes solemnly:

"Disher 's de way dey sawed *her* off."

We shuddered and drew nearer him.

"Who did it, Uncle Carter? Who sawed her off?"

"De doctors an' de sturgeons," the old man replied. "En de saw dey use hit was a heap bigger 'n disher one. Hit look like to me hit were a mile long. Hit suttenly do." There was nothing impossible in this suggestion. Our imagination met his as kind to kind.

"When I saws wood," he continued, mopping his wrinkled old brow with a gay red handkerchief—"When I saws wood, I kin heah my own bones scrunch." We shuddered again, thrilling deliciously.

"Did it hurt you very much, Uncle Carter?" we quavered. We had asked him these questions many times, but he seemed to forget that we had, and we never tired of hearing his replies.

"No," said the old man, swelling proudly; "No, suh, chile. Hit feel *good*. Only," he added, bending over his work and smiling to himself knowingly—"only hit do *tickle*. Hit tickle me mighty much. Hit suttenly tickle." He chuckled to himself and began to saw again.

We waited for a few breathless moments, then:

"How long did it take them to saw her off?" some one asked him.

"Hit mought 'a' been a mont' an' hit mought 'a' been a yeah. I ain't sayin' which 't is, an' I ain't sayin' which 't ain't. Dey des sawed an' sawed an' sawed," he said slowly, accenting each word with a vigorous thrust of his saw into the wood.

"Uncle Carter," I remember asking him one time—"Uncle Carter, when the last trump blows, how will you find her?"

"Fin' her?" the old man replied. "Fin' her? I ain't gwine fin' her; she gwine fin' me. Ain't she a laig, en ain't laigs meant ter walk. She ain't got nothin' else to do but fin' me. Fin' *her!*" he repeated indignantly. "Dey ain't no two ways about hit," he continued presently, tap-

ping his peg-leg with his walking-cane (which was an umbrella without the umbrella part)—"Dey ain't no two ways about hit. Disher laig is a moughty good laig. I 'm monstrous proud uv her," he smiled. "Ole Marster he gin me disher laig, an' I ain't keerin' much if she don't fin' me," he added wickedly.

His peculiar use of language was another of his quaint characteristics.

"Dat 's a moughty fine word," he would say, screwing up his eyes knowingly when he heard one that he liked.

"How you call hit? Say hit ag'in, Miss Julia. 'Incoggible.' Ain't she fine? I mus' use her sometime."

"You don't know what it means, you dear old goose," somebody would say to him.

"Means!" the old man would reply contemptuously. "Means, chile! Dat ain't got nothin' to do wid hit. I 'm a getherin' words, honey. I 'm a getherin' words. De meanin' ain't nothin'. Hit 's de word dat counts."

All negroes like to use big words, and the peculiar unction and assurance with which they use them almost make the word turn itself and acquire their meaning rather than the more tame and limited one designated to it by the learned.

I remember how disgusted I was when I found out what "transmigrated" really meant. Mammy always used it so impressively in telling us stories.

"An' what you reckon transmigrated, honey?" then was sure to follow great and untoward events that seemed worthy of the great word. How tame the real meaning seemed to me! And "scatterationed," what a good old generous word that was as Mammy used it! "De good Lawd scatterationed de stars all over de sky." It makes more vast the sky and more countless the stars. How meager mere "scattered" makes you feel!

Aunt 'Liza and Uncle Carter were very happy together in a curious childlike fashion. He depended on her more vigorous mind and decisive personality for everything, and she, who needs must lead, found real satisfaction in ruling the gentle and foolish old man.

My father asked her once how she came to marry Uncle Carter, and her reply was terse and couched in that delicious illusiveness that may mean everything or nothing and that negroes so love to use.

"Marse Eddie," she said mysteriously, "Brer Carter los' a laig and I los' a' eye; an' dar you is got de answer." And "Marse Eddie" had either ignominiously to confess himself unequal to her power of logic or, with the true assurance of real ignorance, pretend to understand.

Their code of honor was quite different from Mammy's or Phil's Tom's. They did not really steal, but they *took* what they needed or wanted just as simply as a child takes a piece of forbidden cake from his mother's table. Uncle Carter would often take the money given him to use when he was sent upon errands.

"I des nacherly *need* dat money, Miss Julia, honey," he would say when he returned penniless.

"Then why did n't you ask for it?"

"Maybe you mought 'fuse me, Miss Julia."

"That is *stealing,* Uncle Carter," my grandmother would say in a troubled voice; for she could not forget that she was not responsible for the souls of her old negroes. "That is stealing, Uncle Carter."

"No 'm, Miss Alice, hit ain't, axing you to 'scuse de disputation uv yo' word. Hit ain't zactly stealin'. I ain't sayin' hit ain't got de semblage uv stealin', but hit ain't des *raw* stealin'."

"What is it, then, Uncle Carter?"

"Hit 's takin', Miss Alice, chile; hit 's des takin'. Moughty heap sight diffunce twixt stealin' an' takin'."

"And what is the difference, Uncle Carter," said "Miss Alice," shaking her slender finger at him and weakening perceptibly before the eloquence of his argument, "What is the difference between stealing and taking?"

"Stealin' is des loose takin' 'thout no perticulous need fer de tooken thing, en wid a pack o' lies inside de stealin', *yas 'm.*"

"And taking?"

"Now, honey, how you kin ax me dat? Takin' is—takin'."

A FLORENTINE ROOF GARDEN

By Helen Zimmern

IN the Middle Ages the houses of Italian towns were miniature fortresses, for the nobles who inhabited them were constantly at war with one another or with the populace. Hence the older and junior members of a family lived close together, and sections of a city would be called the *case* (houses) of such and such a clan, and the street, as a rule, would also bear the name. This propinquity rendered it easy to throw planks across from one house to another, fastened into those holes that yet show on some old palace fronts and towers. On these rude bridges stood the family retainers, ready to shoot arrows, to pour boiling water or oil, or to pitch stones, on the foes of the family passing below. No doubt they often hit some peaceful citizen, a jerkined workman attending to his craft, a pacific red lucco-clad burgher; but life had scant value in those times, and especially the life of a villain. The cities, too, were inclosed within stout walls raised for defense against the enemies that were ever ready to assail the inhabitants from without. These walls hindered expansion, and forced the population to live thus densely packed, and to run their buildings high up into the sky. And over the houses, again, reared bristling watch-towers, so that ever and ever there was a greater striving toward light and air.

And they found it, too. No Italian fortress-mansion but had its open loggia, sometimes free to the winds, sometimes half-covered from the sky, and supported on elegant columns, such as *Mignon* yearned after in her Northern exile.

> Kennst du das Haus?
> Auf Säulen ruht sein Dach.

Here it was that the women and children lived; hither they came to seek sunshine and fresh air. In those turbulent times, when the streets were filthy and unsafe for high-born dames to go abroad, they were restricted in their outings to some such roof garden. Here they plied their distaffs, here they spun and broidered, here they gossiped with their serving wenches, and here they prepared their simples and household stores.

And as it was then, so it is now. There still exists in Italian cities a life of the roofs that is distinct and characteristic, and of which the mere foreigner and tourist is entirely unaware. Particularly

is this the case in Florence. Mount to the top floor of one of these grim, big palaces standing in some gloomy, sunless street, often approached by a stern, forbidding doorway and dark, steep stairs, and you will hold your breath with wonder at the surprise that awaits you. For here before your eyes stretches an unfamiliar city, a red-and-green city of wide expanse and varying altitudes, a city no less architecturally beautiful than the one you have left below, and enlivened, too, most unexpectedly by verdure.

In the very heart of the city, on its topmost apex, there is no trace of grime; the air is pure and wholesome. Indeed, its breezes are charged with no small suggestion of sea and mountain breath. As for the smoke one would expect to find hanging above the roofs of a densely populated city, it is conspicuous by its absence, and only at the hour of meals does some faint blue column rise for the briefest space into the atmosphere. What becomes of it all? we ask ourselves, especially those of us who are accustomed to London and the volumes of filthy, sulphurous muck that English chimneys belch forth, defiling the air as well as the architecture.

Then the chimney-pots—who that does not know Italy could imagine for a moment that they could be things of such real loveliness? Range your eye around a roof-top in Florence, and you will simply marvel at their architectural beauty and variety.

Nor is this peculiar to Florence. It is the same all through the peninsula, and sometimes the smaller the place, the lovelier, the quainter are the chimney-pots. For example, I know a little district, Sassuolo, not far from Modena, so insignificant one can scarcely find it on the map, where every chimney-pot has the form of a miniature Greek temple. The Florentine chimney-pots present different and most varied forms, which are no less charming in their geometrical outlines and elegant proportions. Every now and again from a few there projects from the plaster a piece of broken plate. How in the world did it get there? many a visitor asks. The reason is characteristic of the land. It is part of the old belief in the evil eye, which even now is yielding but slowly to the spread of education. Few are the Italians who, as a concession to this superstition, do not wear upon their watch-chains a horn of crooked coral, or do not direct their first and little fingers earthward at mention of some dire disease or even at the mention of death. The cab horse carries a plume of pheasant feathers; every country-cart steed is adorned with red tape, brass, bells, bits of glass, or embroidery. All this is done for the purpose of deflecting the evil eye, thereby inviting it to rest first upon these prominent features, and thus draw down upon them the curse inherent in the glance. For the same reason the broken plate is inserted in the chimney-pot.

The weeds and flowers on these roofs are interesting. Between the pretty ribbed tiles of irregularly massed housetops all manner of stonecrops find nourishment. There is the green, rose-shaped species, the familiar creeping, yellow-and-white starred blossom. There is also a kind which seems to be peculiar to Italian roofs; it lifts up tall purple spikes, and blooms freely all through the warmer months. The tiles, too, on the old roofs amid which these sedums find food (and how they find any is a marvel), are beautiful objects. They are kept in place only by their own weight, without cement. In consequence, each householder is apt to be his own bricklayer. When the rain comes through,—and the heavy tropical rains of Italy will filter through these old roofs,—I never send for the mason. My cook just steps out and rearranges the tiles, shifting broken ones, and replacing them with whole ones from more sheltered corners. It is all very simple. And if we cannot find whole tiles to replace the broken ones on our own roof, we have only to go to the greengrocer-woman who lives down below, Maria Ortolana, who sells crockery and pots and pans, besides green stuff, and who lets me have an arched tile for one soldo and a flat one for five (one cent). These flat ones also serve as washing-boards, and are largely used in the kitchen as well. The color of these tiles, particularly the older ones, is noteworthy. They play into every shade of crimson, from bright scarlet and orange to deepest umber and burnt sienna.

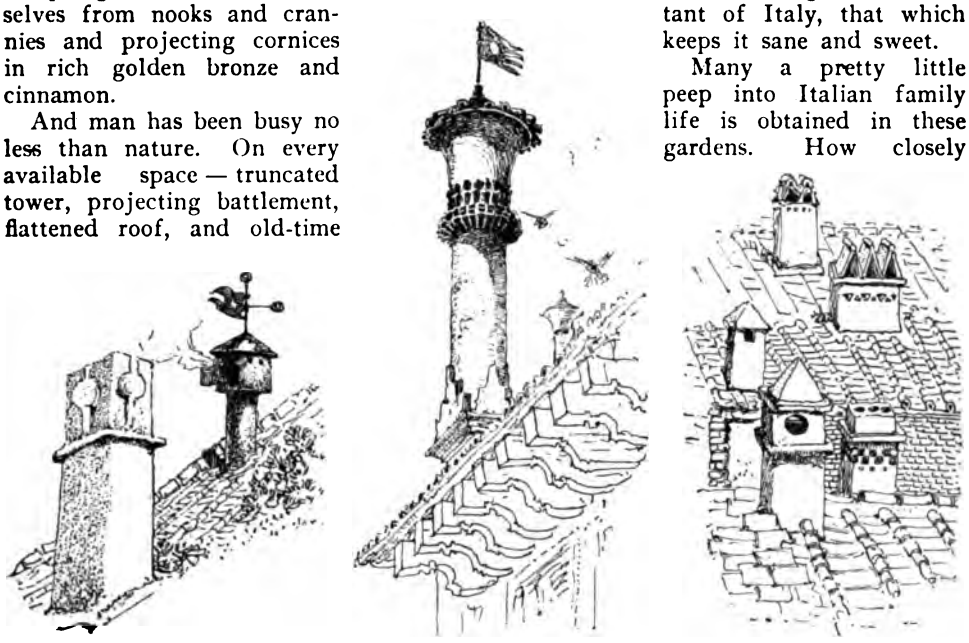
I do not know if the pigeons that haunt these roofs in splendid, darting

masses of color find food among the stonecrop; but I know that they and I have secrets in common. For only *we* know, we who live thus perched on high, that atop of some of the tallest buildings, above all, atop of the tympanum of Santa Trinità, pink and purple snapdragon thrives in rich luxuriance, waving feathery fingers against the green and lemon evening sky, or projected against the deep blue canopy of some cloudless day of spring. Wall-flowers, too, thrust themselves from nooks and crannies and projecting cornices in rich golden bronze and cinnamon.

And man has been busy no less than nature. On every available space — truncated tower, projecting battlement, flattened roof, and old-time loggia, even on boards stretched in front of windows—these city-dwellers have created gardens. Here in rich luxuriance trail roses of every hue and scent, especially the climbing Banksia, with their tufts of white-and-yellow blossom, and the hardy Rambler. Here blaze geraniums of fiercest scarlet, as well as the pink and purple creeping varieties, which seem to love these ancient roofs, which they thus gently cover with a tender mantle of bloom and verdure. Oleanders, white, red, and pink, also prosper in this high, sun-soaked atmosphere, as do golden oranges and yellow lemons, azaleas, deep purple iris-flowers, the prototype of the lily in the arms of the city, carnations of every shade, pansies, and nasturtiums of every hue, Virginia creeper, and kindred vines, covering up the evidences of decay and ruin.

Even wash-day produces no false note in Italy, where everything animate and inanimate has an instinctive tendency to range itself artistically. Nay, it often produces some splendid blotches of color in the garish garments here hung out to dry, or to be subjected to the cleansing effects of the glorious, all-penetrating sunshine. For the sun is the great disinfectant of Italy, that which keeps it sane and sweet.

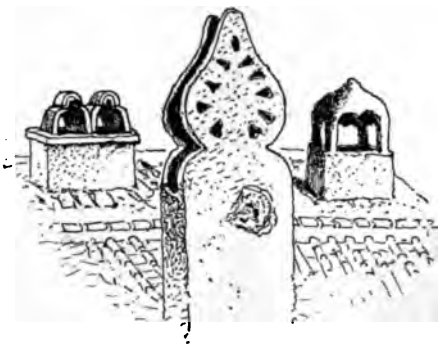
Many a pretty little peep into Italian family life is obtained in these gardens. How closely knit are family ties in Italy, how entirely self-centered is each domestic group, only those who have lived among them fully know. I have one family in mind in particular. We are near neighbors, and our common love of alfresco life has brought us into bowing acquaintance. I know neither their name nor station, though I surmise the latter is humble, for the wife does nearly all the household chores and the little "help" is treated as an equal and sits down with them at table. When the father of this family comes home, he always runs out at once upon the terrace, embraces all his family, including the black dog, and then quickly rips off his black cloth coat (he must be a clerk, I think), his collar and



Drawn by Harry Fenn

FLORENTINE CHIMNEY-POTS

cuffs, and dons a loose, old garment or even remains in his shirt-sleeves. The women wear the lightest of white robes —we all do this in the summer, when visitors are rare; for the foolish tourist runs away at the first warm days, and so never sees Italy when she is at her loveliest; namely, in the hot summer days. The children wear, when at home, only what decency demands, and of course are all bare-legged and bare-armed. As soon as the sun has sunk a bit, they, like myself, bring out their watering-pots to refresh the thirsty plants. And afterward they will all help to carry out their vesper meal, for the wise Italian dines late, when the great heat is a little abated. Then, after the meal, when it is cooler, the children will produce their books and toil at their tasks (and pretty heavy tasks they are), the father meanwhile helping the mother clear the table or doing some household job; for all Italian men are neat-fingered and expert, and can ply many trades. It is this that makes the Italian man such a treasure as a household servant.



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FLORENTINE CHIMNEY-POTS

When night falls, as it does with rapidity, all manner of lights are carried out to the roofs, and twinkle with richly colored diversity. Few have, like myself, risen to bright electric lights. That is too lordly, perhaps, for my poorer neighbors, though I see that the family I have described, instigated by my example, perhaps, are just having wires run across from my poles. Not a few employ the charming, three-branched copper Roman lamp, with its old-fashioned points of wick and its olive oil; but kerosene prevails, of course. The whole produces a series of exquisite effects of a truly Rembrandtesque character, while over it all arches the sky, wherein the stars do not appear like little dots of light pricked out in paper, as in the North, but hang free in the heavens like the globes of effulgence that they truly are. And when the moon is up,—a moon by the splendor of which it is possible to read,—the entire outlook is transfigured, and the fair, strange, fantastic roofscape (if I may coin such a word) waxes yet more fairylike and unreal.

It is on these nights of palpitating, fragrant semi-darkness rather than in the golden sunshine that brings out every detail and every scrap of color, that my imagination is set in motion and I recall all that this sight meant in the past. I remember how Florence was ever a city of watch-towers; how, in the twelfth century, associations were formed by the nobles called "Societies of the Towers," intended as a counterpoise to the guilds, Florence by instinct having always been a commercial democracy, kept under only by armed force. Still, at first the guilds and the towers were friends, not foes, and the various members of such associations lived in adjoining houses, above which rose the common tower of defense, to the expense of which both parties contributed. So they began as societies for mutual help. Then, in later times, the nobles strove for the upper hand, and often gained it. But as they grew too powerful and overbearing, they were forced at last partly to raze and dismantle their vast forests of towers, happily for us later born; for it is on these mutilated erections that the roof gardens of to-day are planted. Now Flora reigns where once Mars lorded it.

In what is the oldest portion of the city, rising above a number of cramped streets on both sides of the Arno, there survive the greatest number of these towers. The houses, too, retain many of their medieval characteristics. The oldest street of all is the Borgo Santi Apostoli, which also harbors the most ancient Florentine church, said to have been founded by Charlemagne. Its front bears a pompous inscription, telling of the Emperor's reception in Florence and how the

building was consecrated by Archbishop Turpin in the presence of the two famous Paladins, Oliver and Roland. It was in this quarter of Florence that the Buondelmonti took up their abode, making the streets and adjacent spaces the headquarters of their clan.

> And still more quiet would the Borgo be
> If with new neighbors it remained unfed,

writes Dante. The ancient Borgo lies below my feet, perhaps little changed. My terrace, some thirty feet square of flattened roof, skirts it on two sides, and I am living in the Buondelmonti Palace itself, "the house from whence your wailing sprang," as Dante tells his fellow-citizens, now a national monument, with its loggia converted into a dwelling-house, and the lower portion given over to offices and warerooms.

Drawn by Harry Fenn

FLORENTINE CHIMNEY-POTS

What a gaping interval between then and now! The Buondelmonti, or Good Men of the Mountain, as flattering travelers who feared their highway aggressions called the clan, had already migrated to the city in 1218. The owner of the name at that time was a winsome young knight, gay and gallant. It seems a pity that on the day when he had won his golden spurs he should have drunk too deep. At the table, where his bright, undinted shield, adorned with wreaths of flowers, shone conspicuous, in the heat of toasting, he quarreled with the Amidei concerning a dish of roasted larks. At last a churchman made peace between the combatants, and proposed that, to heal the feud, Buondelmonti should wed a maiden of the Amidei clan. But between the time of betrothal and the wedding-day Buondelmonti secretly deserted his betrothed, and pledged himself to a fairer girl. On Easter Day a merry bridal procession crossed the Old Bridge, on its way to the Buondelmonti Palace in the Piazza Santa Trinità. At its head, mounted on a white palfrey, rode Buondelmonti, dressed in rich white jerkin and silver-embroidered mantle, a garland of white flowers on his thick locks, and beside him his bride, who also rode a white steed and was clothed in white, and garlanded with flowers. But as they reached the head of the bridge, a knot of Amidei rushed upon them, and the leader plunged his dagger into the heart of the bridegroom. It was a deed whereby for years Florence was plunged into the wars of the Guelphs and Ghibelline, and thus, as Dante wrote, ended the joyous life of her citizens. No wonder the poet wished that the first Buondelmonti had been drowned in the little stream of Ema before he came to the city.

How they must have gathered in

crowds in the Borgo and in the Piazza Santa Trinità just beneath me, fighting fiercely and uttering their war-cries, "A Buondelmonti!" "A Amidei!" On this warm summer's night, while I am working, the cabmen who now hold the piazza are shouting gay jokes, spiced with hot Florentine oaths. I could fancy instead that they were these fifteenth-century retainers; for the past is never so wholly past in Italy but that with a slight effort of fancy one can resuscitate it.

How truly is old Florence adumbrated here! Her entire story can be read without moving from my roof, from which no portion of the modern city shows. The Arno is hidden by the massive battlemented heights of the Palazzo Ferroni, once the Palazzo Spini, built in the fourteenth century by the rich papal banker Geri Spini. You can read the amusing history of his friendship with Cisti the baker in Boccaccio. What a typical Florentine building it is, with its Guelph parapets, its machicolations, where the pigeons love to poise, bestowing a strong, proud touch of color. Across the way rises the seventeenth-century façade of Santa Trinità, a splendid specimen of Italian Gothic, a church linked with the city's story, and called by Michelangelo his "sweetheart." I see its upper section, with its circular, stained-glass, cherub-overshadowed window, the bishop's miter and monkish crest in its tympanum. I see, too, what you cannot see from below—its campanile; and I also see beyond and above it, and, outlined at sunset, the profiles of the distant marble-bearing Carrara mountains, glowing violet and vaporous dark blue. Here, too, I see the solemn dignity of the porphry statue of Justice.

As I turn away from the view, and step aside under the rose- and wistaria-shaded pergola, where my dinner is spread on summer evenings, and my luncheon all spring and autumn (it is too hot at midday in summer), my eye ranges over a wealth of medieval towers. First those of the Girolami and Gherardini, which saw fierce fighting on the expulsion of the Ghibellines in 1266. Yonder rises that of St. Zanobi, the local bishop saint, decorated on each 25th of May with wreaths of fresh roses, yet another stately tower that erstwhile pertained to the Buondelmonti, and also carries a tree-shaded garden on its summit; and last, but by no means least, the belfry of the Santi Apostoli, another feature never seen from the street. Its bronze bells have taken on a lovely green hue—bells that swing out in the quaint Tuscan fashion, the bell itself, by its movement, setting the clapper in motion. Its weather-vane of rusted iron carries on one side the lily of Florence, and on the other the wolf rampant, the coat-of-arms of the noble family of the Altoviti. Looking farther afield, athwart this landmark, comes within my range of vision the foliage-clad hill of San Miniato, which overlooks the whole city, and the ascent of which Dante likens to that from the first circle of Purgatory. I can pick out some part of the walls and watch-towers of the now useless fortifications of Michelangelo, and can also see, crowning the whole, a lovely church of Romanesque build, its gold-gleaming frontal mosaic, its surmounting bronze eagle, shimmer and glow in the sunlight. In the adjoining building, once a monastery, there long dwelt the great Tuscan saint, Giovanni Gualberto, the "merciful knight" of Burne-Jones's picture. Vallombrosa, of Miltonian memory, whither he retired later, seeking yet greater solitude, rears up on the left, overspread with dark firs in summer, snow-capped in winter. The tower of the Palazzo Vecchio sunders it in my view from the chain of the Apennines which has Monte Falterona for its highest peak, the mountain where those classic rivers, the Tiber and the Arno, take their rise.

This tall, flowerlike belfry, rising far above the other buildings, springs up into the clear Tuscan sky from out square Guelph parapets. [See head-piece.] Its upper portion, however, is cut into the swallowtailed Ghibelline form. In the uppermost section hangs the great bell called the Vacca (cow), which is rung only on the most solemn occasions. I remember how it boomed forth its deep, lugubrious tones when the news of Humbert's assassination spread through the land. It also greeted with its lowing the new century. Below the bell is the tiny room called the Alberghettino, or little hostelry. Here was imprisoned the great Cosimo, destined to go down to posterity as the father of his country, and here, too, Savonarola spent the last days of his life.

PITTI PALACE AND BOBOLI GARDENS

COLUMN OF JUSTICE, PIAZZA SANTA TRINITÀ

GIOTTO'S TOWER AND THE DUOMO. IN THE DISTANCE THE HILLS OF FIESOLE

VIEWS FROM MISS ZIMMERN'S FLORENTINE ROOF GARDEN

ONE END OF THE ROOF GARDEN (THE ARBOR IS AT THE EXTREME RIGHT)

Through the open loggia of the Palazzo Davanzati, that splendid fourteenth-century pile, I catch a corner of the parapet of pierced stones that marks the uppermost story of Or San Michele. This building, only by accident a church, is the seat of the Dante Society, which holds its meetings in the fine hall of which I get a glimpse.

Letting my eye roam farther afield, my sphere of vision embraces the nearer foothills of the Apennines. There nestles the white village of Settignano, now, as in the days of Michelangelo, the center of the stonecutters' craft. No one like the men from Settignano know how to chisel and handle marble, and Michelangelo was wont to assert that he owed the fact that he was a sculptor to the accident of passing his infancy in this place. Yet a little farther, two castles show up from amid thick cypress woods. The upper and smaller is Castel di Poggio, one of the strongholds seized by the mighty clan of the Forteguerri, who still own it, when Florence was at war with Pistoja. The lower is Vincigliata, sacked and ruined in the fourteenth century by the proud English Captain of free-lances, Sir John Hawkwood,—who lies buried in the Florentine Duomo,—and restored to its pristine character by another Englishman, Mr. Temple Leader.

Between two towers, and helping to blot out Fiesole, stands Brunelleschi's grand red-tiled, marble-ribbed dome, that cupola which Emerson declared was "set down like an archangel's tent in the midst of the city."

And thus by kaleidoscopic stages, our circumspection has brought us back to my own Buondelmonti roof, with its wide, overhanging eaves, where pigeons and swallows nest, with its bold, bracketed wooden capitals supporting the stone columns that once upheld its loggia. Back, too, to its wealth of shrubs and flowers, its cozy nooks, its calla-filled pool, where a colored "St. Lucy, with the eyes," keeps guard.

Why should not inhabitants of other smokeless cities make for themselves like happy eeries? It is simple. This is only a square of flattened roof. It is paved with red brick, which dries quickly after rainfall. A low parapet, intersected with pilasters, runs round and protects it from the other roofs and the street below. These parapets and pilasters form the pedestals for a quantity of flower-vases, and are fastened into place by iron clamps wherever the wind blows strongest. Here are planted annuals, lilac and purple iris, plumbago, and geraniums. On stepped stands, or formed into groups, other flower-pots and boxes are massed, some of the pots being of huge size and ancient date that might have harbored Ali Baba and his forty thieves. In these are planted the trees—fig and eucalyptus, lemon, orange, and oleander. For dining-room I have a wooden trellised walk, creeper-grown, which leads from the entrance door the whole length of the ter-

THE ARBOR ON THE ROOF

race, and enlarges into a wide square. The part open to the winds, with comfortable corners and seats, is jokingly known as the drawing-room. Here many a happy, informal reception is held on those balmy nights that Italy alone knows —nights that are dewless and therefore never damp.

Nature and art, light and air, those prime requisites for the happiness of cultivated man, are all found united here. It is a fascinating transfusion of beauty, history, memory, and tradition, of old and far-off things, of the new and living. I have also learned up here to look upon life more tranquilly, to be grateful for its many mercies, to be more humbly resigned to its imperfections. Living thus aloft, where art and nature are wedded in beauty, there grows within me an ever-increasing consciousness of elevation, mental as well as actual, a feeling that here I can watch and look down upon the play of my own life and that of my fellows in a more dispassionate, more benevolent spirit. My terrace has taught me to comprehend more fully how strait are the petty every-day aims, how paltry and diminutive the social aspirations, to which we are apt to attach exaggerated importance.

GENERAL GRANT'S LAST DAYS

BY GEORGE F. SHRADY, M.D., ONE OF HIS CONSULTING SURGEONS[1]

WHEN General Grant was seized with his fatal illness in the autumn of 1884, he appeared before the world in an entirely new character. From being viewed as the stern, uncompromising, and conquering military commander, the revelation of his simple resignation in the face of great suffering claimed for him new fame as a hero in another sense. His last battle with the great conqueror destined him for grander laurels than were gained on any of his many triumphant fields. It was the purely human side of his nature that then appealed to the general sympathy of mankind. Thus his last and only surrender was his greatest victory.

If it had been otherwise, history would have cheated itself of an example of Christian fortitude the like of which has been seldom recorded. It was the contemplation of this phase of him that gives interest to every detail of his long and painful illness. He was no longer the man of arms to be dreaded, or the President to be calumniated, but the brave and helpless sufferer to be pitied and admired.

This is written with the view of presenting an intimate picture of General Grant as he appeared to one who was in close and friendly contact with him during the last months of his life. If apparently trivial matters are noticed, they may in a way help to finish the picture in proportion and detail. Moreover, what would be uninteresting in ordinary persons may have no little importance in the portraiture of noted characters. There should be no sparing of squints or wrinkles or other apparent deformities. If the true character does not speak in the likeness, the picture can never serve its purpose. Properly to interpret motives, and intelligently to appreciate consequences, one must have everything within reach—pose, clothing, atmosphere, perspective, coloring, accessories, foreground, background, high light, and shadow. Then each spectator can study the result from his own point of view and profit accordingly by his conclusions. It is not the mere size of the man so much as his actions under those ordinary circumstances which make up human experience. How would you have done? is the constant question that suggests itself.

My personal acquaintance with General Grant covered the period of his last illness, during which I was in his confidence as one of his consulting surgeons. In such close association there were exceptional opportunities for obtaining an insight into his general character that would otherwise have been impossible. There is no place in which human nature shows itself so plainly as in the sick-room. The patient is then off his guard against all conventional formalities, and appears as his plain and simple self. Thus he was found, and thus will the attempt be made to portray him.

In general appearance General Grant would be considered the type of a simple, dignified, quiet, and self-contained gentleman. Of medium height, he was rather stockily built, with short neck and high, square, and slightly stooping shoulders. When I first visited him, he was somewhat reduced in flesh and had a decidedly sick and dejected look, which told of his mental and physical suffering. He was seated in a leather arm-chair in one corner of his library in his house at No. 3 East Sixty-sixth Street, New York, and he wore a loose, woolen morning gown and an ordinary smoking-cap of the same material.

It would hardly have been possible to recognize him from any striking resemblance to his well-known portraits. It

[1] Since these articles were announced for publication, and before the proofs were ready, Dr. Shrady, who had survived his associates, has also died.—THE EDITOR.

was not until he bared his head and showed his broad, square forehead and the characteristic double-curved brow-lock that his actual presence could be realized. The difference in this respect between the lower and the upper part of his face was to me most striking and distinctive. There was the broad and square lower jaw, the close-cropped full beard, the down-curved corners of the firmly closed mouth, the small, straight nose with the gradual droop at its tip, the heavily browed and penetrating, deep-blue eyes, and withal the head itself, which crowned the actual Grant with real dignity and force. His profile more than maintained the classic facial line, so that his chin might be said to be relatively protuberant. His ears were large and plainly stood out at an angle from his head. The circumference of his skull was above the average for a man of his size, and was very broad and square in front, while rounded and full behind.

His manner was so modest, and there was such a complete absence of assertiveness, that it was difficult to imagine in him the great man in whom the entire civilized world was at the time deeply interested. He seemed anxious concerning the result of the consultation and was plainly apprehensive.

From a photograph by John G. Gilman

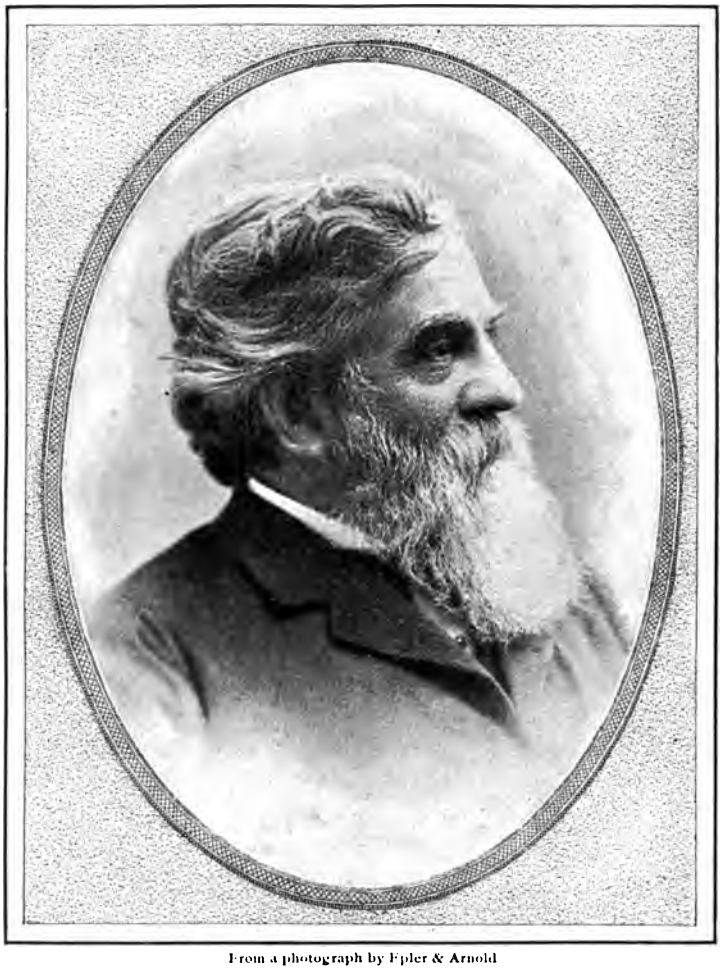
GEORGE FREDERICK SHRADY, M.D.

Those present were Dr. Fordyce Barker, his family physician and long-trusted friend; Dr. John Hancock Douglas, the well-known throat specialist; and

Dr. Henry B. Sands, the famous surgeon who had consulted previously on his case. Each in turn made a very formal and careful examination of the throat of the patient, using for the purpose the ordinary circular reflecting-mirror fastened to the forehead by a band around the observer's head.

In accordance with the usual professional courtesy, I, as the new consultant in the case, was asked to precede the others, but as I desired to be initiated into the particular method of examination to which the General had been accustomed rather than to subject him to unnecessary pain by want of such knowledge, the others took the lead.

Very few words were exchanged by the little group. There seemed to be a strain about the procedure which plainly affected the patient. Dr. Sands, as well as the others present, duly appreciated this, and was evidently desirous of diverting the patient's mind from the real object of the visit. Accordingly, when he handed me the mirror, he remarked in his quiet, off-hand manner, that whenever I followed him in such an examination, it was necessary to enlarge the head loop to give an extra accommodation for thickness of hair.



From a photograph by Epler & Arnold

JOHN HANCOCK DOUGLAS, M.D.

As an opportunity was thus afforded to start a conversation of some sort between us, I ventured to suggest that hair did not always make the difference, nor the mere size of the skull, as sometimes the best brains were very closely packed in very small quarters. At this the General gave a faint smile, and

for the first time during the meeting showed that he was inclined to be interested in something that might ease the gravity of the occasion. I was thus prompted to illustrate to Dr. Sands the truth of what was said by relating to him an anecdote told of Oliver Wendell Holmes, at the same time hoping to gain the attention of the patient as a casual listener.

A traveling phrenologist was on a certain occasion giving a practical exhibition of his skill in one of the public halls of Boston, and had asked for subjects from the audience. By some chance or design, the distinguished author was indicated as a choice specimen for demonstration. When he stepped on the stage there was becoming applause, but, as he was unknown to the lecturer, the latter looked with great surprise at the small man with a small head. Imagining that an attempt was being made to challenge his ability for discrimination, he became indignant. Passing his hand perfunctorily over the brow of the smiling and impassive victim, he rebuked the instigators of the supposed plot by declaring that his business was to examine the heads of men with brains, not those of idiots! Nor was his discomfiture appeased by the overwhelming outburst that followed this remark.

HENRY B. SANDS, M. D.

The excuse for mentioning this apparently commonplace occurrence was that it might open the way for a closer personal contact with Grant. At least he was temporarily amused, and appeared to relish the diversion. More than this, he told the story afterward to Bishop Newman and others, and at my next visit asked that it be repeated. On that occasion he remarked that his own bumps had been examined when he was a lad, and the phrenologist had made the usual prognostication, applicable to all boys, that he also one day might be President of the United States.

Notwithstanding this show of consideration on the part of the General, there was a purpose to keep constantly in mind that he was known as a stolid and reticent man, and this disposition was to be carefully humored by a studied avoidance of all undue familiarity on the part of a new acquaintance. Thus it was a becoming policy that he should always take the initiative, and others merely act as willing listeners. Besides, it was eminently proper that he should not be fatigued with unnecessary conversation or be tired by the exercise of strained courtesy. Although I am not a hero-worshiper in the usual sense of the term, it was edifying to be even in casual association with him and to note his different moods and acts.

When it was learned that he was writing his personal memoirs, never was a promised work more widely heralded or more anxiously awaited. What specially appealed to the sympathy of the public was the well-known motive for the task —his desire to lift his family above the financial distress resulting from the failure of Grant and Ward.

Although his countless well-wishers were unable to help him, it was a comfort to him to know that they felt for him in every phase of his trial, and hailed each

From a photograph by Rockwood

FORDYCE BARKER, M.D.

temporary respite from suffering with deep and tender solicitude. During it all he was bravely working against time by making the most of the life so soon to end. He was getting away from himself by a forced interest in work, although it was a race against reason, strength, and hope.

During the last months of his illness the General was confined to his bed-chamber and an adjoining apartment, which he used as his work-room while writing on his memoirs. The monotony was only occasionally interrupted by a short drive in Central Park on pleasant days; but these excursions were eventually discontinued on account of the fatigue they caused. He was of the opinion also that prolonged exposure to cool air gave rise to neuralgic headaches, with which, from other causes, he was constantly afflicted. It was mainly for this reason that he wore his skull cap even when indoors. He accommodated himself, how-

ever, to his new conditions with remarkable ease, and showed a disposition to meet each requirement with becoming submission. He greatly felt the need of something to occupy his thoughts, and the preparation of his memoirs was in this respect a welcome relief. For hours he would sit at an extemporized table oblivious to his surroundings. At other times he took pleasure in receiving some of his more intimate friends, occasionally indulging in reminiscent references.

As his room was a thoroughfare for members of his family, he was seldom alone; but when abstracted or engaged in anything that took his attention, no one ventured to interrupt him.

That he was not disturbed by the presence of others was often proved by a polite motion to sit down, while he would unconcernedly go on with his work. His long experience in camp-life, with his military family constantly about him, evidently made him feel perfectly at ease even in silent company.

He was as simple in his tastes as he was mild in his manner. Those who knew him only as the stern man of Vicksburg, the warrior whose ultimatum was "Unconditional surrender," found it difficult to reconcile such an estimate of his character with that of the plain, modest person, with soft, kindly voice and cordial manner, who could place himself on the natural level with any ordinary, every-day visitor. His modesty, which sometimes amounted to positive shyness, was so unaffected and natural that no one could doubt its genuineness, which made it all the more difficult to match the man with his former deeds. The chastisement of his illness doubtless had much to do with the accentuation of this part of his character, and thus displayed his purely human side to the high light of more thorough analysis.

His mental qualities were those of strength and reserve in balancing proportions. It could easily be seen that he was accustomed to examine all important questions mostly from the purely subjective side of the argument. Always ready to listen to the suggestions of others, he nevertheless reserved the right to draw his individual conclusion. This was his plan in fighting his battles, and proved his extraordinary resources. Once convinced of the course to be pursued, his only aim was victory at any cost. The actual result was everything to him.

He once said that before every battle he always calculated the dreadful cost in killed and wounded. It was the price before the bargain could be closed. He was so much misunderstood in the adoption of wise expedients in this regard that many had called him the relentless "butcher," and yet he more than once informed me that the carnage in some of his engagements was a positive horror to him, and could be excused to his conscience only on the score of the awful necessity of the situation. "It was always the idea to do it with the least suffering," said he, "on the same principle as the performance of a severe and necessary surgical operation." He also remarked that the only way he could make amends to the wounded ones was to give them all the prompt and tender care in his power. It was the proportion of the killed and wounded that was the main thing to take into account, but, nevertheless, a severe and decisive engagement prevented much subsequent and useless slaughter.

When asked if his military responsibilities had not at times rested heavily upon him, he significantly answered that, having carefully studied his plan, it then became a bounden duty to the Government to carry it out as best he could. If he then failed, he had no after regret that this or that might have been done to alter the result. It was facing destiny with a full front.

Paradoxical as it may appear, he had an almost abnormally sensitive abhorrence to the infliction of pain or injury to others. His sympathy for animals was so great that he would not hunt. John Russell Young in his charming book "Men and Memories," in referring to this trait, has truthfully said: "Not even the Maharajah of Jeypore with his many elephants and his multitude of hunters could persuade him to chase the tiger. He had lost no tigers, and was not seeking them." This instinct of gentleness was so strong a part of his nature that he often regretted that he had not in his early days chosen the profession of medicine. In fact, that had been his first ambition. But it was otherwise to be, and

he was to become an operator and a healer in a larger sense.

General Grant's home-life was simple and natural in the extreme. This accorded with his disposition and habits. Even when President of the United States his unostentatious manner of living was a subject for remark, and many were willing to say that it did not accord with the true dignity of his high office. This criticism, however, had no effect on him at the time or afterward. So much did he desire the peace and quiet found in his family that the gratification of it was his greatest pleasure. In his active life, with its forced interruptions of routine and its constant irregularity of calculation, there was always the natural yearning for the rational comforts that so easily satisfy the plain man.

Although he was not a very early riser, his breakfast was usually ready at eight o'clock. He was fond of his coffee, chop, and egg, but was a comparatively light eater. The meal finished, his first occupation was the perusal of the daily papers. These he skimmed rather than read. When any subject specially interested him, he would give it careful attention, as if determined to understand it in all its bearings. He seldom missed a head-line, and always knew in advance what was necessary for him to read. In this respect he was essentially a man of affairs, as under other circumstances it would have been impossible for him to be even ordinarily informed on current events.

The Grant luncheon was a bountiful meal, but intended more for casual guests than for members of the family; and the same may be said of the dinner, which was seldom a strictly family affair. The General always presided at the head of the table, with Mrs. Grant sitting opposite, while the other members of the family were ranged alongside. The guest soon felt himself at home in a general atmosphere of sincerity of purpose and cordiality of manner. It was more in the nature of a neighborly call than a stiff and formal social function. The visitor never left without a favorable impression of the charming home-life of his host. It is not too much to say that such solid and simple domesticity formed the proper setting for the sound and wholesome methods which dominated his placid and earnest character.

A great deal has been said of Grant's excessive use of tobacco. He was undoubtedly a great smoker. During his battles and while in camp, on horseback, on foot, or at his desk, he was seldom without his cigar. It had not always been so, at least not to such a degree. He had smoked from the time he was a young man, but never to excess until he became a General in the Union Army and a special object of interest on that account.

His first reputation as a champion of the weed dated from the capture of Fort Donelson, when at that time he was described with the "inevitable cigar" in his mouth. The various newspapers discussed from many points of view this new phase in his character, and quantities of different brands of tobacco were sent to him from every quarter. In relating the circumstance, he frankly admitted that this characteristic being as much of a discovery to him as to the public, he was rather temptingly forced to develop it to its full extent by industriously sampling the different brands in turn. The main stimulus in such directions was from various manufacturers in Cuba who sent him choice selections from their plantations in the vain hope that he would aid the more extensive sale of their wares by his personal use and indorsement of them. He was always led to acknowledge, however, that up to that time his taste for fine tobacco had never been fully developed.

Often when pressed with heavy responsibilities, his rapidly smoked cigar became his main reliance. While planning or executing a battle, it was his constant companion; and, as he freely admitted, he was never better fitted for calm deliberation than when enveloped in its grateful and soothing fumes.

As might have been expected, the habit grew until only the strongest flavored tobacco could meet his fully developed requirements. This habit, so inveterate in his later years, was destined to contribute in a measure, at least, to his death. Although it was not the direct agent in inducing the fatal throat disease, the irritating fumes of the weed tended in no small degree to aggravate the difficulty by increasing the irritation in the already

diseased parts. When told that it was necessary to throw away his cigar and smoke no more, he resignedly did so, but often averred afterward that the deprivation was grievous in the extreme.

As an offset to what he considered a martyrdom, he would enjoy the smoke of others, and often invited his friends to smoke in his room. On one of these occasions he remarked that if not permitted to be a little wicked himself, he had a melancholy comfort in pitying the weakness of other sinners. This in a way showed that the temptation to revert to his besetting sin was almost constantly present.

During one of the few times when he felt a little happy over his relief from pain and worry, and wished "to celebrate the occasion," he surprised me with the question, "Doctor, do you think it would really harm me if I took a puff or two from a mild cigar?"

There was something so pitiful in the request, and so little harm in the chance venture, that consent was easily obtained. With an eagerness that was veritable happiness to him he hesitatingly took a cigar from the mantel, reached for a match, and was soon making the most of his privilege. Only a few puffs were taken before he voluntarily stopped his smoke. "Well, I have had at least that much," he exclaimed. Continuing, he playfully remarked that it would not do to have the performance get to the public as it might be said he was not obeying orders. This expectation, however, was not realized, owing to an inadvertence on the part of his only witness, who had neglected to pull down the window-shades at the opportune time. A day or two afterward there appeared in a newspaper a head-line, "General Grant smokes again." Mrs. Grant, who knew nothing of the incident, indignantly denied the truth of the report, and the ill-credited story was prudently allowed to take care of itself. The General himself was evidently satisfied to let the matter rest without further discussion, as he never afterward referred to the circumstance.

Such occurrences made but little impression upon him, as the comments of the press on trivial matters were viewed with amusement rather than with serious concern. He had been criticized on so many more weighty matters that he had become seemingly callous to such as did not affect his general integrity of character.

There was no time perhaps in his whole career when he became more sensitive to the public interpretation of his motives than when his character for honesty was questioned by some in connection with the failure of Grant and Ward. There was no doubt that the shock of the announcement greatly added to his already weakened condition and aggravated the local trouble in his throat. His mental suffering was most intense and was mainly dependent upon the reflection on his honor and business integrity which had been so cruelly and so unjustly made by those who had been directly and guiltily responsible for the scandal. He was then forced to realize that there was no sacrifice too great to save that good name he had thus far successfully labored to deserve.

In his home-life General Grant delighted in simplicity. He felt perfectly at ease himself, and desired all his intimate friends to accommodate themselves to a like condition. With a pure motive of respect and familiarity he would generally call his old comrades by their surnames, omitting all their conventional titles; but he never addressed them by their christened names, evidently believing that such a course was lacking in ordinary propriety. Under other circumstances, and with casual acquaintances, he was always more than courteously dignified and respectfully formal. First names were always used, however, in his immediate family.

The intercourse between its members was unrestrained and oftentimes playful. Fred (then Colonel) Grant, who had the privilege of being most constantly with his father during the latter's illness, was always eager for an opportunity to minister to his most trivial needs. No greater show of filial love could have been possible. He could scarcely pass his father's chair without reaching over to smooth and pat his brow, and the General appeared to be always expecting this tribute of affection. Father and son thus came very close to each other. Next to Mrs. Grant, "Col. Fred" was the General's most trusted counselor. The son felt this

responsibility, and was always on the alert to second any wish of his stricken parent. He well knew that the time for such sacred duties was short, and he was seemingly more than anxious to improve the fast-passing opportunities. What made the solicitude greater was the fact that the General, so far from being exacting in his demands, seldom complained and seemed determined to give as little trouble as possible under an almost constant stress of suffering.

Nothing delighted the family more than to learn that the patient was comfortable and inclined to be cheerful. Sometimes extraordinary efforts were necessary to make him forget for a time his pain and be himself again. On one such occasion, when the General had passed a restless night and was much depressed in consequence, I used a rather bold expedient to rouse him from a settling despondency. Mrs. Grant and Mrs. Sartoris, while waiting outside his room during one of my morning visits, had asked as usual how he had slept and what was his condition on waking. I explained to them his very depressed condition, and asked them if they would help me create a diversion for the patient. The plan was duly accepted and the following dialogue ensued:

"General, two ladies have called, and have asked if they can see you. They are very anxious to know how you are, but have promised not to disturb you by useless questions."

"But why can you not tell them?" said he.

"They insist upon seeing you themselves, if it is possible," was the answer.

"What did you say to them?"

"That they might see you if they promised to allow me to speak for you."

"Well," said he resignedly, "you may invite them in."

When Mrs. Grant and "Nelly" entered, I introduced them with mock formality and stated the object of their visit, at the same time promising the General that both ladies had made a solemn promise not to engage him in any conversation.

The General took in the situation at once; there was a new glint in his eye, and with a suppressed smile he very deliberately said, "Ladies, the doctor will tell you all that you wish to know." Then, as if they had been strangers to him, I simply replied that as the General did not wish to be troubled with useless questions, he desired to say that he was feeling reasonably comfortable, that he fully appreciated the honor of their visit, and was correspondingly grateful for their sympathy. By this time his despondency had disappeared, and after Mrs. Grant and her daughter had bowed and left the room, he called to them and ended the episode by an enjoyable chat.

With a similar object in view at another time a diversion was made in another direction, with an equally beneficial result. One night when the patient was much depressed and unable to sleep, he expressed a wish, in the temporary absence of Dr. Douglas, to see me. Under ordinary circumstances an anodyne would have been indicated to procure for him a good night's rest; but such a remedy had on previous occasions proved disappointing, and it was agreed that milder and more natural methods should be tried. Accordingly it was determined to accomplish the results on new lines. He was fearful of a sleepless night, and felt that he must rest at any cost. Being determined that he should not yield to such an impression, I persuaded him that an altered position in bed might affect the desired object.

"What shall I do?" he asked, with that gentleness and willingness to obey orders which always characterized him.

"Allow me to arrange your pillow and turn it on its cooler side, while you imagine yourself a boy again." Continuing, I ventured to say: "When a youngster, you were never bolstered up in that fashion, and every bed was the same. Now, curl up your legs, lie over on your side, and bend your neck while I tuck the cover around your shoulders."

Apparently the idea struck him pleasantly, as was shown by his docile and acquiescent manner. Lastly I placed his hand under the pillow, and asked him if he did not feel easy and comfortable. As he apparently desired then to be left alone, I could not resist the temptation to pat him coaxingly and enjoin him "to go to sleep like a boy."

Mrs. Grant was present, and watched the proceeding with a pleased concern.

After the covering had been otherwise properly arranged and the light in the sick chamber had been turned low, she and I sat beside the bed and awaited developments. In a few minutes we saw, to our great gratification, that the tired and heretofore restless patient was peacefully and soundly asleep. He rested as he must have done when a boy. After watching the patient for some time, I turned to Mrs. Grant, saying: "I 'm afraid that the General will not like that kind of treatment. He may think it inconsistent with his dignity to be treated like a child, and may not understand the real motive."

"Not the slightest danger of that," replied Mrs. Grant. "He is the most simple-mannered and reasonable person in the world, and he likes to have persons whom he knows treat him without ceremony."

When, at his request, I tried the same method the following evening, he yielded to it as readily as before, and as the result of his "boy-fashion of sleeping," seldom afterward was there any need for anodynes until the last days of his sickness. He told me subsequently that he had not slept with his arm under a bolster and his knees curled up under his chin in that way since he first went to West Point, forty years before.

After this incident it happened that I was brought into closer relations with General Grant than I had been before. He seemed pleased to encourage a familiarity of intercourse. He was then no longer the naturally reserved man, but the frank and open-hearted friend. Thus he would often invite me to talk with him, and never manifested any hesitation in giving his views, in a reminiscent way, on different topics under discussion.

I was pardonably curious to learn his opinion on many matters with which his great career as a soldier had brought him in direct contact. In the "reticent man" there was thus opened for me a new line of psychological study. It was the difference between being within actual touch of the light-house lamps and in formerly wondering at their glare and flash when miles away. The same voice then spoke to me that had made armies move and cannon roar. It was always an edification to hear this central figure of it all so simply and modestly refer to his apparently casual share of the work.

When there was much discussion in the newspapers regarding Grant's personal treatment of Lee on the occasion of the famous meeting at Appomattox, I was interested to hear his own version of the event. In all his conversations on the subject, he always spoke of Lee as a great general and a magnanimous gentleman. It was only the different reasons for fighting each other that, in a military sense, made the two men forced enemies. Two practised players took opposite sides on the checker-board. When the game was over, the issue was closed. There was thus no necessity for any embarrassing explanations when the two opposing generals saluted each other. The real purpose of the meeting was at first masked by the ordinary civilities of the occasion. The difference in the appearance of the two was very marked. Lee was attired in an entirely new uniform; Grant wore a blouse, and was, as usual, without his sword.

Grant, in relating the circumstance, confessed himself at great disadvantage in his ordinary field clothes and "muddy boots," and felt bound to apologize accordingly. The apparent discourtesy was purely accidental, as Grant had no appropriate uniform at hand. He was notorious for his neglect of such formalities. He was a mere workingman on the field, with soft felt hat, private's overcoat, no sword, and with gauntlets trimmed to mere gloves. His only care was for his horse, always well caparisoned and well kept. This time, however, his pet animal limped to the rendezvous with a sprained foot, carrying an equally sorry rider just recovering from a severe attack of headache. Lee wore a magnificent sword, presented to him by the ladies of Richmond. Grant, noticing this, instantly made up his mind to waive the formality of accepting the weapon, as he did not wish in any way to wound the pride of so valiant an antagonist.

In remarking upon the circumstances connected with the surrender, he substantiated all the details mentioned in Badeau's military history.

It was strange indeed to hear Grant describe that memorable and dramatic

scene with the least possible show of exultation or vainglory and with the rare and simple modesty of a man who was describing what appeared to him to be a very ordinary circumstance.

No one can say that Grant was given in any way to pomp or show. He was intolerant of all useless and extravagant exultation. It was his privilege to march at the head of his victorious army into Richmond and take formal possession of the conquered capital of the Confederacy; but instead of doing so, he immediately hurried in a quiet way to Washington to stop expenditure of men and money and to end the war in the quickest and most practical way in his power.

Mrs. Grant, in referring to some of the ovations given him during his memorable trip abroad, said that he submitted to them rather than enjoyed them. A striking instance was when he received the salute of royal elephants tendered him by the King of Siam. On that occasion the animals were drawn up in double line, and as the General walked alone along a path thus formed, each trunk by way of salute was raised in turn as he passed. While fully appreciating the marked distinction thus shown him, his natural modesty was duly shocked by the attendant display of pomp, and he remarked at the end that he had never before "inspected such a novel guard mount." The same feeling appeared to possess him when hemmed in by a cheering crowd and compelled to acknowledge its cordial salutations. He never seemed able to understand that the greeting was intended as a distinctly personal compliment to the man.

That he was never spoiled by these outbursts of enthusiasm was shown by his frequent expressions of relief when the incentives for their display were over and he gracefully took his position as "an ordinary private citizen." In referring to the vote of thanks from Congress, he would say: "That is the Government's expression of appreciation of services"; and once he said to me, "That is the certificate given me for being a good boy in school."

He told me that one rainy evening while walking to a reception which was given in his honor he was overtaken by a pedestrian who was on his way to the same place of meeting. The stranger, who quite familiarly shared the General's umbrella, volunteered the information that he was going to see Grant. The General responded that he was likewise on his way to the hall.

"I have never seen Grant," said the stranger, "and I merely go to satisfy a personal curiosity. Between us, I have always thought that Grant was a very much overrated man."

"That 's my view also," replied his chance companion.

When they afterward met on the receiving-line, the General was greatly amused when the stranger smilingly said: "If I had only known it, General, we might have shaken hands before."

Although the General had a well-earned reputation for remembering faces and individual points of character in connection with them, it was not surprising that he should sometimes be at a loss to place persons he had met before. In order to avoid embarrassment, he would frequently resort to the expedient of being informed in advance of the persons he was to meet.

At a reception given to him by General Sharpe in Kingston, New York, on a trip to the Catskill Mountains, a noted character of that region, a great admirer of Grant, was introduced to him. The General, attracted by the open-hearted and bluff manner of the man, inquired as to the chance of a pleasant day for the morrow and the opportunity for a view from the mountain peaks. The man so much appreciated the privilege of even this brief interview that he constantly referred to it in talking with his neighbors.

Long afterward the General was a guest of Mr. Harding, the proprietor of the Kaaterskill Hotel, when the proud interviewer was seen approaching them on the road.

"Here comes a man, General, who constantly prides himself on having talked with you, and he is evidently bent on renewing the acquaintance."

"Where and when did I see him," asked the General, "and what is his name?"

Mr. Harding, being naturally acquainted with all the facts in the case, having often heard the man tell his story,

gave the inquirer all the necessary information. When the countryman approached, an introduction followed.

"General, here is an old friend of yours, Mr. ——"

"What, Mr. ——! Oh, yes; I saw you at General Sharpe's. We had fine weather the next day, although I did not think it possible when you told me. Are you always such a good weather-prophet?"

(To be continued)

WHAT THE WORLD MIGHT HAVE MISSED[1]

THE GREAT WORK DONE BY MEN OVER FORTY

BY W. A. N. DORLAND

A DISTINGUISHED citizen of the world, a man of extreme culture and erudition, whose achievements and literary contributions have incalculably enriched the storehouse of knowledge, not long ago remarked in a notable address: "Take the sum of human achievement, in action, in science, in art, in literature; subtract the work of the men above forty, and while we should miss great treasures, even priceless treasures, we would practically be where we are today. It is difficult to name a great and far-reaching conquest of the mind which has not been given to the world by a man on whose back the sun was still shining. The effective, moving, vitalizing work of the world is done between the ages of twenty-five and forty."

No more genial and kindly disposed person exists than Professor Osler, the originator of these views. Love for his fellow-man and intense sympathy are his striking characteristics. Only the most honest belief prompts every utterance of his pen. Statements from such a source, however startling or distasteful to the average reader, command an earnest perusal, a close and searching investigation—but not a blind acceptance. For even the most thoroughly grounded may, if arguing from apparently sound, but actually incorrect, premises, arrive at logically correct, but virtually erroneous, conclusions. If the deduction be correct, why, one would reason, should the earth be cumbered with so much intellectual deadwood, the span of life be extended to threescore and ten years only that there may be thirty years of regression and slow but progressive mental decay? Nature in all her many laboratories is prodigal in her profusion, but never aimlessly so. There is an excess of production, but never a useless accumulation. Only that survives which is found worthy; all else speedily makes way for more powerful, more efficient, and more productive successors. The Pre-tertiary times prepared the way for the Tertiary, this for the Quaternary, and all for the dwelling of man upon the earth. The antediluvian must perish in order that his more worthy successor should find the way clear for his development. The superstitions of antiquity and of medieval times vanish before the sunburst of education and accumulated knowledge. Only in the noblest creation of nature are we to find a notable exception. Man is at his best in his youthful days, and then, resisting the sublime law of the "survival of the fittest," insists upon lingering here that he may gloat over his early successes or bemoan his intellectual decay, according to the peculiar temperament with which he has been endowed.

The sweeping and iconoclastic statement of the brilliant savant at first sight would seem to discount temperament, ex-

[1] See "The Age of Mental Virility," by the same writer, in the April number.

perience, accumulated learning, judgment, discretion, maturity—all that go to make the intellectual granite and marble of the impressive and commanding man of middle age. Impulse, initiative, adventure, rise to the acme of desirability, and are the golden virtues to be cultivated and apotheosized. Only fifteen years of mental effort, and the climax is reached! Then begins the inevitable descent to oblivion and decay. Again, it would seem to indicate that all these virtues, desirable enough in their place and time, are strictly and irrevocably limited to a certain period of the human development. Beyond this epochal dead-line they cannot be found, save in monumental exceptions which are the wonder and perplexity of the hidebound scientist.

Does history warrant or corroborate such a conclusion? Most assuredly not, and doubtless it was far from the intention of the writer of the opening paragraph even to intimate as much. The record-book of the world is replete with the opportunities and successes of age and experience. As some one has said: "The golden thread of youth is carried to a much later period of life now than it was in former years." An Indian, chided for being sixty, replied that the sixties contain all the wisdom and experience of the twenties, thirties, forties, and fifties. Yes, and some of the initiative, also. The Patriarch of the Exodus, when an impulsive and immature man of forty, deeming the hour had struck, took the initiative in his own hands, blundered, through a misconception of the times, and, because of his rash and inopportune murder of the Egyptian brawler, was compelled to flee the land. For forty years he was immured in the wilderness of Midian, buffeted by wind and tempest, exiled from human companionship, gnawed at by conflicting mental emotions, there to learn the secret of self-control, and through protracted communion with nature to acquire the massiveness and robustness of character that were essential for his true work at eighty.

It is not the motive of the present essay, however, to take up the cudgels of defense for the unfortunates who have attained to the age of forty and over. Let them speak for themselves. A feeling of curiosity to know what would be subtracted from the sum of achievement had life arbitrarily been terminated at successive ages has prompted what can only properly be termed a retrograde analysis. Let it be supposed that all life had ceased at the individual age of seventy; then at sixty, fifty, and forty, and what then would have been left as the result of mental activity in the first four decades of life? Here is a wide field for most interesting investigation. The scope is tremendous, embracing the outcome of mental activity throughout the period of the world's authentic history, and it at once becomes evident that only a few pivotal facts can be selected as illustrative of the accomplishments of the various decades. The omission of one or another of the great records must not be construed as in any sense depreciatory or as delimiting their values and influence upon the evolution of the race.

AFTER SEVENTY

THE Biblical limitation of life is threescore years and ten, and any attainment of years over and beyond this age is by reason of strength. If it had been decreed that no man should exceed this statutory limit, what, then, would have been missed from the category of the world's achievements?

In the first place, in the sphere of action, the great Mosaic law, which lies at the foundation of, and has virtually constituted, the moral law of the nations ever since its evolution, would never have been promulgated—at least as the Mosaic law. For let it be remembered that it was presented to the Hebrew exodists when its hoary-headed sponsor had rounded out a century or more of existence. It may be asserted that this law would inevitably have been enacted sooner or later had not the ancient lawgiver seized upon the opportunity when it presented itself. This is undoubtedly true, not only of the Mosaic law, but of all great achievements which wait the destined man and hour for their evolution and elaboration. It in no wise detracts, however, from the fact that this fundamental law was given to the world by one who had attained to extreme age—the twilight of life—far beyond the average working-period of man. Again, Savigny, the founder of

modern jurisprudence, would not have published his famous treatise on "Obligations." Palmerston would not have attained the primacy of England, nor Disraeli have served his second term in that office. Thiers would never have had his great part in establishing the French Republic or have become its President; Benjamin Franklin's invaluable service in France would have been lost to his country; Gladstone would not have become the "Grand Old Man" of England and for eleven years have held the prime ministership; and Henry Clay's Omnibus Bill to avert the battle on slavery would not have been conceived.

In the field of science notable losses would have to be recorded. Galileo would not have made the wonderful discovery of the moon's diurnal and monthly librations. Spencer's "Inadequacy of Natural Selection" and Darwin's "Power of Movement in Plants" and "The Formation of Vegetable Mould through the Action of Worms" would not have been written. Buffon's five volumes on minerals and eight volumes on reptiles, fishes, and cetaceans, and Lamarck's greatest zoölogical work, "The Natural History of Invertebrate Animals," would have been lost. Von Baer, the eminent biologist, would not have composed his monumental "Comparative Embryology." Humboldt's masterpiece, "Kosmos," and Harvey's "Exercitationes de Generatione Animalium" would not exist; Euler's greatest astronomical work, "Opuscula Analytica," and Galileo's most valuable book, "Dialogue on the New Science," would have failed of publication.

Priceless treasures would be eliminated from the art-collections of the world. Tintoretto's crowning production, the vast "Paradise," would not have appeared, nor would Perugino have painted the walls of the Church of Castello di Fontignano. Titian would not have lived to paint his "Venus and Adonis," "Last Judgment," "Martyrdom of St. Laurence," "Christ Crowned with Thorns," "Diana and Actæon," "Magdalen," "Christ in the Garden," and his "Battle of Lepanto," which appeared when the artist was ninety-eight years old. Benjamin West would not have painted his masterpiece, "Christ Rejected"; Corot's "Matin à Ville d'Avray," "Danse Antique," and "Le Bûcheron," would not exist; nor would Cruikshank's frontispiece to Mrs. Blewitt's "The Rose and the Lily," the latter having been completed when the artist was eighty-three years old.

In music, Verdi's two brilliant masterpieces "Otello" and "Falstaff," and his beautiful "Ave Maria," "Laudi alla Virgine," "Stabat Mater," and "Te Deum," would not have been written; Rossini's "Petite Messe Solennelle" would have been lost; while Meyerbeer's master production "L'Africaine," and Handel's oratorio "Triumph of Time and Truth" would not enrich the world's repertory.

And what shall we say of the realm of literary effort? It is astonishing to note what these old men of seventy and over have contributed in this direction. Benjamin Franklin's inimitable autobiography; Disraeli's "Endymion"; Landor's "Imaginary Conversations" and his masterful "Hellenics"; Schelling's "Philosophy of Mythology and Revelation"; Kant's "Anthropology," "Strife of the Faculties," and "Metaphysics of Ethics"; Chateaubriand's celebrated "Mémoires d'outre-tombe"; Hugo's "Torquemada," "93," and "History of a Crime"; Milman's "History of St. Paul's"; Voltaire's tragedy "Irène"; Leigh Hunt's "Stories in Verse"; Isaac D'Israeli's "Amenities of Literature"; Samuel Johnson's best work, "The Lives of the Poets"; Emerson's "Letters and Social Aims"; Ruskin's "Verona and Other Lectures"; Michelet's "History of the Nineteenth Century"; Guizot's "Meditations on the Christian Religion" and his large five-volume "History of France"; Swedenborg's "De Cœlo et de Inferno" and his "Sapientia Angelica"; Whittier's "Poems of Nature" and "St. Gregory's Guest"; Tennyson's "Rizpah," "The Foresters," "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After," and other famous poems; Longfellow's "Ultima Thule," "Hermes Trismegistus," and "Bells of San Blas"; Browning's "Asolando" and his "Parleyings with Certain People"; Bryant's brilliant translations of the Iliad and the Odyssey; Grote's "Aristotle"; Hallam's "Literary Essays and Characters"; Washington Irving's "Life of Washington" and his "Wolfert's Roost"; Holmes's "Iron

Gate and Other Poems," "Medical Essays," "Pages from an Old Volume of Life," "Essay on Ralph Waldo Emerson," and the "New Portfolio"; Ranke's "History of Wallenstein," "History of England," and the twelve volumes of his "History of the World"; Hobbes's "Behemoth," "Rosetum Geometricum," "Decameron Physiologicum," and "Problemata Physica"; the last three volumes of Bancroft's history; Froude's "Life of Lord Beaconsfield" and "Divorce of Catherine of Aragon"; much of Mommsen's "Corpus Inscriptionum Latinarum"; and the last part of Goethe's "Faust," and his "Wilhelm Meisters Wanderjahre."

BETWEEN SIXTY AND SEVENTY

HAD the seventh decade (that which may well be termed the period of history-making and autobiography) been eliminated from the totality of human life, still greater drafts upon the storehouse of knowledge and achievement would have to be made. From the field of action alone most important events would be deducted. That remarkable ethico-political system, Confucianism, which has done so much to mold the Celestial intellect, would have been lost to China; Bismarck would not have instituted the career of Germany as a colonizing power; Pasteur's discovery of the value of inoculation for the prevention of hydrophobia would have been left for some other bright intellect to evolve. Monroe would not have enunciated the famous doctrine for the development and protection of the American nationalities. Von Moltke would not have executed the marvelous campaign that won the Franco-Prussian War, nor would Sir Charles Napier's famous campaign in the Sind, with its great and decisive victories of Meanee and Hyderabad, have been conceived. The United States would have lost the brilliant career of John Hay as Secretary of State, and the great principle of the preservation of the unity of China would not have been established, to the undoing of national, political, and territorial greed. Columbus would not have accomplished his third and fourth great voyages, wherein he discovered the South American continent and the island of Martinique. England would not have profited by the magnificent statesmanship of Palmerston; John Adams would not have attained the Presidency nor Jefferson have served his second term. Beaconsfield's primacy in England, Crispi's in Italy, and Daniel Webster's second term in the Department of State would have been lost to their respective governments, while the American Colony would have been deprived of Benjamin Franklin's invaluable services at home. In the great religious struggle in Europe, Luther's pamphlet on the "Wittenberg Reformation" and much of his personal influence would have been abolished; and Savigny's great "Modern System of Roman Law" would not have enriched the literature of jurisprudence.

From the granaries of science must be extracted some of their choicest accumulations, including Darwin's famous "Descent of Man," his "Insectivorous Plants," and "Emotions in Man and Animals"; Buffon's "Natural History of Birds"; Tyndall's "Essays on the Floating Matter of the Air"; Herbert Spencer's "Factors of Organic Evolution"; Audubon's "Biography of American Quadrupeds"; Lyell's third great work, "Antiquity of Man"; John Hunter's masterpiece on "Blood, Inflammation, and Gunshot Wounds"; Max Müller's "Buddhist Texts from Japan," "Science of Thought," "Lectures on Natural and Physical Religion," and "Anthropological Religions"; Lagrange's remarkable work, "Theory of the Analytical Functions"; Biot's enlarged "Elementary Treatise on Physical Astronomy"; Galileo's famous "Dialogue with God upon the Great Systems of the World"; Leverrier's tremendous task of the revision of the planetary theories; D'Alembert's important work "Opuscules mathématiques"; John Napier's masterful invention of the system of logarithms and his description thereof,—which is second only to Newton's "Principia,"—and his "Rabdologia," descriptive of the famous Napier enumerating bones; and Faraday's "Experimental Researches in Chemistry and Physics," and his "Lectures on the Chemical History of a Candle."

Truly priceless treasures would be missed from the galleries and laboratories of art. Michelangelo's celebrated "Last Judgment," the most famous sin-

gle picture in the world, and his frescos in the Sistine Chapel; Corot's "Solitude," "Repose," and other beautiful works; Cruikshank's elaborate etching for Brough's "Life of Sir John Falstaff," and his most important picture, "Worship of Bacchus"; Titian's period of artistic acme, including his "Battle of Cadore" and the portraits of the twelve Cæsars; West's famous canvases, including the celebrated "Christ Healing the Sick"; Perugino's frescos in the Monastery of Sta. Agnese in Perugia; Turner's inimitable "Fighting Téméraire," his "Slave Ship," and his Venetian sketches; Meissonier's famous "Friedland—1807," "Cuirassier of 1805," "Moreau and his staff before Hohenlinden," "Outpost of the Grand Guard," "Saint Mark," and many others of his works; Blake's great series of engravings illustrating the Book of Job; Bouguereau's "Love Disarmed," "Love Victorious," "Psyche and Love," "Holy Women at the Sepulchre," "Little Beggar Girls," and other works; Hogarth's "The Lady's Last Stake," "Bathos," and "Sigismunda Weeping over the Heart of her Murdered Lover"; Murillo's series of pictures in the Augustinian Convent at Seville illustrating the life of the "glorious doctor," and his able portrait of the Canon Justino; Reynolds's portraits of Mrs. Siddons as "The Tragic Muse," the Duchess of Devonshire and her child, Miss Gwatkin as "Simplicity," and "The Infant Hercules"; Landseer's powerful "Swannery Invaded by Sea Eagles" and his "Pair of Nutcrackers"; Wagner's "Parsifal"; the two works on which Haydn's claims to immortality mainly rest, the oratorio "Creation" and the cantata "The Seasons"; Verdi's famous "Requiem"; Handel's oratorios "Judas Maccabæus," "Joshua," "Solomon," "Susanna," "Theodora," and "Jephtha"; Gluck's "Armide" and his famous "Iphigénie en Tauride"; Gounod's brilliant oratorio "La Rédemption," his "Le Tribut de Zamora," the oratorio "Death and Life," and the "Messe à la Memoire de Jeanne d'Arc"; and Meyerbeer's "Star of the North" and "The Pardon of Ploermel."

The devastation in the field of literature would be irreparable. Now would be eliminated Littré's great "Dictionary of the French Language," pronounced the best lexicon in any living tongue; Grote's "Plato and the Other Companions of Socrates"; Ranke's "History of England"; Grimm's celebrated "Correspondence littéraire"; Newman's "Apologia," the greatest and most effective religious autobiography of the nineteenth century, his "Dream of Gerontius," a poem of great subtlety and pathos, and his "Grammar of Assent"; Sydney Smith's trenchant "Letters on the Ecclesiastical Commission"; Sir Richard Burton's translation of the "Arabian Nights"; Renan's "History of the Israelitish People"; Southey's "Doctor"; the third part of Butler's "Hudibras"; Grant's "Memoirs"; Landor's famous "Pericles and Aspasia" and his equally famous "Pentameron"; Herbert Spencer's "Man versus the State" and "Ecclesiastical Institutions"; Thomas Chalmers's noted "Institutes of Theology"; Lowell's "Old English Dramatists," "Heartsease and Rue," and some of his "Political Essays"; John Knox's "Historie of the Reformation"; Carlyle's largest work, "History of Frederick the Great"; Corneille's "Attila" and "Tite et Bérénice"; Defoe's "Fortunes and Misfortunes of Moll Flanders," "Journal of the Plague Year," "Political History of the Devil," and "System of Magic"; the second part of "Don Quixote," which is much superior in invention to its predecessor, though composed when the author was sixty-seven years of age; also Cervantes's second best work, "Novelas Exemplares," and his most successful poem "Voyage to Parnassus"; Saint-Simon's last and most important expression of his views, "The New Christianity"; Leigh Hunt's "Autobiography," "Wit and Humor," and "A Jar of Honey from Mount Hybla"; Swift's "Polite Conversation"; Schopenhauer's "Parerga und Paralipomena"; Goethe's "Theory of Color," his autobiography "Poetry and Truth," and many of his best poems; Young's "Night Thoughts"; Wordsworth's "Evening Voluntaries"; Bryant's "Letters of a Traveler"; Guizot's "History of the British Commonwealth"; Swedenborg's famous "Arcana Cœlestia"; Bulwer Lytton's "Kenelm Chillingly," "The Coming Race," and "The Parisians"; Edmund Burke's "Reflections on the Revolution in France" and his splendid

"Letters on a Regicide Peace"; Bunsen's well-known "Bible-work," "God in History," and "Egypt's Place in Universal History"; Wilhelm Grimm's "Old German Dialogues"; Hugo's "Toilers of the Sea," "The Man Who Laughs," and "The Terrible Year"; Isaac D'Israeli's "Genius of Judaism" and "Commentary on the Life and Reign of Charles I"; Du Maurier's "The Martian"; the second series of Matthew Arnold's "Essays in Criticism"; George William Curtis's "Easy Chair"; Wyclif's most important book, "Trialogus"; John Stuart Mills "Essay on Theism"; Huxley's "Evolution and Ethics"; Berkeley's famous "Common-Place Book," one of the most valuable autobiographical records in existence; many of Verne's best works, including "The Mysterious Island"; Dean Stanley's "Christian Institutions," an exceedingly important work; Coleridge's famous "Epitaph" and his "Confessions of an Inquiring Spirit"; Milton's "Paradise Regained," "Samson Agonistes," and "History of Britain to the Norman Conquest"; Condillac's "Logic" and the important work "Commerce and Government"; Zola's "Vérité"; Parkman's "Montcalm and Wolfe" and "A Half Century of Conflict"; Hobbes's masterpiece "Leviathan," and his famous "Elementa Philosophica de Cive," "De Corpore Politico," and "Human Nature"; Leibnitz's celebrated "Essais de Théodicée," his "Monadologie," and the "Principes de la Natur et de la Grace"; Mommsen's "Provinces of the Roman Empire"; Lamartine's "History of the Restoration" and "History of Russia"; Hallam's "Introduction to the Literature of Europe"; Böckh's great work, "History of the World-cycles of the Greeks"; Voltaire's unsurpassable tale "Candide"; Ruskin's "Arrows of the Chase," "Art of England," and the fascinating, though unfinished autobiography "Præterita"; Milman's great work, "History of Latin Christianity"; Emerson's "Society and Solitude," his anthology "Parnassus," and "Lectures on the Natural History of the Intellect"; Dryden's masterful second ode on "St. Cecilia's Day" and his translation of Vergil; the eighteen volumes of Lacépède's "General, Physical, and Civil History of Europe"; Michelet's monumental work, "History of France"; Jacob Grimm's two masterpieces, "History of the German Language" and the "Deutsches Wörterbuch"; Locke's "Thoughts on Education," "Vindication," and "Reasonableness of Christianity"; Francis Bacon's "History of Henry VII," "Apothegms," and "History of Life and Death"; Diderot's "Essay on the Reigns of Claudius and Nero"; D'Alembert's "Dream" and his play "Jacques le Fataliste"; Washington Irving's "Oliver Goldsmith" and "Lives of Mahomet and his Successors"; Whittier's "Among the Hills," "Ballads of New England," "Hazel Blossoms," "Mabel Martin," and "Vision of Echard"; Longfellow's "New England Tragedies," "Aftermath," "Hanging of the Crane," and "Mask of Pandora"; Tennyson's "Gareth and Lynette," "Last Tournament," "Queen Mary," "Harold," the best of his dramas, the lyric "Revenge," "Defence of Lucknow," and "The Lover's Tale"; Browning's "Dramatic Idyls," "The Inn Album," and "Aristophanes' Apology"; Holmes's "Poet at the Breakfast-Table," "Songs of Many Seasons," "The Iron Gate," and "Memoirs of John L. Motley"; the fourth part of Le Sage's "Gil Blas"; Froude's lives of Cæsar and Carlyle and "The English in the West Indies"; Lew Wallace's "Prince of India"; Lever's "The Bramleighs of Bishop's Folly" and "Lord Kilgobbin"; Reade's "A Woman-Hater," "The Wandering Heir," and "The Jilt"; Samuel Richardson's "Sir Charles Grandison"; Trollope's "The Prime Minister," "The American Senator," and "Is He Popenjoy?" and Ibsen's "Hedda Gabler," "The Master Builder," "Little Eyolf," "John Gabriel Borkman," and "When the Dead Awake."

BETWEEN FIFTY AND SIXTY

THE sixth decade of life has been most prolific in human achievement, and may well be designated as the age of the masterwork. In action alone its accomplishments have revolutionized history, and it would be most difficult to conceive what would be the present status of the world's affairs had these ten years of individual life never existed. Columbus would not then have made his discovery of the American continent; Marlborough would not have won the great victory at Blen-

heim; Morse's invention of the telegraphic alphabet would have been lost; Richelieu would not have attained supremacy in France and concluded the Peace of Westphalia; Cæsar would not have corrected the calendar or have written his "Commentaries"; Cromwell would not have overthrown Charles I and established the Protectorate in England; Lincoln would not have issued his Emancipation Proclamation; Bright's great fight in Parliament for reform would not have been made; Loyola would not have founded the Society of Jesus, nor Jefferson have established the Democratic party in the United States; Knox's great work of the Reformation in Scotland would have been lost; Wyclif would not have made the first complete English version of the Bible, nor Luther the first complete translation of that book; Schliemann's excavations at Troy and elsewhere would not have enriched archæology; Humboldt would not have established a line of magnetic and meteorologic stations across northern Asia; Galvani would never have enunciated his celebrated theory of animal electricity, nor John Hunter have discovered the uteroplacental circulation, first ligated successfully the femoral artery in the canal that bears his name, and have built his famous anatomical museum when generally recognized as the first surgeon in England; Kepler would not have invented his wonderful table of logarithms, nor Faraday have lived through his second great period of research in which he discovered the effect of magnetism on polarized light and the phenomenon of diamagnetism. Lord Chesterfield's famous system of social ethics and the Hegelian and Lotzian systems of philosophy would have been lost. Leibnitz would not have founded the Academy of Berlin, nor Bunsen have urged the unity of Germany. Wellington would not have accomplished the Emancipation of the Catholics during his primacy. Penn would not have made his famous treaty with the Indians; Laud and Cranmer would not have influenced the church of England, and the latter have secured the legalization of the marriage of the clergy. John Adams's celebrated "Defense of the American Constitution" would have been lost; Washington would not have become the first President of the United States, nor would Talleyrand have overthrown the Napoleonic Empire, secured the ascension to the throne of Louis XVIII, and achieved his supreme triumph at the Congress of Vienna; Robert E. Lee's services would have been lost to the Confederacy, and much of Von Moltke's remarkable activity in strategical and tactical military affairs would have been missed; Herschel would not have invented his great reflecting telescope, nor have made his sublime discovery of the action of mechanical laws in the movements of the celestial bodies. Swedenborg would not have experienced his religious change and founded his order. Joe Jefferson would not have made the part of "Bob Acres" a national favorite, nor Irving have reached the apex of his career. Guizot would not have attained the primacy of France and ruled for eight years; Peel would not have contributed his masterwork in improving the finances of his country. Canning's brilliant career in Parliament would have been lost, together with the formation of the Triple Alliance between France, Russia, and Great Britain which resulted in the independence of Greece. Monroe would not have served through his administration, Edmund Burke have devised his famous India Bill and secured the impeachment of Warren Hastings, or Garibaldi have become the dictator of Italy.

Scientific investigation would have been impoverished by the loss of Leidy's famous contribution to biology; the first fifteen volumes of Buffon's "Natural History"; Darwin's "Fertilization of Orchids" and "The Habits and Movements of Climbing Plants"; Cuvier's magnificent "Natural History of Fishes" and his "History and Anatomy of Mollusks"; and Huxley's "Physiography" and "Science and Culture." Herbert Spencer would not have contributed his "Study and Principles of Sociology," "Political and Ceremonial Institutions" and "The Data of Ethics"; Hugh Miller's masterwork, "My Schools and Schoolmasters," would have been lost. Saint-Simon would not have written his "L'Industrie" and "L'Organisateur"; Galileo his "Il Saggiatore"; Lagrange his great work "Mécanique analytique"; John Stuart Mill his "Representative Government" and "Utilitarianism"; Copernicus his great

treatise on "The Revolutions of Celestial Bodies"; Boerhaave his famous "Elements of Chemistry"; and Adam Smith his masterpiece on the "Wealth of Nations." Biot's "Researches in Ancient Astronomy" would have been lost, as would also Condillac's "Study of History" and his "Treatise on Animals," Sir Richard Burton's "Zanzibar" and "Gold Mines of Midian," and Rennell's celebrated "Geographical System of Herodotus." Faraday would not have published the first two volumes of his "Experimental Researches in Electricity," Diderot would not have prepared the main part of his great French encyclopedia, or Tyndall have written the "Use and Limit of Imagination in Science."

Many famous pictures would be missed from the galleries of the world, including Velasquez's great portrait of Innocent X, which was pronounced by Reynolds the finest picture in Rome; his famous portrait of Pareja; the masterful "Spinners," the splendid "Venus and Cupid," "Maids of Honor," and many other of his works; some of Reynolds's best work; Cruikshank's tragical and powerful series of pictures for "The Bottle"; Perugino's masterpiece, "Madonna and Saints," in the Certosa of Pavia, and his wonderful paintings in the audience-hall of the Guild of Bankers of Perugia; Leonardo da Vinci's famous "Battle of the Standard," designed when the artist was the most famous painter of Italy; Gainsborough's most noted work, the "Duchess of Devonshire"; Romney's famous "Infant Shakespeare attended by the Passions," and "Milton and his Daughters"; the most brilliant works of Rembrandt, including his masterpiece, "Syndics of the Cloth Hall," "Jewish Bride," and the "Family Group of Brunswick"; Corot's famous "Sunset in the Tyrol," "Dance of the Nymphs," "Dante and Vergil," "Macbeth," and "Hagar in the Desert"; Titian's "Venus" of Florence, and "St. Peter Martyr"; West's "Death of Wolfe" and the noted "Penn's Treaty with the Indians"; Tintoretto's magnificent "Plague of Serpents," "Moses Striking the Rock," and many of his memorable paintings, including the four extraordinary masterpieces "Bacchus and Ariadne," "Three Graces and Mercury," "Minerva discarding Mars," and the "Forge of Vulcan"; Constable's famous "Valley Farm"; the best of Turner's work, including "Ulysses Deriding Polyphemus," "Bridge of Sighs," "Ducal Palace," and "Custom House, Venice"; Landseer's excellent "Flood in the Highlands," "Deer in Repose," and "Deer Browsing"; Hogarth's admirable prints of an "Election," "Paul before Felix," "Moses brought to Pharaoh's Daughter," and "Gate of Calais"; Rubens's equestrian picture of Philip IV, "Banqueting House at Whitehall," "Feast of Venus," the portraits of Helena Fourment, and over forty pictures in Spain; Millet's "The Knitting Lesson," "November," and "Butter-making"; Meissonier's "Desaix and the Army of the Rhine"; and Bouguereau's well-known "Youth of Bacchus," "Mater Afflictorum," "The Birth of Venus," "Girl Defending Herself from Love," and "The Scourging of our Lord."

From the musical conservatories would be taken Spohr's great "The Fall of Babylon"; Meyerbeer's famous "The Prophet"; Verdi's "Don Carlos" and the great "Aïda"; Gluck's superb "Alceste" and "Paris and Helen"; Handel's great oratorios "The Messiah," "Saul," "Israel in Egypt," "Samson," "Joseph," "Belshazzar," and "Hercules"; Bach's magnificent "Mass in B minor," pronounced one of the greatest masterpieces of all time; Beethoven's famous "Choral Symphonies"; Brahms's supreme achievement, the four "Ernste Gesänge"; and Wagner's "Ring of the Nibelung" and "Die Meistersinger."

And what shall we miss from the bookshelves? Priceless treasures in very truth. The works of Aristotle and Plato; Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason"; Bacon's celebrated "Novum Organum"; Locke's famous "Essay Concerning Human Understanding"; the second part of Butler's "Hudibras"; Raleigh's prison-written "History of the World"; Reade's "Foul Play" and "Put Yourself in His Place"; the last volume of Niebuhr's "History of Rome"; George Fox's "Journal"; Bunyan's "Holy War" and the second part of "The Pilgrim's Progress"; Hawthorne's second masterpiece, "The Marble Faun"; La Rochefoucauld's famous "Maxims"; Boswell's "Life of Johnson"; the third book of Montaigne's "Essays"; Vol-

taire's wonderful "Philosophical Dictionary" and his famous "Diatribe du Docteur Akakia"; Sir Edwin Arnold's "Light of the World" and "With Sa'di in the Garden": Erasmus's celebrated "Colloquia"; Dickens's "Our Mutual Friend" and "Mystery of Edwin Drood"; Keble's famous "Lyra Innocentium"; Dryden's best play, "Don Sebastian," and his opera "Albion and Albanius"; Hay's (collaborated) life of Lincoln; Chateaubriand's "Les Natchez"; Boucicault's "The Shaughraun," and the beautiful "Daddy O'Dowd"; Grote's celebrated "History of Greece"; the second volume of Penn's "Fruits of Solitude"; Chalmers's work on "Political Economy"; Dean Stanley's "Historical Memorials of Westminster Abbey"; Goethe's "Natürliche Tochter" and the first part of "Faust"; the first series of Landor's "Imaginary Conversations"; the third part of "Gil Blas"; "Robinson Crusoe"; Rousseau's celebrated "Confessions"; "Ben Hur"; the last two volumes of Macaulay's "History of England"; Lamartine's greatest prose work, "History of the Girondins"; Cowper's "Task"; "The Divine Comedy"; "Paradise Lost"; "Canterbury Tales"; "Les Misérables"; the first part of "Don Quixote"; Freeman's "Ottoman Power in Europe" and his famous "The Reign of William Rufus"; the second collection of La Fontaine's "Fables," pronounced divine; "Gulliver's Travels," and the "Drapier's Letters," Swift's greatest political triumph; Sainte-Beuve's "Study of Vergil" and the final and best series of the "Monday" articles; the last seven volumes of Sterne's "Tristram Shandy"; Gibbon's delightful "Memoirs"; Zola's famous "Débâcle" and "Fecundity"; Montesquieu's masterwork, "L'Esprit des lois"; Ibsen's "A Doll's House," "Ghosts," and "Rosmersholm"; many of Matthew Arnold's best essays; Racine's masterpiece "Athalie"; Livingstone's "Narrative of an Expedition to the Zambesi"; Dodgson's "Mathematica Curiosa" and "Rhyme? and Reason?" Du Maurier's "Trilby" and "Peter Ibbetsen"; Leigh Hunt's "Captain Sword and Captain Pen," "Legend of Florence," and the charming "Imagination and Fancy"; the most singular of Lever's works, "Life's Romance"; Samuel Richardson's "Pamela" and his masterpiece, "Clarissa Harlowe"; Hood's "Song of the Shirt" and "Bridge of Sighs"; the third volume of Isaac D'Israeli's "Curiosities of Literature"; Molière's brilliant "Le malade imaginaire"; Francis Parkman's "The Old Régime in Canada" and "Count Frontenac and New France under Louis XIV"; Corneille's "Discourses on Dramatic Poetry" and his "Œdipe," "Sophonisbe" and "Sertorius"; Berkeley's celebrated "Siris"; Comte's greatest work, "System of Positive Polity," and his "Catechism of Positivism"; Froude's "English in Ireland"; Ranke's "History of Prussia" and "History of France in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries"; Browning's "Rabbi Ben Ezra," and his masterpiece, "The Ring and the Book"; Max Müller's "Origin and Growth of Religion" and "Selected Essays on Language, Mythology, and Religion"; Ruskin's "Proserpina," "Deucalion," and "Lectures on Art"; Descartes's essay on the "Passions of the Mind"; Lowell's "Among My Books" and "My Study Windows"; Prescott's "Conquest of Peru" and "History of Philip IV"; Cooper's "The Deerslayer" and "The Two Admirals"; Michelet's "History of the French Revolution" and "Women of the Revolution"; Washington Irving's "Astoria"; Bulwer Lytton's "A Strange Story"; Coleridge's "Aids to Reflection in the Formation of a Manly Character"; Emerson's "English Traits" and "Conduct of Life"; Renan's "Marcus Aurelius" and his "Evangelists"; Whittier's "In War-Time," "Snow-bound," "Maud Muller," and "National Lyrics"; Tennyson's "Enoch Arden," "The Holy Grail," and "Lucretius"; Longfellow's "The Courtship of Miles Standish," "Tales of a Wayside Inn," "Birds of Passage," and "The Children's Hour"; Holmes's "The Professor at the Breakfast-Table," "Elsie Venner," and "Humorous Poems"; Machiavelli's "Art of War," "History of Florence," and the powerful play "Mandragola"; Ben Jonson's "The Staple of News" and "The New Inn"; Wordsworth's "Ecclesiastical Sketches"; Scott's last novels, "Woodstock," "The Fair Maid of Perth," "Chronicles of the Canongate," and "Anne of Geierstein"; Jean Paul Richter's "Comet"; and a host of other standard works.

BETWEEN FORTY AND FIFTY

FINALLY, the elimination of the fifth decade of life would cause tremendous inroads upon the already sadly depleted records of human achievement. John Gutenberg would not have invented the art of printing from type, nor Franklin invented the lightning-rod. Humboldt would not have devised the system of isothermal lines, nor Galvani the metallic arc, nor would the latter have made his discovery of dynamic electricity. Priestley would not have discovered oxygen, nor Jenner have made his wonderful inoculation for smallpox, nor Harvey have announced his discovery of the circulation of the blood. Bessemer would not have invented his pneumatic process for the manufacture of steel, Watt the double acting steam-engine, nor Stephenson have instituted the modern era of railways. The colonies would have forfeited the invaluable services of Washington in the Revolutionary War; Morris would not have been the financial support of the Government; Jay would not have become the first Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States; Hungary would have lost the statesmanship of Kossuth; Talleyrand would not have accomplished his diplomatic career, nor Webster his great Congressional record; Peel would not have made his great speech on Catholic Emancipation; Monroe would not have negotiated the Louisiana Purchase; Calhoun would not have become the author of the doctrine of "nullification," to which the Civil War may be traced. Grant would not have won his great victories of the Civil War, nor would Sherman have achieved his military fame. Wren would not have designed St. Paul's Cathedral. France would have lost the services of Maret and Cardinal Mazarin. Cavour would not have become the virtual ruler of Italy and convened the first Italian Parliament, nor would Savonarola have become the lawgiver of Florence. Blackstone would not have prepared his "Commentaries"; Nelson would not have won the battle of Trafalgar, nor Cromwell his victories at Marston Moor and Naseby. Cardinal Wolsey would not have enjoyed his successful career; Boerhaave would not have introduced the system of clinical instruction into the study of medicine. Richard Henry Lee would not have suggested holding the Continental Congress, and thereby have strongly incited to the revolution of the Colonies. Luther would not have published the famous Augsburg Confession, nor Knox have become a Protestant and begun the Reformation in Scotland. Bright would not have made his great speech on the Crimean War; Turgot have accomplished his magnificent work in France as Minister of Finance; Richelieu would not have had his famous military and diplomatic career; Wellington would have missed his campaign in Spain and would not have overthrown Napoleon at Waterloo; Reynolds would not have founded the Royal Academy and have become its first president; Edmund Burke would not have made his great speech on Conciliation; Bunsen have accomplished his diplomatic career in Italy; nor Palmerston have lived through the most important and successful period of his life, during which he placed Leopold upon the throne of Belgium. Macready, Irving, and Forrest would not have attained the height of their power, nor would La Salle have explored the Mississippi, Livingstone have made the Zambesi expedition and discovered the Victoria Falls, nor Champlain have founded Quebec and established the French power in lower Canada.

Science would lose Huxley's "Anatomy of Vertebrates and Invertebrates"; Darwin's "Origin of Species"; Hugh Miller's "The Footprints of the Creator"; Lacépède's "Natural History of Fishes"; Herbert Spencer's "Principles of Biology" and his "Synthetic Philosophy"; Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire's celebrated "Anatomical Philosophy"; Von Baer's "Development of Fishes" and "History of the Evolution of Animals"; Linnæus's masterwork, "Species Plantarum"; Cope's famous work in paleontology; Agassiz's great work on "Zoölogy"; Lamarck's famous "Botanical Dictionary" and his invention of the name "invertebrate"; Newton's monumental "Principia"; the first volume of Audubon's "Birds of America"; Kepler's extraordinary production, "Celestial Harmonics," and his "Stereometria Doliorum," which entitles him to rank among those who prefaced the discovery of the infinitesimal calcu-

lus; Rennell's great work, "Memoir of a Map of Hindustan"; Tyndall's studies on heat-radiation and his "Natural Philosophy" and "Dust and Disease"; Diderot's monumental "Encyclopedia"; D'Alembert's "Elements of Philosophy"; Hegel's famous "Science of Logic"; Berkeley's "Alciphron" and "The Analyst"; Descartes's "Discourse on Method," "Meditations on the First Philosophy," and "Principia Philosophiæ," all great works; Lotze's fine work "Mikrokosmos"; Biot's magnificent "Treatise on Experimental Physics"; Lyell's famous "Elements of Geology"; Lavoisier's "Method of Chemical Nomenclature"; and Laplace's celebrated "Celestial Mechanics," which contains his enunciation of the nebular hypothesis. Lagrange would not have published his theory of cometary perturbations; Dalton have originated the volumetric method of chemical analysis; Galileo have solved the riddle of the Milky Way, discovered the satellites of Jupiter, and the triple form of Saturn, and have published his famous "Sidereus Nuncius"; nor Herschel have discovered Uranus, and have begun the most important series of observations culminating in his capital discovery of the relative distances of the stars from the sun and from one another.

The art-galleries would have lost Tintoretto's magnificent "Crucifixion"; many of Gainsborough's finest portraits; Leonardo da Vinci's "Last Supper," the third most celebrated picture in the world; the best of Du Maurier's illustrations; Doré's illustrations for the "Ancient Mariner"; Velasquez's "Surrender of Breda," one of the greatest of historical paintings; Perugino's celebrated "Pietà"; Cruikshank's famous illustrations for Dickens and Ainsworth; Rubens's pictures illustrating the life of Maria de' Medici, and his magnificent "Assumption of the Virgin" and "The Massacre of the Innocents"; Millet's "Angelus," "The Man with the Hoe," and "The Gleaners"; Meissonier's "Reading at Diderot's"; Rembrandt's greatest works, including the famous "Portrait of Jan Six," "John the Baptist in the Wilderness," and "Jacob Blessing the Sons of Joseph"; Blake's illustrations for Blair's "Grave"; West's famous "Death on the Pale Horse"; Turner's "Decline of the Carthaginian Empire," "Hostages Leaving Carthage for Rome," and his paintings for the "Rivers of England"; Titian's "Assumption of the Madonna," one of the most world-renowned masterpieces, the famous "Bacchus and Ariadne," "Entombment of Christ," "St. Sebastian," and "The Three Ages"; Dürer's masterwork, "Adoration of the Trinity by all the Saints"; Hogarth's admirable "Strolling Actresses," the famous "Marriage à la Mode," and the series of twelve plates "Industry and Idleness"; Paul Veronese's "Feast of Simon the Leper," "Feast of Levi," and "Venice Triumphant"; Murillo's "Return of the Prodigal," "Moses Striking the Rock," and "St. Elizabeth of Hungary"; and Landseer's well-known "Stag at Bay," "Sanctuary," "Monarch of the Glen," and "Peace and War." In music must be noted Meyerbeer's "Les Huguenots"; Handel's oratorios "Deborah" and "Athalia"; Liszt's "Third Symphonic Poem"; Wagner's "Tristan und Isolde"; Beethoven's pastorals and his grand "Missa Solemnis"; Bach's "Christmas Oratorio"; Rossini's great "Stabat Mater"; Gounod's "Faust" and "Roméo et Juliette"; the greatest of Spohr's sacred compositions, "The Last Judgment" and his oratorio "The Crucifixion"; and Gluck's "Orfeo ed Euridice."

From literature would be missing all of Shakspere's masterpieces and most of his plays; the last three books of the "Faerie Queene" and the magnificent "Epithalamion"; Rabelais's "Pantagruel" and "Gargantua"; Coleridge's "Kubla Khan" and "Christabel"; John Stuart Mill's masterful "Political Economy"; Kingsley's "Water-babies"; Defoe's famous "Mrs. Veal"; Le Sage's "Turcaret," one of the best comedies in French literature; Samuel Johnson's famous "Rasselas" and his "Dictionary of the English Language"; Rousseau's "La Nouvelle Héloïse"; "The Wandering Jew"; most of Scott's novels; Emerson's "Representative Men" and the second volume of his "Essays"; Whittier's "Voices of Freedom" and "Songs of Labor"; Rossetti's masterpiece, "Dante's Dream" and his "Rose Mary"; Racine's famous "Esther"; Jonathan Edwards's

"Freedom of the Will"; many of Béranger's songs; Burton's marvelous "Anatomy of Melancholy"; most of Addison's essays, including his creation, Sir Roger de Coverley; "Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures"; Wordsworth's "Excursion"; Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" and his able "Mémoire Justificatif"; Hume's "History of England"; Dodgson's "The Hunting of the Snark"; Hallam's "Middle Ages" and "Constitutional History of England"; "The Scarlet Letter," "Mosses from an Old Manse," "The House of the Seven Gables," "The Blithedale Romance," and "Tanglewood Tales"; Carlyle's "The French Revolution" and "Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches"; Pope's "Essay on Man"; the first two parts of "Hudibras"; the first portion of Bancroft's "History," and of Mommsen's monumental "Corpus Inscriptionum Latinarum"; Lew Wallace's "The Fair God"; Lamartine's "Souvenirs of the East"; Ranke's "Roman Papacy" and "History of Germany in the Time of the Reformation"; Boehm's great "Theologia Germanica"; most of Boucicault's plays; "Lorna Doone" and "The Maid of Sker"; the first two volumes of Macaulay's "History of England" and his "Lays of Ancient Rome"; Washington Irving's "Conquest of Granada" and "Life of Columbus"; Bulwer Lytton's "Harold," "The Caxtons," and "My Novel"; the first two books of Montaigne's "Essays"; La Rochefoucauld's "Memoirs"; Trollope's excellent "Barchester Towers"; Ebers's "Homo Sum," "The Sisters," "The Emperor," and "Serapis"; Schiller's "Maria Stuart" and his great "Wilhelm Tell"; Petrarch's famous "Epistle to Posterity"; the first volume of Thiers's "History of the Consulate and the Empire"; "Henry Esmond," "The Newcomes," and "The Virginians"; Verne's "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea," "Around the World in Eighty Days," and "Hector Servadac"; Lowell's "Fireside Travels" and the second series of "The Biglow Papers"; "The Song of Hiawatha," "The Golden Legend," and "Kavanagh"; Isaac D'Israeli's "Calamities" and "Quarrels of Authors"; "A Tale of Two Cities," "Hard Times," "Uncommercial Traveller," "Great Expectations," "Little Dorrit," and "Bleak House"; Sir Edwin Arnold's "Light of Asia"; Schopenhauer's "Will in Nature"; Motley's "Rise of the Dutch Republic" and "History of the United Netherlands"; "The Deserted Village" and "She Stoops to Conquer"; Gray's great odes "The Bard" and "Progress of Poetry"; Prescott's "Ferdinand and Isabella" and "Conquest of Mexico"; Milman's "History of Christianity under the Empire"; "Handy Andy" and "Treasure Trove"; Du Chaillu's "Land of the Midnight Sun"; "Pilgrim's Progress"; "Monte Cristo" and "The Three Musketeers"; Henry Fielding's "History of Tom Jones" and "Amelia"; Daudet's famous "Sapho" and "Port-Tarascon"; Balzac's "Modeste Mignon" and "Béatrix"; Steele's famous political paper "The Plebeian," and his successful comedy "The Conscious Lovers"; Michelet's "History of the Roman Republic" and "The Jesuits"; Condorcet's lives of Turgot and Voltaire and his famous "Historic Table of the Progress of the Human Soul"; Farrar's lives of Christ and St. Paul; "The Moonstone" and "The New Magdalen"; Matthew Arnold's "Essays in Criticism," "St. Paul and Protestantism," "Literature and Dogma," and many of his poems; Spurgeon's "Commentary on the Psalms"; Corneille's "Héraclius," "Nicomède," and "Andromède"; the first collection of La Fontaine's "Fables" and the famous "Books of the Contes"; Dryden's "Marriage à la Mode," "Love in a Nunnery," "Œdipus," and his best drama, "All for Love"; Cooper's "The Pathfinder," and "The Bravo"; Ben Jonson's "Book of Epigrams"; Richter's masterpiece, "Flegeljahre"; Reade's "Never Too Late to Mend," "The Cloister and the Hearth," and "Hard Cash"; Tennyson's "In Memoriam," "Charge of the Light Brigade," "Maud," and "Idylls of the King"; Willis's "People I Have Met" and "Famous Persons and Places"; Lessing's "History and Literature" and "Nathan the Wise"; Erasmus's "Adagia" and "Edition of the Greek Testament with Corrected Latin Version and Notes"; Voltaire's "La Pucelle"; Ruskin's fifth volume of "Modern Painters," his popular "Sesame and Lilies," "Ethics of the Dust," and "Crown of Wild Olives";

Dean Alford's Edition of the Greek Testament, with running commentary; Fichte's remarkable "Treatise on Science"; the first series of Sainte-Beuve's celebrated "Monday" articles; Machiavelli's famous "Il Principe"; Chateaubriand's "René" and "Adventures of the Last of the Abencerages"; Max Müller's "Chips from a German Workshop" and "Introduction to the Science of Religion"; Leibnitz's "History of the Brunswick-Lüneburg Family"; the first and second volumes of Froude's "History of England"; Holmes's "The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table"; Freeman's masterpiece, "History of the Norman Conquest"; Chalmers's celebrated work in defense of endowment, literary and ecclesiastical; most of Watts's hymns; Goethe's "Tasso," his great "Wilhelm Meisters Lehrjahre" and the noted "Hermann und Dorothea"; Parkman's "Pioneers of France in the New World," "Jesuits in North America," and "The Discovery of the Great West"; Guizot's famous "History of Civilization in France"; the best of Molière's works; Thomson's "Castle of Indolence"; Fénélon's famous "Adventures of Télémaque"; the first and second volumes of Stanley's "History of the Jewish Church" and his "Sinai and Palestine"; the first six volumes of Sterne's "Tristram Shandy" and the first series of "Sermons by Yorick"; Penn's "History of the Quakers" and the first volume of "Fruits of Solitude"; and Young's "Love of Fame the Universal Passion."

SUMMARY

WHAT more need be said? Were the impossible to come to pass, and the work of the veterans of life subtracted from the "sum of human achievement," the world would not be virtually where it is to-day. Well has the gist of the matter been condensed in the words of a medical contemporary:

"In one respect at least the man of intellectual capacity and pursuits is much better off than his brother who works with his hands. In the world of manual labor the pitiful dictum seems well established that at forty the laborer is 'a dead one'; he must not hope for employment or a wage after that period. The intellectual man, however, despite the expression of a famous colleague, maintains the vigor of his mind unabated almost until he is ready to step into his grave; and if by this means he gains his livelihood, then need he not fear the lack of employment or emoluments even though his years be far advanced."

IN A STORM

BY HARRY H. KEMP

UPON a great ship's tilted deck
I stand, an undiscernèd speck;
And, where the vast wave-whitened sea
Leaps at the moon enormously
In green-ridged tides, the ship's expanse
Dwindles to insignificance.
Through ether, perilously hurled,
Thunders the huge bulk of the world;
But in the eyes of other spheres
Itself a sunlit mote appears.
In turn all suns and stars in sight
Lessen to needle-points of light,
Flung helpless through an awful void
Where measures fail and time 's destroyed.
And still dost note when sparrows die?
Oh, God, where art Thou? Here am I!

The Century's American artists series. See "Open Letters"

Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

COLLIES, OWNED BY MR. J. PIERPONT MORGAN

FROM THE PAINTING BY CHARLES R. KNIGHT

THE CANALS AND OASES OF MARS

(MARS AS THE ABODE OF LIFE)

BY PERCIVAL LOWELL, LL.D.

Director of the Lowell Observatory, Flagstaff, Arizona

THIRTY years ago what were taken for the continents of Mars seemed, as one would expect continents seen at such a distance to appear, virtually featureless.

SCHIAPARELLI AND THE CANALS

IN 1877, however, a remarkable observer made a still more remarkable discovery; for in that year Schiaparelli, in scanning these continents, chanced upon long, narrow markings in them which have since become famous as the canals of Mars. Surprising as they seemed when first imperfectly made out, they have grown only more wonderful with study. It is certainly no exaggeration to say that they are the most astounding objects to be viewed in the heavens. There are celestial sights more dazzling, spectacles that inspire more awe, but to the thoughtful observer who is privileged to see them well there is nothing in the sky so profoundly impressive as these canals of Mars. Little gossamer filaments only, cobwebbing the face of the Martian disk, but threads to draw one's mind after them across the millions of miles of intervening void.

Although to the observer practised in their detection they are not only perfectly distinct, but are not even difficult phenomena,—being by no means at the limit of vision, as is often stated,—to one not used to the subject, and observing under the average conditions of our troublesome air, they are not at first so easy to descry. Had they been so very facile, they had not escaped detection so long, nor needed Schiaparelli, the best observer of his day, to discover them. I say this after having had twelve years' experience in the subject—almost entitling one to an opinion equal to that of critics who have had none at all.

When our air is at its best, the first thing to strike one in these strange phenomena is their geometric look. It has impressed every observer who has seen them well. It would be hard to determine to which of their peculiar characteristics this effect was specially due. Indeed, it is probably attributable to their combination; for distinctive as each trait is alone, their summation is multiplicitly telling. That the lines run quite straight from point to point—that is, on arcs of great circles, or else curve in an equally determinate manner—is, to say the least, surprising. When to this is added their uniform width throughout, the unnaturalness is increased. Their extreme tenuity only deepens the impression and this, lastly, is further emphasized by their enormous length.

LINES ARE STRAIGHT

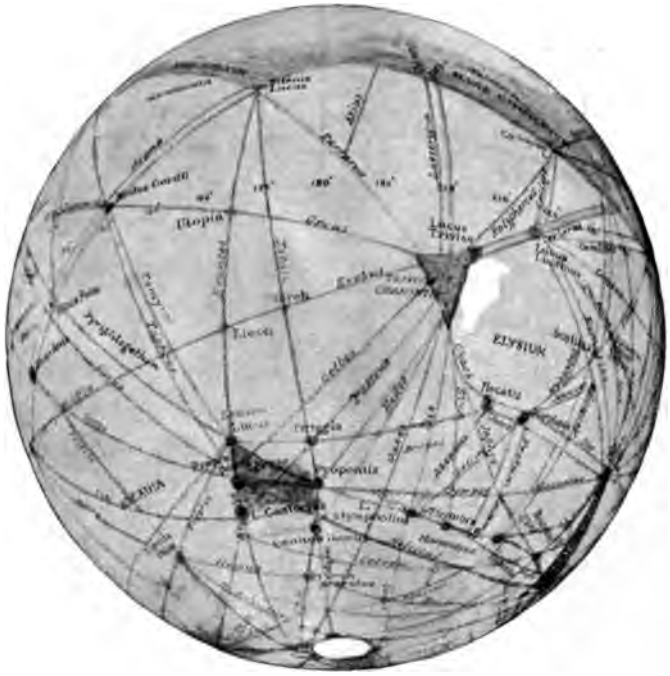
THAT the lines are absolutely straight—which means that on a sphere like Mars they follow arcs of great circles—is shown by two facts which fay into one another. One of these is that they look straight to the observer when central enough not to have foreshortening tell. This could not happen unless they were the shortest possible lines between their termini. The other proof consists in their fitting together to form a self-agreeing

whole when the result of all the drawings —hundreds in number at each opposition —are plotted on a globe.

In regard to their width, it would be nearest the mark to say that they had none at all. For they have been found narrower and narrower as the conditions of scanning have improved. By careful experiments at Flagstaff it has been shown that the smallest appear as they should were they but two or three miles across. The reason so slender a filament is visible is due to its length, and this probably because of the number of retinal cones that are struck. Were only one affected, as would be the case were the object a point, it certainly could not be detected.

So much for the smallest canal now visible with our present means. The larger are much more conspicuous. These look not like gossamers, as the little ones do, but like strong pencil-lines. Comparison with the thread of the micrometer gives for the average canal a breadth of about twenty miles. The canals, however, are by no means of a uniform width. Indeed, they are of all sizes, from lines it would seem impossible to miss to others it taxes attention to descry.

All the more surprising for their relative diversity is the remarkably uniform size of each throughout its course. So far as it is possible to make out, there is no perceptible difference in width of a canal, when fully developed, from one end of it to the other. Certainly it takes a well-ruled line on paper to look its peer for regularity and deportment.



From a globe made by Professor Lowell

A SECTION OF THE CANAL *EUMENIDES ORCUS* TERMINATING IN THE JUNCTION *TRIVIUM CHARONTIS*

The length of this canal is 3500 miles. The remainder of the canal may be seen on the hemisphere shown on page 128, where it starts from Phœnix Lake (*Lacus Phœnicis*).

True thus to itself, each canal differs from its neighbor not only in width, but in extension. For the canals are of very various length. Some are not above 250 miles long, while others stretch 2500 miles from end to end. Nor is this span by any means the limit. The Eumenides Orcus runs 3450 miles from where it leaves the Phœnix Lake to where it enters the Trivium Charontis. Enormous as these distances are for lines which remain straight throughout, they become the more surprising when we consider the size of the planet on which they are

found. For Mars is only 4220 miles through, while the earth is 7919. So that a canal 3450 miles long, for all its unswervingness to right or left, actually curves in its own plane through an arc of some ninety degrees to get round the planet. It is much as if a straight line joined London to Denver, or Boston to Bering Strait.

Odd as is the look of the individual canal, it is nothing to the impression forced upon the observer by their number and still more by their articulation. When Schiaparelli finished his life-work, he had detected 113 canals; this figure has now been increased to 436 by those since added at Flagstaff. As with the discovery of the asteroids, the later found are as a rule smaller and in consequence less evident than the earlier. But not always; and, unlike asteroidal hunting, it is not because of easy missing in the vast field of sky. The cause is intrinsic to the canal.

This great number of lines forms an articulate whole. Each stands jointed to the next (to the many next, in fact) in the most direct and simple manner—that of meeting at their ends. But as each has its own peculiar length and its special direction, the result is a sort of irregular regularity. It resembles lace-tracery of an elaborate and elegant pattern, woven as a whole over the disk, veiling the planet's face. By this means the surface of the planet is divided into a great number of polygons, the areolas of Mars.

AREOLAS OF MARS

SCHIAPARELLI detected the existence of the canals when engaged in a triangulation of the planet's surface for topographic purpose. What he found was a triangulation already made. In his own words, the thing "looked to have been laid down by rule and compass." Indeed, no lines could be more precisely drawn, or more meticulously adjusted. Not only do none of them break off in mid-career, to vanish, as rivers in the desert, in the great void of ocher ground, but they contrive always in a most gregarious way to rendezvous at special points, running into the junctions with the space punctuality of a train on time. Nor do one or two only manage this precision; all without exception converge from far points accurately upon their centers. The meetings are as definite and direct as is possible to conceive. None of the large ocher areas escapes some filament of the mesh. No secluded spot upon them could be found, were one inclined to desert isolation, distant more than three hundred miles from some great thoroughfare.

CANALS IN DARK REGIONS

FOR many years—in fact, throughout the period of the observation of the great Italian—the canals were supposed to be confined to the bright or reddish ocher regions of the disk. None had been seen by him elsewhere, and none was divined to exist. But in 1892, W. H. Pickering, at Arequipa, saw lines in the dark regions, and, in 1894, Douglass, at Flagstaff, definitely detected the presence of a system of canals crisscrossing the blue-green similar to that networking the ocher. Later work at Flagstaff has shown all the dark areas to be thus seamed with lines, and lastly has brought out with emphasis the pregnant fact that these are continued by others connecting with the polar snows.[1] Thus the system is planet-wide in its application, while it ends by running up to the confines of the polar cap. The first gives it a generality that opened up new conceptions of its office, the second vouchsafes a hint as to its origin.

These strange geometricians have at last stood successfully for their pictures. The photographic feat of making them keep still sufficiently long—or, what with heavenly objects is as near as man may come to his practice with human subjects, the catching of the air-waves still long enough to secure impression of them upon a photographic plate—has been accomplished by Mr. Lampland. After great study, patience, and skill he has succeeded in this almost incredible performance, of which Schiaparelli wrote in surprise: "I should never have believed it possible."

The lines join all the salient points of the surface to one another. If we take a

[1] Previous to 1907 the fact was known only for the northern hemisphere. In 1907 the Flagstaff observations disclosed the important extension of the scheme through the antarctic zone; a striking confirmation of theory.

From a globe made by Professor Lowell

HEMISPHERE SHOWING THE OASIS CALLED *ASCRÆUS LUCUS*

From this radiate many canals. Also in the upper right-hand space is shown the continuation of the *Eumenides Orcus*.

map of the planet and join its prominent landmarks by straight lines, we shall find, to our surprise, that we have counterparted the reality. That they are so regardant of topography on the one hand, and so regardless of terrane on the other, gives a most telltale insight into their character: it shows that they are of later origin than the main markings themselves. For they bear them without regard to what they are. Their characteristics and their attitudes, in short, betray that at some time subsequent to the fashioning of the planet's general features the lines were superposed upon them.

CANALS SUPERPOSED OVER MAIN FEATURES

But this is not all. Since the seas probably were seas in function as in name once upon a time, the superposition must have occurred after they ceased to be such; for clearly the lines could not have been writ on water, and yet be read today. We are thus not only furnished with a datum about the origin of the canals, but with a date determining when it took place. The date marks a late era in the planet's development, one subsequent to any the earth has yet reached. This accounts for the difficulty found in understanding them, for as yet we have nothing like them here.

OASES

Next in interest to the canals come the oases. Many years after the detection of the canals, scrutiny revealed another class of detail upon the planet of an equally surprising order. This was the presence there of small, round, dark spots dotted over the surface of the disk. Seen in any number, first by W. H. Pickering in 1892, they lay at the meeting-places of the canals. He called them lakes. Some few had been caught earlier, but were not well recognized. We now know 186 of them, and we are very certain they are not lakes. In the case of one of them, the

Ascræus Lucus, no less than seventeen canals converge to it.

It thus appears that the spots make, as it were, the knots of the canal network. They emphasize the junctions in look and at the same time indicate their importance in the system. For just as no spot but stands at a junction, so, reversely, few prominent junctions are without a spot, and the better the surface is seen, the more of these junctions prove to be provided with them.

Their form is equally demonstrative of their function. They are apparently self-contained and self-centered, being small, dark, and, as near as can be made out, round. It is certain that they are not mere reinforcements of the canals due to crossing, for crossings do occur where none is seen, while the lines themselves are perfectly visible, and of the same strength at the crossing as before and after.

DETECTION BY SCHIAPARELLI OF DOUBLE CANALS

We now come to a yet more surprising detail. The existence of the single canals had scarcely been launched upon a world quite unprepared for their reception, and duly distant in their welcome in consequence, before that world was asked to admit something more astounding still; namely, that at certain times some of these single canals appeared mysteriously paired, the second line being an exact replica of the first, running by its side the whole of its course, however long this might be, and keeping equidistant from it throughout. The two looked like the twin rails of a railroad.

To begin by giving an idea of the phenomenon, I will select a typical example, which happened also to be one of the very first observed—that of the great Phison. The Phison is a canal that runs for 2250 miles between two important points upon the planet's surface, the Portus Sigæus, half-way along the Mare Icarium, and the Pseboas Lucus, just off the Protonilus. In this long journey it traverses some six degrees of the southern hemisphere and about forty degrees of the northern. The canal was first seen as a single, well-defined line—not a line that admitted of haziness or doubt, but which was as strictly self-contained and slenderly distinguished as any other single canal on the planet. A Martian month or more after it thus expressed itself, it suddenly stood forth an equally self-confessed double, two parallel lines replacing the solitary line of some months before. Not the slightest difference in the character, direction, or end served was to be detected between the two constituents. Just as certainly as a single line had shown before, a double line now showed in its stead.

Study of the doubles has been prosecuted for some years now at Flagstaff, and its prosecution has gradually revealed more and more of their peculiarities. The first thing this study of the subject has brought out is that duality, bilateralism, is not a universal feature of the Martian canals. Quite the contrary. It cannot be said in any sense to be even a general attribute of them. The great majority of the canals never show double at any time, being persistently and perpetually single. Out of the 436 canals so far discovered, only 51 have ever shown duplicity. From this we perceive that less than one eighth of all the canals visible affect the characteristic, nor are these 51 distinguished in any manner, by size or position, from those of the other 385 that remain pertinaciously single. They are neither larger nor smaller, longer nor shorter, nor anything else which would suffice on a superficial showing to distinguish their strange inherent potentiality from that of those which do not possess the property.

Now, this fact directly contradicts every optical theory of their formation. If the doubles were products of any optical law, that law should apply to all canals alike, except so far as position, real or relative upon the disk, might affect their visibility. Now, the double canals are not distinguished in any of these ways from their single sisters. They run equally at all sorts of angles to the meridian, and are presented equally at all sorts of tilts to the observer; and yet the one kind keeps to its singularity, and the other to its preference for the paired estate.

WIDTH DIFFERS FOR DIFFERENT DOUBLES

The next point is that the width of the gemination—the distance, that is, between

the constituents of the pair—is not the same for all the doubles. Indeed, it varies enormously. Thus, we have at one end of the list the little, narrow Djihoun, the constituents of which are not separated by more than two degrees; while at the other end stands the Nilokeras, with its members eleven degrees apart. That is, we have a parallelism of seventy-five miles in one case, and one of four hundred in another. This fact disposes again of any optical or illusory production; for were their origin such, they would all be of the same width.

Position is the next thing to be considered. A general investigation of this shows some results which are highly instructive. To begin with, the distribution of the doubles may be broadly looked at from two points of view, that of their longitudinal or latitudinal placing upon the planet. Considering the longitudinal first, if we cut the planet in halves, the one hemisphere extending from longitude 20° to 200° and the other from 200° to 20°, more than two thirds of all the double canals turn out to be in the second section; the numbers being fifteen in the one to thirty-six in the other. It appears, then, that the doubles are not evenly distributed around the planet.

We now turn to their partition according to latitude; and here we are made aware of a curious distribution affecting them. If we divide the surface into zones of ten degrees each, starting from the equator and traveling in either direction to the pole, and count the double canals occurring in each, we note a marked falling off in their number after we leave the tropic and subtemperate zones, and a complete cessation of them at latitude 63° north. The actual numbers are as follows:

Between	90° S	and	30° S	0
"	30° S	"	20° S	3
"	20° S	"	10° S	9
"	10° S	"	0°	20
"	0°	"	10° N	29
"	10° N	"	20° N	26
"	20° N	"	30° N	23
"	30° N	"	40° N	20
"	40° N	"	50° N	4
"	50° N	"	60° N	3
"	60° N	"	63° N	2
"	63° N	"	90° N	0

AREA OF ZONES

THUS the doubles are tropical features of the planet, not general ones. Decidedly this proclaims again their reality, for were they optical only, they could not show such respect for the equator—a respect worthy of commendation from Sydney Smith.

Another of their peculiarities consists in their being confined to the light regions. For, with one possible exception, no doubles have been detected in the dark areas of the disk, whereas plenty of single canals have been found there.

Yet to the dark areas they stand somehow beholden. For the great majority of them debouch from these great dark areas. Of the 51 doubles, no fewer than 28 are thus connected. But this is not the end of the dependence. For the remaining canals, 23 in number, each connect with one or other of the doubles that personally connect with the dark regions. In all but two cases the secondary dependence is direct; in these two a smaller dark patch occurs in the line of the connection.

Thus, the double canals show a most curious systematic dependence upon the great dark areas of the southern hemisphere. In this they reproduce again the general dependability of single canals upon topographic features; but with more emphatic particularity, for they prove that not only are prominent points for much in their localization, but that different kinds of terrane are curiously concerned. The relation of one kind of terrane to another is essential to their existence, since they are virtually not found in the blue-green areas, and yet are found in the light only in connection with the blue-green. That the blue-green is vegetation and the ocher desert leads one's thought to conjecture beyond.

To turn, now, to another mode of position, we will look into the direction in which these doubles run. To do this, we shall segregate them according to the compass-points. Any one of them, of course, runs two ways; as for example, N. N. E. and S. S. W., and we shall therefore have but half the whole number of compass-points to consider. Taking the direction two points apart, we shall have

eight sets, dividing the canals into bunches, as follows:

S. and N.	7
S. S. E. and N. N. W.	5
S. E. and N. W.	4
E. S. E. and W. N. W.	3
E. and W.	6
E. N. E. and W. S. W.	6
N. E. and S. W.	12
N. N. E. and S. S. W.	8
	51

At first, to one considering this table, no marked preponderance for one direction over another manifests itself in the orientation. Still a certain trend to the east of north as opposed to the west of north is discernible. For 25 doubles run within 45° of northeast and southwest, to 12 only that do the same thing for northwest and southeast. Following up the hint thus given us, we proceed to apportion the canals first into quadrantal points. The result is a fairly equable division all around the circle. Now, as a matter of fact, by lumping the doubles of the two hemispheres together, we have almost obliterated a striking fact which lies hidden in the table. If, instead of thus combining them, we separate those exclusively of the northern hemisphere from those of the southern one only, and now note in each of these what proportion trend to the west of south as against those that run to the east of it, and *vice versa,* we come out with significant results. In the northern hemisphere, the proportion of double canals to show a westward trend as opposed to an eastern is 17 to 4. In the southern hemisphere, the easterly-trending outnumber the westerly-trending by 1 to 0. While for those whose course is common to both hemispheres we find for the ratio of southwestern to southeastern 8 to 7.

EXPLANATION

How can this be explained? Consider a particle descending from the pole to the equator under the push of a certain momentum. As the particle (of water, for example) reaches a lower and lower latitude, it comes upon a surface which is traveling faster and faster eastward, because since all parts of the body, whether the earth or Mars, rotate in the same time, those particles where the girth is greatest have the farthest distance to go.

In consequence of this the particle would constantly be going at a less speed to the east than the spot upon which it found itself adventured, and so relatively to that place would move to the west. From the south pole to the equator, therefore, its course would always show a deviation southwesterly from a due north and south direction.

In the southern hemisphere, on the other hand, since the rotation of the planet is the same, its direction with regard to the pole is different, for the surface still sweeps to the east upon which the particle successively comes. It would, therefore, relatively to the surface, move to the northwest, and we should have in this hemisphere a northwesterly trend from the pole equatorward.

This is actually what we see in the doubles of Mars. The proportion of canals trending to the west as against those trending to the east in the northern hemisphere is, as we have seen, 17 to 4; while in the southern hemisphere the proportion trending to the east is 1 to 0. As for canals occupying both grounds a compromise is effected, the canals running according to the hemisphere in which the greater part of their course is situated. This is certainly a very curious conclusion, and seems to justify the name canals as typifying a conduit of some sort in which something flowed.

Passing strange as is the mere look of the canals, study has disclosed something about them stranger yet: changes in their aspect depend on the time.

CANALS PERMANENT IN PLACE: IMPERMANENT IN CHARACTER

PERMANENT the canals are in place, impermanent they prove in character. At one epoch they will be conspicuous objects, almost impossible to miss; then, a few months later, acuteness is taxed to discover them at all. Nor is this the whole story; some will show when others remain hid, and others will appear when the first have become invisible. Whole regions are affected by such self-effacement or an equal ostentation; while neighboring ones are simultaneously given to the reverse.

DOUBLE CANALS SEEN IN A DRAWING MADE JULY 16, 1903, BY PROFESSOR LOWELL

SINGLE AND DOUBLE CANALS IN A DRAWING OF THE SAME REGION MADE JULY 13, 1905, BY PROFESSOR LOWELL

Curiously enough, the canals are most conspicuous not at the time the planet is nearest to the earth and many other features are in consequence best seen; but as the planet goes away, the canals come out. The fact is that the orbital position and the seasonal epoch conspire to a masking of the phenomenon. For the planet comes to its closest approach to the earth a little before it reaches in its orbit the summer solstice of its southern hemisphere. For two reasons this epoch of nearness is an unpropitious date to see the canals: first, because the bright areas, where the canals are easiest made out, lie chiefly in the hemisphere then tipped away from the earth; and secondly, because it is not the Martian season for the canals to show.

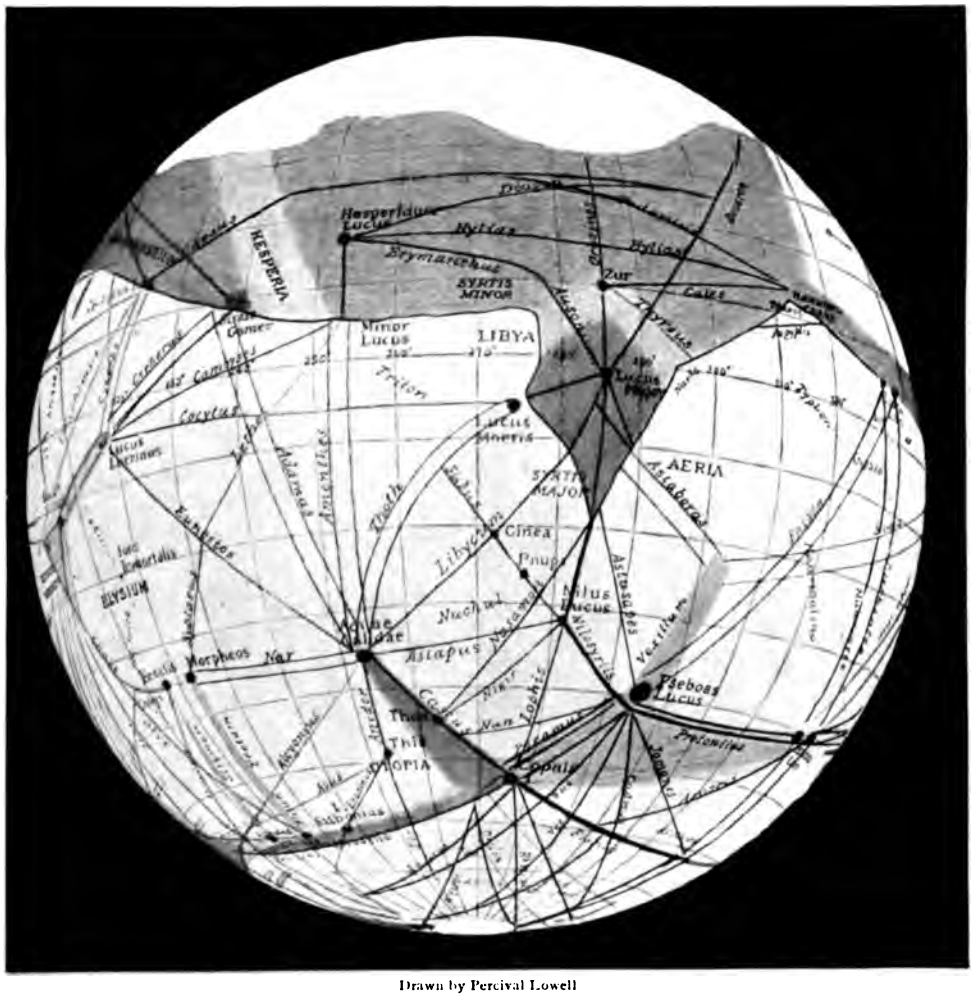
Due to this inopportune occasioning of the event, the canals lay longer undetected by man than would otherwise have been the case. Something of the same infelicity of appointment defeats the making of their acquaintance by many observers to-day. They look at the wrong time.

NEW METHOD OF RESEARCH

FROM their changes in conspicuousness it was evident that the canals, like the large blue-green patches on the disk, were seasonal in their habit. To discover with more particularity what their law of change might be, an investigation was undertaken at the opposition of 1903, and in consequence a singular thing was brought to light. The research in question was the determination from complete drawings of the disk of the varying visibility of the several canals statistically considered during a period of many months. For the making of the drawings extended over this time, and by a comparison of them one might note how any particular canal had altered in the interval. Their great number enabled accidental errors to be largely eliminated, and so assured a more trustworthy result. Systematic conditions affecting visibility —such as our own air or the position of the marking—were allowed for, so as to make the drawings strictly comparable. On the average, there were for each canal 100 drawings in which that canal either appeared or might have done so. And as 109 canals were considered in all, there resulted 10,900 separate determinations as bases for the eventual conclusion.

CANALS IN DARK REGIONS CONNECTING WITH THE POLAR CAP. FROM A DRAWING BY PROFESSOR LOWELL

Owing to the different rotation periods of the two planets, any Martian region is well presented at intervals of about six weeks, and continues so for a fortnight. At such times the drawings were scanned for the appearance of the canal, and a percentage was adduced from their sum of the visibility of the canal at the time. It is pleasing to note that to no one has the method commended itself more than to Schiaparelli. To welcome new procedures is the best test of greatness. Most men's knowledge is cut on a bias of early acquisition, and cannot be adapted to new habits of thought.


HESPERIA
Hesperidum Lucus
Hyllica
Hyllica
Zur
Caiza
SYRTIS MINOR
LIBYA
Minor Lucus
Lucus Major
Lucus Mineris
SYRTIS MAJOR
AERIA
Cimea
Pnupa
Aeolus Lucus
Pseboas Lucus
Morpheos
Nar
Aslapus
Nuchul
Nun
Thoth
Thi
OPHIR
Opalia
ELYSIUM
Lucus Mortalis
Lucus Mortalis
Coeyleus
Triton
Tyrrhenus
Astaboras
Astasapes
Vestitum
Phlegethon
Phlegethon
Pyriphlegethon
Acheron
Styx
Lethe
Nun
Nar
Nuchul
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Thoth
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Astaboras
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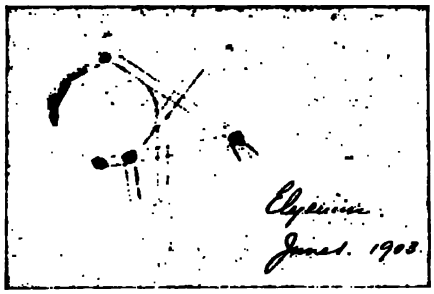


A MASS OF DOUBLE CANALS, *ELYSIUM* (SEE THE HEMISPHERE PAGE 126). FROM A DRAWING MADE ON JUNE 1, 1903, BY PROFESSOR LOWELL

The percentages of visibility of these 109 canals at each of their presentations having thus been obtained, a tabulation of them showed what had been each canal's history during the period it was under observation. From perusal of the table could be learned the canal's career, whether it had been a mere unchanging line upon the planet's disk, or whether for reason peculiar to itself it had varied during the interval. To show this the more easily, the percentages were plotted upon coördinate paper, in which the horizontal direction should represent the time and the vertical the amount of the percentage. Then the points so found could be joined by a smooth curve, and the curve would instantly acquaint the eye with the vicissitudes of the canal's career from start to finish. The curve, in fact, would be its history graphically represented, and furthermore, would furnish a sign-manual by which it might be specifically known. The curve could be considered the canal's cartouche,—after the manner of the ideographs of the Egyptian kings,—symbolizing its achievements and distinguishing it at once from others.

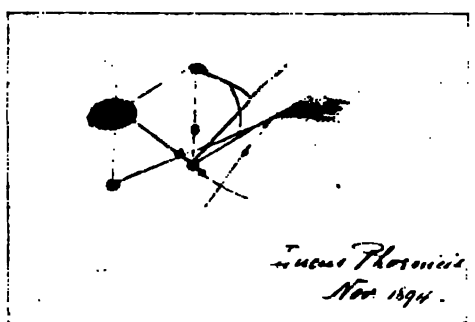
Since the height of the curve from the horizontal base to which it stood referred denoted the degree of visibility of the canal at the moment, any deviation in this height along the course of the curve showed that the canal was then changing in conspicuousness from intrinsic cause. If the height grew greater, the canal was on the increase; if less, it was on the decline. For precautions had already been taken to eliminate every circumstance, it will be remembered, which could affect the canal's appearance, except change in the canal itself.

Not only increase or decrease in the canal stood forth thus manifestly confessed, but any change in the rate of such wax and wane also lay revealed. In looking at them, one has only to remember that the action proceeds from left to right and that the ups and downs of the curve show exactly what that action was.

Only one possible form out of them all indicates that no action at all was going on—the straight horizontal line. That cartouche signifies that its canal was a dead, inert, unchanging phenomenon for the period during which it was observed.

Now, of all the 109 canals examined, only three cartouches came out as horizontal straight lines, and even these it is possible to doubt. This is a most telling bit of information. To begin with, it is an obiter dictum of the most subtly emphatic sort upon the reality of the canals. It states that the canals cannot be optical or illusory phenomena of any kind whatsoever without in the least going out of its way to do so, as a judge might lay down some quite indisputable point of law in the course of a more particular charging of the jury. For an illusion could no more exhibit intrinsic change than a ghost could eat dinner without endangering its constitution. The mere fact that it is an illusion or optical product renders it incapable of spontaneous variation. Consequently, its cartouche would be a horizontal straight line. As the cartouches are not such lines, we have in them instant disproof of optical or illusory effects of every kind.

Now, that the cartouches are curves shows that the action in them is not persistently in one direction. It is, there-



A MASS OF SINGLE CANALS ABOUT *LUCUS PHOENICIS* (SEE THE HEMISPHERE PAGE 128). FROM A DRAWING MADE IN NOVEMBER, 1894, BY PROFESSOR LOWELL

fore, periodic, which lead us again to the fact that it is seasonal.

SEARCH FOR CLUE TO DECIPHERMENT

FROM the knowledge about the individual canal which the cartouches thus afford, we advance to much more which they prove capable of imparting by collective coördination with one another. To compare them it was necessary to select some point of the cartouche capable of comparison purposes. The one that suggested itself was the point where the curve fell to a minimum. This point denoted the time at which each canal began to increase in conspicuousness, the dead point from which it rose. This dead point was found for each cartouche, and starred on the curve. At a first glance it seemed as if comparison were hopeless, and each cartouche only a law unto itself.

But by remarking that the canals exist upon the surface of a globe and that the two directions for positioning a place upon a sphere are longitude and latitude, we are led to try latitude as the more promising of the two to furnish a clue.

To do this, the canals were segregated according to the zone on the planet in which they lay, and their separate values for consecutive times combined into a mean canal cartouche for the zone. This was done for all the zones, and the mean cartouches were then placed in a column descending according to latitude.

QUICKENING OF CANALS ACCORDING TO LATITUDE

THE result was striking. Following down the column, there is evident an increase in the time of occurrence of the minimum as we descend the latitudes. This means that the canals started to increase from their dead point at successively later epochs in proportion to their distance from the planet's polar cap.

Now, before seeking to put this symbolism into comprehensive terms,—to do which, I may add parenthetically, is just as scientific and far more philosophic than to leave the diagram as a cryptic monument of a remarkable law, which it were scientifically impious to interpret,—another fact exhibited by the diagram deserves to be brought out. It appears, if attention be directed to it, that in all the mean canal cartouches, the gradient is less before the minimum than after it. The curves fall slowly to their lowest points, and rise sharply from them. What this betokens will suggest itself on a moment's thought. It means that the effects of a previous motive force were slowly dying out in the first part of the curves, and then a fresh impulse started in to act. The new impulse was more instant and of greater strength in its action, and by piecing the two parts of the curve together, we conclude that it was in both cases an impulse which acted fairly quickly and of which the effects took a longer time to die out. The mean cartouches, then, assure us of two quickenings and lead us to infer that both were of the nature of forces speedily applied and then withdrawn.

QUICKENING STARTS AT POLAR CAP

To interpret now the successive growth of the canals latitudinally down the disk is our next concern. We saw that it started at the edges of the polar cap. Now, such an origin in place at once suggests an origin of causation as well, and furthermore precludes all other. For the origin of time was after the melting of the cap. First the cap melted, and then the canals began to appear. Those nearest to the cap did so first, and then the others in their order of distance from it, progressing in a stately march down over the face of the disk.

LIBERATED WATER CAUSE OF QUICKENING

THUS we reach the deduction that water liberated from the polar cap and thence carried down the disk in regular progression is the cause of the latitudinal quickening of the canals. A certain delay in the action, together with the amount of darkening that takes place, negatives the supposition that what we see is the water itself.

On the other hand, vegetation would arise only after a lapse of time necessary for it to sprout,—a period of, say, two weeks,—and such tarrying would account for the observed delay.

VEGETATION EXPLANATORY OF SHIFT

VEGETATION, then, explains the behavior of the canals. Not transference of water merely, but transformation consequent upon transference, furnishes the key to

the meaning of the cartouches. Not the body of water, but the quickened spirit to which it gives rise, produces the result we see. Set free from its winter storage by the unlocking of the bonds of its solid state, the water, accumulated as snow, begins to flow and starts vegetation, which becomes responsible for the increased visibility of the canals.

Waked in this manner, the vegetal quickening, following the water with equal step, but only after due delay, passes down the disk, giving rise to those resuscitations we mark through the telescope, and attribute not without reason to seasonal change. Change it is, and seasonal as well, yet it is not what we know by the name in one important particular. For it is a vernal quickening peculiar to Mars which knows no counterpart on earth.

THE EARTH AS WITNESSED FROM SPACE

To realize this, we must try to see ourselves as others might see us. If we could do away with the cloud-envelop which must to a great extent shield our earth's domestic matters from prying astronomers upon other orbs, and selecting some coign of vantage, as, for example, Venus, scan the face of our familiar abode from a distance sufficient to merge the local in the general aspect, we should at intervals of six months notice a most interesting and beautiful transformation spread over it. It is the vernal flush of the earth's awakening from its winter's sleep that we should then perceive. Starting from near the line of the tropic, we should mark the surface turn slowly green. As the tint deepened, we should see it also spread, creeping gradually up the latitudes until it stood within the Arctic Circle and actually bordered the perpetual snow.

MARTIAN CHANGE THE OPPOSITE OF OURS

We should witness thus much what we mark on Mars at intervals twice as long, because timed to the greater length of the Martian year. But one striking difference would be patent to the observer's eye: the wave of wakening would travel on the earth from equator to pole; on Mars it journeys from pole to equator. So much alike in their general detail the two would thus be parted by the opposite sense of the action to a diversity which at first would seem to deny any likeness in cause. To us the very meaning of seasonal change hinges on the return of the sun due to our change of aspect toward it. That the reverse could by any reason be ascribed to the same means might appear at first impossible.

Not so when we consider it with care. Apart from the all-important matter of the seed, two factors are concerned in the vegetal process, the absence of either of which is equally fatal to the result. The raw material, represented by oxygen, nitrogen, a few salts, and water, is one of these; the sun's rays constitute the other. Unless it be called by the sun, vegetation never wakes. But, furthermore, unless it have water, it remains deaf to the call. Now, on the earth water is, except in deserts, omnipresent. The sun, on the other hand, is not always there. After its departure south in the autumn, vegetation must wait until its return in the spring.

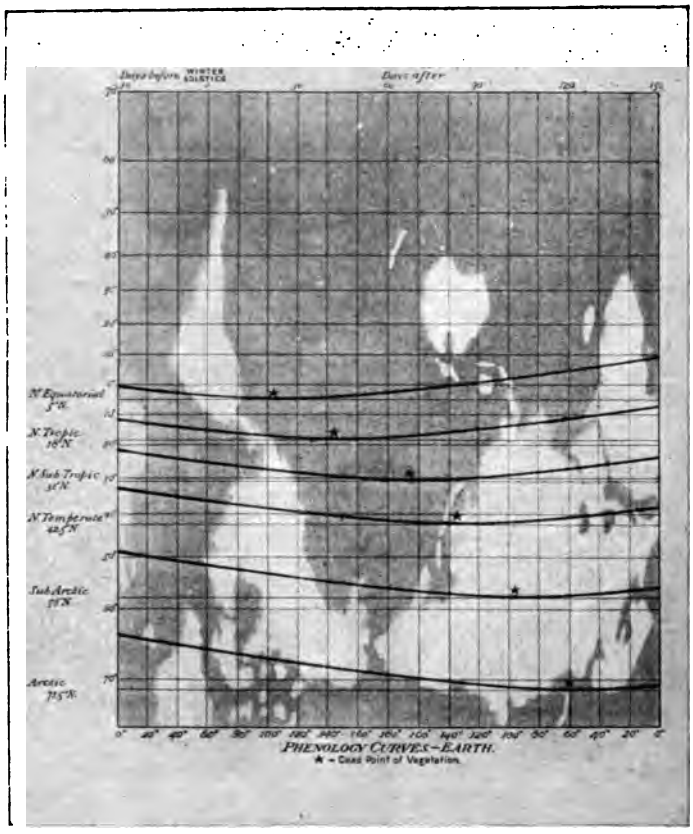
MELTING FIRST NECESSARY ON MARS

Mars is otherwise circumstanced. Dependent like us upon the periodic presence of the sun directly, it is further dependent upon the same source indirectly for its water supply. Not having any surface water except such as comes from the annual unlocking of the snows of the polar cap, vegetation must wait upon this unlocking before it can begin to sprout. The sun must have already gone north and melted the polar snows before vegetation starts, and when it starts, it must do so at the north, where the water arises and then follow the frugal flood down the disk. Thus, if it is to traverse the surface at all with vegetation in its train, the showing must begin at the pole and travel to the equator.

This, to us, inverse manner of vernal progression is precisely what the cartouches exhibit. Their curves of visibility show that the verdure wave is timed not primarily to the simple return of the sun, but to the subsequent advent of the water, and follows not the former up the parallels, but the latter down the disk.

SPEED OF SPREAD OF VEGETATION

It is possible to gage the speed of the latitudinal sprouting of the vegetation, and



From a chart made by Professor Lowell

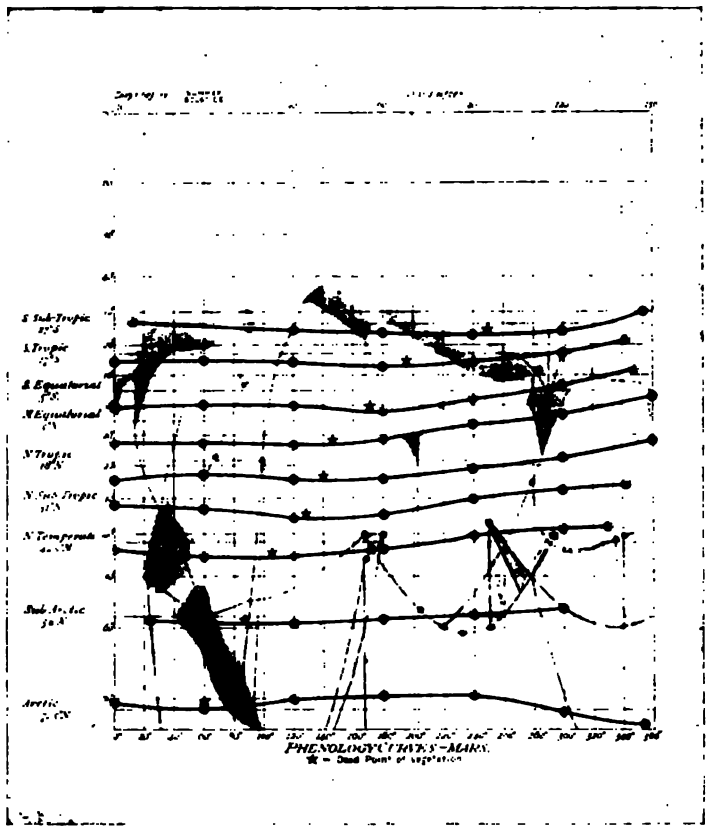
SPROUTING TIMES OF VEGETATION ON THE EARTH

The earth is represented upside down in direct comparison with Mars as we see it in the telescope.

therefore of the advent of the water down the canals, by the difference in time between the successive darkenings of the canals of the several zones. Thus it appears that it takes the water fifty-two days to descend from latitude 72° north to the equator, a distance of 2650 miles. This means a speed of fifty-one miles a day, or 2.1 miles per hour.

So, from our study it appears that a definite law governs the wax and wane of these strange things. Quickened by the water let loose on the melting of the polar cap, they rise rapidly to prominence, to stay so for some months, and then slowly proceed to die out again. Each in turn is thus affected, the march of vivification stalking the latitudes with steady stride down the surface of the disk. Nothing stops its measured progress, or proves deterrent to its course. One after the other each zone in order is reached and traversed, till even the equator is crossed, and the advance invades the territory of the other side. Following in its steps afar, comes its slower wane. But already from the other cap has started an impulse of like character that sweeps reversely back again, traveling northward as the first went south. Twice each Martian year is the main body of the planet traversed by these antistrophic waves of vegetal awakening, grandly oblivious to everything but their own advance. Two seasons of growth it therefore has, one coming from its arctic, one from its antarctic, zone, its equator standing curiously beholden semestrally to its poles.

There is something stirring to thought in this solidarity of movement, timed in cadence to the passage of the year. Silent as it is, the eye seems half to catch the measured tread of its advance as the



From a chart made by Professor Lowell

SPROUTING TIMES OF VEGETATION ON MARS

darkening of the canals sweeps on in progressive unison of march. That it means life, not death, detracts no jot from the moving quality of its effect. For all its peaceful purpose, the rhythmic majesty of the action imposes a sense of power on the mind, seeming in some better way to justify the planet's name in its wholly Martian character. Called after the god of war, the globe is true to its character in the order and precision of its stately processional change.

A CHANT OF DARKNESS

BY HELEN KELLER

THE following lines were originally a passage in the first draft of Miss Keller's essay, "Sense and Sensibility," which was published in THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for February and March. As Miss Keller developed the thought, her style became dithyrambic, and made a poetical chant which stood out from the prose. Her friends advised her to take the passage out and reshape it into a loose stanzaic structure. The original passage began with a quotation from Job, the idea being that Job lived through affliction and darkness to win new faith, and that there is yet another faith which finds joy in the midst of darkness. Miss Keller's lines are seen to be a blending of her imagination with passages from Job and, to a less extent, from modern poets. The quotations from Job are the foundation from which springs Miss Keller's own chant of faith, the text on which she has constructed her poem with a definite autobiographic intention.—THE EDITOR.

"My wings are folded o'er mine ears,
My wings are crossèd o'er mine eyes,
Yet through their silver shade appears,
And through their lulling plumes arise,
A Shape, a throng of sounds."

Shelley's "Prometheus Unbound."

I DARE not ask why we are reft of light,
Banished to our solitary isles amid the unmeasured seas,
Or how our sight was nurtured to glorious vision,
To fade and vanish and leave us in the dark alone.
The secret of God is upon our tabernacle;
Into His mystery I dare not pry. Only this I know:
With Him is strength, with Him is wisdom,
And His wisdom hath set darkness in our paths.
Out of the uncharted, unthinkable dark we came,
And in a little time we shall return again
Into the vast, unanswering dark.

O Dark! thou awful, sweet, and holy Dark!
In thy solemn spaces, beyond the human eye,
God fashioned His universe; laid the foundations
of the earth,
Laid the measure thereof, and stretched the line upon it;
Shut up the sea with doors, and made the glory
Of the clouds a covering for it;
Commanded His morning, and, behold! chaos fled
Before the uplifted face of the sun;
Divided a water-course for the overflowing of waters;
Sent rain upon the earth—
Upon the wilderness
Wherein there was no man,
Upon the desert
Where grew no tender herb,
And, lo! there was greenness upon the plains,
And the hills were clothed with beauty!
Out of the uncharted, unthinkable dark we came,
And in a little time we shall return again
Into the vast, unanswering dark.

O Dark! thou secret and inscrutable Dark!
In thy silent depths, the springs whereof man hath
not fathomed,
God wrought the soul of man.
O Dark! compassionate, all-knowing Dark!
Tenderly, as shadows to the evening, comes thy
message to man.
Softly thou layest thy hand on his tired eyelids,
And his soul, weary and homesick, returns
Unto thy soothing embrace.
Out of the uncharted, unthinkable dark we came,
And in a little time we shall return again
Into the vast, unanswering dark.

O Dark! wise, vital, thought-quickening Dark!
In thy mystery thou hidest the light
That is the soul's life.
Upon thy solitary shores I walk unafraid;
I dread no evil; though I walk in the valley of the shadow,
I shall not know the ecstasy of fear
When gentle Death leads me through life's open door,
When the bands of night are sundered,
And the day outpours its light.
Out of the uncharted, unthinkable dark we came,
And in a little time we shall return again
Into the vast, unanswering dark.

The timid soul, fear-driven, shuns the dark;
But upon the cheeks of him who must abide in shadow
Breathes the wind of rushing angel-wings,
And round him falls a light from unseen fires.
Magical beams glow athwart the darkness;
Paths of beauty wind through his black world
To another world of light,
Where no veil of sense shuts him out from Paradise.
Out of the uncharted, unthinkable dark we came,
And in a little time we shall return again
Into the vast, unanswering dark.

O Dark! thou blessèd, quiet Dark!
To the lone exile who must dwell with thee
Thou art benign and friendly;
From the harsh world thou dost shut him in;
To him thou whisperest the secrets of the wondrous night;
Upon him thou bestowest regions wide and boundless
as his spirit;
Thou givest a glory to all humble things;
With thy hovering pinions thou coverest all unlovely
objects;
Under thy brooding wings there is peace.
Out of the uncharted, unthinkable dark we came,
And in a little time we shall return again
Into the vast, unanswering dark.

II

ONCE in regions void of light I wandered;
In blank darkness I stumbled,
And fear led me by the hand;
My feet pressed earthward,
Afraid of pitfalls.
By many shapeless terrors of the night affrighted,
To the wakeful day
I held out beseeching arms.

Then came Love, bearing in her hand
The torch that is the light unto my feet,
And softly spoke Love: "Hast thou
Entered into the treasures of darkness?
Hast thou entered into the treasures of the night?
Search out thy blindness. It holdeth
Riches past computing."

The words of Love set my spirit aflame.
My eager fingers searched out the mysteries,

The splendors, the inmost sacredness, of things,
And in the vacancies discerned
With spiritual sense the fullness of life;
And the gates of Day stood wide.

I am shaken with gladness;
My limbs tremble with joy;
My heart and the earth
Tremble with happiness;
The ecstasy of life
Is abroad in the world.

Knowledge hath uncurtained heaven;
On the uttermost shores of darkness there is light;
Midnight hath sent forth a beam!
The blind that stumbled in darkness without light
Behold a new day!
In the obscurity gleams the star of Thought;
Imagination hath a luminous eye,
And the mind hath a glorious vision.

III

"THE man is blind. What is life to him?
A closed book held up against a sightless face.
Would that he could see
Yon beauteous star, and know
For one transcendent moment
The palpitating joy of sight!"

All sight is of the soul. Behold it
In the upward flight
Of the unfettered spirit! Hast thou
Seen thought bloom in the blind child's face?
Hast thou seen his mind grow,
Like the running dawn, to grasp
The vision of the Master?
It was the miracle of inward sight.

In the realms of wonderment where I dwell
I explore life with my hands;
I recognize, and am happy;
My fingers are ever athirst for the earth,
And drink up its wonders with delight,
Draw out earth's dear delights;
My feet are charged with the murmur,
The throb, of all things that grow.

This is touch, this quivering,
This flame, this ether,
This glad rush of blood,
This daylight in my heart,
This glow of sympathy in my palms!
Thou blind, loving, all-prying touch,
Thou openest the book of life to me.

The noiseless little noises of earth
Come with softest rustle;
The shy, sweet feet of life;
The silky flutter of moth-wings
Against my restraining palm;
The strident beat of insect-wings,
The silvery trickle of water;
Little breezes busy in the summer grass;
The music of crisp, whisking, scurrying leaves,
The swirling, wind-swept, frost-tinted leaves;
The crystal splash of summer rain,
Saturate with the odors of the sod.

With alert fingers I listen
To the showers of sound
That the wind shakes from the forest.
I bathe in the liquid shade
Under the pines, where the air hangs cool
After the shower is done.

My saucy little friend the squirrel
Flips my shoulder with his tail,
Leaps from leafy billow to leafy billow,
Returns to eat his breakfast from my hand.
Between us there is glad sympathy;
He gambols; my pulses dance;
I am exultingly full
Of the joy of life!

Have not my fingers split the sand
On the sun-flooded beach?
Hath not my naked body felt the water sing
When the sea hath enveloped it
With rippling music?
Have I not felt
The lilt of waves beneath my boat,

The flap of sail,
The strain of mast,
The wild rush
Of the lightning-charged winds?
Have I not smelt the swift, keen flight
Of winged odors before the tempest?
Here is joy awake, aglow;
Here is the tumult of the heart.

My hands evoke sight and sound out of feeling,
Intershifting the senses endlessly,
Linking motion with sight, odor with sound.
They give color to the honeyed breeze,
The measure and passion of a symphony
To the beat and quiver of unseen wings.
In the secrets of earth and sun and air
My fingers are wise;
They snatch light out of darkness,
They thrill to harmonies breathed in silence.

I walk in the stillness of the night,
And my soul uttereth her gladness.
O Night, still, odorous Night, I love thee!
O wide, spacious Night, I love thee!
O steadfast, glorious Night!
I touch thee with my hands;
I lean against thy strength;
I am comforted.

O fathomless, soothing Night!
Thou art a balm to my restless spirit,
I nestle gratefully in thy bosom,
Dark, gracious mother! Like a dove,
I rest in thy bosom.
Out of the uncharted, unthinkable dark we came,
And in a little time we shall return again
Into the vast, unanswering dark.

MARY GARDEN

BY HENRY T. FINCK

ADELINA PATTI was born in Spain, but her parents were Italians, and they brought her to New York at so early an age that, to cite her own words, she "learned of all languages English first." Olive Fremstad was born in Norway, but came to the United States as a child, and grew up here. Mary Garden was born in Scotland, but came to Chicago at the age of six, and remained in this country till she was nineteen, when she returned to Europe. Perhaps we cannot claim these three singers as Americans with the same right that we claim Emma Eames, who happened to see the light of the world first in Shanghai; yet the fact that all of them lived with us during the most impressionable, educational period of life prevents us from looking on them as foreigners. Mary Garden, at any rate, looks on herself as being an American, and we have reason to be proud of it, for she is an artist of unusual gifts and attractive individuality.

Like many other girls, she had musical ambitions, but not the means to gratify them. Kind friends who believed in her future supplied the funds, and she went to Paris. The French metropolis is not usually regarded as the best place for music students,—at least it was not so regarded until Jean de Reszke began to teach,—but in the case of Miss Garden the choice was a wise one; for, as the sequel proved, her gifts were preëminently suited to the French style of art. She had taken some music-lessons before leaving her American home, and she took some in Paris; but they were so few in number that she may be regarded as virtually self-taught.

The stage became her conservatory; on it she learned her art. Her début was unexpected, and it brought her instantaneous fame. The singer who had the rôle of *Louise* in Charpentier's opera of that name having become indisposed during the second act, Miss Garden was called upon to take her place in the third and fourth acts. She was not an understudy, but she was present in the audience and the manager happened to know that she had learned the part. The following week she became one of the stars of the Opéra Comique, and has been identified with its successes and failures ever since. The failures have been few; in fact, of the nine operas in which she has so far appeared at that house only one, "La Fille de Tabarin," by Pierné, failed to keep the stage. The other eight were "Louise," "Pelléas et Mélisande," "La Reine Fiamette," "La Traviata," "Chérubin," "Hélène," "Aphrodite," "Thaïs." In all of her operas except "Louise" she "created" the rôle of the heroine. At Brussels she has sung other rôles, including *Marguerite* in "Faust" —Gounod's "Faust," one must add in these days of Boito and Berlioz revivals; and in the same city she is to sing *Salomé* in the much-maligned opera of Richard Strauss; an event to which she looks forward eagerly.

In engaging Miss Garden for his Manhattan Opera House, Mr. Oscar Hammerstein ran a considerable risk. Our women still take fashion hints from Paris, but Parisian taste in music has less in common with New York taste. Of the operas in Mary Garden's repertory, only two were known in New York before she appeared here; wherefore the fact that she is a popular favorite in the French metropolis—so great a favorite, indeed, that after her departure the manager of the Opéra Comique was in despair as to where he might find a successor to her in some of the operas most in demand—did not necessarily imply that she would

equally interest New Yorkers. Her chief successes, moreover, had been won in such ultra-Parisian and ultra-modern operas as Massenet's "Thaïs," Charpentier's "Louise," and, above all, Debussy's "Pelléas et Mélisande." Would these please American opera-goers? Other managers had doubted this, but Mr. Hammerstein believed, or at least hoped, they would; and being as fearless as *Siegfried*, he went ahead with his experiment—an experiment the more to be commended because the Metropolitan Opera House had strangely neglected French opera ever since Mr. Conried assumed the directorship.

"Thaïs" was the first to be tried. On November 25 the Manhattan Opera House held a throng of eagerly expectant spectators. They saw Mary Garden in the rôle of a famous Alexandrian stage beauty and priestess of Venus, in an age when queenly homage was rendered to such courtezans. At a feast in the house of one of her admirers, *Nicias*, her attention is arrested by the sight of a stranger of austere aspect whose fierce eyes are fixed on her with an expression new to her. It is *Athanael*, a monk, who has left the desert for the express purpose of saving her soul. She parries his words at first with banter and an attempt to intoxicate his senses by her charms. She continues her efforts when he visits her, being piqued by the presence of the first man who resists her fascinations, even as he is piqued by the thought of how glorious it would be to vanquish her whom no other woman equaled in beauty or profligacy. The one bitter drop in her cup of heathen bliss is the fear of death, and it is by revealing to her the evangel of the life everlasting that he effects a sudden change in her attitude and feelings—a change which, after a night's meditation, prayer, and weeping, becomes so vital that she breaks away from her worshipers and goes with him to the desert, to become one of the white-robed nuns of the monastery in the oasis. But in making a saint, *Athanael* has himself become a sinner; the arrow of sensual love has entered his heart, and at the couch of *Thaïs*, who is dying of remorse and fasting, he implores her to live and love.

Like Sibyl Sanderson, for whom this rôle was written, Mary Garden is favored with the full yet slender form of a Phryne, the sinuous charms of which are enhanced by a fine feeling for plasticity and a rare art of picturesque posing. Every step and gesture is part of a harmonious whole subtly contrived to secure verisimilitude. At the beginning of the second act, the mingled weariness of her triumphs and dread of losing her beauty form a fine contrast to the ironic playfulness and wanton challenge in the preceding scenes. The struggle in her soul with all the changing emotions is charmingly mirrored in her features; the offer of a kiss, the appeal to Venus, the sudden pallor, fear, weeping, the nervous laugh at the last moment of revolt, the despair when the monk smashes the image of Eros,—the last link with her past life,—all these are portrayed with an art that introduced Miss Garden as a consummate, unique actress, an individuality to be reckoned with. With all its audacity, her enactment of the rôle of this priestess of Venus was free from vulgarity; it was sensual, yet not offensive. As a singer she revealed a voice the lower and middle registers of which were always agreeable while some of the high tones had a harsh quality. The most admirable thing about her singing was its genuine dramatic quality, its passionate intensity of utterance, its emotional realism.

The proud priestess of Venus in "Thaïs" becomes a plain Parisian working girl in "Louise," the second of the operas in which Miss Garden appeared before an American audience. *Louise* is employed in a dressmaker's establishment, and she loves *Julien*, a young poet, whose suit for her hand does not meet the approval of her parents. The mother upbraids her for bestowing her heart on this "starveling," this "tavern supporter, whose existence is the scandal of the quarter." In the second act we see *Louise* among the working girls in the busy shop. She hears a serenade below, which gradually hypnotizes her; she pleads illness, and pretends she is going home: but the skeptical girls at the window, to their amusement, see her going off with the serenader. *Julien* takes her to a little house he has found for their honeymoon, on the Butte Montmartre, overlooking Paris. Here their friends assemble one evening with Japanese lanterns; there is

dancing, and *Louise* is crowned Muse of Montmartre. In the midst of the festivities her mother arrives and implores her to return to her father; he is very ill, and she alone can cure him. *Louise* obeys, after the mother has promised *Julien* she will be allowed to return to him. This promise is not kept. *Louise* finds her old home more and more irksome, intolerable. The call of Paris comes to her ears; she raves about her lover, her life of bliss in his cottage, till her father's patience is exhausted. He opens the door, bids her begone, and throws a chair after her; then he sinks down in heart-breaking remorse: but it is too late to bring her back; she is lost in Paris, a needle in a haystack.

Mary Garden has lived in Paris long enough to understand thoroughly the kind of girl Charpentier depicts in the libretto he wrote for his opera. She represents her as heartless, vain, fond of finery, impulsive, yet not really degraded. As she has herself remarked, *Louise* is not a Tenderloin type. "She loves life, its froth and fun, which does not necessarily mean anything vicious. She is a cheery little skater on the edge of an abyss, like the *Mimis* in general, who are so well understood on the boulevards and in Montmartre, who are loved for that very quality of unthinking gaiety, and who often end their butterfly career by marrying." In the last scene, Miss Garden rises to a splendid height of dramatic impersonation. The call of Paris—her Paris, "*splendeur de mes désirs,*" her "*encore un jour d'amour,*" and the whole delirious scene where her memories overpower her till her mother cries "She 's going mad!" —all this was acted with entrancing art, and her impassioned singing intensified the impression.

It is in Debussy's "Pelléas et Mélisande," however, that Mary Garden has won her greatest triumph. She confesses that she is a little tired of the rôle of *Louise* after singing it over 220 times. *Mélisande* she loves more and more after over eighty impersonations, and she is convinced it will never weary her. Nor is it likely ever to pall on the admirers of Debussy's opera, or rather, music-drama; for an opera it is not, having no arias, duos, choruses, or processions. The composer himself has repeatedly testified to his admiration for her art. In 1903 he dedicated a volume of his songs to "Miss Mary Garden, the unforgettable *Mélisande.*" Into the copy of the score of his opera which he gave to her he wrote: "In the future others may sing *Mélisande,* but you alone will remain the woman and the artist I had hardly dared hope for." And in "Musica Noël," dated January 8, 1908, he has an article in which he refers to the hours spent in rehearsing "Pelléas et Mélisande" as among the pleasantest in his life. "I have known," he adds, "cases of great devotion and great artists. Among the latter there was an artist curiously personal. I had hardly anything to suggest to her; by herself she gradually painted the character of *Mélisande;* I watched her with a singular confidence mingled with curiosity."

Maeterlinck's play on which Debussy's opera is based must be read to be appreciated. To give a summary of it would be to miss its very essence—its intangible, dreamlike, vague, elusive atmosphere. *Mélisande* is a princess who has fled from some mysterious palace. Prince *Golaud* finds her in the forest, takes her home, and marries her; he never finds out who she is or whence she came. He is gray-bearded, and she is young; young also is the prince's half-brother, *Pelléas.* The two fall in love. The jealous *Golaud* surprises them at what was to have been their last meeting, and slays *Pelléas. Mélisande* dies soon after, leaving a daughter to take her place. "I killed without reason," *Golaud* exclaims; "they kissed like children."

The mystic, shadowy remoteness and unreality of the *Mélisande* which Miss Garden presents, recalls the paintings of Rossetti, making a striking contrast to her *Thaïs,* which is so intensely human. Her voice—even in the declaration of love—and her motions are wonderfully consistent, giving one the impression of some vague yet definite dream-person. She is as lithe and sinuous as a snake; she keeps a singular virginal atmosphere about her, despite the beautiful outlining of her figure, which is almost as frank as in "Thaïs." She wears at first a quaint and appropriate costume, close-fitting, white with overwork of pink. Is it a bit of symbolism that when her husband abuses her because her eyes feign, as he thinks,

such "a great innocence," and when she meets *Pelléas*, at last acknowledging her love, she no longer displays her glorious body, but veils it with heavy lines and wraps it in dull colors, instead of displaying its unspoiled beauty and wearing the early white and rose of the young and possibly happy wife?

Thaïs, too, wore rose-color and blonde hair, but what a tremendous chasm exists between the victorious courtezan, with her clinging flesh-colored draperies and audacious golden head and the girlish *Mélisande*, with her glorious hair meekly parted in the middle, pouring over her like a flood of sunlight! She seems unaware of the glory of this hair, to have only a dim idea of its effect on *Pelléas*, even in the window scene when it falls over his head and neck and he caresses it as if it were living; but later she seems to realize this effect, and when she gives up the rose and white gown, she confines the golden flood in long braids which hang in melancholy lines along her white cheeks and over the sad-hued draperies.

How can this woman with her exuberant vitality change herself so completely, become a monochrome in look, in voice—which but once rises to real song—in gesture, as passionless, in spite of her forbidden love, as an angel of Fra Angelico? There is a forlorn groping for the tangible, a weird, uncomprehending sadness which envelops her like a mantle, but withal she strongly conveys the impression of a terrified shrinking from the actual, a horror of being touched which may spring from fear—the fear so well shown in the very first scene, but which seems still more to express the mysterious contradictions of a character incomprehensible to herself as well as to those about her.

The three new characters presented by Miss Garden have given the opera season of 1907–08 a unique distinction. Next year she promises to add three more rôles, which doubtless will give further opportunity of admiring the beauty of her movements, which reminds one of Emerson's lines:

> Thou canst not wave thy staff in air
> Or dip thy paddle in the lake,
> But it carves a bow of beauty there,
> And ripples, in rhyme, the oar forsake.

A TROPICAL TEMPEST

A TALE OF YUCATAN

BY EDWARD H. THOMPSON

THERE is a kind of tropic storm that often begins on the ocean. The sky is clear, too clear. Things far off seem near. The sea is so smooth that the spring of the flying-fish makes a series of surface ripples; and so oily, that the push of the steamer barely raises foam at the bow.

A tiny cloud appears, the only sky stain from horizon to horizon. It drifts up like a feather puff borne on a zephyr, so light and white and downy is it. Behind it are others, light and white, but not so downy, and behind these are turgent cloud-masses, lead-colored and heavy.

Quickly the dark clouds climb up into the highest heavens, they push and tear asunder the fleecy clouds, and bear them down under their greater weight.

The sun becomes overcast; its face turns the color of dull brass, its rays a sickly yellow.

Then the dark clouds turn and rend one another.

Black and sullen, they twist and turn and jam one another, as giants at battle, but silently; and all the world is silent too.

Suddenly they open great brazen mouths and with sulphurous fires come

forth the noises of hell—the sounds of wailing souls fighting demon hordes; a rattling as of countless chains on shaking fortress walls; a clanging as of many bells on falling towers; a rushing and crashing as of a thousand chariots over the rock-paved streets of a smoking city.

The turmoil grows until the heavens themselves stand aghast, open the gates of their torrents, and quench the fires of the tempest, while all beneath begin to breathe once more.

But this is not the tropic storm I wish to describe just now. The one I mean occurs on land, generally near the outer edge of a city or town. Here it is:

Old X'Leut sat on a rock in front of her palm-thatched "na," combing her long but scanty locks with a big-toothed wooden comb. Things had gone wrong with her that morning, and as a climax for it all, an owl had perched on her roof just before daylight and awakened her by its unholy screeching. Everybody that knows anything of such things knows that the perching of an owl on the house-top forebodes some great disaster to its inmate.

X'Pet Iuit, in the little tumbledown hut opposite, was in a bad humor that morning, too. It had rained heavily the night before, and the rain had come through the big holes in the rotten thatch until the inside of the hut was as wet and nasty as the outside. Worse, for outside all things were washed bright and clean by the heavy rain. The very weeds were green and fragrant, the old tin cans showed gleaming spots of tin through their rust, and even the big sea-turtle shell, where the solitary duck took his infrequent bath, lay clean and gleaming white, like the virgin shield of some new-made knight.

In the house, in the tumbledown hut that to X'Pet and drunken, light-hearted Bruno was home, the rain had worked a different way.

The great drops had pounded through the rotten palm-leaves and carried the leaf bits down with them, where they lay in little heaps on the floor beneath.

Worse still, the drops had trickled along the smoke-stained rafters, and then had dropped on to a snowy pile of freshly washed clothes that X'Pet had heaped together in a basket to carry to their owners early in the morning. Now the great black stains meant hours of hard work before she could tie in her handkerchief the silver she so much needed for her clothes.

Thus X'Pet felt mean and bitter as she opened her door, to sweep out the wet rubbish into the street. She saw old X'Leut sitting in moody silence on the rock, slowly passing the comb through her snaky locks; but the old woman, never looking up, only went on combing.

X'Pet looked on in malicious silence for a moment, and then leaning on her long-handled broom, shouted as if to some one inside the hut,—her own daughter X'Mat,—and said: "Ha! ha! X'Mat, you make me laugh! Six hairs on one side, and twelve on the other, and yet you sit where the whole world can see you combing the hairs, as if you were a girl of twelve. Are you crazy, X'Mat?"

Well did old X'Leut know that X'Mat was not at home, and had not been for many a day, and well did she know that the words of X'Pet were meant for her and for her alone. The trick was an old and familiar one to her, for she was old, and had used it herself often.

She said nothing, her lips tightened until her mouth was a narrow slit, and her eyes closed until they were a pair of narrow slits; but she went on slowly combing her locks until she had finished. Then she slowly looped it up after the manner of her people for unnumbered centuries, tucked in the straggling ends, and stood up.

X'Pet was, comparatively speaking, a new-comer to this particular barrio, and it is hardly to be believed that she would have tackled the old woman so freely if she had known what was coming, or, to put it in the figurative expression of the native, if she had known "how much wood it was going to take to cook the sweetmeat."

Old X'Leut had been in her day a famous fish-woman at the port.

Fish-women since the days of the immortal Charlemagne have been noted as uncomfortable creatures to stir up with a verbal pole.

But a port fish-woman! Ah! What is the use of attempting to describe the undescribable!

A gleam of satisfaction shot athwart the old woman's features, followed by a disappointed one as X'Pet entered her house, and shutting the door with a bang, securely barred it.

Old X'Leut shook her dress to free it of stray hairs, stretched her skinny arms as if to embrace the universe, and then the slit of a mouth became straightway a cavern, revealing long and yellow fangs. The eyes opened wide, and from them shot fire; and from the mouth—

At first she indulged only in generalities, and these, too, in a low, monotonous voice, almost without inflection, like the purring of a cat, that simply yawns and stretches out her claws just a tiny bit, to see if they are in good shape.

Behind the closed door, in the security of her own house, as she thought, poor, deluded X'Pet, with her head against the door, listened calmly.

The monotonous voice, hardly raised above a conversational tone, soothed her, and she was almost smiling, when a word flitted by that cut the smile short.

Old X'Leut had left the generalities, and raising her voice to a higher pitch, began on the personalities.

She scanned the annals of X'Pet's immediate ancestry, and discovered parallel traits between it and canines of a certain sex, the feline tribe, and the common pole-cat. And now her voice rose still higher,—not loud, because of the dozing policeman on the corner of the near-by crossing,—but shrill and insistent. She figuratively snatched up these relatives one and collectively, and held them up to the view of the public; she tore them ferociously apart to see what they were made of, and what made them go. Then suddenly throwing their mangled remains to one side, she addressed herself to prophecy.

She told what would be the beginning and the end of X'Pet's nearest relatives and remotest descendants.

Ah, old X'Leut, when in the full tide of her eloquence, was unique, she was weird, she—but what is the use?

X'Pet grew restive and uneasy, and threw anxious looks around. The door, securely barred, as it was, was not so safe as it looked.

The ugly words slipped through the cracks and crevices like quicksilver, and then they burned her badly. She stopped the keyhole with a rag, but by that time it was too late; the tide was on, with the resistless force of all tides.

The flood of words rushed forth overwhelmingly. They beat through the wooden fabric of the door, they filtered through the rotten palm thatch.

They crept up under the careless eaves, and dropped red hot and scorching upon the shrinking X'Pet, as she cowered beneath them.

Finally X'Pet could stand it no longer, and pallid and trembling, almost hysterical, she fled through the back door, down the yard, and into the little thatched hut where the hens roosted on the rotting poles. There, sheltered by the great mustard plants, she crouched tired and spent on a fallen door of withes.

The motherly cluckings of the maternal hens, the sleepy scoldings of the brooding one, and the solicitous bustlings of the roosters soothed her, and she actually fell asleep and slept soundly until the bickerings of two quarrelsome hens awoke her with an anxious start.

She caught the feathered termigants and cuffed them soundly; then she went slowly and shakily toward the house.

A knock at the door made her start and tremble, but another and a louder one made her open it.

There stood old X'Leut, with jolly eyes and kindly mouth, holding in her hands a steaming bowl of *atole* gruel.

"Are you still bitter against me?" she asked in the vernacular. "If not, let 's be friends again. Here is a gourd of hot atole; it 's good for a headache. I know."

She nodded her old head understandingly. Knew? Of course she knew.

And so the tropic tempest passed, and all was clear and serene once more.

TOPICS OF THE TIME

CHARLES F. CHICHESTER

FOR a third of a century, Charles F. Chichester, who died on the 20th of February last, served faithfully the public and the cause of literature as an active force in The Century Co., publishers of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE, "St. Nicholas," "The Century Dictionary," and many other publications. He had been since 1881 a trustee and the treasurer of the company.

He was born in Troy, New York, December 31, 1848, and was educated at the Brooklyn Polytechnic, and through the wide reading of books. He also studied for some time at the Cooper Union Art School. His earlier business life was in Chicago, but later he was connected with the "Christian Union," New York. At the time of his death he was a director in the Bank of the Metropolis and a trustee of the Union Square Savings Bank.

He was one of the original and most active members of the Grolier Club of New York, serving on its publication and house committees, and being at the time of his death a member of its council. He was also a member of the Caxton Club of Chicago, the Union League Club, the Aldine Association, The Players of New York, the National Club of London, and various civic and charitable associations.

In typography and the esthetics of bookmaking, as well as in its practical details, Mr. Chichester's taste was remarkable, and, better than this, his standards of business ethics and his aims as a publisher were high. In a business which is inevitably associated with artistic and moral influences, he recognized that while the making of money was necessary it should by no means be the sole consideration. His interest in the details of the publishing of periodicals and books did not abate with his later months of impaired vigor; for to the last he cheerfully, loyally, and steadfastly poured his strength into the service of the great publishing concern of which he was an important member.

His life work was with The Century Co., and its enterprises called forth his deepest sympathies and fullest energies. While he will be greatly missed in the circle of his friends and fellow-workers, yet his labors will long continue to tell, in many ways, upon the methods and standards of the Company, and, it is not too much to say, constitute a public service of no mean degree.

Since Mr. Chichester's death many letters have been received from American and European correspondents, showing that even those who came casually into relation with him were impressed by those genial and attractive traits which endeared him to his more intimate associates.

"THE AGE OF MENTAL VIRILITY"

NOT only the middle-aged and the old should be interested in Dr. Dorland's studies relating to "The Age of Mental Virility" (in the April and May numbers of THE CENTURY), but no less all those who are younger. For no young person wishes to believe that if he succeeds in passing beyond the age of forty, his success in keeping alive is, so to speak, to be counted as failure—in that view of life which regards it as unlikely that any very valuable achievement may be expected in the entire period from forty to the end.

Dr. Dorland's two papers make absolute nonsense of the contention that the age of forty marks a limit of mental energy. As for the unfortunate and gloom-creating Bible phrase concerning a sev-

enty-years' limit, that also is shown to be unnecessarily restrictive. In fact, Dr. Dorland's collection of records puts to flight all the theories of pessimism and, considered along with the advance in hygienic and strength-preserving methods of our days, should start a wave of cheerfulness on the subject of longevity and mental virility that will effectually counteract ill-founded pronouncements of a discouraging nature.

As a matter of fact, it is perfectly understood by those who are observant of the phenomena of life that age is a matter not of figures as to years, but of endurance as to the individual. No two men nominally of forty, for instance, are actually of the same age.

There are few communities that fail to afford examples of important accomplishment by men full of years. The Philadelphia "Ledger" recently contained an editorial on "Grand Old Men" from which we quote:

The celebration of George Meredith's eightieth birthday in England this week, while he still busily pursues his literary career, and the knowledge that Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, in the foremost ranks of our American authors, is seventy-eight years old to-day, as he plans new novels full of the spirit of romance and humanity, should give pause to those who may believe that men at forty have done their best work and at sixty go to the lumber room. . . .

Age may be thought to dim the eye for seeing the joys and appreciating the feelings of youth. It has never dimmed Dr. Mitchell's. He describes the likes and the loves, the hopes, dreams and aspirations of young men and young women with as much enthusiasm and a deal more art than the dabsters of a later literary generation who write the people's fiction. These words are not meant to make literary work in the upper decades of life seem remarkable. The object is simply to state a fact in an age which we are sometimes disposed to surrender to young men.

Nor does Dr. Mitchell stand alone in this country. It is not necessary to go out of the city to find two others who are shoulder to shoulder with him. They are to criticism and history what he is to the novel, which is to say preëminent. Horace Howard Furness is only three years younger, while Henry C. Lea is five years older. These three grand old men of literary Philadelphia were born—Lea on September 19, 1825; Mitchell, February 15, 1830; and Furness, November 2, 1833.

Lea and Furness work on in their literary fields as industriously as Dr. Mitchell in his, and they will continue to do so, hopefully and confidently, to the end. May all three enjoy many returning birthdays, with their books and papers around them! There is cheer for the race of man in three such lives.

For New York it would be easy to prepare a list of men and women who in the sixties, seventies, and eighties, and even beyond, are doing some of the most useful and important work of their lives. Human existence has, in any case, so large a proportion of failure, disappointment, and pain, that it is hardly worth while to spread abroad depressing theories as to life; and Dr. Dorland deserves the thanks of the community for doing exactly the opposite, and that on indestructible data.

THE WHITE HOUSE CONFERENCE ON OUR NATIONAL RESOURCES

THE NEED OF A RADICAL POLICY IN FORESTRY

THE Conference of Governors and other influential and prominent men which by invitation of President Roosevelt is to meet at the White House on May 15 to consider what can be done toward the conservation of the natural resources of the country, will have at once a great opportunity and a great responsibility. The letters to us from seventeen of the Governors, printed in the February CENTURY, show a commendable realization of the fact that in the matter of forest destruction, at least, a crisis is upon us, and on every hand and in every part of the country evidence is given that the public is thoroughly aroused to the importance of the subject. Whatever the President may or may not have done, he has kept the country thinking, and in this case it is thinking straight. With the complete information on all phases of the question which will be furnished to the conference by the Forestry Bureau—which, to judge from its publications and accomplishments, is one of the best-managed branches of the governmental service—there is every chance that that distinguished body will have full opportunity for a dispassionate study of the perils of ax and fire. After wise counsel should come vigorous action.

The situation calls for radical conservatism. If the work of saving the for-

ests—or what is left of them by the ignorance and rapacity of corporate and private ownership—is to be set on foot, once for all, without false starts, it must be undertaken not only in a patriotic spirit but with imagination. It is easy to learn what has been wasted in the century past —*public resources probably sufficient to have made it unnecessary for any American citizen to have paid a cent of tax.* What is needed, is to project the mind fifty years ahead, to consider the problem in the light of the enormous foreign population that is coming to us and learning from us ghastly lessons of *laissez-faire*—a policy which in matters of forestry their own governments have learned through disastrous experience to abandon.

There are unmistakable signs of a reaction in the excessive individualism, the go-as-you-please, every-man-for-himself, I-may-do-what-I-wish-with-my-own views of life. A new spirit is upon us, with a new definition of eminent domain, enlarging its scope to the control of private interests that exist to the injury of the public. This is not socialism in the violent sense of that word: rightly conceived, it is a new sense of brotherhood. Its principle is, "You ought not to get your happiness at the expense of your fellow-men." It does not point to confiscation: on the contrary it promises to supply a working substitute for anarchy. It may easily be misapplied or carried too far. But it is not more dangerous than certain false methods of corporate ownership and the equally tyrannical excesses of trade unionism, which together have created so much of the new social unrest. The trend of progress points to a more excellent way.

To apply this to a single aspect of the forestry question: Why should owners of enormous tracts of mountain forests be permitted to denude them, to the manifest injury of the agriculture, navigation, and commerce of the valleys and streams which they supply? We are accustomed to think of nature as a dominating force, whereas its modification by human action is the most constant of phenomena. The life of man has been described as substantially a warfare against the animals, against his fellows, and against the face of nature. It is the business of government not to promote, but to restrict this warfare, as it has done in the reservation of Western forests—one of the most important notes of progress the country has struck since the Civil War. It is the office of the wise not only to protect the weak against the strong, but to protect the foolish from themselves.

There are signs that in this matter other countries are awake to their peril and responsibilities. British Columbia is taking Time by the forelock and, by a sweeping act, reserving for governmental control *every acre of forest land* not already leased. Colombia in South America has also passed new forest laws in keeping with intelligent modern public opinion. The conference cannot directly legislate, but its recommendations and influence ought to shape a policy of coöperation between the nation and the States along uniform lines. The Appalachian Bill is a step in the right direction and ought to be enacted, but we must go farther, considering the forests of the country, with all due respect to private ownership, a heritage of posterity.

An important and commendable step has just been taken by the State of New York in the purchase of Mt. Marcy and other peaks of the Adirondacks at the very headwaters of the Hudson. This policy should at once be continued until the Reservation reaches its maximum extent. Then the whole tract should be administered under a system which, while guaranteeing private rights, will give the State supervision of the cutting of trees. The public health, the interests of agriculture, commerce, and navigation in New York and Pennsylvania, call imperatively for a large-minded and immediate consideration of the whole subject. "Be wise in time: 't is madness to defer."

OPEN LETTERS

Charles R. Knight

(THE CENTURY'S AMERICAN ARTISTS SERIES)

MR. CHARLES R. KNIGHT, whose painting of Mr. J. P. Morgan's champion collies, "Wishaw Clinker" and "Blue Prince," is reproduced in this number of THE CENTURY (page 126), was born in Brooklyn in 1874. His art education was received at the Metropolitan Art School and the Art Students League of New York. At an early age he developed great fondness for animals and animal-drawing, although his first studies were in decorative designing, and for three years he worked for one of the largest stained-glass firms of this city, making sketches in water-color for windows. At the League, Mr. Knight studied figure-drawing under George De Forest Brush, F. V. Du Mond, and Willard L. Metcalf. His studies of animal life were continued, however, being carried on in the zoölogical gardens of this country and Europe.

Mr. Knight's inclination is to paint wild animals, the domestic forms not having the same interest for him, and his attention has been especially devoted to the larger cat animals, such as the lion, tiger, and jaguar. It is probably in this line that his delineation of animal character has been most successful.

In 1896 he became associated with the American Museum of Natural History, by which he was commissioned to make a series of restorations, both in models and paintings, of fossil animals; many of these have been reproduced in THE CENTURY. His work in this unique field has resulted in an extensive and elaborate series made from the mounted skeletons in the various museums of this country and Europe. Mr. Knight has endeavored to give realistic impressions of the animals and the landscape in which they lived, and his success in that line has been due to the fact that he has reproduced them in what was probably a realistic position and in a landscape in which it was possible for them to live at any age of the world. In this work he has found it of great assistance to make models of the creatures first, afterward placing them in sunlight in order to observe the actual shape of the shadow cast upon the ground, thus securing in the finished picture a realism that would otherwise have been impossible to accomplish.

It is to the modeling and painting of modern animals, however, that Mr. Knight has of late years given most of his attention. Several years ago there were reproductions in THE CENTURY of submarine studies made by him in Bermuda, and from time to time his paintings of wild animals have appeared in its pages.

The picture here reproduced was painted a few years ago at Mr. Morgan's summer home at Highland Falls, New York. The dogs portrayed were remarkably fine specimens of the breed, one having been purchased in England for a very large sum, the other bred in Mr. Morgan's own kennels at his home on the Hudson.

"A Reception at the Académie Française"

As many portraits have been introduced by M. André Castaigne into his picture on page 7, its interest will be enhanced by the identification of them. The three members seated in the tribune, under the bust of the Duc d'Aumale, are Frédéric Masson (on the left), Le Vicomte Melchior de Vogué, and Gaston Boissier (Perpetual Secretary of the Academy); the member on their left addressing the assemblage is Maurice Barrès; seated at his left is Emile Gebhart, and on his left Edmond Rostand, and above Gebhart, Henry Houssaye; seated under the tribune to the right of Barrès, come Ernest Lavisse, the Marquis Costa de Beauregard, Comte Albert de Mun, and Emile Faguet; in the center of the second row under the tribune (his hat raised to his cheek) is Paul Hervieu; the second person to his right is Jules Claretie, then Jules Lemaitre; above Claretie is Paul Bourget, and above the latter, to the right, Paul Deschanel, with Ludovic Halévy, Etienne Lamy, and René Bazin in the same group; at the left of the figure in the center of the picture with his hand to his forehead is Brunetière (deceased), then Alexandre Ribot, then François Coppée (with face averted), then the Comte d'Haussonville in the foreground; in the row back of these gentlemen, beginning at the left, are M. Berthelot (deceased), and Alfred Mézières (with his hand to his chin). In the center of the picture among the guests, with her arm on the circular table, is Mlle. Cécile Sorel of the Comédie Française and to the right of her, Mme. Séverine and the Comtesse Mathieu de Noailles, president of the so-called "Academy of Women."

IN LIGHTER VEIN

The Mythological Zoo

BY OLIVER HERFORD

With pictures by the Author

Drawn by Oliver Herford

I. Pegasus

THE ancients made no end of fuss
About a horse named Pegasus,
A famous flyer of his time,
Who often soared to heights sublime,
When backed by some poetic chap
For the Parnassus Handicap.

Alas for fame! The other day
I saw an ancient "one-hoss shay"
Stop at the Mont de Piété,
And, lo! alighting from the same,
A bard, whom I forbear to name.
Noting the poor beast's rusty hide

(The horse, I mean), methought I spied
What once were wings. Incredulous,
I cried, "Can *this* be Pegasus!"

Drawn by Oliver Herford

II. The Chimera

You'd think a lion or a snake
Were quite enough one's nerves to shake;
But in this classic beast we find
A lion and a snake combined,
And, just as if that were n't enough,
A goat thrown in to make it tough.
Let scientists the breed pooh! pooh!
Come with me to some social zoo
And hear the bearded lion-bleat
Goat-like on patent-kidded feet,
Whose "civil leer and damning praise"
The serpent's cloven tongue betrays.
Lo! lion, goat, and snake combined!
Thanks; I prefer the ancient kind.

Little What-For

BY JULIAN STREET

EVERY day he sets out, holding Somebody's hand -
Does our little What-For - to look over the land;
And I 'd not let him go if he did n't agree
To come back each night to his supper and me,
And climb to my lap for a fine twilight talk
Of the wonderful things that one sees on a walk.
He met a big dog, with a stick in his jaws;
Why did n't he carry the stick in his paws?
He heard a horse sing. What-for call it a neigh?
Why could n't he know what the horse meant to say?
And when a horse neighs, do the dogs understand?
Who pushes the grass up from under the land?
Why are there tall trees that we play in the shade of?

What makes the birds fly? And what are flies made of?
Are flowers alive? Then why don't they take cold?
What-for am I little? What-for are you old?
And why is it Monday? And what makes Dad shave?
I 'm afraid that it hurts him, but Dad 's very brave.
Who gets all that beard that he razes away?
Will I have black stickers, like Daddie's, some day?
What makes little lines run all over your face?
What-for can't I take the books out of the case
And build a big house on the lib'ary floor?
And why does the wind come and rattle the door?
What-for are those pipes that the water goes through?
And if they are pipes, does n't Dad smoke them, too?
What-for must I eat? And why must n't I spill?
And what-for 's my mouth, if it is n't to fill?
And why, when my supper is all tucked away,
Does Dark come around and paint everything gray?
What-for do they take off my things every night,
And tuck me all in, and then turn out the light?
What-for are the fairies? And how can they see
To dance all the night, when it 's darkness to me?
And why am I sleepy? Why 's sand in my eye?
And who came and put it there —Mother— ?—
and — why — ?

Jes a-Hopin'

LIF' yo' eyes up to de sky;
Springtime comin' by-an'-by.

* * * * *

Summah sun an' April rain;
Ol' Mis' Spring she come again!

Souf win' croonin', goin' by;
Sunshine drippin' frough de sky.

Heah de catbu'd how he sing:
"Howdy; howdy do, Mis' Spring!"

Shell road kin' er dusty brown;
Ribber singin', goin' down.

Dogwood pole, an' piece er twine,
Big, fat wo'm—just watch mah line!

Honey bee, you honey bee,
Quit yo' sassyin' wid me!

Hills a-shinin' f'om de rain,
Singin' low in won'rous pain.

Dis ol' coon he kain't sing low;
Feel so full he bus' fer sho.

Whooee! Whooee! Heah me sing?
Howdy; howdy do, Mis' Spring!

* * * * *

Lif' yo' eyes up to de sky;
Springtime comin' by-an'-by.

Herman Da Costa.

Moving

OH, there 's lots of fun in moving,—
Pulling up the carpet-tacks,
Packing up the books and china,
Piling chairs and things in stacks,—
Mother sighs, and says her head aches,
And she wishes we were done,
But *I* think the whole whangdoodle
Is a *dandy* lot of fun.

We have splendid times with eating,
Everything in cans and jars;
When we really get to *living*,
Mother says she 'll thank her stars.
But I think it 's simply *great*, and hope
'T will last a good long while,
For it 's corking fun to make believe
You 're on a desert isle

But the best of all is sleeping
On a mattress on the floor;
Though my father says it 's draughty,
And the dickens of a bore;
But it 's *diff'rent*, and I *like* it,
'Cause I play we 're camping out.
But o' course the grown folks never
Know what *I* am thinking 'bout.

Then it 's great to hold the ladder
When my father 's doing things,
'Cause when Daddy putters round, he
Dances horn-pipes, and he sings—
'R else he *mutters*. *Then* he tells me,
"Don't *you* ever say that, son!"
Gee! I think that when you 're moving
There 's a scrumptious lot of fun!

Edna Kingsley Wallace.

The Great Scrap-Book

(Scrap: a fight. *Century Dictionary.*)

"I 'VE got my lessons," Bobbie said,
"And learned a fact that 's not half bad:
The greatest scrap-book ever made
Is that old Homer's Iliad."

Allen Wood.

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THE COURT OF AMENHOTEP III, TEMPLE OF LUXOR

PAINTED FOR THE CENTURY BY JULES GUÉRIN

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

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THE SPELL OF EGYPT

AS REVEALED IN ITS MONUMENTS

THIRD PAPER: LUXOR—COLOSSI OF MEMNON—MEDINET-ABU

BY ROBERT HICHENS

Author of "The Garden of Allah," etc.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM NATURE BY JULES GUÉRIN

UPON the wall of the great court of Amenhotep III in the temple of Luxor there is a delicious dancing procession in honor of Rameses II. It is very funny and very happy; full of the joy of life—a sort of radiant cake-walk of old Egyptian days. How supple are these dancers! They seem to have no bones. One after another they come in line upon the mighty wall, and each one bends backward to the knees of the one who follows. As I stood and looked at them for the first time, almost I heard the twitter of flutes, the rustic wail of the African hautboy, the monotonous boom of the derabukkeh, cries of a far-off gaiety such as one often hears from the Nile by night. But these cries came down the long avenues of the centuries; this gaiety was distant in the vasty halls of the long-dead years. Never can I think of Luxor without thinking of those happy dancers, without thinking of the life that goes on in the sun on dancing feet.

There are a few places in the world that one associates with happiness, that one remembers always with a smile, a little thrill at the heart that whispers, "There joy is." Of these few places Luxor is one—Luxor the home of sunshine, the suave abode of light, of warmth, of the sweet days of gold and sheeny, golden sunsets, of silver, shimmering nights through which the songs of the boatmen of the Nile go floating to the courts and the tombs of Thebes. The roses bloom in Luxor under the mighty palms. Always surely beneath the palms there are the roses. And the lateen-sails come up the Nile, looking like white-winged promises of future golden days. And at dawn one wakes with hope and hears the songs of the dawn; and at noon one dreams of the happiness to come;

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and at sunset one is swept away on the gold into the heart of the golden world; and at night one looks at the stars, and each star is a twinkling hope. Soft are the airs of Luxor; there is no harshness in the wind that stirs the leaves of the palms. And the land is steeped in light. From Luxor one goes with regret. One returns to it with joy on dancing feet.

One day I sat in the temple, in the huge court with the great double row of columns that stands on the banks of the Nile and looks so splendid from it. The pale brown of the stone became almost yellow in the sunshine. From the river, hidden from me, stole up the songs of the boatmen. Nearer at hand I heard pigeons cooing, cooing in the sun, as if almost too glad, and seeking to manifest their gladness. Behind me, through the columns, peeped some houses of the village: the white home of Ibrahim Ayyad, the perfect dragoman, grandson of Mustapha Aga, who entertained me years ago, and whose house stood actually within the precincts of the temple; houses of other fortunate dwellers in Luxor whose names I do not know. For the village of Luxor crowds boldly about the temple, and the children play in the dust almost at the foot of obelisks and statues. High on a brown hump of earth a buffalo stood alone, languishing serenely in the sun, gazing at me through the columns with light eyes that were full of a sort of folly of contentment. Some goats tripped by, brown against the brown stone—the dark brown earth of the native houses. Intimate life was here, striking the note of the coziness of Luxor. Here was none of the sadness and the majesty of Denderah. Grand are the ruins of Luxor, noble is the line of columns that boldly fronts the Nile; but Time has given them naked to the air and to the sun, to children and to animals. Instead of bats, the pigeons fly about them. There is no dreadful darkness in their sanctuaries. Before them the life of the river, behind them the life of the village flows and stirs. Upon them looks down the Minaret of Abu Haggag; and as I sat in the sunshine, the warmth of which began to lessen, I saw upon its lofty circular balcony the figure of the muezzin. He leaned over, bending toward the temple and the statues of Rameses II and the happy dancers on the wall. He opened his lips and cried to them:

"God is great. God is great. . . . I bear witness that there is no god but God. . . . I bear witness that Mohammed is the Apostle of God. . . . Come to prayer! Come to prayer! . . . God is great. God is great. There is no god but God."

He circled round the minaret. He cried to the Nile. He cried to the colossi sitting in their plain, and to the yellow precipices of the mountains of Libya. He cried to Egypt:

"Come to prayer! Come to prayer! There is no god but God. There is no god but God."

The days of the gods were dead, and their ruined temple echoed with the proclamation of the one God of the Moslem world. "Come to prayer! Come to prayer!" The sun began to sink.

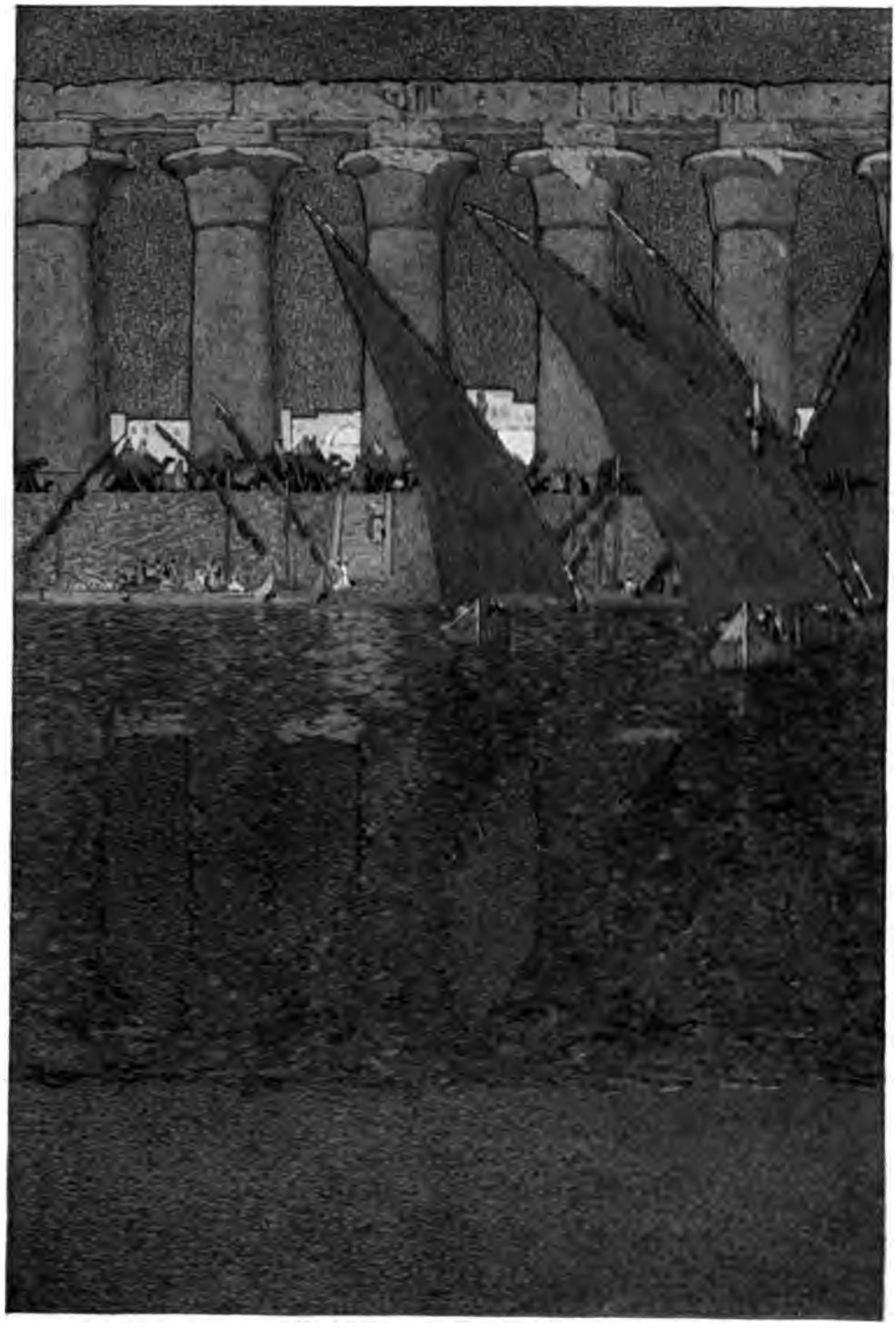
Sunset and evening star, and one clear call for me.

The voice of the muezzin died away. There was a silence; and then, as if in answer to the cry from the minaret, I heard the chime of the angelus bell from the Catholic church of Luxor.

Twilight and evening bell, and after that the dark.

I sat very still. The light was fading; all the yellow was fading, too, from the columns and the temple walls. I stayed till it was dark; and with the dark the old gods seemed to resume their interrupted sway. And surely they, too, called to prayer. For do not these ruins of old Egypt, like the muezzin upon the minaret, like the angelus bell in the church tower, call one to prayer in the night? So wonderful are they under stars and moon that they stir the fleshly and the worldly desires that lie like drifted leaves about the reverence and the aspiration that are the hidden core of the heart. And it is released from its burden; and it awakes and prays.

Amun-Ra, Mut, and Khuns, the king of the gods, his wife, mother of gods, and the moon god, were the Theban triad to whom the holy buildings of Thebes on the two banks of the Nile were dedicated;



THE GREAT COLONNADE, TEMPLE OF LUXOR

PAINTED FOR THE CENTURY BY JULES GUÉRIN

and this temple of Luxor, the "House of Amun in the Southern Apt," was built fifteen hundred years before Christ by Amenhotep III. Rameses II, that vehement builder, added to it immensely. One walks among his traces when one walks in Luxor. And here, as at Denderah, Christians have let loose the fury that should have had no place in their religion. Churches for their worship they made in different parts of the temple, and when they were not praying, they broke in pieces statues, defaced bas-reliefs, and smashed up shrines with a vigor quite as great as that displayed in preservation by Christians of to-day. Now time has called a truce. Safe are the statues that are left. And day by day two great religions, almost as if in happy brotherly love, send forth their summons by the temple walls. And just beyond those walls, upon the hill, there is a Coptic church. Peace reigns in happy Luxor. The lion lies down with the lamb, and the child, if it will, may harmlessly put its hand into the cockatrice's den.

Perhaps because it is so surrounded, so haunted by life and familiar things, because the pigeons fly about it, the buffalo stares into it, the goats stir up the dust beside its columns, the twittering voices of women make a music near its courts, many people pay little heed to this great temple, gain but a small impression from it. It decorates the bank of the Nile. You can see it from the dahabiyehs. For many that is enough. Yet the temple is a noble one, and, for me, it gains a definite attraction all its own from the busy life about it, the cheerful hum and stir. And if you want fully to realize its dignity, you can always visit it by night. Then the cries from the village are hushed. The houses show no lights. Only the voices from the Nile steal up to the obelisk of Rameses, to the pylon from which the flags of Thebes once flew on festal days, to the shrine of Alexander the Great, with its vultures and its stars, and to the red granite statues of Rameses and his wives.

These last are as expressive and of course more definite than my dancers. They are full of character. They seem to breathe out the essence of a vanished domesticity. Colossal are the statues of the king, solid, powerful, and tremendous, boldly facing the world with the calm of one who was thought, and possibly thought himself, to be not much less than a deity. And upon each pedestal, shrinking delicately back, was once a little wife. Some little wives are left. They are delicious in their modesty. Each stands away from the king, shyly, respectfully. Each is so small as to be below his down-stretched arm. Each, with a surely furtive gesture, reaches out her right hand, and attains the swelling calf of her noble husband's leg. Plump are their little faces, but not bad-looking. One cannot pity the king. Nor does one pity them. For these were not "Les désenchantées," the restless, sad-hearted women of an Eastern world that knows too much. Their longings surely cannot have been very great. Their world was probably bounded by the calf of Rameses's leg. That was "the far horizon" of the little plump-faced wives.

The happy dancers and the humble wives, they always come before me with the temple of Luxor—joy and discretion side by side. And with them, to my ears, the two voices seem to come, muezzin and angelus bell, mingling not in war, but peace. When I think of this temple, I think of its joy and peace far less than of its majesty.

And yet it is majestic. Look at it, as I have often done, toward sunset from the western bank of the Nile, or climb the mound beyond its northern end, where stands the grand entrance, and you realize at once its nobility and solemn splendor. From the *Loulia's* deck it was a procession of great columns; that was all. But the decorative effect of these columns, soaring above the river and its vivid life, is fine.

By day all is turmoil on the river-bank. Barges are unloading, steamers are arriving, and throngs of donkey-boys and dragomans go down in haste to meet them. Servants run to and fro on errands from the many dahabiyehs. Bathers leap into the brown waters. The native craft pass by with their enormous sails outspread to catch the wind, bearing serried mobs of men and black-robed women and laughing, singing children. The boatmen of the hotels sing monotonously as they lounge in the big, white boats waiting for travelers to Medinet-Abu, to the Rames-

seum, to Kurna, and the tombs. And just above them rise the long lines of columns, ancient, tranquil, and remote—infinitely remote, for all their nearness, casting down upon the sunlit gaiety the long shadow of the past.

From the edge of the mound where stands the native village the effect of the temple is much less decorative, but its detailed grandeur can be better grasped from there; for from there one sees the great towers of the propylon, two rows of mighty columns, the red granite Obelisk of Rameses the Great, and the black granite statues of the king. On the right of the entrance a giant stands, on the left one is seated, and a little farther away a third emerges from the ground, which reaches to its mighty breast.

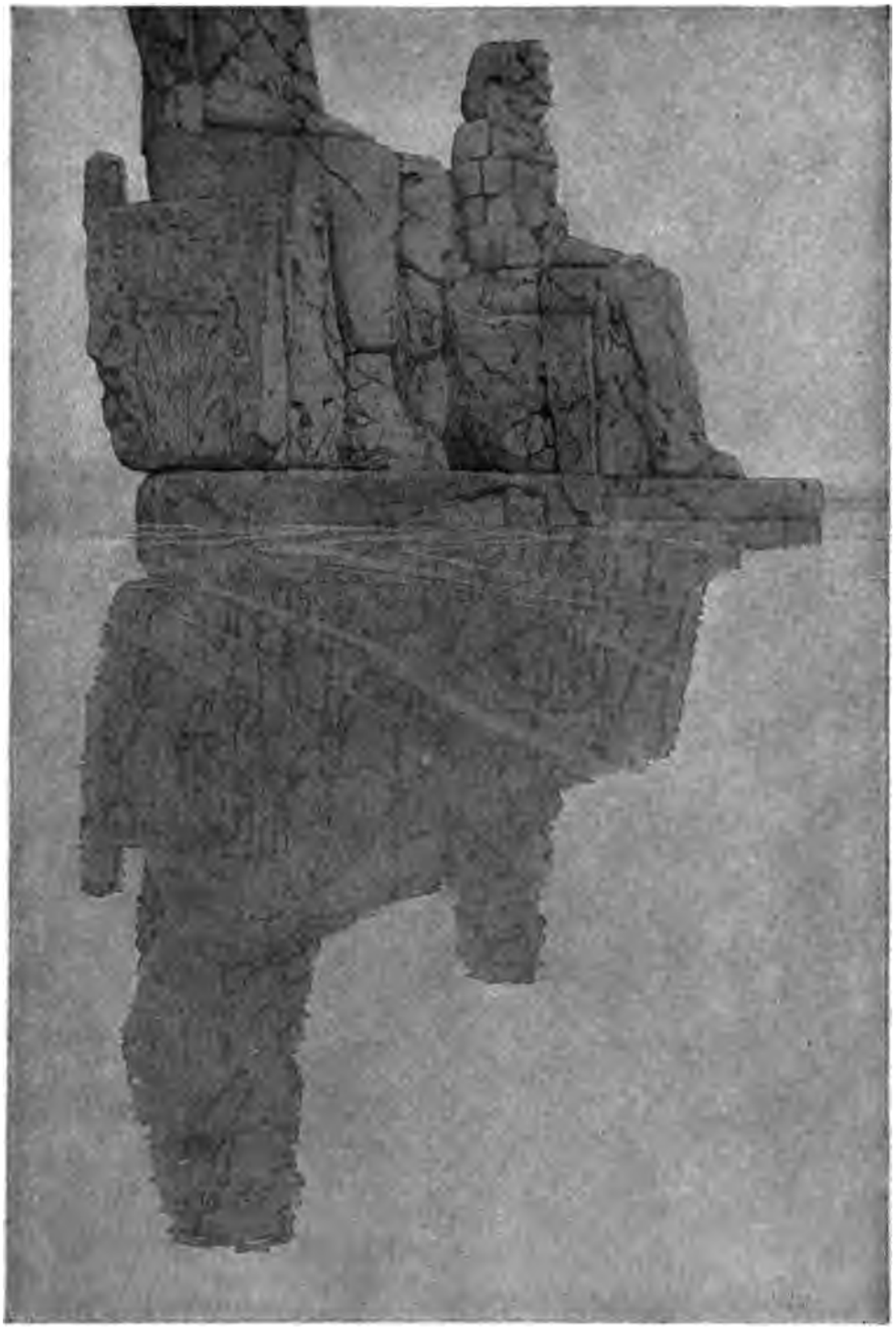
And there the children play perpetually. And there the Egyptians sing their serenades, making the pipes wail and striking the derabukkeh; and there the women gossip and twitter like the birds. And the buffalo comes to take his sun-bath; and the goats and the curly, brown sheep pass in sprightly and calm processions. The obelisk there, like its brother in Paris, presides over a cheerfulness of life; but it is a life that seems akin to it, not alien from it. And the king watches the simplicity of this keen existence of Egypt of to-day far up the Nile with a calm that one does not fear may be broken by unsympathetic outrage, or by any vision of too perpetual foreign life. For the tourists each year are but an episode in Upper Egypt. Still the shadoof-man sings his ancient song, violent and pathetic, bold as the burning sun-rays. Still the fellaheen plow with the camel yoked with the ox. Still the women are covered with protective amulets and hold their black draperies in their mouths. The intimate life of the Nile remains the same. And that life obelisk and king have known for how many, many years!

And so I love to think of this intimacy of life about the temple of the happy dancers and the humble little wives, and it seems to me to strike the keynote of the golden coziness of Luxor.

Nevertheless, sometimes one likes to escape from the thing one loves, and there are hours when the gay voices of Luxor fatigue the ears, when one desires a great calm. Then there are silent voices that summon one across the river, when the dawn is breaking over the hills of the Arabian desert, or when the sun is declining toward the Libyan mountains—voices issuing from lips of stone, from the twilight of sanctuaries, from the depths of rock-hewn tombs.

The peace of the plain of Thebes in the early morning is very rare and very exquisite. It is not the peace of the desert, but rather, perhaps, the peace of the prairie—an atmosphere tender, delicately thrilling, softly bright, hopeful in its gleaming calm. Often and often have I left the *Loulia* very early, moored against the long sand islet that faces Luxor when the Nile has not subsided, I have rowed across the quiet water that divided me from the western bank, and, with a happy heart, I have entered into the lovely peace of the great spaces that stretch from the Colossi of Memnon to the Nile, to the mountains, southward toward Armant, northward to Kerekten, to Danfik, to Gueziret-Meteira. Think of the color of young clover, of young barley, of young wheat; think of the timbre of the reed flute's voice, thin, clear, and frail with the frailty of dewdrops; think of the torrents of spring rushing through the veins of a great, wide land, and growing almost still at last on their journey. Spring, you will say, perhaps, and high Nile not yet subsided! But Egypt is the favored land of a spring that is already alert at the end of November, and in December is pushing forth its green. The Nile has sunk away from the feet of the colossi that it has bathed through many days. It has freed the plain to the fellaheen, though still it keeps my island in its clasp. And Hapi, or Kam-wra, the "Great Extender," and Ra, have made this wonderful spring to bloom on the dark earth before the Christian's Christmas.

What a pastoral it is, this plain of Thebes, in the dawn of day! Think of the reed flute, I have said, not because you will hear it, as you ride toward the mountains, but because its voice would be utterly in place here, in this arcady of Egypt, playing no tarantella, but one of those songs, half bird-like, and half sadly, mysteriously human, which come from the soul of the East. Instead of it, you may catch distant cries from the bank of



THE COLOSSI OF MEMNON

PAINTED FOR THE CENTURY BY JULES GUÉRIN

the river, where the shadoof-man toils, lifting ever the water and his voice, the one to earth, the other, it seems, to sky; and the creaking lay of the water-wheel, which pervades Upper Egypt like an atmosphere, and which, though perhaps at first it irritates, at last seems to you the sound of the soul of the river, of the sunshine, and the soil.

Much of the land looks painted. So flat is it, so young are the growing crops, that they are like a coating of green paint spread over a mighty canvas. But the doura rises higher than the heads of the naked children who stand among it to watch you canter past. And in the far distance you see dim groups of trees—sycamores and acacias, tamarisks and palms. Beyond them is the very heart of this "land of sand and ruins and gold": Medinet-Abu, the Ramesseum, Deir-el-Medinet, Kurna, Deir-el-Bahari, the tombs of the kings, the tombs of the queens and of the princes. In the strip of bare land at the foot of those hard, and yet poetic, mountains, have been dug up treasures the fame of which has gone to the ends of the world. But this plain, where the fellaheen are stooping to the soil, and the women are carrying the water-jars, and the children are playing in the doura, and the oxen and the camels are working with plows that look like relics of far-off days, is the possession of the two great presiding beings whom you see from an enormous distance, the Colossi of Memnon. Amenhotep III put them where they are. So we are told. But in this early morning it is not possible to think of them as being brought to any place. Seated, the one beside the other, facing the Nile and the home of the rising sun, their immense aspect of patience suggests will, calmly, steadily exercised, suggests choice; that, for some reason, as yet unknown, they chose to come to this plain, that they choose solemnly to remain there, waiting, while the harvests grow and are gathered about their feet, while the Nile rises and subsides, while the years and the generations come, like the harvests, and are stored away in the granaries of the past. Their calm broods over this plain, gives to it a personal atmosphere which sets it quite apart from every other flat space of the world. There is no place that I know on the earth which has the peculiar, bright, ineffable calm of the plain of these colossi. It takes you into its breast, and you lie there in the growing sunshine almost as if you were a child laid in the lap of one of them. That legend of the singing at dawn of the "vocal Memnon," how could it have arisen? How could such calmness sing, such patience ever find a voice? Unlike the Sphinx, which becomes ever more impressive as you draw near to it, and is most impressive when you sit almost at its feet, the colossi lose in personality as you approach them and can see how they have been defaced.

From afar one feels their minds, their strange, unearthly temperaments commanding this pastoral. When you are beside them, this feeling disappears. Their features are gone, and though in their attitudes there is power, and there is something that wakens awe, they are more wonderful as a far-off feature of the plain. They gain in grandeur from the night, in strangeness from the moonrise, perhaps specially when the Nile comes to their feet. More than three thousand years old, they look less eternal than the Sphinx. Like them, the Sphinx is waiting, but with a greater purpose. The Sphinx reduces man really to nothingness. The colossi leave him some remnants of individuality. One can conceive of Strabo and Ælius Gallus, of Hadrian and Sabina, of others who came over the sunlit land to hear the unearthly song in the dawn, being of some—not much, but still of some—importance here. Before the Sphinx no one is important. But in the distance of the plain the colossi shed a real magic of calm and solemn personality, and subtly seem to mingle their spirit with the flat, green world, so wide, so still, so fecund, and so peaceful; with the soft airs that are surely scented with an eternal springtime, and with the light that the morning rains down on wheat and clover, on Indian corn and barley, and on brown men laboring, who, perhaps from the patience of the colossi in repose, have drawn a patience in labor that has in it something not less sublime.

From the colossi one goes onward toward the trees and the mountains, and very soon one comes to the edge of that strange and fascinating strip of barren land which is strewn with temples and

honeycombed with tombs. The sun burns down on it. The heat seems thrown back upon it by the wall of tawny mountains that bounds it on the west. It is dusty, it is arid; it is haunted by swarms of flies, by the guardians of the ruins, and by men and boys trying to sell enormous scarabs and necklaces and amulets, made yesterday, and the day before, in the manufactory of Kurna. From many points it looks not unlike a strangely prolonged rubbish-heap in which busy giants have been digging with huge spades, making mounds and pits, caverns and trenches, piling up here a monstrous heap of stones, casting down there a mighty statue. But how it fascinates! Of course one knows what it means. One knows that on this strip of land Naville dug out at Deir-el-Bahari the temple of Mentu-hotep, and discovered later, in her shrine, Hathor, the cow-goddess, with the lotus plants streaming from her sacred forehead to her feet; that long before him Mariette here brought to the light at Drah-abu'l-Neggah the treasures of kings of the twelfth and thirteenth dynasties; that at the foot of those tiger-colored precipices, Theodore M. Davis, the American, found the sepulcher of Queen Hatshepsu, the Queen Elizabeth of the old Egyptian world, and, later, the tomb of Yuaa and Thuaa, the parents of Queen Thiy, containing gold-plaited mummy-cases, jars of oil and wine, gold, silver, and alabaster boxes, a bed decorated with gilded ivory, a chair with gilded plaster reliefs, chairs of state, and a chariot; that here Maspero, Victor Loret, Brugsch Bey, and other patient workers gave to the world tombs that had been hidden and unknown for centuries; that there to the north is the temple of Kurna, and over there the Ramesseum; that those rows of little pillars close under the mountain, and looking strangely modern, are the pillars of Hatshepsu's temple, which bears upon its walls the pictures of the expedition to the historic land of Punt; that the kings were buried there, and there the queens and the princes of the vanished dynasties; that beyond to the west is the temple of Deir-el-Medinet with its judgment of the dead; that here by the native village is Medinet-Abu. One knows that, and so the imagination is awake, ready to paint the lily and to gild the beaten gold. But even if one did not know, I think one would be fascinated. This turmoil of sunbaked earth and rock, gray, yellow, pink, orange, and red, awakes the curiosity, summons the love of the strange, suggests that it holds secrets to charm the souls of men.

At the entrance to the temple of Medinet-Abu, near the small groups of palms and the few brown houses, often I have turned and looked back across the plain before entering through the first beautiful doorway, to see the patient backs and right sides of the colossi, the far-off, dreamy mountains beyond Karnak and the Nile. And again, when I have entered and walked a little distance, I have looked back at the almost magical picture framed in the doorway; at the bottom of the picture a layer of brown earth, then a strip of sharp green,—the cultivated ground,—then a blur of pale yellow, then a darkness of trees, and just the hint of a hill far, very far away. And always, in looking, I have thought of the "Sposalizio" of Raphael in the Brera at Milan, of the tiny dream of blue country framed by his temple doorway beyond the Virgin and Saint Joseph. The doorways of the temples of Egypt are very noble, and nowhere have I been more struck by their nobility than in Medinet-Abu. Set in huge walls of massive masonry, which rise slightly above them on each side, with a projecting cornice, in their simplicity they look extraordinarily classical, in their sobriety mysterious, and in their great solidity quite wonderfully elegant. And they always suggest to me that they are giving access to courts and chambers which still, even in our times, are dedicated to secret cults—to the cults of Isis, of Hathor, and of Osiris.

Close to the right of the front of Medinet-Abu there are trees covered with yellow flowers; beyond are fields of doura. Behind the temple is a sterility which makes one think of metal. A great calm enfolds this place. The buildings are of the same color as the colossi. When I speak of the buildings, I include the great temple, the pavilion of Rameses III, and the little temple, which together may be said to form Medinet-Abu. Whereas the temple of Luxor seems to

THE TEMPLE OF MEDINET-ABU

PAINTED FOR THE CENTURY BY JULES GUÉRIN

open its arms to life, and the great fascination of the Ramesseum comes partly from its invasion by every traveling air and happy sun-ray, its openness and freedom, Medinet-Abu impresses by its colossal air of secrecy, by its fortress-like seclusion. Its walls are immensely thick, and are covered with figures the same color as the walls, some of them very tall. Thick set, massive, heavy, almost warlike it is. Two seated statues within, statues with animals' faces, steel-colored, or perhaps a little darker than that, look like savage warders ready to repel intrusion.

Passing between them, delicately as Agag, one enters an open space with ruins, upon the right of which is a low, small temple, gray in hue, and covered with inscriptions, which looks almost bowed under its tremendous weight of years. From this dignified, though tiny, veteran there comes a perpetual sound of birds. The birds in Egypt have no reverence for age. Never have I seen them more restless, more gay, or more impertinent, than in the immemorial ruins of this ancient land. Beyond is an enormous portal, on the lofty ceiling of which still linger traces of faded red and blue, which gives access to a great hall with rows of mighty columns, those on the left hand round, those on the right square, and almost terribly massive. There is in these no grace, as in the giant lotus columns of Karnak. Prodigious, heavy, barbaric, they are like a hymn in stone to strength. There is something brutal in their aspect, which again makes one think of war, of assaults repelled, hordes beaten back like waves by a sea-wall. And still another great hall, with more gigantic columns, lies in the sun beyond, and a doorway through which seems to stare fiercely the edge of a hard and fiery mountain. Although one is roofed by the sky, there is something oppressive here; an imprisoned feeling comes over one. I could never be fond of Medinet-Abu, as I am fond of Luxor, of parts of Karnak, of the whole of delicious, poetical Philæ. The big pylons, with their great walls sloping inward, sand-colored, and glowing with very pale yellow in the sun, the resistant walls, the brutal columns, the huge and almost savage scale of everything, always remind me of the violence in men, and also—I scarcely know why—makes me think of the North, of sullen Northern castles by the sea, in places where skies are gray, and the white of foam and snow is married in angry nights.

And yet in Medinet-Abu there reigns a splendid calm—a calm that sometimes seems massive, resistant, as the columns and the walls. Peace is certainly inclosed by the stones that call up thoughts of war, as if, perhaps, their purpose had been achieved many centuries ago, and they were quit of enemies forever. Rameses III is connected with Medinet-Abu. He was one of the greatest of the Egyptian kings, and has been called the "last of the great sovereigns of Egypt." He ruled for thirty-one years, and when, after a first visit to Medinet-Abu, I looked into his records, I was interested to find that his conquests and his wars had "a character essentially defensive." This defensive spirit is incarnated in the stones of these ruins. One reads in them something of the soul of this king who lived twelve hundred years before Christ, and who desired "in remembrance of his Syrian victories" to give to his memorial temple an outward military aspect. I noticed a military aspect at once inside this temple; but if you circle the buildings outside it is more unmistakable. For the east front has a battlemented wall, and the battlements are shield-shaped. This fortress, or migdol, a name which the ancient Egyptians borrowed from the nomadic tribes of Syria, is called the "Pavilion of Rameses III," and his principal battles are represented upon its walls. The monarch does not hesitate to speak of himself in terms of praise, suggesting that he was like the God Mentu, who was the Egyptian war god, and whose cult at Thebes was at one period more important even than was the cult of Amun, and also plainly hinting that he was a brave fellow. "I, Rameses the King," he murmurs, "behaved as a hero who knows his worth." If hieroglyphs are to be trusted, various Egyptian kings of ancient times seem to have had some vague suspicion of their own value, and the walls of Medinet-Abu are, to speak sincerely, one mighty boast. In his later years the king lived in peace and luxury, surrounded by a vicious and

intriguing court haunted by magicians, hags, and mystery-mongers. Dealers in magic may still be found on the other side of the river, in happy Luxor. I made the acquaintance of two when I was there, one of whom offered for a couple of pounds to provide me with a preservative against all such dangers as beset the traveler in wild places. In order to prove its efficacy he asked me to come to his house by night, bringing a dog and my revolver with me. He would hang the charm about the dog's neck, and I was then to put six shots into the animal's body. He positively assured me that the dog would be uninjured. I half-promised to come, and, when night began to fall, looked vaguely about for a dog. At last I found one, but it howled so dismally, when I asked Ibrahim Ayyad to take possession of it for experimental purposes, that I weakly gave up the project, and left the magician clamoring for his hundred and ninety-five piasters.

Its warlike aspect gives a special personality to Medinet-Abu. The shield-shaped battlements; the courtyards, with their brutal columns, narrowing as they recede toward the mountains; the heavy gateways, with superimposed chambers; the towers; quadrangular bastion to protect; inclined basement to resist the attacks of sappers and cause projectiles to rebound—all these things contribute to this very definite effect.

I have heard travelers on the Nile speak piteously of the confusion wakened in their minds by a hurried survey of many temples, statues, monuments, and tombs. But if one stays long enough, this confusion fades happily away, and one differentiates between the antique personalities of ancient Egypt almost as easily as one differentiates between the personalities of one's familiar friends. Among these personalities Medinet-Abu is the warrior, standing like Mentu, with the solar disk, and the two plumes erect above his head of a hawk, firmly planted at the foot of the Theban mountains, ready to repel all enemies, to beat back all assaults, strong and determined, powerful and brutally serene.

MEMNON

BY EDITH M. THOMAS

WHAT was that music of the desert-bourn,
And who was he that had for heart a lyre—
Whose golden strings stirred only when the Morn
Stepped forth in purple raiment edged with fire,
While all around the world ran vague desire
(Ere yet in flower-kept dells the sun had shone),
To hold the dream, and let but sleep retire?
What was that music, excellent and lone,
The Son of Eos uttered from his granite throne?

It was of all sweet murmurs mixed and blent,—
Of wind and wave,—and such as if the dew,
Leaf-cradled, liquid utterance had been lent,
To tell how, from the heavens darkly blue,
It cometh on the earth forever new.

Yet that fond music, of the desert-bound,
From joys and griefs of mankind also drew;
Though every anguished, every hurtling sound
In the great deep of melody had long been drowned.

What was, what is, that music? Breathe its name.
Say who is he that hath the lyre for heart?
Who, smitten by auroral dew and flame,
And throned upon the lonely verge apart,
Hears all sweet, tingling sounds, where'er they start,
From round the world, and stores them in his breast,
To give them forth with tear-compelling art?—
The Poet, blessing, and forever blest,—
The Child of Morning—and he sings at her behest!

No hour he knows but hers, of trembling poise
Between the dark and bright. Nor shall he greet
The darted beam meridian, that destroys
The last of dreams, and sends beneath man's feet
The shadow, that, amidst the glare and heat,
Could mind us how beside us Something goes,
That is of Dream Eternal—as is meet; . . .
But he, the Singing Son of Morning, knows
No hour but hers—is hers, from dawn to even's close!

THE HILL OF THORNS

BY ADELE MARIE SHAW

THE coming of the appointment was to Mallory more than rescue. His haunted face relaxed into an expression normal and pleasant to see, a look that his wife had almost forgotten. She let the baby beat a teaspoon upon the tray of the high chair while she moved quickly round the breakfast-table to kiss Mallory's forehead, from which the flush had not yet subsided.

"I am so thankful, Howard," she said. Her dark eyes filled, and the tears slipped upon her cheeks. She was a pretty woman, naturally plump; her newly acquired thinness had the pathos of emaciation.

Howard Mallory, the letter that had brought the transforming announcement still in his hand, drew her close, his heart pounding against her frailness in big strokes.

"God knows I am," he said solemnly.

After her husband had gone, Ellice Mallory established the baby in a cushion-fenced space upon the floor and cleared the table. She stepped deliberately and daintily and hummed as she worked. Then she sat down on the floor by little Robert and seconded his experiments with the wooden blocks, her mind traveling the dreary distances of the past year.

Mallory had come to Lake City with his wife and his boy prepared to enter instantly a Promised Land. To a country editor the money offered for his help in

the municipal campaign, and the position awaiting his acceptance when the campaign should be ended, had appealed in terms no less than magical.

"Come down and talk for us," the letter had said. "If you can walk away with the mob here as you did with the up-country crowd last year, the party can afford your price."

Mallory had known that he had the knack of gripping an audience, putting an opponent's views better than the man himself could put them, then convincing even the man that the views were rotten at their specious core. He had believed in his party; it was the party of reform. And he had always wanted a hand in the city's struggle for decency.

He had come in September and worked faithfully till, with election day, the hope of a reform victory for Lake City had gone out. The salary he had drawn for his services had been smaller than the promises. Concerning the appointment, the district leader had been too sanguine. The reform party was in no position to give appointments. In the compromise that at the last had wrested something from the fears of the "grafters" there had been bigger men than Howard Mallory to consider. A false kindness had continued to promise even after election, and Mallory's inexperience had continued to believe that, in spite of inevitable delay, the position would be his.

For the first months he had found board for himself and Ellice and little Robert in a quiet house near a quiet park. Every day Ellice had taken the baby to the park, and there dreamed of the time when they could move their "own things" to the city and have a home.

When the "Lake City Republic" had given half a column to one of Mallory's speeches, she had sent him out to buy ten copies, and these she had marked and mailed to Weston, their home town, thus bracketing Mallory's name with those of men of national importance in minds familiar with the "Republic" only in its tri-weekly form.

She had been constantly and pitifully homesick. Sometimes the longing to go out into her old back yard and see the Delawares ripening under the spreading grape leaves, the snow apples fallen red and tempting on the green stretch of the orchard grass, the blaze of Mrs. Beal's salvias across the garden hedge, swept away her courage in a devastating wave. The wind was sweet in Weston. The smell of Lake City was smoky; to her there was always in its air a sense of suffocation. But Ellice Mallory was in love with Mallory and with her baby, and deft with a thousand frugalities learned in a Mississippi household that had had nothing left after the war but blood and pluck. She used her talents and suppressed her aches.

Through the long autumn and the longer winter she made each month's money cover each month's expenses, though in the end it meant a furnished room far from the quiet park. In this room the three lived and slept and ate. In it she washed their clothes and dried them bit by bit when Mallory was away. Howard Mallory pressed his trousers under the mattress, and wore his oldest suit in the house, saving the worn best for the street. The cleanliness Ellice maintained made in the beginning the sordid closeness endurable. But as weeks went after weeks into the inexorable distance, while the appointment came no nearer, there was less to eat, and the blight of their surroundings fell on appetite.

The month's money covered nothing, being itself nothing. The desultory work furnished by the politicians had reached its vanishing-point. The enemy held the door of public service. The Mallorys were forced to confess to those left behind them in Weston that they had not prospered; this to Ellice was worse than homesickness. They borrowed of Mallory's mother, of the few friends who could or would lend to them.

The things he saw, the things he could not escape, both among the out-and-out "grafters" and among the self-seekers who had attached themselves to "reform" for what they could get out of it, made Mallory grit his teeth. There was no longer a place for him in Weston. He had abandoned to another man the only position into which he fitted. Now there seemed no place for him in the city. He began to have a sense of what Ellice's fears had meant when she had hesitated over the change. She had at first shown the fright of the dependent wife when the husband looses his hold on a sure

support to swim after one untried, though less humble.

This man had known that his wife had been longing for the breezes in the Weston maples, but he had not himself felt the longing till spring. Then it fastened on him; his enthusiasm for "a broader contact with life" went into its hungry maw. The city appeared to him a cesspool where wretched creatures swam and wallowed in their own filth, fouling one another with the slime of their own degradation.

Ellice was ill and shabby. The shabbiness made her look more forlorn than the illness. She had the love of the ephemeral in dress that had survived transplanting from a land of flowers and summer. Soft, fluttering things, that fade and crumple and need everlasting renewal, Lake City had soon begrimed to tawdriness. Mallory felt its symbolism, and grew bitter at himself. The boy, too, was ailing.

The strain wrought upon husband and wife to the point of morbidness in nerves hitherto wholesome. Once when Mallory sat late with a merchant on whom he was urging his fitness for an advertised position, the man pressed a drink on him. To refuse seemed to Mallory to jeopardize the little chance he had, and he tasted the whisky and went home to Ellice with it upon his breath. The whiteness of her face grew first scarlet and then gray. Mallory, insulted, and yet aware of having paltered with a fixed habit of abstinence to gain an end, beat upon her terror with a resentful word that she attributed to "drink."

They threshed the matter out, tormented nerves crying on her part for reassurance, tired mind and body desperate on his for peace, and the only serious moment of friction between them wore itself away into the making of new plans. Newspaper work Howard had attempted; for success his ways were still too much the ways of the Weston daily. Then as a last hope he got "taken on" at a shoe store, and was discharged at the end of a week for opposing the browbeating of a vulgar clerk.

Once when there was no milk for little Robert's supper, and no money to buy it, he tried to borrow of an acquaintance, and was treated like a hobo. Ellice, sympathizing, prophesying better things for "to-morrow," telling over the "cunning" deeds of the boy, nestling warm and trustful in his lean arms, only thrust deeper the late-come terror into Mallory's mind. If only, he thought, it were snow-time, he would borrow the landlady's shovel and make money!

Now the appointment had come. The position paid twenty-five hundred a year. Work and salary were to begin at once.

"God knows I am thankful," said Howard Mallory, and meant it.

Out in the suburbs, where the air seemed to come undefiled from the horizon, Ellice found for them two rooms in a market-gardener's cottage.

"Oh, this flat country!" she wailed in mock distress. "When you get rich, Howard, I shall go out and build a low range of hills behind Lake City."

They laughed often. On the gardener's vegetables and milk of his Jersey herd Ellice and the boy throve. Down the road, under the lindens, the boy toddling ahead, the mother close behind, hand ready to catch an adventurous stumbler, they met Mallory on summer evenings filled with peace.

On the way to and from the office Mallory dreamed them standing there, or planned his campaign speeches for the coming autumn. He no longer thought of Lake City as a cesspool. In his dreams was the confidence of young ambition buoyantly renewed.

One night when September was warm with her final glow his eyes held something besides dreams. Ellice waited till little Robert was in bed, then perched on her husband's knees.

"Vat iss?" she asked, imitating the gardener's good Johann. "Have they said you 're to run for President?" She rumpled his hair, and drew an erasing finger across the frown in his forehead.

He looked into her eyes as if he might find in them some answer to the thing that bothered him. "I don't know what it is, Ellie. There 's a feeling against me in the office. I 'm disliked."

"What nonsense! Every one likes you."

"No, they don't. But it 's something to do with politics; don't bother your head about it. We 'll get rid of Gilly, and then everything will come right."

"Rid of—Gilly!" Ellice repeated the words in a foolish, dazed fashion.

"Gilly and Gilly's gang. I 'd come back from my grave to fight that man."

"But, Howard, you must n't fight Mr. Gilly. He gave you the appointment."

Mallory laughed. "You funny child! what put that into your head? Gilly 'd sooner kill me than give me a 'job.' " He was on his feet, restless and distressed, in spite of banter. Ellice, dropped to hers, stood protesting before him.

"But he did. I asked him, and he did."

"You asked him?" Plainly Mallory thought his wife for the moment insane. He regarded her with alarmed tenderness. "What on earth do you mean, Ellie!" he cried, his eyes studying her.

"He used to be—used to dig our garden in Meridian before we came North. They 're from Mississippi. You said he was a 'power' here. I got the landlady to take care of Bobbie—"

"You called on Patrick Gilly?"

"Yes—"

"Tell me all you said." Mallory's voice showed the numbness of his mind under an unprevisioned shock.

"You were so frightfully worried! I could n't bear it. You talked in your sleep."

"But what did you say to Gilly?"

"I said we were living here, and I—"

"Yes; but about the place, about me?" Even the hurt wonder of her agitation came unnoticed upon the stark horror of his waiting; suspense sounding in the wrenching demand of his words steadied her to swifter speech.

"He was pleased that I came. I reckon he was pleased that I remembered them. We talked about Meridian. He spoke beautifully of my father—"

"But what did he say of me?" Again the demand, tense with suspicion that she was trying to avoid an answer, cut her story short.

"He asked me, and I told him how we were getting on, how they promised you the position. 'And could n't deliver the goods,' he put it, and he was very kind. No one could have been kinder, Howard. 'Don't you worry,' he said. 'I 'll fix it. They 're a forgetful lot, them reformers; they don't take care of their own.' And then he told me all about his grandchildren, and asked about our Robert, and it was he sent me this address. He knew that you did n't know."

"You never told me." The accusation sharpened the amazed trouble with which she watched him.

"How could I? You would have been so sorry that I 'd had to humble mys—" She broke off, repelled at being forced to justify what had cost her so much struggle. There was a hateful silence as her voice stopped. She seemed terribly babyish as she stood waiting. "Don't!" she cried. "Don't look so!"

He appeared not to hear. His eyes rested on her like the eyes of the blind. "It takes away all I had left out of this failure—my self-respect," he said at length gropingly, as if in a hurried search he had tried for some hope to fasten on, and had found none.

"Howard! You can make speeches just the same. He knows you make speeches." She put out her hands. He drew back, unheedingly avoiding her.

"I can't take my living from Gilly and knife him. That 's what they meant at the office. Last night's papers had me on the list of speakers for Hubbell. They think I 've sold myself and not made good." In the absorption of his hopelessness he turned away from her, moving like the sick or the very old. He was no more aware that he was cruel than the wild thing is aware, with the blade in its throat and its fangs sunk in the hand that plunged the blade. It was like being betrayed by his own soul. To find himself wrapped in dishonor that could be torn from him not even with his own flesh! His boy would grow up the son of the man who sold out to Gilly. To Ellice's pleadings he gave no answer till at last, "How could you!" he cried. "How could you!"

PATRICK GILLY was busy. He had withdrawn to a final seclusion sought only when need pressed hard. His gaze wandered impartially over two colored supplements on the wall,—a kneeling child and a race-horse,—over the cobwebbed windows, and the square front of his own aggressive boots. In apparent idleness the boss smoked, or let his cigar go out and chewed upon it without noticing its stale chill. There was battle to direct;

this time there was to be no compromise with a reform force too strong to be ignored. The ring was entrenched. It would take more than one of the short Lake City administrations to dislodge it. Hunched in his chair, his big fist now and then beating a kind of rhythm on his desk, he worked, his apparent idleness only the attitude of a heavy concentration.

His plans were coming out like invisible writing made black in the fire of his own determination. Each point of attack was settled, each captain appraised and fitted to his work.

He was lounging, still peacefully, still apparently idle, when Mallory opened the door. A queer change invaded his face, following a sharp instant of rage at interruption—a change that seemed a kind of shame for the visitor.

"My name 's Mallory, Mr. Gilly. I 've come to resign." In the face of the scowl, Mallory would have kept his balance; smitten by the vicarious shame he toppled to the side of anger. "I 've come," he repeated, "to resign the position you gave me."

"Need n't have bothered me with it; they read writin' out there." Gilly indicated the offices with the turn of a thick thumb. "Sit down," he commanded, and spat into one of the rusty tin cuspidors that with two chairs and the desk made the furniture of his retreat. It was the first time he had had resort to this convenience during the hour of his seclusion, but he always spat in the presence of a reformer.

Mallory sat down. He had come to talk it out. "I wanted to tell you personally that—"

"What for?" Mr. Gilly bit deeply into his cigar and leaned forward in his chair, the light of battle well conceived still glittered in his blue eyes.

Mallory gave back the harsh penetration of the look steadily. "I never knew till day before yesterday that it was to you I owed—"

"Feel yer white wings dirtied since ye knew?" Gilly's lips loosened on the cigar in an unpleasant twist.

"No." Mallory broke out the word with hard force. "I feel like a thief."

"And why, then?"

"Because I 've been living on your gift and fighting you. My wife did n't understand. She does n't know—" Mallory stopped and tried again—"I meant to thank you first, and then resign. Of course I know it cost you something to give me the place. Jestrow expected it for his nephew. And I can do nothing in return for the trouble—" The visitor floundered a bit, forsaken by his customary tact.

"I can generally manage any trouble in my corner of the game." Gilly's gaze took on a pugilistic fixity. Then a natural twinkle reappeared in his eyes. They had seen a good deal since contempt had begun to clear from them. The last two days were cut into Mallory's face in unmistakable print. "'T was no trouble, Mr. Mallory. I was glad to do it. Your wife's father was good to me when I was makin' a poor start in life. It 's little any one thought then that Patsy Gilly 'd ever be able to do a good turn to him or his! What have ye in mind better than the job ye 're leavin'?"

"Nothing. But I can't take my bread and butter from a man I 'm fighting, and I won't be muzzled. You would n't do it yourself."

"I thought there was nothin' I would n't do, accordin' to you people." Gilly pursed his straight lips and wrinkled his red-veined cheeks in an amused grimace. "Have a seegar," he urged. "'T is a reform seegar—John S. Bidwell's."

"I 'd rather have yours than Bidwell's; but I won't smoke, thank you." Mallory had always despised Bidwell. Running with the reform hare and hunting with the Gilly pack! Was Howard Mallory hereafter to be classed with men like Bidwell? "I can't keep the position. You know that as well as I." He spoke with the human warmth, the assured appeal to the listener, that had made his public talks a success.

"And the wife and boy?"

"They will go to my mother."

"You 're going to send the wife away?"

"There 's nothing else to do."

"Listen, you young—" Gilly spat the final word into the tin cuspidor. "Listen to me." He got up and leaned his big body against the door as if blocking the exit, his great jaw emphasized above the jewel in his tie. "Just put this in your pipe. You 've nothin' to do with it.

'T was not meant for you. Do you suppose I liked your filthy talk about me?—I 've noticed ye all right!—You can't hurt me, but I 've itched to get my fingers on ye. I would now if ye were a man's size." Gilly puffed himself full of angry breath; then he grinned. "You don't like me gettin' ye a job. I don't like givin' it to ye. 'T is a pill for the two of us. I 've swallowed mine; take yours, and don't holler. Do your work—for the city; and fight Patrick Gilly."

"And be always suspected—" Mallory's lips were set in a line as hard as Gilly's.

"Don't be an infernal selfish pup! The' 's some would suspect the saints in heaven. That 's yer pill. Your wife took hers; she swallered the Bovard pride and come to me. I know the Bovards. Judge Robert Bovard 'd sooner seen his daughter goin' for help to old Mammy Sue—you bet he would. Smash me! but that nigger was fat! I can see her now, waddlin' over, fit to burst with mad because her 'li'l' Miss Ellie' was playin' with the 'Gilly trash.' "—A reminiscent chuckle interrupted the words. Mallory smiled wintrily.—"See here."—Gilly fixed him with a glance that had searched the minds of many before him.—"If ye 're ever tempted to say the quick word to that little woman of yours, remember what she did for ye. Never was a Bovard woman knew potaties from peanuts in politics. The Judge would n't have had it. But they 'd pride to burn. Once they 'd everything, then they 'd nothin' but the big house, and that mortgaged. And what those women could n't buy, they went without, and never a whimper out of their mouths. And 't was with them the child that 's your wife grew up. If you could have seen her face the day she come to me, before she knew I was lookin' at her! The pity of ut! She made herself cheap for the likes of you, and ye ain't worth it."

Mallory winced, feeling the truth in the man's words; but the truth did not alter what he had to do. His mouth held its hard line.

"Don't set yer jaw at me!" snapped Gilly. "What I did was n't for Mrs. Mallory nor for you. 'T was for Ellie Bovard, daughter of the man that was good to Pat Gilly. Go on and fight me. I 'll make it plain ye 're none of mine." A glint like the passing flick of an idea touched the lips of the speaker; the twinkle in his eyes shone more cheerily.

The aged doorkeeper trembled as Mallory went forth, remembering whose had been the negligence that had made possible an intrusion; but the great man was oblivious. "Send in Berber," he commanded. Berber was the particular press agent of Mr. Gilly's heart. To him the boss set forth the situation and a query. Mr. Berber hastily performed with a fountain-pen and a scrappy pad.

"FAT CLERKSHIP FOR FOE," he read after a rapid interval, "'THE BEST MAN,' says Patrick Gilly, 'no matter what his party,' so the mayor hands out a city hall job to a smiling would-be-good. Can the reformers beat that?

"Howard Mallory, the most blackguardly talker of the *de*formed anti-administration howlers, gets the place because he 's an expert in the department! Now he 's going to take the stump for Hand-in-Glove Hubbell! The good old party is n't afraid to feed and make husky its enemies! It 'll put 'em in condition, *then beat 'em to a standstill!* 'Show me a reform administration dares do the same,' says Gilly. Watch 'em, boys. They 've got no answer ready!"

"Something in that line?" asked Berber.

"More ginger. 'Feed the Skinny-Bones' (picture of 'em at the trough, mayor pourin' in the slush)—and whittle it. Less words and more point," assented Gilly.

Mallory worked late in the office to make up lost time, and then walked home. He had telephoned Ellie. He wanted while he was alone to get back nearer the normal altitudes where life showed other colors than the hue of shame. His recognition of his position was still too acute for the clear seeing of anything outside his own pain.

In the last part of his interview with Gilly he had been made aware that the pain had had its strongest hold through the breach with Ellie. Into the abyss opened between them his assurance, his power of decision, seemed to have dropped. He distrusted himself; he had ceased to trust her. She had been capable

of an act and a deception revolting to him. He had grown up among women who held their men to a high sense of public duty. They had been the fine correctors of any aberration that blurred clean loyalty to an exacting code. Their loftiness of standard had been as unconscious as—Ellie's pride.

On the word he went back to Gilly's shrewd arraignment of his own possible intolerance. Had he been unjust? An "infernal selfish pup"? What was a man to fight for if not for his self-respect? But in what had he, after all, forfeited that? It was not self-respect, but the respect of others, that he had feared to lose. He had known that he should not keep the appointment if the keeping of it and the keeping of self-respect clashed. Alone in the loudly echoing streets of the suburbs, he saw himself a coward, shrinking intimidated before a misconception. In the revulsion he judged himself as harshly as he had till then pitied himself profoundly. Gilly, coarse-mouthed, coarse-lived, a leech made fat at the city's expense, had understood better than her own husband the working of Ellie Mallory's mind.

The explanation of her deception was not that she had known what she had done, but that *she had not known,* and had wished to spare him, the man who had brought her to hungry want, the sight of her shame in begging. She had been as innocent of the whole bearing of her act as the child who tries to patch up a silly family feud in the interest of peaceful industry.

And whose fault was it that she had achieved, against his sense of right, a victory for expediency? His own. He had kept her locked out of his life on its work side. How often she had asked for light upon the political battle in which he fought, only to be bluffed off with teasing laughter. He had made a fetish of his self-respect while he had denied her the respect he demanded for himself! Because he loved her pretty, childish ignorance, he had amused himself with it at her expense.

Remorse hurried him on. And more than remorse—tenderness revived, thankfulness that the separation between them had been a mirage of his blindness. He and Ellie were not apart! Even at the worst the longing for her had seduced him. The arid hours of the last two days stretched behind him strewn with accusing havoc. How were they, he had asked himself, to bring up the boy together with this divergence upon a point of honor intruding its Protean question? What reconciliation was possible that would not leave them at heart estranged? This had been the soreness of his bruised mind. Now healing worked its miracle within him. She had not known. He had misjudged her. He had been a brutal egotist. He ran for a car, and when he had caught it, cursed its slowness in his heart.

From the street the rooms looked dark. Was Ellie asleep? For the two days they had had no real talk. Over and over again she had tried to break down the barrier that had erected itself between them, and straining his eyes across it he had seen no way to reach her. When he had told her what he had decided that it was best for them to do, and had asked if she were willing, she had said, "Yes, Howard," and no more.

The pride that had been hurt in the thing she had done had risen finally in her, dominant to reinforce the wall of separation. Yet more than once in the long nights she had left the boy sleeping in her bed and from the threshold between the two rooms looked in at Mallory, seeing with a pang that he too slept. If she had known the sleep to be feigned, her grief would have been no less. It had been feigned; he had feared the venom of his tongue fresh from the gall of his unwelcome cup. And the justification of love gone, love had no rights. So she had crept back to burn her pillow with hot tears. Her mind, quite clear in retrospect, did not forget that the ignorance that had made her act inevitable was of his choosing. The worst suffering of the human heart is a hurt faith; she had her share in that agony of disillusion.

And all the time Mallory had longed for her comforting, for the ease of her cheek against his own, the thrill of her hand reached up to lie upon his hair.

He entered hurriedly, a fear unreasonable and awful drawing him on. What if the rooms were empty! The gas was turned to an infinitesimal point, visible effect of that dire economy which had

taken Ellie's strength in her homesick exile. A desperate yearning to make it all up to her held him molten in the crucible of his repentance. From the threshold between the two rooms where she had stood to look at him he called, "Ellie," and again "Ellie."

She was not there. Little Robert, a limp bundle of deep-breathed content, lay curled against the pillows, one aggressive knee thrust out to the cold air. Mechanically Mallory pulled the clothes over the boy and turned back to the front of the house. There, ready for bed, but dropped upon the floor by the window, her head on the low sill, Ellie slept. The just risen moon shone on her little figure, on the disorder of her curly hair.

There was forgetfulness and sleepy joy in the look she raised to him. Kneeling, Mallory would have gathered her into his arms, but with a strength he did not know she possessed she pulled herself away from him.

"I remember," she said quietly. "I wanted to tell you to-night. I shall not go to your mother. She would see we were—something was wrong. I shall go to Cousin Anna. She wants a housekeeper and she loves babies. I will leave you free to set right my—error, but I will not go to your mother while we are like this."

"Ellie!" He tried to clasp her, startled by the revelation of the distance he had created. She crept from him shivering. It was not a shiver of repulsion,—the night was cool,—but he thought it was.

"Hear me a minute, Ellie." Could it be true that he was afraid of his wife? He watched her as she wound a shawl about her shoulders and sat down stiffly on the edge of the couch, her white feet showing above her slippers. Her doubtful, unresponsive look had changed to blank acquiescence. The disordered curls blew in teasing wisps into her eyes, and she brushed them away as if impatient, hiding with the gesture the tears she would not let him see.

"Ellie! It was all my fault! How could you know! I 'd never told you anything." The words were lame, limping far behind his usual fluent loving. He had flung himself down, his arms about her.

She grew stiffer, drawing back from his approach. "You don't respect me, and you must n't touch me," she said, still quietly. She was keeping him away lest a half-reconciliation degrade their love. Recognition of this thrilled him with paralyzing longing to make himself understood. More than many words her quietness took hold upon him.

"You sacrificed yourself for me. I was a cur not to know—you will never forgive me." His arms fell away. He tried to read what the moon showed in her face. "You don't want me. I have driven you from me."

"No, no!" She clasped her hands and looked back at him sorrowfully. "I want you to feel—as you do. You would rather I had killed you! I ought to have guessed. I could have read the papers. Do you suppose, if I had known—" She drew her head up proudly, fronting the peering moon—"why, I would die, Howard, before I would let you do anything dishonorable. I will work, too. We will pay back every cent of that hateful salary."

Howard Mallory, his gaze in hers with a new understanding, saw in his wife's face the light of the hidden places. Now at last she let him gather her close.

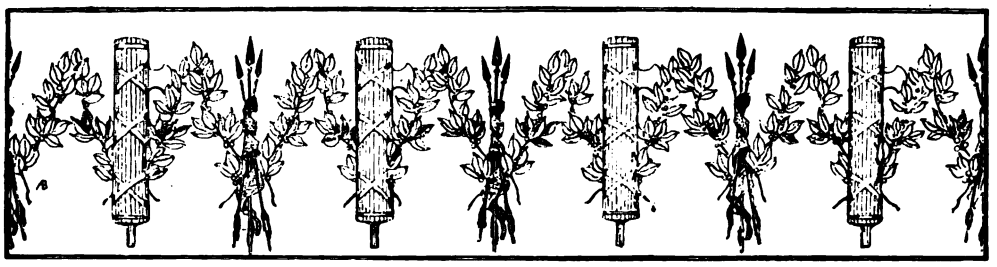
"I hate myself. I love you," he breathed.

The night was pungent with autumn. Its air came through the open window filled with the whispering of leaves that stirred rustling to their fall, filled with the mysterious fragrance in which the year exhales its life. The market gardener and his wife slept heavily, soaking up the refreshment of the silent hours for the tasks of the day to come; little Robert nestled, and twisted flower-soft lips in the queer drama of his baby dreams, but the two who waked held to their consciousness, jealous of the hour's passing.

Taken up into the blessedness of the vision that is undimmed only on hilltops beyond some thorny way, they were for all things reassured. The great fortress of courage, trust in each other, had not, after all their fears, been undermined. The cocks were saluting the first undiscoverable tint of dawn before Ellie, a solemn loveliness upon her childlike face, slept upon her husband's arm.

Drawn by Leon Guipon. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"'GO ON AND FIGHT ME. I 'LL MAKE IT PLAIN YE 'RE NONE OF MINE'"



LINCOLN'S VOTE FOR VICE-PRESIDENT

IN THE PHILADELPHIA CONVENTION OF 1856

BY JESSE W. WEIK

IT is now generally agreed that one of Mr. Lincoln's most eloquent and impressive utterances was the speech he delivered at the first Republican State Convention in Illinois, held at Bloomington, May 29, 1856. Through the instrumentality of the late Henry C. Whitney, who was present and heard it, it has been preserved and published, so that its reproduction here is unnecessary. That it was in reality a great effort, and worthy the place assigned it in the annals of compaign oratory, is shown by the estimates of such men as John L. Scripps and Joseph Medill of the editorial staff of the Chicago "Tribune," both of whom were in attendance at the convention. "Never was an audience more completely electrified by human eloquence," wrote Scripps to his paper. "Again and again during its delivery they sprang to their feet and upon the benches and testified by long-continued shouts and the waving of hats how deeply the speaker had wrought upon their minds and hearts. It fused the mass of incongruous elements into perfect homogeneity; and from that day to the present they have worked together in harmonious and fraternal union." Medill's account is equally fervid and noteworthy: "I did make a few paragraphs of what Lincoln said in the first eight or ten minutes," he wrote; "but I became so absorbed in his magnetic oratory I forgot myself and ceased to take notes, and I joined with the convention in stamping and clapping to the end of his speech. I well remember that after Lincoln sat down, and calm had succeeded the tempest, I waked out of a sort of hypnotic trance and then thought of my report for the 'Tribune.' There was nothing written but an abbreviated introduction."

During the convention Mr. Lincoln was the guest of Judge David Davis. A few minutes after the delivery of his speech, the convention adjourned, whereupon Mr. Lincoln left the hall in company with Mr. Whitney, who likewise was sojourning at the Davis home. "As I passed down-stairs with the crowd," related Whitney, "Jesse K. Dubois, who had been nominated State Auditor, seized me by the arm with a painful grip and made an exclamation close to my ear. Presently Lincoln got disentangled from the applauding crowd, and he and I started off in the direction of Judge Davis's house. As soon as we were out of hearing, Lincoln at once commenced a line of remark upon the extraordinary scene we had just witnessed, and whose prime mover he was, at the same time bending his head down to make our conversation more confidential. In a glow of enthusiasm I said in reply to a question by him:

" 'You know my statements about your speeches are not good authority, so I

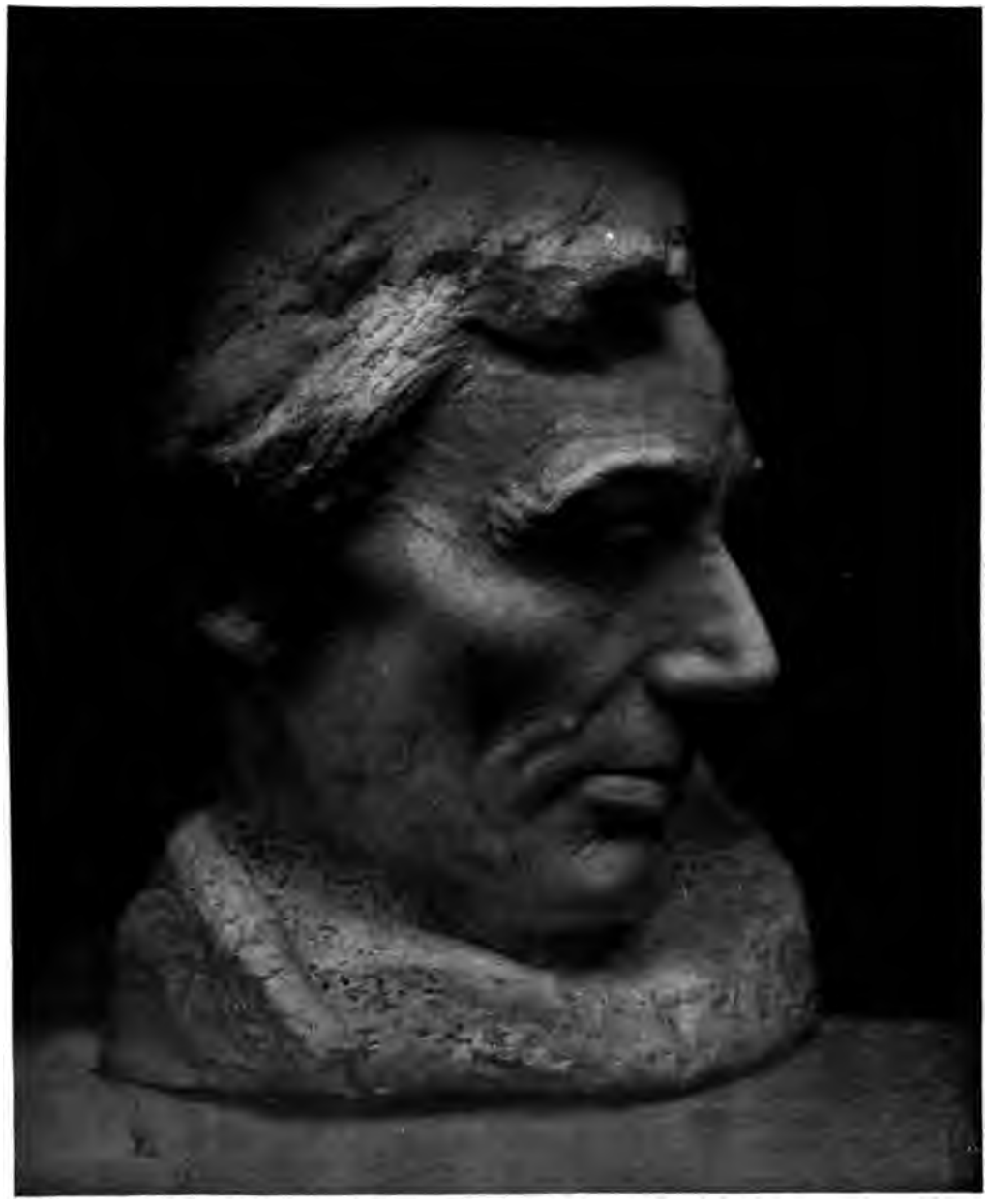
will tell you what Dubois, who is not so enthusiastic as I am, said to me as we came out of the hall: "Whitney," said he, "that is the greatest speech ever made in Illinois, and puts Lincoln on the track for the Presidency."'

"He walked along for some thirty seconds, perhaps, without saying a word, but with a thoughtful abstracted look; then he straightened up and immediately made a remark about some commonplace subject having no reference to the matter we had been considering. Did he then recognize in this burst of enthusiasm from Dubois the voice of destiny summoning him to the highest responsibility on earth? If so, well for him was it that he did not also see the granite tomb, only nine years' distant, consecrated by more tears than any other since the human race began!"

Twenty days after this incident the delegates to the first National Republican Convention assembled in the city of Philadelphia to nominate candidates for President and Vice-President. Deeply interested as Mr. Lincoln unquestionably was in the growth and success of the newly organized party, the natural presumption would be that he attended the convention. Indeed, Col. A. K. McClure, late editor of the Philadelphia "Times," in his interesting reminiscences of that period, represents him as present on that occasion, even describing how he looked and acted, and the impression his tall, angular figure made on the delegates, many of whom had never seen him before. Unfortunately for the truth of Colonel McClure's narrative, there is abundant evidence to warrant the assertion that Mr. Lincoln was not there. The fact is, realizing that he could or would not be present, and feeling that Illinois should be ably and decently represented, so that, as he expressed it, a conservative man might be nominated for President, he wrote to Senator Lyman Trumbull, then in Washington, urging him to go; and I have before me the latter's answer to Mr. Lincoln's letter, in which he states that up to that time he had hesitated about attending the convention, but, in deference to Mr. Lincoln's wishes, he would set out for Philadelphia on the following day.

The proceedings of that memorable convention, ending in the nomination of General Frémont for President, are so thoroughly interwoven into the history of our times that it would be a waste of space and time to recount them here. One item alone claims our interest, and that is the vote for Vice-President. It was on the first ballot for this nomination that Mr. Lincoln received one hundred and ten votes, a tribute to his genius and ability which, it is said, afforded him more real gratification than any other which came to him during the years of his political activity; but, whether he accepted it as a recognition of his victory over Douglas in 1854 or as the logical result of his eloquent and stirring appeal at the Bloomington convention, we do not know. People generally credited it to the concerted action and zealous efforts of Judd, Yates, Palmer, Trumbull, and the other leading lights from Illinois who represented that State in the convention; but a careful examination of Mr. Lincoln's correspondence during this period fails to confirm that generally accepted opinion. If indeed such a thing was in contemplation, it was never mentioned by those who naturally would take the initiative in the movement. That Trumbull was somewhat distrustful, if not actually envious, of Lincoln's rapid rise in political esteem we cannot with absolute certainty assert; but that he did not regard him as suitable Presidential timber is plainly evident from his deep interest in Bissell, who had just been nominated for Governor at the Bloomington convention, and of whom he said: "Colonel Bissell is somewhat talked of, and has a great many friends. Everybody speaks well of him. If his name should be brought before the convention, I should be for him." Washburne, Judd, Yates, and Wentworth, if we are to judge by their letters, while not actuated perhaps by like motives, manifested equal indifference and lack of interest. Though apparently all friendly to Lincoln, they evidently did not regard him as of the requisite weight and importance to attract national attention.

If, therefore, the propriety of obtaining from the convention in the form of a complimentary vote the party's appreciation of Mr. Lincoln's strength and achievements did not occur to the coterie of Illinois leaders then present, the question naturally arises, Who first conceived the idea of securing for him the desired



ABRAHAM LINCOLN

CUT IN MARBLE BY GUTZON BORGLUM

This head is of colossal size, and the block was not quite large enough to enable the sculptor to carry out the back of the head to scale.

recognition? Who believed in his star? Who thought him big enough to fill the Presidential office? As over fifty years have elapsed since the convention, and as all the leading participants therein have doubtless passed away, the question might have remained unanswered but for the discovery of a letter written to Mr. Lincoln about this time which I found not long since among the Lincoln papers turned over to me by Mr. Herndon. This document throws the required light on the subject, and we are thereby enabled to determine who first suggested Mr. Lincoln for the Vice-Presidency, as well as who virtually secured the wholesome and significant vote he received in the convention. The man entitled to the credit was William B. Archer of the town of Marshall, Illinois. Mr. Archer had been elected to Congress, but was then awaiting the result of a contest for his seat. Immediately after his return to Washington from Philadelphia, where he attended the convention, he wrote Mr. Lincoln as follows:

Washington, D. C., June 21, 1856.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN,

My dear Sir: I was at the convention — got here last evening and have not had time to write you as I should wish. The House meets and I must be up to see about my case. I have been absent at New York and Philadelphia since the 13th. On being defeated as to Mr. McLean for whom I did my best, I felt badly and at dark after the nomination of Mr. Frémont, I resolved to name you for Vice-President regardless of whom they might name. We went it until 12 P. M.— Mr. Swett, Wilcox and myself. I got Allison of Pennsylvania to name you - - did wish ex-Governor Pitner but he rather declined — was for you and did all he could in the short time left. Now you see they were personally committed to Mr. Dayton but had we moved early in the matter — and I would if I had believed McLean would have been defeated—you certainly [would] have had the nomination. This is the view of good men who are judges. If the matter had been named early all Pennsylvania would have voted for you. Ohio and Iowa treated me badly and I 'll see them paid off. I think you will pardon me for the move. I had a strong hope and felt disposed to make the effort. Mr. Van Dyke of New Jersey had served with you in Congress. He paid you a high compliment and at some length. It was well done and I regret that his remarks in full as to yourself were not published. He did you great credit.

We are in for the fight for Frémont and Dayton and conquer and succeed we must. I have but a few moments to write you. Accept my best wishes and prayers for your long life and prosperity.

Yours,

W. B. Archer.

But although, as we have seen, Mr. Lincoln was not in Philadelphia, it is not difficult to account for his presence elsewhere. The truth is that he was in Illinois, diligently engaged in following Judge Davis around the circuit. At the very time of the convention he was attending a special term of the court in Urbana.

Mr. Whitney relates that Judge Davis and the non-resident lawyers were quartered at the leading hostelry of the place. Their slumbers in the early dawn having too often been disturbed by the tones of a vibrant gong summoning them to breakfast, they decided one morning that the offending instrument must be removed or in some way forever silenced. By a majority vote Mr. Lincoln was chosen to carry out the decree. Accordingly, a little earlier than usual before noon that day, he was seen to leave the court-room and hasten to the hotel. Slipping unobserved into the dining-room, he managed to secure the gong, secreted it under his coat, and was in the act of making off with it when Whitney and Judge Davis suddenly appeared on the scene. The former held in his hand a copy of the Chicago "Tribune," which had just reached town, and contained the surprising and gratifying announcement that Mr. Lincoln had received 110 votes for Vice-President at the Philadelphia convention the day before.

"Great business this," chuckled Davis, "for a man who aspires to be Vice-President of the United States!"

Lincoln only smiled. "Davis and I," declared Whitney, "were greatly excited, but Lincoln was listless and indifferent. His only response was:

" 'Surely it ain't me; there 's another great man named Lincoln down in Massachusetts. I reckon it 's him.' "

THE LAST CLASS-SUPPER

BY HERBERT D. WARD

THE hotel throbbed with luxury. It was the hour of dining. Women, awaiting their mates, looked through long, lace curtains into the wintry street, or idly trailed across the lobby. Men appeared with the air of pseudo-domesticity belonging to the hotel class. These joined their wives with a polite abstraction that concentrated suddenly into an attention for which the ladies were not responsible. The gaze of the guests turned to the hotel desk. Over this a large banner of purple and gold proclaimed to the cosmopolitan eye that the University of Harle was in possession that night. Below the banner a white placard read:

CLASS OF '37,

ROOM A.

Now, Room A was the well-known state banquet-hall. One passed through a row of Siena columns to arrive at this room, whose decorations were the pride of the house. Each of these marble shafts was now festooned with the royal colors of the great university. Purple and gold woven into intricate designs stimulated many a curious and jaded eye to interest. Even to those accustomed to magnificence, the profusion of violets and yellow chrysanthemums made the entrance to the banquet-room a bower of wonder. Captivating the eye, in the center of these introductory decorations, swayed a huge streamer of the Harle colors blazoned with the number of the class.

'37! And this was 1907! A class seventy years graduated and gone! Was this a farce or a mistake? Was it one of those midwinter pranks that even the most dignified graduate is willing to play? Or was it a somber message from an almost forgotten era?

Women stared and whispered. Men looked and said nothing at all. One walked boldly up the deserted corridor, and glanced into the banquet-hall. Set in a blaze of light and color, he saw a horseshoe table arranged for about sixty guests, each plate bearing an individual card.

The glitter of the glasses, the eagerness of the waiters, the artistic luxury of the scene, informed the intruder that the banquet was not a hoax, but that the fact lacked only the men so fortunate as to be included in this function.

Curiosity now ran afire. Whispers of wonder crept from the lobby throughout the whole floor, until the university banquet became a matter of public attention.

Then the banquet band began to play the familiar college strains that always cause the hearts of old Harle graduates to tighten. Who can hear "Lauriger Horatius" without wondering why the modern undergraduate has cast the old, dignified melodies into oblivion, preferring the ragtime of the concert-halls set to topical words?

By this time gossip, rumor, and expectancy were at their height. Fully half a hundred guests were now gathered, forgetting their own dinners, to see the Class of '37 arrive. The clerks at the desks had refused to answer inquisitive questions.

At half-past seven, Ernest, the head waiter, in his way a person of renown, swept an approving glance over the perfect table and the faultless serving staff. Then his face assumed an expression of repressed anxiety. He threw open the doors, and took his stand in the purple and gold corridor.

"Excuse me!" murmured a polite clerk to the spectators who were blocking the passage. "Will you please make way for the Class of '37?"

To the right and to the left the curious people stirred till a narrow lane was formed among them. On each side of it they stood with straining eyes. Following the clerk, a bell-boy walked, carrying upon a velvet salver a huge silver cup. To the quick gaze this polished emblem seemed to be covered with lettering.

Then came a man. And what a man was that! Tall beyond average size, he dwarfed those who stared upon him in amazement. For such vital age is not often seen. As erect as a minute-man, with eyes unaided and cheeks flushed, he strode, looking neither to this side nor to that. He had the air of a soldier of the last war with Great Britain. As you saw him, thoughts of Webster, of Clay, and of Calhoun, of Seward or of Sumner, flashed through the educated mind. For his high brow, crowned with snow, his mouth, as sweet as a woman's and as mobile as an orator's, his chin as stern as if defying the scythe of Death, stirred light hearts into veneration.

Here was a man indeed, survivor of a dead day. Even to look at this strong patriarch was an inspiration to the ignoble, and a benediction to the aspiring.

But his eyes! What did they see? The eyes of a prophet look inward; but these, tense, concentrated beyond space, were those of a seer of the past.

Slowly, with the dignity of a departed century, the Class of '37 passed into the decorated corridor. For a moment he paused beneath his own banner. This he saluted gravely; then he moved on.

Ernest preceded him to the head of the empty table, while the stolid clerk softly closed the doors.

It had been the custom at each annual reunion to open the dinner with prayer. This habit was a legacy of the earlier time, and of the earlier college, which was created by religious men and possessed religious faith. Awed, the waiters watched for the signal from their chief to serve the first course to this ghostly company. But the eyes of him who sat at the head were blurred. Before him, the class-cup swam as if it floated in a silver mist. Ah, that he of all that noble group should be the one left to represent his loyal class! For, fifty-six years ago, a lad by the name of Smith had made a motion "that the Class of '37 hold annual meetings until but one shall attend." Had not he—Billy March—madly applauded, little dreaming that he would be the one to honor the unanimous vote? There was Tod Taylor, Chief-Justice of the United States; Parley Smith, a man more than a missionary, the Christian statesman of the nineteenth century, who made the open door of China possible. There was Lyman Bayley, no less beloved in all English-speaking countries by reason of his gentle wit than because of his strong and polished verse. Why, his class-poems formed by themselves a volume of which to be proud. And there was John Snell, the orator of the pulpit, who refused the presidency of Harle, to be able to baptize the grandchildren of his parishioners. Who can forget Hazen of India, Shepard of Turkey, Taylor of Africa, Day of Hawaii, and Dean, one of the great theological triumvirate of Andover?

Those were classes of ministers and missionaries, of teachers and lawyers, with only a chance business man included. One was almost ashamed to become anything but a minister in those archaic classes. But he was a mere banker—he, now the sole custodian of the class-records, and of the class-cup, upon which every man's name but his own had been engraved; and to him was intrusted the other treasure kept for this momentous night.

True, he had known what is called success. Who with the class spirit behind him had not made a man of himself? March had once been Secretary of the United States Treasury. He had once been president of the New York Chamber of Commerce. That was years ago. But now he had been forgotten, and his class had been represented only by two lines of type in the last alumni address list.

He rose slowly to his feet. Never had this hall seen such a sight.

"Let us pray," he said.

Ernest, the head waiter, reverently bent his head.

The praying voice began strongly:

"Thou God of youth and age! Maker of the body that perishes, and of the soul that lives! Thou hast been the Honorary Member of this class for seventy-four years. To dedicate ourselves to Thee, and through Thee to the service of our fel-

Drawn by Leon Guipon. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"'BOYS,' HE BEGAN AGAIN, RAISING THE CUP ON HIGH, 'I HAVE KEPT THE FAITH'"

low-men, has been our first exercise at every meeting we have held. One by one Thou hast taken my classmates away from me, and I am left alone. I ask Thee in the name of Christ, who at the Last Supper had his disciples about him, to send the souls of my classmates here to sup with me; that we may be together for the last time."

The speaker halted. Emotion had parched his throat. The iron of loneliness had locked his tongue. Then the old man with great effort added, "Amen," and prayed no more.

He sat down in a profound and embarrassing silence. This was broken by the peremptory voice of a man of the world.

"Ernest!" Now spoke the toast-master of '37, "you may serve the dinner, and ask the leader to play 'Gaudeamus.'"

Post jucundam juventutem,
Post molestam senectutem,
Nos habebit humus,
Nos habebit humus—

reverberated from the throats of boys three quarters of a century ago—boys who in their youth and enthusiasm had defied the very essence of eternity. For time seemed far too short to compass their undaunted vitality. But now, what a farce was their exuberance! What a travesty their defiance! Whom time had not leisurely destroyed, opportunity had slaughtered.

Transite ad inferos
Ubi jam fuere,
Ubi jam fuere.

The music rang and ceased.

Awestruck, the waiters slid from chair to chair. Before each plate had been placed an elaborate menu embossed with the Harle seal and colors. The waiters exhibited an uncontrollable embarrassment at the absence of orders. Here and there the ice in the unsipped glasses turned and clinked.

In former years each course had been punctuated by songs, in which every year the chorus had waxed fainter until it had finally faded from croaking effort into pitiful silence. In the old days the boys, and later the men, with ever more eager and more tottering steps, would slip from seat to seat to exchange college greetings.

Last year the three survivors had met. The obscure eyes, the silent ears, had made that class-meeting the last of many similar and increasing tragedies. Memory, with its pitiful accumulations, and sentiment that dared not speak, molded sorrow out of the dead body of joy. The intensity of unuttered feeling, the suppression that the quivering hand-clasp revealed, caused the names of the feeblest two to be written a few weeks later on the class-cup. And now he, the Honorable William March, was executing the historic order of his class. It was his last public act.

Anxious to sustain his part in this strange ceremony, he had tried to partake of a little food, but sat gazing at or playing with his plates as they came and went. After each course the musicians had rendered the old familiar Harle airs—beautiful music, forgotten in our strenuous zigzag days, and adapted to the plaintive stringed instruments. Mounds of untouched fruit, and the fairy-land of modern electricity amid the purple and gold decorations, gave the table the air of sumptuous desolation. At a sign from Ernest the waiters tiptoed out of the hall. The smoke from the solitary diner's untasted coffee curled more and more feebly.

The banquet had come to an end. What could the postprandial part be in this ghostly company? Ernest bent with reverent obsequiousness before his host.

"I hope you have been pleased, sir. Here is a light."

The toast-master, again sunk into lethargic reminiscence, lifted his head sharply, and took from his pocket a case of cigars. The hour that he had apprehended was now at hand. His face was white and drawn with determination. Even his vitality could not stand the strain.

"Thank you, Ernest," he answered, not without difficulty. He took from his waistcoat pocket a yellow bill of large denomination. "I want you to distribute this among yourselves. Yes, I am much pleased." He lifted his cigar to the flickering match. For a moment the analogy between that slender bit of lighted wood and himself smote his imagination. When the match went out he drew a long breath, and something like a needle went through

his heart. But he recovered himself quickly.

"I want you to go to the office-desk and ask for a tin box that is in the safe. Here is the receipt for it. Bring it very carefully. Then you can leave me alone."

At one of the early reunions of the class enthusiasm ran high on account of the first attendance of Tirrell from Jerusalem. The Reverend James Tirrell had chosen Palestine as his field of labor. Just appointed President of the Syrian College at Beirut, he had come back at the insistence of his classmates and his health to spend a few months in rest before he took up his new and arduous duties. This occasioned a full and boisterous meeting. Jimmy Tirrell had brought back as an appropriate token to his classmates a bottle of water which he had himself taken from the sources of the River Jordan. At the psychological moment, well known in all class-suppers, when levity gives way to depth and exuberance to inspiration, and when the cork was about to be drawn, a member of the class arose, and holding the Jordan bottle aloft, said: "Boys, I propose that we keep this bottle unopened, and hand it down to the last survivor of the class to toast the memory of the rest of us."

The proposition was greeted with emotion. As each man recorded his vote he looked from one to the other, wondering with a tightening of the throat whom that vote preordained. That bottle, covered with the dust of over half a century, had reposed in the vaults of a safe deposit company, from which it had annually been withdrawn to stand beside the loving-cup at the head of the table. Incrusted with tender memories in proportion as the cup had been engraved with names, that water from the Jordan had become the most sacred possession of the Class of '37.

Silently Ernest slid the tin box beside the toast-master's ash-tray. With the deftness of long banking experience, the aged man opened the deposit-box and took the bottle out. He inspected the faded inscription upon it carefully. The eyes of the wondering attendant asked what was this rare vintage. He had his napkin ready to enfold the bottle. The Honorable William March waved his hand:

"You may pour it into the cup—carefully. Then, as I said, you may go."

From the balcony, where the musicians sat, the mournful and homely strains of "Auld Lang Syne" mingled with the joyous gurgle of the freed river as it leaped into the cup. No imprisoned champagne ever flowed more eagerly than that water which had once danced among the fastnesses of Lebanon.

We 'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet—

To have toasted the invited dead in wine would have been a discord in the solemn harmony of that night. Any Harle graduate of the earlier years will understand why.

In the days of auld lang syne,
For auld lang syne—

The music faltered and fell mute. The players departed softly.

The toast-master lifted his massive head from his chest. The moment that he had dreaded had arrived. He was alone. On each side of the gleaming table the chairs were alined like soldiers at attention. Before him the silver tankard glittered upon its ebony base, enrolled with the names of the Class of '37 in order of their decease: it was the only friendly and familiar thing in the room.

The old man laid his cigar on the plate. It tasted as bitter as loneliness, and had become as impossible as solitude. Then a draft seemed to play about his white head. He shivered, and his eyes widened as if trying to recognize figures in the air.

Whence did the strength come that seemed suddenly to be poured into his veins? A smile of wonderful sweetness—that which had made him, unknown to himself, the most beloved member of his class—transformed his stern features. Gripping the table with both hands, he arose and stood erect. He looked about from chair to chair with seeing eyes.

"Classmates!" he began with a steady voice; then he faltered. "Boys!"—his voice broke with that which only the last loving classmate can ever understand. He bent over and took the silver cup in his hands.

It had been the time-honored custom at their class-meetings, as the hour of mid-

night struck, to stand about the board singing the class-hymn that their poet had written fifty years ago. As they solemnly sang, they passed the cup from one to the other with formal salutation, drinking to their dead.

Thus went the song:

Drink deep to happy memory!
  Close ranks! Lift high the head!
We tighter clasp the living hands,
  And gravely toast the dead.

Our vanished and our silent boys
  Are waiting for their mates.
The college campus of the Lord
  Shall greet the graduates.

Hush! Classmates, pass the cup around,
  And pledge each listening ghost.
For life is but a flitting guest,
  And Death a steadfast host.

On each of the handles of this cup had been engraved a word, and these were threefold. In their order they read: "Faith—Hope—Love."

By an accident that might have seemed to him not without significance, the hands of the last classmate closed over "Faith" and "Love," with "Hope" pointing to the unseen and breathless listeners.

"Boys," he began again, raising the cup on high, "I have kept the faith—I have shown my love. I drink to you—the best class of the best college in the land. I drink to the next reunion—to a full meeting—to the Class of '37!"

Was there a rustling of chairs? Did dim ears hear the solemn sounds of the class-hymn? Was it a hand that grasped the third handle of the cup as if in hope of recognition, and then, unseen, released it?

When the lips of the last member lifted from the cup, his face was translucent. With a sigh of content that was almost a groan the toast-master sank into his chair. He looked about, and then closed his eyes with a nod, as if he had seen that which did not disappoint him.

For a long time he sat alone. Then Ernest, gliding in, put a gentle hand upon the shoulder of the dreamer. The aged man did not respond. The last supper of the Class of '37 had passed into the broad history of its Alma Mater.

HEROES

BY CHARLOTTE W. THURSTON

"OH, for the men of old, the hero's might,
  The knight of song and story, now no more,
The strength that sate on Roman brows, the light
  On Sparta's field and Athens' deathless shore!"

I raise my eyes, and close before my sight
  Stands one whose high-held head has met unbowed
The anvil-blows of Fate through darkening night;
  Dauntless, defiant, as the shadows crowd.

From him close on my right through patient years
  Pain wrings nor dark repining nor complaint;
One on my left, calm-eyed, serenely nears
  His doom, unfaltering as an aureoled saint.

I turn—behind, one on whose pathway grow
  Foul weeds and fouler poisons, mile on mile;
What the grim night-wind hears, God knows; men know
  The laugh, the jest, the glory of the smile.

THE RED CITY

A NOVEL OF THE SECOND ADMINISTRATION OF WASHINGTON

BY S. WEIR MITCHELL, M.D.

Author of "Hugh Wynne," "Constance Trescot," etc.

XII

AN express-rider from Chester had ridden through the night to carry to Mr. Wynne at Merion the news of his ships' return and a brief note from the captain to say that all had gone well.

Though weaker than he was willing to believe, De Courval was able with some help to get on deck, and was welcomed by Wynne, who with sudden anxiety saw the young man's pallor; for although neither wound was serious, he had lost blood enough to satisfy even the great Dr. Rush, and limped uneasily as he went to the rail to meet the ship-owner.

"Are you hurt?" said Wynne.

"Not badly. We had a little bout with a British corvette. Captain Biddle will tell you, sir. St. Denis! but it was fun while it lasted; and the cutting out, too."

"I envy you," said Wynne, with swift remembrance of the market-place in Germantown, the glow of battle in his gray Welsh eyes.

De Courval's face lighted up with the thought of it. "But now," he said—"now I must see my mother—oh, at once."

"The tide is at full flood. A boat shall drop you at the foot of the garden. Can you walk up from the shore, or shall I send you by a chaise?"

"I can walk, sir." He was too eager to consider his weakness, and strong hands helping him into and out of the boat, in a few minutes, for the distance was small, he was set ashore at the foot of the garden, now bare and leafless. He dismissed the men with thanks, and declared he required no further help. With much-needed care he limped up the slope, too aware of pain and of such increase of weakness as surprised him, but nevertheless with a sense of exhilaration at the thought of coming home—yes, home—after having done what he well knew would please his mother. No other thought was in his mind.

Of a sudden he heard voices, and, looking up, saw Mrs. Swanwick and Margaret. Gay, excited, and happy, he stumbled forward as they came, the girl crying out: "The vicomte, mother!"

"Ah, but it is good to see you!" he said as he took the widow's hand and kissed it, and then the girl's, who flushed hot as he rose unsteadily. Seeing her confusion, he said: "Pardon me. It is our way at home, and I am so, so very glad to get back to you all!"

"But—thou art lame!" cried the widow, troubled.

"And his face—he is hurt, mother!"

"Yes, yes; but it is of no moment. We had a one-sided battle at sea." Then he reeled, and recovered himself with effort. "My mother is well?"

"Yes. Lean on me. Put a hand on my arm," said Mrs. Swanwick. "Ah, but the mother will be glad!" And thus, the Pearl walking behind, they went into the house. "Tell madame he is here, Margaret." The young woman went by them and up-stairs to the vicomtesse's bedroom, breathless as she entered in haste.

The vicomtesse said sharply: "Always knock, child."

"I forgot. He is come. He is here. I—we are so glad for thee."

"My son?" She rose.

"Yes, yes." Margaret fled away. It was not for other eyes; she knew that. The vicomtesse met him on the landing, caught him in her arms, kissed him, held him off at arm's-length, and cried, "Are you ill, René?"

"No, no; a little hurt, not badly. I have lost blood," and then, tottering, added faintly, "a wound, a wound," and sank to the floor. She called loudly in alarm, and Schmidt, coming in haste from his room and lifting him, carried him to his bed-chamber. He had overestimated his strength and his power of endurance.

Mother and hostess took possession of him. Nanny hurried with the warming-pan for the bed; and reviving, he laughed as they came and went, and acknowledged the welcome comfort of lavender-scented sheets, and drank eagerly the milk-punch they brought.

Within an hour Schmidt had the little French surgeon at his bedside, and soon René's face and torn thigh were fitly dressed. There was to be quiet, and only madame or Mrs. Swanwick, and a little laudanum and no starvation. They guarded him well, and, as he said, "fiercely," and, yes, in a week he might see people. "Not Mistress Wynne," said the doctor; "a tornado, that woman: but Mr. Schmidt and Mr. Wynne." He was impatient enough as he lay abed and ate greedily wonderful dishes from Darthea Wynne; and there, from the only greenhouse in the town, were flowers, with Mrs. Robert Morris's compliments, and books, the latest, from Miss Gainor, "for the hero, please," for now the town was astir with Captain Biddle's story. The German wrote for him notes of thanks, but as yet would not talk. He could wait to hear of his voyage.

At last he was on a settle one morning alone with Schmidt. There came a discreet knock at the door. "Come in," said Schmidt, and Margaret entered, saying: "These are the first. I gathered them myself at Uncle Josiah's," by which it may be understood that Josiah had made his peace.

"I found them on the Wissahickon. Smell of them," she said as she set her bowl of fragrant trailing-arbutus before him, coloring a little, and adding: "Mother said I must not stay. We are glad thou art better."

"Oh, thank you, thank you," said the young man. The air of spring, the youth of the year, was in the room. As the door closed behind Margaret, Schmidt said: "René, did you ever see the Quaker lady?—the flower, I mean."

"Yes, once. And now again. How she grows!"

"Yes, she does grow," said Schmidt. "I have noticed that at her age young women grow." As he spoke, Mr. Wynne came in, a grave, reserved, sturdy man, with some little of the unemotional serenity of his Quaker ancestry more notable as he went on into middle life.

Schmidt excused himself, and Wynne sat down, saying: "You seem quite yourself, Vicomte. I have heard the whole story from Captain Biddle. You have made one more friend, and a good one. You will be amused to learn that the French party is overjoyed because of your having victualed the starving Jacobins. The Federals are as well pleased, and all the ship-owners at the baffling of the corvette. No, don't speak; let me finish. The merchants at the coffee-house have voted both of you tankards, and five hundred dollars for the crew, and what the women will say or do the Lord knows. You will have need to keep your head cool among them all."

"Ah, Mr. Wynne, if my head was not turned by what you said to me when we parted, it is safe enough."

"My opinion has been fully justified; but now for business. Both ships are in. You have made an unlooked-for gain for me. Your share—oh, I shall take care of the captain, too—your share will be two thousand dollars. It is now in the bank with what is left of your deposit with me. I can take you again as my clerk or Stephen Girard will send you as supercargo to China. For the present I have said my say."

"I thank you, sir. It is too much, far too much. I shall go back to my work with you."

"And I shall be glad to have you. But I fear it may not be for life—as I should wish."

"No, Mr. Wynne. Some day this con-

fusion in France must end, and then or before, though no Jacobin, I would be in the army."

"I thought as much," said Wynne. "Come back now to me, and in the fall or sooner something better may turn up; but for a month or two take a holiday. Your wages will go on. Now, do not protest. You need the rest, and you have earned it." With this he added: "And come out to Merion. My wife wants to thank you; and madame must come, too. Have you heard that we are to have a new French minister in April?"

"Indeed? I suppose he will have a great welcome from the Republicans."

"Very likely," said Wynne.

It was more from loss of blood that René had suffered than from the gravity of the wound. His recovery was rapid, and he was soon released from the tyranny which woman loves to establish about the sickness-fettered man. The vicomtesse had some vague regret when he asserted his independence, for again he was a child, and this care of him had been a novel interest in a life of stringent beliefs, some prejudices, and very few positive sources of pleasure. The son at this time came to know her limitations better and to recognize with clearer vision how narrow must always have been a life of small occupations behind which lay, as yet unassailed, the pride of race and the more personal creed of the obligations of a caste which no one, except Mistress Wynne, ventured to describe to Schmidt as needing social spectacles. "A provincial lady," she said; "a lady, but of the provinces." The German smiled, which was often his only comment upon her shrewd insight and unguarded talk.

The vicomtesse settled down again to her life of books, church, and refusals to go anywhere except to Darthea at Merion, where she relaxed and grew tender among the children. She would have her son go among the gayer people, and being free for a time, he went as bidden, and was made much of at the town houses of the gay set. But as he would not play loo for money, and grew weary at last of the rôle of *Othello* and of relating, much against his will, his adventures to a variety of attentive *Desdemonas* who asked questions about his life in France, of which he had no mind to speak, he soon returned to the more wholesome company of Schmidt and the tranquil society of the widow's house.

Schmidt, with increasing attachment and growing intimacy of relation, began again the daily bouts with the foils, the long pulls on the river, and the talks at night when the house was quiet in sleep.

The grave young Huguenot was rather tired of being made to pass as a hero, and sternly refused the dinners of the Jacobin clubs, declining to claim for himself the credit of relieving the regicide vicomte, his kinsman.

The more certain news of war between France and Great Britain had long since reached Philadelphia, and when, one afternoon in April, Mr. Alexander Hamilton, just come from a visit to New York, appeared at the widow's, he said to Schmidt that Citizen Genêt, the French minister, had reached Charleston in the *Ambuscade,* a frigate. He had brought commissions for privateers, and had already sent out two, the *Citizen Genêt* and the *Sans Culottes,* to wage war on English commerce. The Secretary of State, Jefferson, had protested against the French consul's condemning prizes, but the republican Jacobins, gone mad with joy, took sides against their leader, and mocked at the President's proclamation of neutrality. Such was his news. Mr. Hamilton was depressed and had lost his usual gaiety. It was all bad, very bad. The man's heart ached for the difficulties of his friend, the harassed President.

Meanwhile imitative folly set the Jacobin fashions of long pantaloons and high boots for good republicans. The young men took to growing mustachios. Tricolor cockades appeared in the streets, while the red cap on barbers' poles and over tavern signs served, with news of the massacres in France, to keep in De Courval's mind the thought of his father's fate. In the meantime, amid feasts and clamorous acclaim, Genêt came slowly north with his staff of secretaries.

Schmidt saw at this time how depressed his young friend became, and felt that in part at least it was due to want of steady occupation. Trying to distract him one evening, he said: "Let us go to the fencing school of the Comte du Vallon. I have long meant to ask you. It is late, but the *émigrés* go thither on a Friday.

It will amuse you, and you want something I cannot teach. Your defense is slow, your attack too unguarded."

"But," said De Courval, "I cannot afford lessons at a dollar. It is very well for Morris and Lloyd."

Schmidt laughed. "I let the comte have the rooms free. The house is mine. Yes, I know, you avoid the *émigrés;* but why? Oh, yes, I know you have been busy, and they are not all to your taste, nor to mine; but you will meet our bookseller De Méry and De Noailles, whom you know, and you will like Du Vallon."

It was nine o'clock when, hearing foils ringing and laughter, they went upstairs in an old warehouse on the north side of Dunker's Court, and were presently in a large room amid a dozen of what were plainly French gentlemen, who were fencing in pairs and as merry as if no heads of friend and kindred were that day falling on the guillotine. Schmidt knew them all, and had helped many. They welcomed him warmly.

"*Bonjour, monsieur.* We amuse ourselves well, and forget a little," said Du Vallon. Ah, the Vicomte de Courval! Enchanted to see you here. Allow me to present Monsieur de Malcrive. He is making a fortune with the ice-cream, but he condescends to give us a lesson now and then. Gentlemen, the Vicomte de Courval." The foils were lowered, and men bowed. Scarce any knew him, but several came forward and said pleasant things, while, as they left to return to their fencing, Schmidt made his brief comments. "That is the Chevalier Pontgibaud, René,—the slight man,—a good soldier in the American war. The Vicomte de Noailles is a partner of Bingham."

"Indeed!" said René. "He is in trade, as I am—a Noailles!"

"Yes; may you be as lucky. He has made a fortune, they say."

"Take a turn with the marquis," said Du Vallon. The marquis taught dancing. De Courval said, "With pleasure," and the clatter of foils began again, while Du Vallon and Schmidt fell apart into quiet talk.

"The young man is a clerk and, I hear, has won credit and money. *Bon chien, bonne chasse.* Do you know his story? Ah, my sad Avignon! La Rochefoucauld told me they killed his father; but of course you know all about it."

"No, I have heard but little," said Schmidt. "I know only that his father was murdered. Des Aguilliers told me that; but as De Courval has not, does not speak of it, I presume him to have his reasons. Pray let us leave it here."

"As you please, *mon ami.*" But Du Vallon thought the German strangely lacking in curiosity.

The time passed pleasantly. De Courval did better with Tiernay, who taught French to the young women and was in the shabby splendor of clothes which, like their owner, had seen better days.

They went away late. Yes, he was to have lessons from Du Vallon, who had courteously criticized his defense as weak. But the remedy had answered the German's purpose. Here was something to learn which as yet the young man did badly. The lessons went on, and Schmidt at times carried him away into the country with fowling-pieces, and they came home loaded with wood pigeons; and once, to De Courval's joy, from the Welsh hills with a bear on the back of their chaise and rattles for Pearl from what De Courval called the *serpent à sonnettes*—"a nice Jacobin snake, *Mademoiselle.*" And so the quiet life went on in the Quaker house with books, walks, and the round of simple duties, while the young man regained his former vigor.

The spring came in with flowers and blossoms in the garden, and, on the 21st of May, Citizen Genêt was to arrive in this year of '93. The French frigate *Ambuscade*, lying in the river and hearing from Chester in due season, was to warn the republicans with her guns of the coming of the minister.

"Come," said Schmidt, as the casements shook with the signal of three cannon. "Pearl said she would like to see it, and the farce will be good. We are going to be amused; and why not?"

"Will Friend de Courval go with us?" said Margaret. Walks with the young woman were somehow of late not so easily had. Her mother had constantly for her some interfering duties. He was glad to go.

At the signal-guns, thousands of patriots gathered in front of the State House, and in what then was called the Mall, to

the south of it. Schmidt and the young people paused on the skirts of the noisy crowd, where were many full of liquor and singing the "Marseillaise" with drunken variations of the tune. "A sight to please the devil of laughter," said Schmidt. "There are saints for the virtues, why not devils for men's follies? The mischief mill for the grinding out of French Jacobins from Yankee grain will not run long. Let us go on around the Mall and get before these foolish folk. Ah, to insult this perfect day of May with drunkenness! Is there not enough of gladness in the upspring of things that men must crave the flattery of drink?" He was in one of those moods when he was not always, as he said, understandable, and when his English took on queer ways.

Pausing before the gray jail at the corner of Delaware, Sixth Street, and Walnut, they saw the poor debtors within thrust out between the bars of the windows long rods with bags at the end to solicit alms. Schmidt emptied his pockets of shillings, and they went on, the girl in horror at the blasphemies of those who got no coin. Said Schmidt: "Our friend Wynne lay there in the war for months. Ask Madame Darthea for the tale, De Courval. 'T is pretty, and worth the ear of attention. When I rule the world there will be no prisons. I knew them once too well."

So rare were these glimpses of a life they knew not of that both young people, surprised, turned to look at him.

"Wert thou in jail, sir?" said the Pearl.

"Did I say so? Life is a jail, my good Margaret; we are all prisoners." The girl understood, and asked no more. Crossing the Potter's Field, now Washington Square, they leaped over the brook that ran through it from the northwest.

"Here below us lie the dead prisoners of your war, Pearl. The jail was safe, and now they are free. God rest their souls! There 's room for more." Scarcely was there room in that summer of '93. Passing the Bettering House on Spruce Street Road, and so on and out to the Schuylkill, they crossed the floating bridge, and in the deep cutting where Gray's Lane descended to the river, climbed the slope, and sat down and waited.

Very soon across the river thousands of men gathered and a few women. The bridge was lined with people, and some collected on the bank and in the lane below them, on the west side of the stream.

Hauterive, the French consul at New York, and Mr. Duponceau and Alexander Dallas of the Democratic Club, stood near the water, on the west side of the bridge, waiting to welcome Genêt. "I like it very well," said Schmidt; "but the play will not run long."

"Oh, they are coming!" cried Margaret. This was interesting. She was curious, excited, and now with her bonnet off, as De Courval saw, bright-eyed, eager, and with isles of color mysteriously passing over her face, like rose clouds at evening.

A group of horsemen appeared on the top of the hill above them, one in front. "Genêt, I suppose," said De Courval. A good-looking man, florid, smiling, the tricolor on the hat in his hand, he bowed to right and left, and honored with a special salute mademoiselle, near-by on the bank. He had the triumphant air of a very self-conscious conqueror. Cheers greeted him. "*Vive la république!* D—— George Washington! Hurrah for Citizen Genêt!" with waving of French flags. He stopped below them in the lane. A boy in the long pantaloons of protest, with the red cap of the republic on his head, was lifted up to present a bouquet of three colors made of paper flowers. Citizen Genêt gave him the fraternal kiss of liberty, and again the crowd cheered. "Are these people crazy?" asked the Quaker maiden, used to Friends' control of emotion.

"Mad? Yes, a little." Genêt had paused at the bridge. Mr. Dallas was making him welcome to the capital. David Rittenhouse stood by, silent in adoration, his attention divided between Genêt and a big bun, for he had missed his dinner.

"It is all real," said the German. "The bun doth equally well convince. Oh, David, didst thou but dream how comic thou art!" Meanwhile De Courval by turns considered the fair face and the crowd, too tragically reminded to be, like Schmidt, altogether amused.

But surely here indeed was comedy, and for many of this careless multitude a sad ending of politics in the near summer months.

The crowd at the water's-edge closed

around Genêt, while the group of four or five men on horseback who followed him came to a halt on the roadway just below where were seated Schmidt and his companions. The riders looked around them, laughing. Then one spoke to a young secretary, and the man thus addressed, turning, took off his hat and bowed low to the Quaker maid.

"*Mon Dieu!*" cried De Courval, springing up as the attachés moved on. "*C'est Carteaux!* It is he!"

Schmidt heard him; the girl to the left of Schmidt less plainly. "What is it?" she cried to De Courval. His face as she saw it was of a sudden white, the eyes wide open, staring, the jaw set, the hands half-open, the figure as of a wild creature about to leap on its prey. "Take care!" said Schmidt. "Take care! Keep quiet!" He laid a strong hand on De Courval's shoulder. "Come away! Take care! People are looking at you."

"Yes, yes." He straightened, wiping the sweat from his forehead.

"Art thou ill?" asked Margaret.

"No, no. I am glad—glad as never before. Let us go. It will keep. It will keep." She looked at him with wonder. They climbed the bank and went up the hill across the Woodlands, Andrew Hamilton's estate, and so homeward by the middle ferry at High Street, no one speaking.

The girl, troubled and apprehensive, walked on, getting now and then from the bonnet's seclusion a quick side glance at a face a little flushed and wearing a look of unwonted satisfaction. Schmidt was as silent as his companions. Comedy, again he thought, and as ever behind it the shadow tragedy. "If I were that man, I should be afraid—a secretary of this accursed envoy. I must know more. Ah, here is the other man behind the every-day man—De Courval."

De Courval went in and up-stairs to his room, and at the five-o'clock supper showed no sign of the storm which had swept over him. After the meal he followed his mother, and as usual read aloud to her a chapter of the French Bible. Then at dusk he pulled out on the river, and, finding refreshment in a cold plunge, rowed to shore, returning in full control of the power to consider with Schmidt, as now at last he knew he must do, a situation not so simple as it seemed when he set eyes on his enemy.

"I have been waiting for you, René. I guess enough to know this for a very grave matter. You will want to tell me."

"I have often wanted to talk to you, but, as you may or may not know, it was also too painful to discuss until the need came; but now it has come."

"You will talk to me, René, or not, as seems the better to you."

"I shall speak, and frankly; but, sir, wait a little."

Without replying further, the German took up a book and read. The young man let fall his head on his hands, his elbows on a table. He had tried to forget, but now again with closed eyes and, with that doubtful gift of visual recall already mentioned, he saw the great, dimly lighted hall at Avignon, the blood-stained murderers, the face of his father, his vain appeal. The tears rained through his fingers. He seemed to hear again: "Yvonne! Yvonne!" and at last to see again, with definiteness sharpened by the morning's scene, the sudden look of ferocity in a young man's face—a man not much older than himself. He had thought to hear from it a plea for mercy. Ah, and to-day he had seen it gay with laughter. One day it would not laugh. He wiped away tears as he rose. The German gentleman caught him to his broad breast. "What is it, my son? Ah, I would that you were my son! Let us have it out—all of it. I, too, have had my share of sorrow. Let me hear, and tell it quietly. Then we can talk."

Thus it came about that with a sense of relief René told his story of failing fortunes, of their château in ruins, and of how, on his return from Avignon, he had found his mother in a friendly farm refuge. He told, too, with entire self-command of the tragedy in the papal city, his vain pursuit of Carteaux, their flight to England, and how on the voyage his mother had wrung from him the whole account of his father's death.

"Does she know his name?" asked Schmidt.

"Carteaux? Yes. I should not have told it, but I did. She would have me tell it."

"And that is all." For a little while the German, lighting his pipe, walked up

and down the room without a word. Then at last, sitting down, he said: "René, what do you mean to do?"

"Kill him."

"Yes, of course," said Schmidt, coolly; "but—let us think a little. Do you mean to shoot him as one would a mad dog?"

"Certainly; and why not?"

"You ask 'Why not?' Suppose you succeed? Of course you would have to fly, leave your mother alone; or, to be honest with you, if you were arrested, the death of this dog would be, as men would look at it, the murder of an officer of the French legation. You know the intensity of party feeling here. You would be as sure to die by the gallows as any common criminal; and—there again is the mother to make a man hesitate."

"That is all true; but what can I do, sir? Must I sit down and wait?"

"For the present, yes. Opinion will change. Time is the magician of opportunities. The man will be here long. Wait. Go back to your work. Say nothing. There are, of course, the ordinary ways—a quarrel, a duel—"

"Yes, yes; anything—something—"

"Anything—something, yes; but what thing? You must not act rashly. Leave it to me to think over; and promise me to do nothing rash—to do nothing in fact just yet."

De Courval saw only too clearly that his friend was wiser than he. After a moment of silence he said: "I give you my word, sir. And how can I thank you?"

"By not thanking me, not a rare form of thanks. Now go to bed."

When alone, Schmidt said to himself: "Some day he will lose his head, and then the tiger will leap. It was clear from what I saw, and who could sit quiet and give it up? Not I. A duel? If this man I have learned to love had Du Vallon's wrist of steel or mine, it would be easy to know what to do. Ah, if one could know that rascal's fence—or if I—no; the boy would never forgive me; and to cheat a man out of a just vengeance were as bad as to cheat him of a woman's love." As for killing a man with whom he had no personal quarrel, the German, unreproached by conscience, considered the matter entirely in his relation to De Courval. And here, as he sat in thought, even a duel troubled him, and it was sure to come; for soon or late, in the limited society of the city, these two men would meet. The German was deeply disturbed. An accident to De Courval was possible; well, perhaps his death. He foresaw even this as possible, since duels in that time were not the seriocomic encounters of the French duel of to-day.

As Schmidt sat in self-counsel as to what was advisable, he felt with curious joy that his affection for the young noble was disturbing his judgment of what as a gentleman he would have counseled. The situation was, as he saw, of terrible significance. A large experience of men and events failed to assist him to see his way.

No less bewildered and even more deeply troubled, De Courval lay awake and, as the hours went by, thought and thought the thing over from every point of view. Had he met Carteaux that morning alone, away from men, he knew that he would have throttled the slighter man with his strong young hands, glad of the joy of brute contact and of personal infliction of the death penalty with no more merciful weapon than his own strength. He thrilled at the idea; but now Schmidt, coldly reasonable, had brought him down to the level of common-sense appreciation of unregarded difficulties. His mother! He knew her now far better than ever. His mother would say, "Go, my son." She would send him out to take his chances with this man, as for centuries the women of her race had sent their men to battle. He was more tender for her than she would be for herself. His indecision, the product of a larger duty to her lonely, helpless life, and increased by what Schmidt had urged, left him without a helpful thought, while ever and ever in the darkness he felt, as his friend had felt, that in some moment of opportune chance he should lose for her and himself all thought of consequences.

Perhaps of those who saw the episode of sudden passionate anger on Gray's Lane none was more puzzled and none more curious than Margaret Swanwick. Anything as abrupt and violent as De Courval's irritation was rare in her life of tranquil experiences, and nothing she had seen of him prepared her for this out-

break. Of late, it is to be confessed, De Courval was a frequent guest of her thoughts, and what concerned him began greatly to concern her. Something forbade her to ask of Schmidt an explanation of what she had seen. Usually she was more frank with him than with any one else, and why now, she thought, should she not question him? But then, as if relieved by the decision, she concluded that it was not her business, and put aside the curiosity, but not completely the anxiety which lay behind it.

If she told her mother and asked of her what De Courval's behavior might have meant, she was sure that her eagerness would be reproved by a phrase which Mrs. Swanwick used on fitting occasions —"Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's secrets." Many things were to happen before the girl would come to understand why, in the quiet of a May morning, a rather reserved gentleman had of a sudden looked like a wild animal about to leap upon its prey.

XIII

A CHEERING crowd escorted Genêt to Oeller's Hotel. A few days later Washington received the minister, De Ternant's successor, with a coldly formal speech, and the envoy came away in wrath; for had he not seen in the parlor of the President, medallions of decapitated Citizen Capet and his family? His insolent demands for money owing to France, but not yet due, and for a new and more liberal compact, are matters of history. There were wild claims for the right of French consuls to condemn prizes without intermediation of our courts, and yet more and more absurd requests and specious arguments, to which Jefferson replied with decision, but with more tenderness than pleased the Federalists.

At last the privateer *Citizen Genêt* anchored off Market Street wharf. Two enlisted Americans on board were arrested, and the cabinet, being of one opinion, the President ordered the privateer to leave. Genêt appealed to the Secretary of State for delay and against this inconceivable wrong to a sister republic, and as the cabinet remained firm, and the democrats raged, the town was for days on the verge of riot and bloodshed.

On the 27th of May, while on an errand for Mr. Wynne, about four in the afternoon, De Courval saw the crowd going into Oeller's Hotel for a great dinner in honor of Genêt. On the steps stood a man waving the tricolor. It was Carteaux. "*Mon Dieu!*" murmured De Courval, "shall I get used to it?" His errand took him past the house of the Vice-President, John Adams. Servants and friends were carrying in muskets. A noisy mob hooted and drifted away to Oeller's. There had been threats of destroying the house, and Adams meant to be ready. The young man went on, deep in thought. In front of the Senate House he bowed to Edmund Randolph, an occasional visitor at the Quaker salon and now Attorney-General at the age of thirty-eight.

Returning, De Courval met Stephen Girard, who stopped him. Short, sallow, a little bald, and as yet slight of build, he was watching with a look of amusement the noisy mob in front of the hotel. "*Ah, bonjour, monsieur.* And you would not go as my supercargo. It is open for the asking." He spoke French of course. "These yonder are children, but they are not as serious as they think themselves. Come this afternoon to my farm on the neck and eat of my strawberries. There will be the French consul-general and the secretary Carteaux. No politics, mind you. My heart is with the revolutionary government at home, but my politics in America are here," and he struck his breeches' pocket. "I am not for war, *monsieur.*"

De Courval excused himself, and went away murmuring: "Again, again! It must end. I must make it end. Ah, mother, mother!"

Schmidt, troubled by the young man's gloom and loss of spirits, did all he could, but characteristically made no effort to reopen a subject on which he had as yet reached no other decision than the counsel of delay.

The mother questioned her son. It was nothing. He was not quite well, and the heat of July was great. The German was yet more disturbed when one evening after the fencing lesson, Du Vallon said: "I had here to-day two of the staff of that *sacré* Citizen Genêt. There is already talk of his recall for insolence to the President. *Le bon Dieu* be praised!"

"Why, Marquis, do you permit these cattle to come here?"

"One must live, Monsieur Schmidt."

"Perhaps."

"One of them is a pleasure to fence with—a Monsieur Carteaux, a meager Jacobin. I could not touch him."

"I should like to, with the buttons off the foils," said Schmidt.

"I also. That does make a difference."

Schmidt went away thoughtful. The next afternoon, feeling the moist heat, the vicomtesse went to Darthea at Merion. The two men fenced as usual, while mother and daughter sat in shadow on the porch, and a faint, cool air came up from the river.

"*Ach, du lieber Himmel!* but it is hot!" cried the German, casting down his foil. "You are doing better. Let us go and cool off in the river. Come."

They went down the garden, picking the ripe plums as they went. "What is wrong with you, René? You promised me."

"It is the heat. Miss Margaret looks ill. No one could endure it, and in the counting-house it is dreadful, and with no work to distract me."

"The Pearl goes again to Gray Court to-morrow," said the German.

"Indeed."

"Yes. I shall miss her, but it is as well. And, you, René—it is not the heat. Why do you put me off with such excuses?"

"Well, no. It is of course that villain," and he told of Girard and the invitation.

"René, a day will come when you will meet that man, and then the thing will somehow end. You cannot go on suffering as you are doing."

"I know; but a devil of indecision pursues me."

"An angel, perhaps."

"Oh, yes. Pity me. My mother stands like a wall I may not pass between me and him. It is horrible to think that she —she is protecting my father's murderer. If I told her, by Heaven! she would bid me go and kill him. You do not know her. She would do it; but, then, who knows what might chance? If I die, she is alone, friendless. I fear to risk it. *Mon Dieu*, sir, I am afraid!"

"And yet some day you will have to put an end to all this doubt. Comfort yourself with this: Fate, which plays with us, will take you in hand. Let it go just now."

"I will try to. I will. If I were as these good Quakers—ah, me, I should sit down,"—and he smiled,—"and thee and thou Providence, and be quiet in the armor of meek unresistance."

"They do kill flies," said the German.

"Ah, I wish then they would attend to the mosquitos," cried De Courval, laughing.

"As to non-resistance, friend, it hath its limitations. Did I tell thee of Daniel Offley? My Pearl told me," and he related the defeat of the blacksmith.

"Insolent," said René.

"No; the man believed that he had a mission. I should like to have his conscience for a week or two, to see how it feels; and, as for non-resistance, canst thou keep a secret?"

"I? Why not? What is it?" He was curious. As they talked, standing beside the river, René watched the flat stones he threw ricochet on the water.

"Once on a time, as they say in Madame Swanwick's book of sixty-five tales, by Nancy Skyrin, a man, one Schmidt, came into the dining-room and sat down quietly to read at an open window for the sake of the breeze from the river. It might have been on Second Day. It chanced to be the same time a Quaker man who hath of late come often sat without on the step of the porch, a proper lad, and young, very neat in gray. Near by sat a maid. Up from the river came the little god who is of all religions and did tempt the young man. The man within lost interest in his book."

Then René gave up the game of skipstone, and, turning, said, "*Mon Dieu*, you did not listen?"

"Did he not? He had listened to the talk in the book, and wherefore not to them? It amused him more. For a little the maid did not seem greatly displeased."

"She did not seem displeased?"

"No. And then—and then that Friend who was perverted into a lover would *brusquer* matters, as you say, and did make a venture, being tempted by the little devil called Cupid. The man who listened did not see it, but it does seem

probable she was kissed, because thereupon was heard a resounding smack, and feeling that here had been a flagrant departure from non-resistance, the man within, having been satisfactorily indiscreet, fell to reading again, and the Quaker went away doubly wounded. Dost thou like my story, Friend de Courval?"

"No, I do not." He was flushing, angry.

"I told you I had no conscience."

"Upon my word, I believe you. Why did you not kick him?"

"I leave you the privilege."

"Come. I hate your story,"—and laughing, despite his wrath,—"your conscience needs a bath."

"Perhaps." And they went down to the boat, the German still laughing.

"What amuses you?"

"Nothing. Nothing amuses one as much as nothing. I should have been a diplomatist at the court of Love." And to himself: "Is it well for these children? Here is another tangle, and if—if anything should go amiss, here are three sad hearts. D—— the Jacobin cur! I ought to kill him. That would settle things."

For many days De Courval saw nothing of his enemy. Schmidt, who owned many houses and mortgages and good irredeemable ground rents, was busy.

Despite the fear of foreign war and the rage of parties, the city was prosperous and the increase of chariots, coaches, and chaises so great as to cause remark. House rents rose, the rich of the gay set drank, danced, gambled, and ran horses on the road we still call Race Street. Wages were high. All the wide land felt confidence, and speculation went on, for the poor in lotteries, for the rich in impossible canals never to see water.

On August 6 of this fatal year '93, Uncle Josiah came to fetch the Pearl away for a visit, and, glad as usual to be the bearer of bad news, told Schmidt that a malignant fever had killed a child of Dr. Hodge and three more. It had come from the *Sans Culottes*, privateer, or because of damaged coffee fetched from he knew not where.

The day after, Dr. Redman, President of the College of Physicians, was of opinion that this was the old disease of 1762—the yellow plague. Schmidt listened in alarm. Before the end of August three hundred were dead, almost every new case being fatal. On August 20, Schmidt was gone for a day. On his return at evening he said: "I have rented a house on the hill above the falls of Schuylkill. We move out to-morrow. I know this plague. *El vomito* they call it in the West Indies."

Mrs. Swanwick protested.

"No," he said; "I must have my way. You have cared for me in sickness and health these five years. Now it is my turn. This disease will pass along the water-front. You are not safe an hour." She gave way to his wishes as usual, and next day they were pleasantly housed in the country.

Business ceased as if by agreement, and the richer families, if not already in the country, began to flee. The doom of a vast desertion and of multiplying deaths fell on the gay and prosperous city. By September 10 every country farm was crowded with fugitives, and tents received thousands along the Schuylkill and beyond it. Sooner or later some twenty-three thousand escaped, and whole families camped in the open air and in all weather. More would have gone from the city, but the shops were shut, money ceased to circulate, and even the middle class lacked means to flee. Moreover, there was no refuge open, since all the towns near by refused to receive even those who could afford to leave. Hence many stayed who would gladly have gone.

Madame de Courval was at Merion, and Margaret had now rejoined her mother, brought over by her uncle. He had ventured into the city and seen Matthew Clarkson, the mayor, on business. He would talk no business. "Terrible time," said Josiah—"terrible! Not a man will do business." Did he feel for these dying and the dead? Schmidt doubted it, and questioned him quietly. The doctors were not agreed, and Rush bled every one. He, Josiah, was not going back. Half a dozen notes he held had been protested; a terrible calamity, but fine for debtors; a neat excuse.

Mr. Wynne had closed his counting-house, and was absent on the Ohio, and De Courval was left to brood; for now the French legation had gone to the country, the cabinet fled to Germantown, and

the President long before to Mount Vernon for his summer rest.

The day after Josiah's visit, Schmidt left a letter on Mrs. Swanwick's table, and rode away to town without other farewell.

"Look at that, my friend," said the widow to René, and burst into tears. He read and re-read the letter.

DEAR MADAM: The city has no nurses, and help is needed, and money. I have a note from Girard. He has what Wetherill once described as the courage of the penny, not the cowardice of the dollar. I go to help him, for how long I know not, and to do what I can. My love to my friend René. I shall open your house. I have taken the key. I shall write when I can. I leave in my desk money. Use it. I owe what no money can ever repay.

I am, as always, your obedient, humble servant, *J. S.*

There was consternation in the home and at Merion, where he was a favorite, and at the Hill, which Gainor had filled with guests; but day after day went by without news. No one would carry letters. Few would even open those from the city. The flying men and women told frightful stories. And now it was September. Two weeks had gone by without a word from Schmidt. The "National Gazette" was at an end, and the slanderer Freneau gone. Only one newspaper still appeared, and the flight went on: all fled who could.

At length De Courval could bear it no longer. He had no horse, and set off afoot to see his mother at Merion, saying nothing of his intention to Mrs. Swanwick. He learned that Wynne was still on the Ohio, and ignorant of the extent of the calamity at home.

"Mother," he said, "again I must go into danger. Mr. Schmidt has gone to the city to care for the sick. For two weeks we have been without news of him. I can bear it no longer. I must go and see what has become of him."

"Well, and why, my son, should you risk your life for a man of whom you know nothing? When before you said it was a call of duty I bade you go. Now I will not."

"Mother, for a time we lived on that man's generous bounty."

"What!" she cried.

"Yes. It was made possible for me because I had the good fortune to save him from drowning. I did not tell you."

"No, of course not."

He told briefly the story of his rescue of the German.

"If he is well, I must know it. He is more than merely my friend. If he is ill, I must care for him. If he is dead—oh, dear mother, I must go!"

"I forbid it absolutely. If you go, it is against my will."

He saw that she meant it. It was vain to protest. He rose.

"I have no time to lose, mother. Pray for me."

"That I do always, but I shall not forgive you; no—yes, kiss me. I did not mean that; but think of my life, of yours, what it owes me. You will not go, my son."

"Yes, I am going. I should be base, a coward, ungrateful, if I did not go. Good-by, mother. Let them know at Mrs. Swanwick's."

He was gone. She sat still a little while, and then rising, she looked out and saw him go down the garden path, a knapsack on his back.

"His father would never have left me. Ah, but he is my son—all of him. He was right to go, and I was weak, but, my God, life is very hard!" For a moment she looked after his retreating figure, and then, fearless, quiet, and self-contained, took up again the never-finished embroidery.

(To be continued)

THE REMINISCENCES OF LADY RANDOLPH CHURCHILL

BY MRS. GEORGE CORNWALLIS-WEST

SEVENTH PAPER: BERLIN SOCIETY—PRINCESS FÜRSTENBERG—COURT FUNCTIONS—THE BISMARCKS—PARIS SOCIETY—GENERAL BOULANGER—HIS FRIENDS AND HIS CHARACTER—DUCHESSE DE LA TRÉMOILLE—KING MILAN—DUC D'AUMALE—BOURGET

ON our way back from Russia, in 1888, we stayed for ten days at the British Embassy in Berlin. Sir Edward B. Malet, who was the Ambassador, was very much in favor with the imperial family. A man of small stature, he has nevertheless a commanding presence and with a pleasant and open countenance he has the most courteous of manners. He is very well informed, and talks agreeably on all subjects. Lady Ermyntrude, his wife, who was equally liked, is a daughter of the late Duke of Bedford, and an extremely cultivated woman. They both showed us the greatest hospitality, even giving a dinner in our honor.

After ultra-fashionable and brilliant St. Petersburg, Berlin society seemed a little quiet. But there were some exceptions, notably Princess Karl Egon Fürstenberg (now Comtesse Jean de Castellane), Princess Antoine Radziwill, and Countess von Hohenau. This lady was renowned for her beautiful figure, which I have seen equaled only by that of Lady Claud Hamilton. Princess Fürstenberg (who was a stepdaughter of the late Duc de Valançay and half-sister of the Prince de Sagan, already mentioned in these reminiscences) held a unique position. To her own vivid personality she added her husband's great name and immense wealth. Well educated, and with a restless and ambitious mind, she has always taken a keen interest in politics. Had her life been spent in England instead of abroad, she would certainly have played a greater part. In Germany there is little scope in that line for a woman, and in France still less. Her dinners and her parties were the most successful entertainments given in Berlin. Prince Fürstenberg, who has since died, was a very independent man, and some years later he incurred the present Kaiser's wrath in a quarrel which made considerable stir at the time. The Kaiser issued an order to the effect that army officers should take precedence of the nobility. The Prince retired from the court in high dudgeon, after writing a letter to the Kaiser in which, it is said, he expressed his views with more vigor than diplomacy; nothesitating to compare the Hohenzollerns to their detriment with his own high and mighty, not to say much older, family.

We spent our days pleasantly in visiting the palaces, galleries, and museums. At one of the galleries we were much interested to see three pictures which used to be at Blenheim, one of them being the famous "Bacchanalia" by Rubens, which had filled one side of the dining-room. Sans Souci I found enchanting, and could hardly tear myself away from its lovely rooms, with their Louis XV decorations and delicious Watteaus. How strange that those two grim men, Frederick the Great and Voltaire, should have lived in such incongruous surroundings! Visions of beautiful women in powder and patches could alone be associated with these bou-

doirs, where the panels, adorned with silver tracings, and the soft-colored silk curtains would have made a fitting background for their loveliness. The bedroom so long occupied by Voltaire, with its priceless Dresden china, and hangings of green damask, looked like a nest for a pink-and-white maid of honor. One note, however, gave an indication of the king's mind in respect to the guest whom he hated and feared as much as he admired him. A large, grinning china monkey did service for a chandelier, holding in its hands the candles which lighted up the sardonic features of its human counterpart. At the end of a cul-de-sac was a small, round room of which the only outlet was a window giving on to the garden. With books to the ceiling, and a huge writing-table in the center, this was Frederick the Great's sanctum. Perhaps it was on this very table that he wrote the verses he was so anxious Voltaire should admire, and which in the hands of the "Patriarch of Ferney" became the weapon with which he ridiculed the king at the time of their famous quarrel.

Among the many festivities to which we were bidden, was a gala performance at the opera. A gala night under the auspices of the German court is a very different thing from the same function in London. In Berlin the boxes and seats are not sold, and only those who receive a royal invitation may attend, whereas in London it is a case of the longest purse and the highest bidder. In consequence, the audience is anything but representative of London society. I remember being very much struck by the wonderful ensemble and perfection of the orchestra, far surpassing any in London of those days. Sembrich sang in "Les Noces de Figaro," and the whole royal family were present, including the aged Emperor William I. The prospect of a court concert, preceded by an informal drawing-room, at which we were to be presented, rather alarmed me, not knowing the rules and etiquette of a court so different from any I had yet seen. Also, not expecting to attend any such function, I had no court train with me, and this added to my embarrassment, for there is no doubt that to be well dressed gives confidence. In the end, however, it all proved quite simple. Etiquette required that before appearing at court I should visit the mistress of the robes. I therefore called with Lady Ermyntrude Malet on Countess Perponcher, a rather formidable lady with an 1830 coiffure and a stiff, rustling silk gown. She received me with *force révérences,* which I duly returned.

On the night of the concert, we were ushered into a small room where the Emperor William stood surrounded by the royal family, the officials of the court, and the diplomatic corps, and with others we were presented. The Emperor, looking most upright in his smart uniform, welcomed me in a few well-chosen words, also reminding me of our tea-party at Gastein and of jokes we had had with the children. Little did I or any one else present think that this was to be his last entertainment, and that in a few weeks the kind and noble old monarch would be no more. Suddenly a side door opened, and the Empress Augusta, sitting in a small Bath chair, was wheeled in. Dressed in pale-blue satin, with jewels to her waist, her venerable head crowned with a magnificent tiara, she made a brave, if somewhat pathetic, figure. She asked me many questions in excellent English, addressing me as "Lady Churchill" and inquiring after the Czarina, whom she understood I had just seen. She also asked so much after her "dear Queen Victoria" that I came to the conclusion she was mistaking me for Queen Victoria's lady-in-waiting, Jane, Lady Churchill. Her remarks were almost inaudible, and I had to answer in a very loud voice, as she did not hear well. I do not recollect ever having felt more embarrassed or uncomfortable than during this conversation at cross purposes, carried on before the whole court, which was listening in respectful silence.

Presently we all moved into an adjoining room, at the end of which was a small platform. Round tables were dotted about, the places being arranged beforehand. Randolph sat at the table of Princess William (the present Kaiserin), while I sat at Prince William's. After listening to an excellent concert, at which Sembrich sang, supper was served, the whole function being over by eleven o'clock. Much to my delight, in the course of the evening I made the acquaintance of the great Moltke, who, notwith-

Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

KAISERIN AUGUSTA AND KAISER WILLIAM I

standing his stern and ascetic countenance, surprised me agreeably by his sunny smile and pleasant voice.

There is no doubt it would be difficult to find a greater contrast than the Russian and German courts presented at that time, one, brilliant, imposing, lavish in its extravagance, barbaric in its splendor; the other, unpretentious and, perhaps, a little chill, but full of traditions and etiquette. In Berlin, and particularly at the court, signs of the all-conquering and victorious army were everywhere apparent; everything military was in the ascendant. I remember Prince William visiting me at the embassy, and our having a great discussion on German and Russian uniforms, the gorgeousness of which had impressed me while in St. Petersburg.

If the court of the Emperor William I was somewhat depressing, the magnificence of the existing régime is a great contrast. The present Kaiser William II rightly wishes to maintain a proper standard, and while condemning extravagance, likes to see a dignified display. It has been reported that he once said, apropos of his court balls, that "men came for

discipline, and women for deportment." Permission to dance is given only by royal order, and the privileged have for many days to rehearse the intricate steps of the stately minuets prescribed. Woe be it if they make any mistakes, for a dancing-master sits aloft in a gallery recording the "faux pas" of his pupils. This may sound arbitrary, but there is no doubt that if something similar could be introduced at the Court of St. James's the proceedings would gain in dignity, as it is with difficulty that the majority of people can go through an ordinary quadrille.

Before leaving, we dined one night with Count Herbert Bismarck. At the end of the dinner he produced, as a *bonne bouche*, a sort of paste, made principally, as far as I could gather, of lard and garlic, of which he spoke with pride as having been made by his mother. Count Herbert was a kindly man, and although to English ideas he may perhaps have seemed a little rough and uncouth, he was really very popular in England, and left many friends to deplore his premature death. He was greatly interested in English politics, and I remember that at this dinner we had an argument on the subject of Mr. Gladstone, whom he cordially hated, remarking, much to our amusement, that his father always said "Gladstone would drag England to the lowest ground of hell."

Randolph and I were disappointed in not seeing Prince Bismarck, who was then in the country; but some years later, when at Kissingen, we were fortunate enough to make the "Iron Chancellor's" acquaintance. We dined with him at the old schloss where he was living, its picturesque red roof making a landmark in the flat Bavarian scenery. We were only a party of six: the Prince and Princess, Count Herbert Bismarck and his wife (who was of English origin), and ourselves. We dined in a large room which had a vaulted ceiling, and seemed to be used as a general living-room. At dinner I sat on one side of the Prince, and Ran-

From a photograph by Ottomar Anschütz

KAISER WILLIAM I (IN THE FOREGROUND) AND COUNT VON MOLTKE

From a photograph by Elliott & Fry

SIR EDWARD B. MALET

dolph on the other, the huge boar hound, our host's constant companion, lying on the ground between us. Conversation was animated. Bismarck spoke excellent English, but very slowly; and if he could not find the word he wanted, he would pause and think until he did. His family looked up to him with awe and admiration, and listened with the greatest attention to every word he uttered. The old Princess, who seemed very feeble, did not take much part in the conversation. After dinner we adjourned to another part of the room, where we sat round a long table covered with books and newspapers. There were a great many illustrated papers, full of caricatures of Bismarck, which, in answer to a question, he assured me he did not mind in the least. Later, however, Count Herbert contradicted this, saying that his father was really very sensitive and disliked being caricatured.

Speaking of the country and the long walks he took daily, Bismarck said he loved nature, but the amount of life he saw awed him, and that it took a great deal of faith to believe that an "all-seeing Eye" could notice every living atom when one realized what it meant. "Have you ever sat on the grass and examined it closely? There is enough life in one square yard to appal you," he said. When we were about to leave, his great dog fixed his fierce eyes on mine in so persistent a manner that I became alarmed and thought he was going to spring upon me; but the Prince reassured me, saying, "He is looking at your eyes, because he has not seen any like them." This was said in a grave voice and without a smile, leaving it doubtful if he intended to pay me a compliment.

Leaving Berlin with much regret and with gratitude to our kind hosts the Malets, we proceeded to Paris, where we remained for some time. Our friend the Marquis de Breteuil helped to make our visit delightful, for at his charming house, where we often dined, we met every one of note and interest. It was at one of these dinners that I saw General Boulanger for the first time. M. de Breteuil was a believer at that moment in Boulangism, and, in common with many Royalists, thought he saw in the General, "*faute de mieux*," the preserver of the French monarchy, through a Restoration which was to follow a republic under

PRINCESS FÜRSTENBERG AND PRINCESS RADZIWILL IN FANCY DRESS, IN "LA FILLE DE MME. ANGOT"

From a photograph taken about 1884 by Ottomar Anschütz

A REMARKABLE GROUP OF ROYALTIES

From left to right the persons are: Grand Duke of Hesse (husband of the Princess Alice and father of the Czarina); Princess Irene of Hesse (Princess Henry of Prussia); King Milan of Servia, Duke of Connaught, Duchess of Connaught, Princess Elizabeth of Hesse (Princess Sergius of Russia); Kaiser William I, Crown Prince of Portugal (late King Carlos I, recently assassinated); Grand Duke of Baden, Alfonso XII of Spain, behind him Princess Victoria of Hesse; Prince William, now Kaiser William II; Princess Victoria of Prussia, Duke of Cambridge, Crown Princess Victoria (Empress Frederick); Charles Augustus of Weimar, Charles Alexander of Weimar, Albert, King of Saxony; Crown Prince Frederick (Kaiser Frederick); the Prince of Wales, now King Edward VII.

which all Frenchmen could rally. The Duchesse d'Uzès, the Comtesse Greffhule, the General, Randolph and I, made up the party. The duchess, who kept a pack of hounds in the vicinity of Paris, and hunted the stag with all the pomp and picturesqueness foreigners display in matters connected with the chase, had, it appears, been hunting that day, and in consequence arrived late, breathless, and somewhat untidy, but covered with magnificent jewels. Granddaughter of the Veuve Clicquot of champagne fame, Madame d'Uzès had inherited a large fortune, and with this "fruit of the vine" was able to regild the shield of the Duc d'Uzès, who bore one of the oldest names of France. The duchess, who was then a widow, had espoused the cause of the "brav' Général" with all the ardor of an energetic enthusiast, and she emphasized her support by giving him three million francs. Madame Greffhule, who was a Belgian by birth and came of the historic house of Chimay, had a European reputation for grace, charm, and esthetic tastes. Although she was very young, her salon had already acquired the name for artistic and literary prominence which it bears to-day, and people were eager to be counted among its habitués.

Boulanger, notwithstanding a military bearing, a fierce mustache, and, to French ideas, a handsome face, gave one the impression of a man not quite sure of himself. At that moment his popularity was great, and the eyes of France—not to say of Europe—were turned upon him; yet he seemed unable to rise above his middle-class origin and early surroundings. He talked little, and preferred answering questions to putting them. Later, when he came to London he dined with us several times, but even on better acquaintance his diffidence did not vanish. He was banal in conversation, and I cannot recall anything of interest he said to me. As the General had no political mission in England, the Prince of Wales honored us with his company on one of these occasions. Among those who came besides General Boulanger and General Dillon, who accompanied him, were the Duchess of Manchester (now Duchess of Devonshire), Lady Norreys, Lord Hardwicke, Lord Hartington, Sir George Lewis, and Mr. and Mrs. Leopold de Rothschild, who got into great trouble with their French relatives for having been there. So confident of success were Boulanger and those about him at that time, that General Dillon, who sat next to Mrs. de Rothschild, invited her in the General's name to stay at the Tuileries—"where we shall be in a few months," quoth he.

There was in England a very strong opinion against Boulanger, and we were much taken to task for receiving and entertaining him; but Randolph was rather fond of exotic specimens of mankind, and liked to study them without regard to public opinion. Although undoubtedly a brave man morally, Boulanger was not sufficiently courageous to risk everything for a cause in which he undoubtedly was, as he perhaps suspected, a cat's paw. The extraordinary rise and popularity of the man seems incredible, unless one takes into consideration not only the French character, which made such delirious enthusiasm possible, but also the state of France at that time.

Perhaps it will not come amiss here to recapitulate some of the salient points of this strange and eventful career. The malcontents of every shade of politics—Royalist and Bonapartist—each thought that Boulanger, having gained the confidence of the masses, would, once dictator or President, pave the way to a Royalist or Bonapartist monarchy. Boulanger himself had vast ambitions, of which, it appears, he showed signs when a boy at college. Although a good officer, he had not attained his rank of general by prominence in the field, but, according to his enemies, by lobbying for many years in public offices and anterooms. Politically he coquetted with all parties, and it was probably for this reason that he was made Minister of War in the Freycinet government of 1885, as he was on fairly good terms with both Radicals and Moderates.

It was while he was in the government that he began to show his true colors, and some of his Royalist supporters fell away when they found him becoming more radical and voting with the advanced party for the exile of the Bourbon princes. I was in Paris at the time of the publication of the Duc d'Aumale's letter from Boulanger and well remember the great sensation it made. It revealed the

PRINCE AND PRINCESS BISMARCK AND THEIR FAMILY

Beginning with Count Herbert Bismarck (with the dog), the persons toward the right are: Countess Wilhelm Bismarck, Count Wilhelm Bismarck, Countess Rantzau (née Bismarck), Dr. Schweninger, Princess Bismarck, Prince Bismarck, Countess Herbert Bismarck, Count Rantzau.

fulsomeness of the court he paid to the duke, to whom he owed his rank of general, and his ingratitude in joining those concerned in voting for a cruel and unnecessary law against harmless princes, not to say French citizens. Notwithstanding this revelation of his character, his prestige, shortly afterward at the Fête Nationale on the 14th of July, seemed untarnished, and it is no wonder that M. de Breteuil, in writing to me, said, "*Son étoile est plus brillante que jamais.*" Like a comet, Boulanger traversed the skies, "an empty-headed thing with a fiery tail," which, to continue the simile, fell to earth in the flash of a pistol report on the tomb of his one true friend, Marguerite Bonnemain.

Like Parnell, Boulanger, ambitious as some may have thought him, put the love of woman above that of power. All his thoughts were centered in and controlled by her who was the mainspring of his life. After the *plébiscite* of February, 1889, he had a majority of 70,000 votes in Paris alone, and his popularity rose to fever heat; but instead of going straight to the Elysée, where he might have challenged his fate and, who knows? been acclaimed president, he rushed off to Madame Bonnemain's house, and could not be found. This was the turning-point in his career. He disgusted his followers and those who believed in him; and the opportunity never returned.

Randolph, writing to me from Paris, February 5, 1889, said:

> . . . Boulanger does not seem to me to have made as much out of his victory as he ought. If he does not do something soon, the effect of it will be forgotten.

And again in September:

> It is evidently all up with Boulanger. I suppose we shall have him now *en permanence* in London. People won't run after him quite so much.

Life in Paris was most attractive. I sought out all my old friends, and made many new ones. Society was then, as it is now, very cosmopolitan, but it was reinforced by a certain section of the "Noble Faubourg" who were not averse to being entertained by the foreign element. They did not feel it compromising to meet their own compatriots, were they Bonapartists or Republicans, on such neutral ground. A number of Mexicans, Peruvians, Chilians, etc.—"*rastaquouères*," as they were dubbed,—were much to the fore; and as they seemed to have millions, and entertained lavishly, the gay young Parisians flocked to their houses *en masse*. Exclusiveness is so much a thing of the past that one is astonished nowadays to meet it, individual

From a photograph by Nadar. Reproduction authorized

M. DE BRETEUIL

merit being far more an open sesame to society than formerly. Those who travel and mix perforce with their fellow-creatures forget that people still exist in this world who cannot understand or tolerate anything or anybody beyond their immediate entourage. Is it to be wondered at that these people become narrow-minded, prejudiced, and self-centered? Personally I feel my acquaintance can never be too large. When I reflect that there are thousands of delightful and interesting people one may be missing, no opportunity ought to be lost of cultivating as many as possible. Friends are in another category. Time

From a photograph by Bengue. Reproduction authorized by Pirou

GENERAL GEORGES-ERNEST-JEAN-MARIE BOULANGER

alone can prove friendships. The friends who stand by you through all vicissitudes are more precious and rare than "les amis des beaux jours." To lose one of them is indeed a calamity. To find a cold heart where you were certain of a warm one, to find mistrust and indifference where you hoped for trust and faith, is the greatest of disillusions and the saddest. "La lampe de l'amitié a besoin d'huile," but if the lamp is faulty, no amount of oil will keep it alight.

Speaking of exclusiveness, I am reminded of an amusing illustration of it which I came across in Paris. Having made the acquaintance of the Duchess de la Trémoille, we dined with her one night. The duke, who belongs to one of the oldest families in France, and owns Serrant, a sixteenth-century château on the Loire, also possesses a charming house in the Avenue Gabriel. Before leaving for England, I went to call on the duchess and asked if she was at home. Hearing that she was, I walked through the courtyard to the front door, where, to my surprise, notwithstanding a bell announcing my arrival, no one came forward to meet me. I waited; still no one. There were two doors. I chose one, and found myself at the foot of a large staircase embellished with palms and statues. Mak-

ing my way up, I saw a suite of three or four rooms. In vain I waited for a footman or some one to announce me. At last dimly perceiving a figure at the far end, I went toward it, and found the duchess, who expressed her surprise that I had taken so long to appear. Presently the *timbre* sounded again; this time it was the Grand Duke Vladimir of Russia who arrived unannounced. It was amusing to see the man before whom Russia trembles dropping on one knee with mock solemnity, kissing the duchess's hand, and thanking her in exaggerated language for some "divine turkeys" she had sent him. More visitors appearing, I departed, finding my way out as I had come. Having heard that the duchess was supposed to be very exclusive, I confess I thought this a free-and-easy way of receiving, and said as much to a Frenchman. "You don't understand," he said. "During certain months of the year the duchess receives her own particular coterie of intimate friends every day from four to six. They know they are sure to find her and be welcome. As habitués there is no need for them to be announced, and the appearance of servants would detract from the delightful *sans gêne* and intimacy of the visit." "But what about the casual caller, or possibly an unwelcome visitor?" "Oh," replied my friend, "none of these would dream of asking if Madame la Duchesse was at home unless they were on her particular list." This explanation somewhat disturbed me, and I felt myself, for the nonce, a trespasser.

M. de Breteuil would sometimes, for our delectation, invite strange people to meet us. Among them was a certain M. de Meyrenna, a young and good-looking man, who interested and amused us for a whole evening by relating the adventures of his extraordinary and thrilling life. He had a few months previously been proclaimed King of the Sedangs (a tribe somewhere in Indo-China) and called himself "Marie I." Although in a wild and distant country, his subjects *did* exist, which is more than can be said for the "Emperor of Sahara," a would-be monarch of the same type. Marie I invited me to pay him a visit. I was to be met by a caravan with elephants and camels and escorted to his capital, where he promised I should be treated royally. I believe he died a year or two later, an adventurer to the last.

Another eccentric person was King Milan, father of Alexander, late King of Servia, who, with his wife Draga, was treacherously murdered by his subjects. When I first met Milan in Paris he had just abdicated in favor of his son after a fierce quarrel with his wife Natalie, a princess of Stourdza. He certainly was one of the most uncivilized beings I have ever encountered. A short, thick-set man with inky black hair and mustache, of little or no education save what his natural intelligence helped him to pick up, he was notwithstanding an agreeable personality. Later he came to London, where he was not *persona grata* either at the English court or in general society, into which, however, he never attempted to penetrate. I remember once at a small dinner party he was induced to describe his early life before he became, in 1868, Prince of Servia on the assassination of his cousin Michael. Up to that time, barefoot and clad in rags, he had lived the life of a goatherd in the mountains, where he often went without food, sleeping in caverns. In relating these past experiences, his encounters with wild beasts, and narrow escapes from those who for their own ends wanted his life, he became so excited that, suddenly forgetting he was not in his native wilds, he began to eat with his fingers, tearing the meat on his plate. His life on the whole was a sad one, and he really deserved something better, although totally unfitted by his early bringing up to govern any country, far less a semibarbaric one like Servia. I dined with him again, this time at the Amphitryon, a restaurant which was half a club, and much in vogue in London at the moment. We were a party of eight or ten. In a private room, the walls of which were entirely covered with orchids, we had a most fantastic repast. Although nightingales' tongues and peacocks' brains did not figure on the menu, I have no doubt the bill was equally extravagant, for Milan had absolutely no sense of the value of money. A few months later he went back to Servia, whether in the hope of helping his son or to intrigue against him I do not know. Disgusted at Alexander's marriage, which took place shortly

after his arrival, with Madame Draga Maschin, who had been lady-in-waiting to Queen Natalie, Milan left Servia in haste, never to return. Writing to me from some Austrian baths, he poured forth his troubles in his impulsive manner:

CHÈRE MADAME:

Depuis longtemps j'ai voulu vous écrire. Cette lettre vous parviendra-t-elle? Je ne le saurai que si vous voulez bien me répondre deux mots pour me dire que vous l'avez reçue. Je n'ai rien de bon a vous dire sur mon compte. Après m'être dévoué corps et âme à mon fils, il m'a joué le tour d'épouser une personne plus qu' impossible et ayant quatorze ans de plus que lui au grand scandale du pays et de l'Europe entière.

Je n'ai pas voulu accepter cette situation, et me revoila de par les grands chemins sans savoir ce que je ferai. Pardon si je vous parle de ces choses, mais dans mes vieux jours, et avec mes cheveux plus que poivre et sel, c'est dur. J'ai mieux merité que cela.

Milan.

One of the most interesting incidents in Paris in 1889 was the great Secrétan sale, which took place in July. Among the art collectors and connoisseurs who flocked to it was H. R. H. the Duc d'Aumale. His vast knowledge and exquisite taste made all who knew him desirous of obtaining his opinions. The catalogue, which consisted of two large volumes, was admirably gotten up, and so largely sought for that, much to my chagrin, I was unable to procure a copy. The Duc d'Aumale, hearing of this, presented me with one of his, writing in it a charming inscription. These books, beautifully bound, are among the treasures of my library.

The duke, with his military prestige and martial bearing, was besides a man of great culture, and fitly described as *"un gentilhomme au bout des ongles."* He was, moreover, an ardent sportsman, and the magnificent château of Chantilly which he presented in 1886 to the Institut de France is filled with his hunting trophies.

During his exile in England, I remember dining with him at his large house in Rutland Gate, and being impressed by his charming and gentle manner. He talked much about France, and his love for his country seemed in no way impaired by the cruel measure which had been passed against him by his own countrymen.

Before leaving Paris, I went several times to see Mrs. Ferdinand Bischoffsheim, a charming and beautiful American who died a few years ago. She had a salon in Paris which was much frequented by literary people. It was there that I first met M. Bourget, then unmarried, and began a friendship which has lasted unimpaired to this day. He had just written "Mensonges," which added greatly to his reputation as a novelist, although it was freely criticized. An animated and amusing correspondence was being carried on in the press, mainly by the fair sex, who were irate at his description of a *mondaine,* his heroine. I recollect his being chaffed by a compatriot, who asked him why he did not depict a real woman of the world in his books? Bourget, who thought he had accurately done so, was naturally annoyed, but, unlike most Frenchmen, he could stand chaff. Perhaps his long stay in England had inured him to it. Now, one of the Forty Immortals, wearing "les palmes académiques," and happily married to a most charming and talented woman, his books are more serious; but to me the delightful "Sensations d'Oxford," which he wrote years ago, and which for literary style and charm of description in my estimation he has never surpassed, is quite staid enough. We often discussed his literary projects, and I have many pleasant letters from him, from which I quote at random the following:

. . . Ma vie à moi est attristée par la difficulté d'écrire "Une idylle tragique." C'est un beau sujet sur lequel je devrais vous écrire vingt pages. Avec de la patience j'en viendrai à bout—mais c'est terriblement dur. Arrivé à un certain point de la vie, on en sait trop, on veut trop mettre, et on ne peut pas dire ce que l'on a à dire. . . . Savez vous que Tourguéniew a résumé le dernier mot de tout quand il a dit "La vie est une affaire brutale."

(To be continued)

OUR BARBAROUS FOURTH

IN his first book, Marcus Aurelius gratefully acknowledges his obligation to Sextus of Chæronea for having taught him to "express approbation without noisy display." Alas! in all the centuries which have elapsed since the time of this emperor-philosopher, we have not yet learned to appreciate the wisdom of his counsel; and every holiday, in our country, at least, is made the occasion of a strident outburst of hoodlumism. Hallowe'en, Election Day, Christmas, New Year's, Inauguration Day, and Fourth of July, each witnesses our thoroughfares thronged with shouting and disorderly crowds, provided with every noisy device from the tin trumpet to the dangerous pistol, while shrieks of whistles shrill maddeningly above the street clamor and the booming of bells. Accidents occur, the sick are made worse by these frenzied demonstrations, and the young fail to appreciate the significance of the day which is being so unbeautifully celebrated.

Of all these "noise-fests," the most shocking is the Fourth of July, and its grim statistics probably furnish a sadder commentary on human folly than that afforded by any other celebration in the world.

I often wonder what would be the emotions of a stranger, quite ignorant of our institutions, if he arrived in our country—"God's Country," as we affectionately call it—just before midsummer, and glanced over our great newspapers. After reading some items, such as the following, would he be apt to await a great and glorious anniversary, or the advent of a day of strife and terror?

The horrible Fourth will soon be here. . . In all the big cities the Fourth of July is now looked forward to with apprehension and looked back upon with a shudder, and even with horror.

Or,

The Board of Health has established supply stations of tetanus antitoxin throughout the city. The National Volunteer Emergency Service has established field dressing stations in the thickly populated sections. The hospitals also expect their usual busy day.

And then he would read head-lines like these:

THE NATIONAL BATTLE-FIELD

CARNAGE BEGINS ON HOLIDAY EVE

BLOODIEST FOURTH YET

DEATHS AND INJURIES IN FOURTH OF JULY'S WAKE

After our stranger had grasped the fact that this was not the record of a battle or other public calamity, but merely some details regarding the manner in which a great nation commemorates the most solemn event in its history, I doubt whether he would have an exalted opinion of a people who could desecrate so noble a memory by so barbarous an observance.

The fitting celebration of Independence Day is a question on which patriotic Americans are separated into two widely

divergent parties, one claiming that it ought to be observed as noisily as possible, the other believing that our national birthday is too glorious an occasion to be marred by din and disorder. Of course we know that even among those who favor a boisterous observance there are many who cannot tolerate it themselves, and escape to the country in order to avoid the tortures of the "awful Fourth"; just as we know that a large proportion of the noise-makers, including the small boy and the big boy, too, is heedless, if not ignorant, of all that our holiday stands for, and thinks of it only as a time when clamor may reign unrestrained.[1]

The figures which indicate the price that we pay for each of our yearly celebrations are so appalling that one would suppose a knowledge of them would be the most powerful deterrent to our annual massacre. This, unfortunately, is not the case. For the past five years, the "Journal of the American Medical Association," has endeavored to collect statistics setting forth what the celebration of the Fourth costs in life and human usefulness; and although these are admittedly incomplete,—compiled, as they are, almost entirely from newspaper reports instead of from records of hospitals, dispensaries, and physicians,—they form the gravest possible arraignment of the recklessness which is willing to pay such a price for a "jolly day." They show that during the celebration of five national birthdays, from 1903 to 1907 inclusive, eleven hundred and fifty-three persons were killed, and twenty-one thousand five hundred and twenty were injured! Of the injured, eighty-eight suffered total, and three hundred and eighty-nine partial, blindness; three hundred and eight persons lost arms, legs, or hands, and one thousand and sixty-seven lost one or more fingers. But these figures, startling as they are, convey only a faint idea of the suffering, both physical and mental, which went to swell the total cost of these five holidays; in this we must also include the weeks and often months of anguish of the injured, the suspense of entire families while the fate of some loved one hung in the balance, the horror of a future of sightless years, the pinching poverty now the lot of many because of the death or maiming of the breadwinner.

But putting aside the question of fatalities, of invalidism, of blindness, of penury, the effect on the sick of a long continuance of explosive noises, varying in intensity for days, or even weeks, and deafening for twenty-four hours at least, merits serious consideration. That the return of our "glorious Fourth" is looked forward to with dread by our hospital-sick, as well as by those who are concerned in their care, was made pathetically clear to me last summer when I interviewed the superintendents of almost all our municipal institutions. One and all deplored the needless suffering inflicted on their patients by our barbarous manner of celebration, and begged me to bring the matter to the attention of the Police Department.[2]

In this connection, a letter from Dr. Thomas Darlington, Commissioner of Health, is of interest:

> I agree entirely with you in regard to the serious injury inflicted upon patients in the hospitals occasioned by the common practice of exploding fire-crackers and torpedoes in the immediate vicinity.

Professor William Hanna Thomson took the same stand when he stated:

> I rejoice to hear that your Society for the Suppression of Unnecessary Noise proposes to have measures taken to lessen the explosions of fire-crackers and firearms in the neighborhood of our city hospitals on the Fourth of July. Such noises are particularly injurious, both from their nature and their being of an unusual kind, to patients with

[1] The following is an instance of this: Last Fourth of July, a police court magistrate, wishing to know how many of the prisoners before him, charged with shooting in the streets, could possibly plead patriotic motives, asked each in turn to state his nationality. Of the twenty in line, only two were American-born.

[2] I may here say, in passing, that our Police Commissioner, recognizing the humane necessity of properly safeguarding the sick, sent out officers with orders to prevent disturbances in the vicinity of hospitals. Thanks to his action, the city's sick had a day of comparative peace, and the reports which I received that night were unanimous in stating that the hospitals had never had such a quiet Fourth. A letter written by Mother Celso, Mother-Superior of St. Elizabeth's Hospital, will show how gratefully General Bingham's thoughtfulness was appreciated: "It seems as if we were in Paradise. The patients, the doctors, and the sisters all appreciate the quietness of the day."

any high fever such as typhoid, and it will be a great service to humanity to have them suppressed, if not altogether, as most sane people will acknowledge, yet at least near institutions harboring a variety of patients.

One feature of our celebration which has not yet been touched upon is the cost. Last year, New York City boasted of an outlay of four million dollars, while the country as a whole burned up the huge sum of twenty million dollars in fireworks. Finally, we must add the vast sum lost by conflagrations before we are in a position to realize the whole price that we pay for our day of jollity.

It is interesting to remark how strongly the press is beginning to voice its protest against our "Noise-fest"—a protest now largely seconded by public opinion, although a few years ago it would have been regarded as wofully unpatriotic. Here are a few excerpts gathered last July from widely scattered papers, which are unanimous in decrying our present-day observance:

The most ridiculous and senseless celebration of any great national event.
New York Commercial.

What the connection is between explosives and patriotism, no one has ever undertaken to describe.— *Utica Press.*

The people must be educated to appreciate the folly of dynamite as a factor in patriotism.— *Chicago Daily Tribune.*

Time to consider how our annual worship of the God of Noise is to be abolished. This blatant and death-dealing Divinity long ago usurped the shrine occupied by Patriotism. Every year we carry and lay on his bloody altars human sacrifices, like the tribute of maidens to the Minotaur—only they are mostly boys. And so, year after year, the "Glorious Fourth" becomes more and more a dread festival of blood and fire and noise, of death and mayhem.
Minneapolis Journal.

The traditional gunpowder and dynamite orgies of Independence Day are wrong. Firearms and explosives have no place in any sane scheme of city life.
Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The day on which human folly too frequently runs amuck. . . . That the achievement of our national independence, brought about through the necessary spilling of great quantities of blood, should be commemorated by the very general loss of life and limb is as unnecessary as it is deplorable.
Union (Manchester, N. H.).

Americans are realizing that noises, maimed and wounded children, and big conflagrations should not be the sequence of the Nation's birthday.— *Toledo Blade.*

What ought to be the most enjoyable day in the calendar, is made a day of general carnage and a day toward which adults look forward with dread and whose passing they look back upon with a sense of mighty relief.
Pioneer Press (St. Paul, Minn.).

It is the money burned up in useless and dangerous explosives that is wasted serving no better purpose than to leave the city with a headache the morning after.
Republic (St. Louis).

The din . . . is hideously vulgar and utterly uncivilized . . . discreditable to those who made it and to the civil authorities who permit it.—*Evening Wisconsin* (Milwaukee).

I fain would haul down the red flag of our modern Fourth of July and, in its place, run up the flag of peace, quietude, rest, contentment, and personal safety.—*Life* (New York).

The total results of our last "jolly celebration" of Independence Day were 164 killed and 4249 injured, many of them being maimed for life! Is this method of celebration really worth while?
Journal Amer. Med. Assn. (Chicago).

How can any satisfaction be taken in the perversion of a holiday to purposes of disorder and destruction, and how can any pride be felt in methods of observance which inevitably condemn hundreds—if not thousands—to be shot, burned, maimed, and otherwise disfigured and tortured in propitiation of the great god of senseless uproar?
New-York Tribune.

As for those who are in favor of continuing our present mode of celebration, I can find but one who has written openly in its defense, and even then there is a suspicion that the article is ironical.

It is better to shock the sensitive nerves of a few grown people than to have the boys and girls grow up mollycoddles, with the fear

of gunpowder in their hearts and no appreciation of a boisterous holiday, rich in patriotic appeal, and full of the "rough house" spirit of healthy Americanism.

This, if seriously meant, reaches the height of absurdity; for if there is one thing of which little children should have a wholesome dread, it is gunpowder, and I know of no other country in which such a weapon is put into the hands of babes.

It is customary with us to excuse ourselves for Fourth of July accidents by putting all the blame on the small boy. This, however, seems scarcely fair. The blame for much of the annual massacre rests not upon the careless small boy, but upon the careless big parent who places in his hand the instrument of destruction. And an even greater share of the blame is due to public apathy, which not only allows the annual suspension of sane and safe ordinances regulating the use of firearms and explosives, but also permits the disorderly few to injure the health and disturb the repose of the orderly many.

As proving that noise is the great desideratum in fireworks, a few extracts from various catalogues will prove interesting. Here, for instance, is a piece the figures of which, according to the thrilling description, move about "whistling and screaming in fantastic, wild, unearthly furore, terminating with a fusillading report," and another which bursts "with terrific reports that can be heard for miles," while a third explodes "with reports equal to six- and twelve-pound cannons," and a fourth like "an imitation rapid-fire Gatling-gun." An appreciative testimonial lauds a "Salute of LYDDITE SHELLS, nothing giving such a tremendous report having ever before been heard in our celebration," while other goods are emphatically praised as being "loudest and best," or "big in noise." One particular piece is noticeable because it consists of a string of fifty thousand firecrackers. As corroborative of all this, which tends to show that noise is what is desired above all else in fireworks, comes this published interview with a dealer, which is certainly illuminating:

The exploding cane is always a winner so long as it is not suppressed by the police. Blank cartridges come up at the head of the list. Nothing gives a celebrator so much pleasure as flourishing a pistol and shooting several times in rapid succession. There is just one thing that determines the efficiency of any contrivance designed for celebrating the Fourth, and that is, the volume of sound it makes. For that reason the cannon firecrackers are popular, and always will remain so.

This, then, is what excites the patriotic fervor of the partizans of a strident Fourth, though it does seem as if their enthusiasm would be somewhat lessened in placing side by side with the above this extract from the "Journal of the American Medical Association," which considers the causative factors of the aftermath of last Independence Day:

Of the 102 deaths aside from tetanus, gunshot wounds caused twenty, giant crackers caused thirteen, and thirteen deaths were due to explosions of powder, torpedoes and dynamite. Ten deaths were due to falls or runaways caused by fire-crackers. . . . The limit of tolerance is reached, however, when we know that thirty-one persons were burned to death. . . . The principal cause of the most mutilating wounds is by far the giant cracker. . . . This year 1489 injuries, including thirteen deaths and eight cases of lockjaw, were due to the giant cracker.

It is a reflection scarcely calculated to gratify our national pride that the United States is the only civilized country which observes the greatest of its fête-days in such an uncivilized fashion. Our sister republics, France, Switzerland, and Brazil, rejoice full as heartily as we over their national birthdays, but they celebrate them in a sane, safe, wholesome, and happy way, and not in our barbarous manner. As regards the observance of the French fête, July 14, Marcel Prévost, the eminent writer, has kindly described it for me in the following letter:

The fête of July 14th is, above all, in France, a day of popular rejoicing; politics do not enter into it. It affords an opportunity of illuminating the town-halls and public buildings, and of indulging in the pleasure of dancing in the open air. In a word, it is a huge kermess. It has always taken place in order and tranquillity. Accidents are rare, even in Paris. And since the review at Longchamps has humanely been arranged to take

place at nine in the morning, instead of at noon, the troops do not run the risk of sunstroke, which sometimes saddened the early fêtes of July 14th.

The following touchingly beautiful account of the observance of Switzerland's birthday was sent me by Dr. Eugène Richard, Member of the Council of State:

Year by year the people of Switzerland keep the anniversary of 1291, which was in real truth the foundation of the Confederation. Does that treaty — founded by the inhabitants of the Forest Cantons, borrowing from justice her most equitable principles (even down to that of arbitration between states), and guaranteed by the rigid energy of its signers — receive a commemoration worthy of its splendid simplicity?

No clamorous ceremony, to drown the voices of the past, instead of blending with them. We give proof of our remembrance of the First of August by a few brief manifestations during the closing hours of the day.

This national solemnity, surprising as it may seem, finds no place in the list of legal holidays. No one interrupts his daily tasks, for such was the way with the men of 1291, who, returning to their homes, took up again the care of their herds.

As night descends, the bells on all the churches are set to pealing in a sublime concert of gratitude, rising with penetrating poetry through the serenity and softness of a summer night. Shortly afterward bonfires are kindled along the heights. Here and there will be a modest illumination or rare display of fireworks. Occasionally an orator reminds the people of the significance of their rejoicing and holds up for imitation the character of our ancestors.

Whoever witnesses this spectacle realizes the strength and the sincerity of a patriotism that, without clamor or ostentation, draws fresh life by reverting to its original sources. Switzerland lives in the heart of her citizens. A noisy demonstration would take from us the benefit of a thoughtful mood.

In order to produce an impression both profound and salutary, national celebrations must needs have a pervading tranquillity, which enhances their dignity, and leads mankind to earnest thought.

According to a very charming letter from his Excellency, Señor Joaquin Nabuco, Brazilian Ambassador, it appears that although his countrymen do not observe their festivals with that calm, patriotic fervor which characterizes the Swiss, and although they rejoice in noise as well as in color, there is nothing to show that their holidays are marred by that disorder and by those horrible lists of casualties and accidents which disgrace the celebration of our great anniversary.

The following delightful description of Germany's greatest festival, the Emperor's birthday, has been given me by Professor Hugo Münsterberg of Harvard University:

When I look backward to my boyhood days in Germany and ask myself from what sources my young patriotism was steadily supplied, I cannot value highly enough the influence of the patriotic celebrations in my school and my native town. The dearest memory belongs to the Emperor's birthday. I know quite well that the present Emperor was born in January; but when I hear the word "Emperor's birthday," it still always awakes in me first the date of the 22nd of March—the old Emperor's day.

Long before, the school planned everything for the grand day; patriotic and religious music, songs and patriotic declamations by the younger pupils, short dramatic plays with motives from German history, given by the older boys, and always an enthusiastic oration by one of the teachers. In Sunday clothes we gathered in the school; everything was decorated with flowers and garlands and flags, and the whole school continuously, year by year, was lifted up in a common pride and enthusiasm. Two or three of the happiest morning hours were devoted to the celebration, and the jubilant hurrah for the beloved Emperor at the end of the historic oration was the only sound of the day.

Then we streamed out into the decorated streets, enjoyed the picturesque parades and went to the concert at the market-place, where patriotic marches kindled our youthful emotions. The afternoon belonged to parties at home, where school friends gathered and enjoyed their games with a historic flavor and the chocolate with a patriotic abundance of cakes. Quiet, mellow days they were, and any loud noise would have appeared to us boys as a desecration of the festivity; and yet the loyalty which I stored up in those March days of my boyhood still supplies me amply when I have, year for year on the 27th of January, to make my Emperor's birthday orations to the German-Americans.

An interesting account of the manner in which Japan celebrates her fêtes was kindly written for me by his Excellency Viscount Aoki, recently Japanese Ambassador to the United States:

In Japan we have three great national holidays. They are November 3, the present Emperor's birthday; New Year's Day; and February 11, the Day of the Accession of the Emperor Jimmu, the first ruler of the Empire of Japan.

An illustration of the Emperor's birthday celebration in Japan will be sufficient to give a general idea as to how our national holidays are celebrated at home, for there is little difference in the way of its celebration between the above-named three holidays, except in minor details:

On the Emperor's birthday all offices, schools, banks, and large business houses are closed. The national flag is hoisted on all public buildings, schools, and on most of the private houses all over the country. High dignitaries, both civil and military, who are present in the capital, proceed to the Palace of Tokio to present before the throne their congratulations for the occasion, while those in the country and abroad send their congratulatory messages by mail through the Minister for the Imperial Household. In every school all over the country the day is observed in a form appropriate to the occasion. One hundred and one salutes are fired from every fort in the empire. The imperial review of the army is in regular order of the celebration of the day, when hundreds of thousands of the enthusiastic public gather around the drill-ground and all along the imperial route to cheer their august and beloved sovereign and to witness the glorious military parade of the day, while all of his Majesty's ships fire twenty-one salutes (otherwise known as the national salute) and appear in full dress. The Emperor entertains in the palace at breakfast all the foreign representatives and high dignitaries of the empire.

And now let us listen to what some of our prominent Americans, whose patriotism none can assail, have to say about our present-day observance. First "Mark Twain," in whose heart of hearts the small boy is enshrined, and who certainly would not needlessly curtail even one of his little pleasures. Does he approve of our day of "burning" patriotism? No; for he has written to me:

"I am with you sincerely in your crusade against the bedlam frenzies of the Fourth of July."

And William Dean Howells:

I am glad that you have added to your noble and beneficent ambition to suppress all unnecessary noises the wish especially to deal with the barbarous and obstreperous celebration of the Fourth of July. I am sure that Confucius did not invent gunpowder, and that it was not Chinese *wisdom* which gave us fire-crackers. Until we cease to glorify our national birthday like a nation of lawless boys we shall have no right to claim that we have come of age, and the civilized world must regard us as savages until we stop behaving like them.

And one of our poets:

It is good news that you are turning your attention to the subject of the irrational manner in which Americans celebrate their independence. I am sure you will not merely advocate the suppression of meaningless noise, and that you will indicate such fêtes, ceremonies, pageants, and celebrations in general as are rational and instructive; also, that you will hint at a broader and more inspiring use of the day than either arousing old and debasing international enmities or the display of indecent self-glorification.

As to the suppression of Fourth of July noise, with its dangers to nerve, limb, and life, the whole sensible population will wish you a continuance of that success which has followed your efforts on a narrower scale in the metropolis. I am reminded that in the sweet and peaceful valley from which I write the national holiday is looked forward to with apprehension, on account of the dreadful, sleep-scattering noises of the night and dawn before. On the Fourth, why should we not have music instead of noise, art, instead of gunpowder? Every community in the United States will have occasion to bless your name and memory if you can do something substantial toward making more quiet and more ennobling the anniversary of the day that gave the Republic birth.

Here, too, is a letter from Dr. Weir Mitchell:

If anything can be done to lessen the noise of the Fourth of July celebrations, it will also be efficient in lessening the amount of injuries inflicted by the desire of man and boy to make meaningless noises. Not only does it leave the Fourth of July as an annually recurrent unpleasant memory, but there is the same absurd tendency to extend the nuisance of noises into other days. Thus at present in this city, and I presume elsewhere, the first of the year is ushered in by a vast chorus of idiotic noises produced by steam-whistles, fire-crackers, and horns, accompanied by a solemn bell-ringing, such as in old times called those who watched for the coming of the New Year to prayer.

That our Commissioner of Health fully recognizes the necessity of bringing about

a saner mode of celebration is shown by the following letter:

Your plan to include, as part of the activities of the Society for the Suppression of Unnecessary Noise, the question of a more sensible celebration of the Fourth of July, meets with my most hearty approval. The long list of killed and wounded, which comes as the result of what should be a day of patriotic inspiration, is certainly appalling, and indicative of how far we have strayed from its true spirit.

Your efforts to induce the people of this country to celebrate its most joyous anniversary in a manner fitting and appropriate, provide an object which should enlist the sympathy and coöperation of all who have the welfare of their country at heart.

And finally (for the limited space of a magazine article will not admit of the inclusion of even the hundredth part of all the appeals for a saner observance of the Fourth), I offer this letter from the Hon. Henry L. West, Commissioner of the District of Columbia, which shows that even officialdom is willing to risk the charge of lack of patriotism, if by so doing our boys and girls may be saved from the horrors of a day of catastrophes:

I am thoroughly in sympathy with any movement which will result in decreasing the habit of carelessly using gunpowder on the Fourth of July and which will also result in a more quiet celebration of the day.

In Washington the authorities have already taken a step in the right direction in forbidding the explosion of the so-called giant fire-crackers, nor is it allowable to place torpedoes on the street railway tracks.

I believe that the Fourth of July can be celebrated with as much patriotism and more sanity if the wanton use of gunpowder on that day is condemned.

And now, before taking up the question of what might be suggested as a more reverent and appropriate mode of honoring our day of days, let us look back a hundred years or so, and see how our first national birthdays were kept. Here it is encouraging to learn that nothing resembling in the least our wild orgy of noise was dreamed of. Indeed, had such a suggestion been breathed to the sons and daughters of our Revolutionary heroes, they would probably have felt that the plan savored more of China, the land of noise and the home of the fire-cracker, than of their own country, and have been profoundly shocked at the mere idea that such an anniversary could receive so murderous a recognition. A glance over the time-yellowed pages of the "Evening Post," printed more than a century ago, or those of the "New York Packet," which was old when the "Post" was young, shows how differently the Fourth was observed by those who had seen burst into full flower that glorious patriotism which had given it birth. The proclamations, announcements, poems, and advertisements which appeared in those July days of long ago are touching in their patriotic, though grandiloquent, fervor. Here, for instance, is a bit from an announcement of the Tammany Association which appeared in the "Season of Fruit, year of the Discovery, 310" (July 1):

Brothers. This Day, like the Sun which illuminates it, sheds a bright and diffusive lustre, and welcomes all to partake of its radiance. Once it witnessed the blood-stained field, the plundered town, the ravaged coast, the sinking warrior, the defenseless town, the despondency of our Guardian Genius. But the Great Spirit watched over the western clime, and now its approach is hailed with the incense of Peace; and the veteran rejoices in his scars, the hoary chief and his patriot sons assemble with congratulations where once the noise of battle was heard, and the Eagle towers aloft majestic and unawed.

In these days the celebration began with unfurling the flag, a salute of thirteen guns and ringing of church-bells, followed by a procession and exchange of courtesies between the Governor and the President. Then came the march to church, where odes, addresses, anthems, and orations were in order with, of course, the reading of the Declaration of Independence. Next, luncheon, with more salutes and bell-ringing and then, evening having come, performances in theater and gardens and the meeting of various patriotic societies. Everything connected with the performances was patriotically reminiscent. In the gardens, transparencies and fireworks portrayed temples of immortality, obelisks of heroes, and figures of Justice, Fidelity, Fame, and Piety, all radiantly intermingled with shining pictures of Washington and of the Arms of the United States, with its brilliant stars, while at the theater, patri-

otic plays were given, such as "Bunker Hill" or the "Death of Warren and the Glory of Columbia" or the "Retrospect of the American Revolution." This all refers to New York, but it is probable that virtually the same observance obtained in other large cities.

Let us now consider what might be substituted for our present-day mad and dangerous celebration, which serves only to keep in remembrance one feature of our great struggle, the cannonading and musketry-discharges which shook the country during the arduous days of its birth. I sincerely believe that our national birthday can be observed with heartfelt patriotic rejoicing, and yet without the slightest danger to life or limb, without any nerve-racking noise or display of hoodlumism, and without any of the extravagant outlay which has characterized our former celebrations. Flags can float, national music be played and sung in places now given over solely to the deafening din of cannon fire-crackers, the Declaration of Independence be read at all of our public buildings, where inspiring addresses may also be made, and street-displays, such as processions with floats, beautiful as well as instructive, furnish delightful object-lessons of the greatest events in our history. Then, at night, we may have illuminations, both private and municipal, and displays of fireworks in open places, where the exhibitions can be conducted by experienced men, thus avoiding all danger of the shocking accidents which now sadden our celebration. Let us, on this day, forget the noise of battle and the passions of international strife, and remember only the wonderful spirit of sacrifice, and patriotism, and brotherhood which animated our Revolutionary heroes. Let us, who know what the day means, endeavor to make it both memorable and illuminating to those who do not by opening the hearts of the children, of the poor and ignorant, of the distressed and disheartened alien within our gates, to at least a partial significance of what we honor in our glorious festival. Let us enter personally into the work, giving tender endeavor as well as means, to the task of making the occasion the happiest of all the year to the ignorant and the wretched. Let us give them a day of liberty in the country or in the parks, where they will see our beautiful flag floating everywhere about them, and where their untrained ears will become accustomed to the ringing rhythm of our national melodies. Let us give them mementoes of the Fourth such as flags and pictures of our heroes and of those whom we love as well as honor. There let them listen to the story of the birth of our Republic, and have it told simply and, if necessary, in their own tongues, so that all can feel how great were those who made the country free, and how wonderful is the boon of liberty now extended to the oppressed of other countries.

WRITTEN UNDER A CRUCIFIX

FROM THE FRENCH OF VICTOR HUGO

MAUD SCOFIELD BEESON

YE who weep, come to this God, for acquainted is He with grief.
Ye who suffer, come to Him, for rest can He give and relief.
Ye who tremble, come to Him, for His smile from fear secures.
Ye who pass, oh, come to Him, for eternally He endures.

OLD COLLEGE SONGS

WITH DRAWINGS

by

JOHN WOLCOTT ADAMS

FAIR HARVARD

Andante

1 Fair Har-vard! thy sons to thy ju-bi-lee throng, And with blessings sur-round thee o'er,

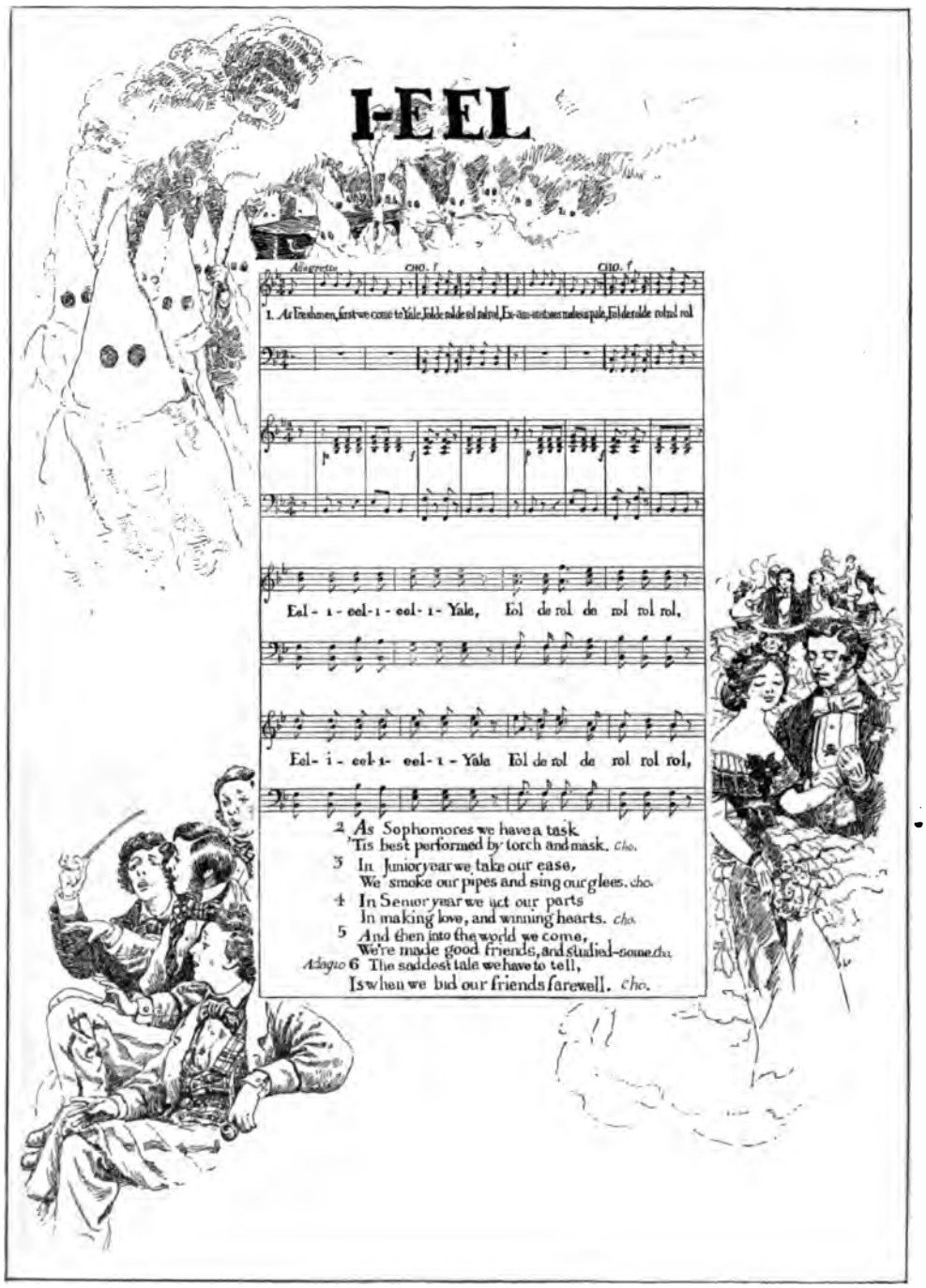
By these fes-ti-val rites from the age that is past, To the age that is wait-ing be- fore.

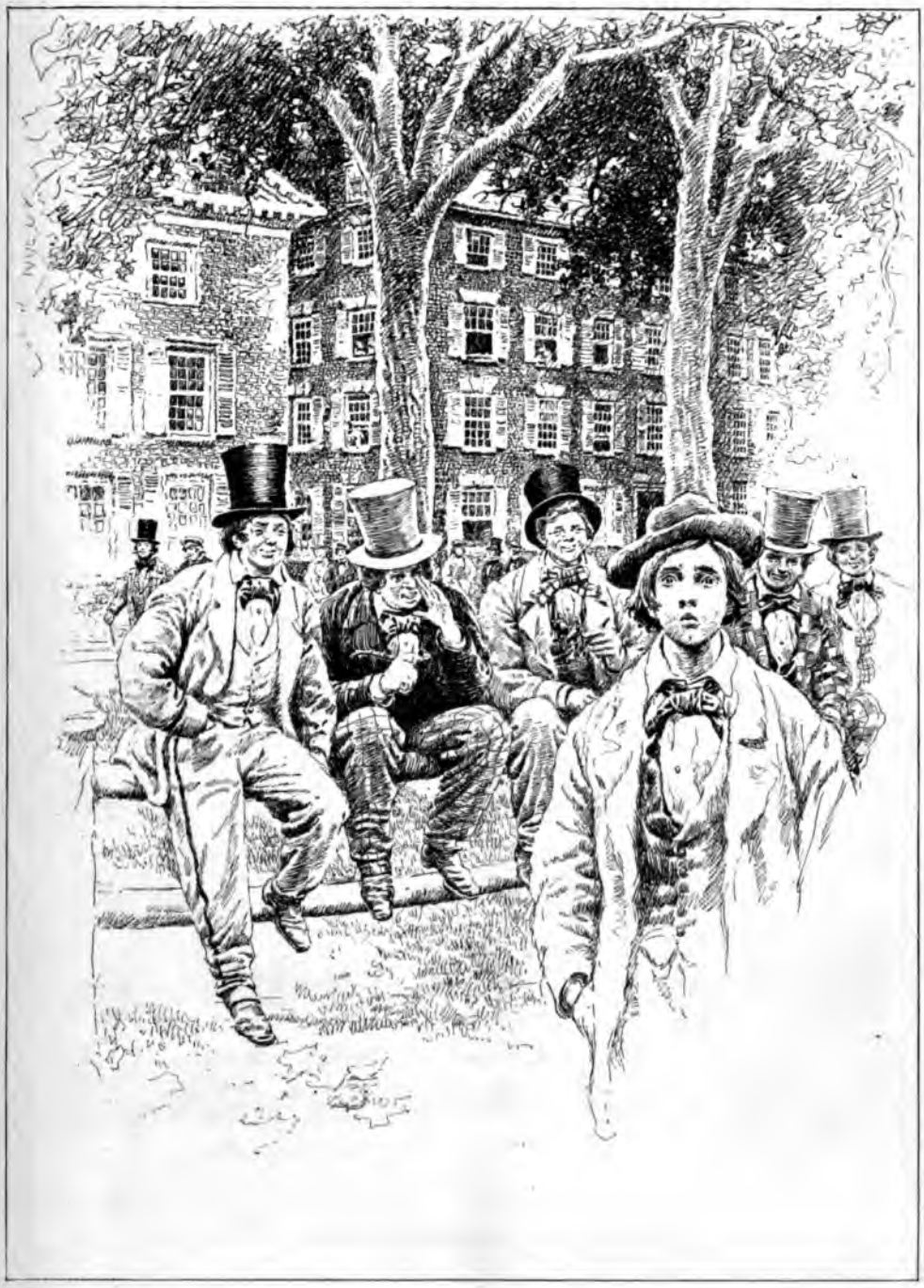
O rel-ic and type of our an-ces-tors worth, That has long kept their memo-ry warm,

First flow'r of their wil-der-ness! star of their night, Calm ris-ing thro' change and thro' storm!

4 Farewell! be thy destinies onward and bright!
To thy children the lesson still give,
With freedom to think, and with patience to bear,
And for right ever bravely to live.
Let not moss-covered error moor thee at its side
As the world on truth's current glides by
Be the herald of light, and the bearer of love,
Till the stock of the Puritans die.

From "Harvard University Songs," by arrangement with Oliver Ditson Company, Boston


I-EEL
Allegretto
CHO. f
CHO. f
1. As Freshmen, first we come to Yale, Fol de rol de rol rol rol, Ex-am-ine ou-r mel-ou-r pale, Fol de rol de rol rol rol
Eel - i - eel - i - eel - i - Yale, Fol de rol de rol rol rol,
Eel - i - eel - i - eel - i - Yale Fol de rol de rol rol rol,
2 As Sophomores we have a task
'Tis best performed by torch and mask. Cho.
3 In Junior year we take our ease,
We smoke our pipes and sing our glees. cho.
4 In Senior year we act our parts
In making love, and winning hearts. cho.
5 And then into the world we come,
We're made good friends, and studied-some. cho.
Adagio 6 The saddest tale we have to tell,
Is when we bid our friends farewell. cho.



OLD NASSAU

Words by H. Peck '72
Music by Earl A. Langlotz

Animato

1. Tune ev-'ry heart and ev-'ry voice, Bid ev-'ry care with-draw,

Let all with one ac-cord re-joice, In praise of Old Nas-sau.

Chorus
Più presto

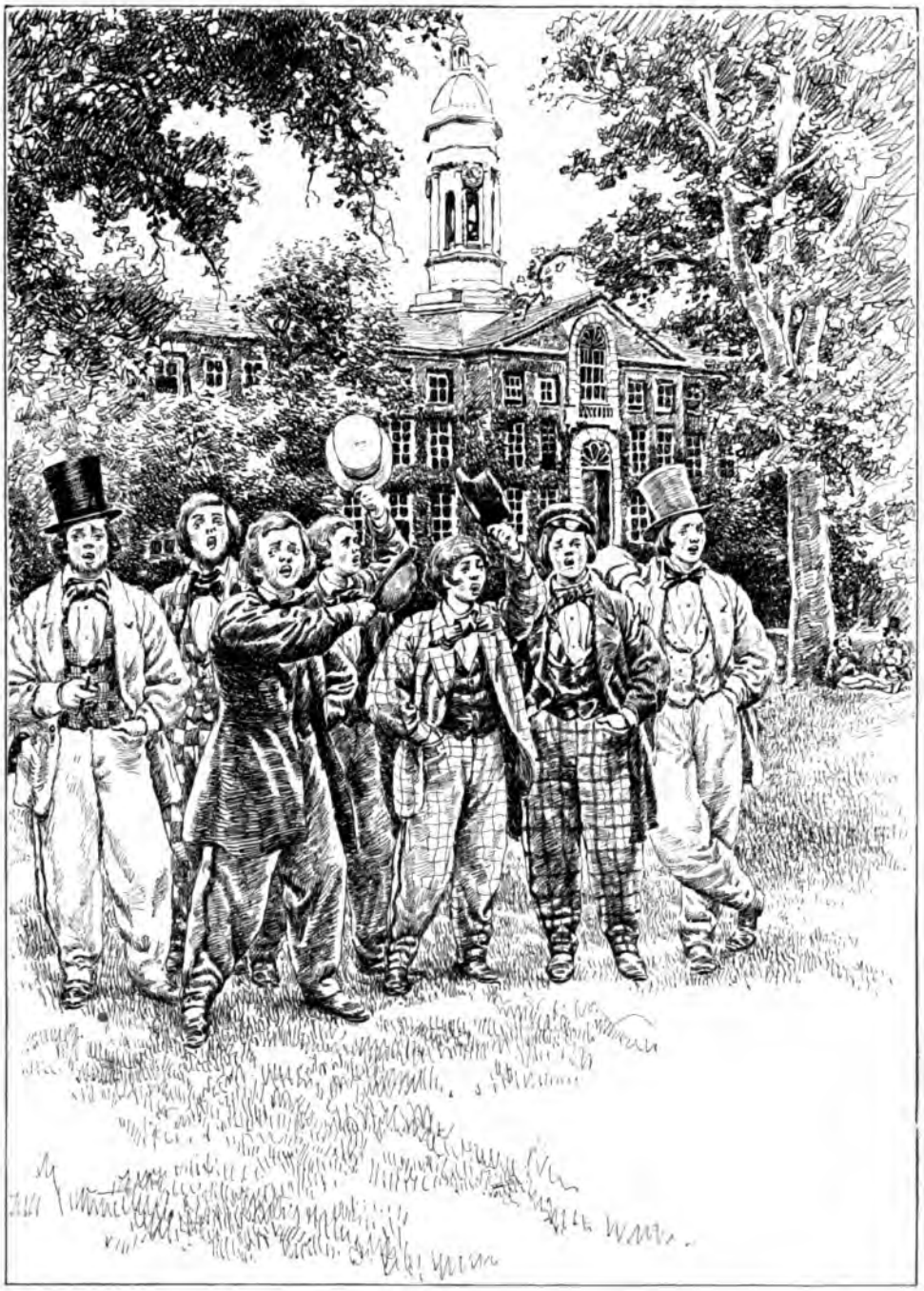
In praise of Old Nas-sau, my boys, Hur-rah! hur-rah! hur-rah!

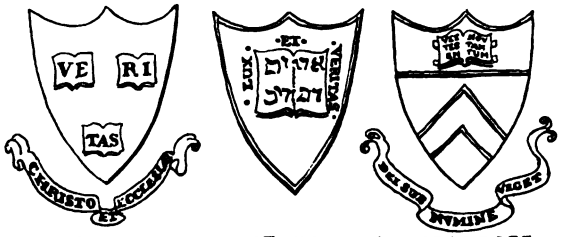
molto rit. al fine

Her sons will give, while they shall live, Three cheers for Old Nas-sau!

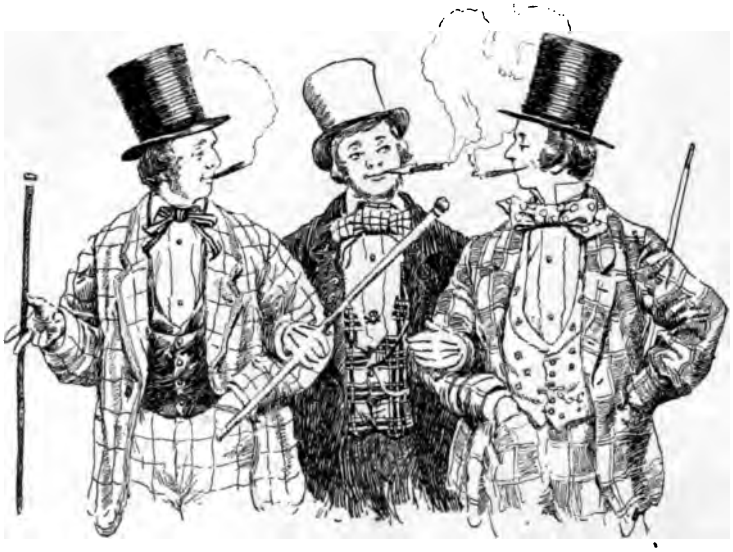
5. Till then with joy our songs we'll bring,
And while a breath we draw,
We'll all unite to shout and sing,
Long life to Old Nassau.

From "Carmina Principatus," by permission of G. Schirmer





HARVARD YALE PRINCETON



THE ABBOTSHOLME

BY PRESTON W. SEARCH

Author of "An Ideal School"

I SHALL never forget my visit to the Abbotsholme. It was early May, and all England seemed a veritable picture-garden. Far to the south I had left the smoke and rumble of busy London, with its millions who scarcely knew the sun, much less the beauties of Nature's panorama. Above Manchester I turned aside from the main railway, and soon found myself approaching a region of meager conveniences for travelers, but of idyllic enchantment. Five times in twenty miles it was necessary to change cars.

With rural beauty increasing every mile, but with evidences everywhere that the landlord had deserted it all for the squalid life of the metropolis, I came at last to Rocester on the border of Derbyshire, where I left the train.

Mounting to the seat of a conveyance that had been sent for me, I was soon flying over a country road, bounded on each side by charming scenery. Two miles or more away, perhaps, we drew near a large, beautiful building, set on a graceful slope, with hill and forest behind it, accessory houses about, and commanding a magnificent prospect of winding river, luxuriant meadows, cultivated fields, and distant horizon. It was the Abbotsholme.

The carriage stopped at the broad entrance, the door opened, and I was shown at once to the room of the head-master, Dr. Cecil Reddie.

I entered, and saw coming to meet me a most remarkable-looking man, tall, vigorous, athletic, clad in a gray outing suit, with a student's gown over all. As he came rapidly forward, his long, black gown flying back and displaying his belted form, gray knickerbockers, and other seemingly incongruous accouterments, and holding in his left hand a bowl of milk, of which he had been making a second breakfast, his personality impressed me at once.

The room was a worker's den. Its polished floor was covered with a handsome rug, and on this stood the master's table, a common cross-legged one, such as draftsmen use. The walls were adorned with here and there a picture, intermingled with odd mind-charts and building plans. There were numerous books, a reading-lamp, a graceful statue, some flowers fresh from the field, piles of finished and unfinished work—everything a faithful expression of the occupant, but nothing so remarkable as the man.

"How long can you be with us?" he asked, after a most cordial welcome.

"Twenty-four hours; I want to see the full run of a day's work."

"Good! You Americans beat the world for a quick run; but we are glad to have you with us for even twenty-four hours. For that time the institution is yours."

And so I found it mine, and it is mine yet; for one could scarcely live with Dr. Reddie, be it only for a single day, without carrying away a vivid impression of the man and his work.

"Dr. Reddie," I said, "what led you to establish this school, so different from all others in England? What is its leading purpose? What is your ideal?"

"The Abbotsholme is a protest against the luxuriousness of British education, against the abandonment of the country for the artificial life of the city, against the kid-gloved aristocracy which fails to recognize the nobility of labor. All rural England is a deserted 'Sweet Auburn.' No man now cares to live in the country. The great estates are not the homes of

THE ABBOTSHOLME FROM THE SOUTH

the past, and are virtually tenantless. We need another crusade, but a crusade which will turn back the people to the soil, from which men are grown.

"Our present system of education is medieval and effete. There is nothing in it which will awaken the nation to its peril and need of strenuous action. The English boy is intellectually asleep. He has no great objective, no ideal. His highest thought is to succeed to his father's estate; to be a landlord, and not a producer, but to do little until his father is dead. With this abandonment of purpose, the best part of his life is unproductive; he has little to stimulate him to action.

"As I have said, the English boy is intellectually asleep, and is so because of his environment. He lacks in imagination. He cannot correlate disconnected facts. Given isolated data, he cannot associate and generalize. Things do not suggest themselves to him in new relations, and he does not readily reason from cause to effect. He is not easily disturbed in his complacent conclusions. His mind does not act quickly, as does that of his American or French brother, and even the German surpasses him in scientific reasoning. Being comparatively devoid of imagination, he is not an inventor; his secure present prompts to no strenuous enterprise, and he has no great ideals. This is the reason why the inventions of the day and the progress in mechanics are coming from outside the British Empire. It is the explanation of the deterioration of England."

"But what hope is there in a single school's reconstructing the policy of an entire nation?"

"The hope is to do only one school's part. The Abbotsholme is a school for the boys of the ruling classes, for those who are to be the landlords of the future. This may not be so democratic as in your America, but in it lies the most speedy reconstruction of England. These boys come here at the age of ten and remain until they are eighteen. They leave their luxurious homes, where everything is done for them, and are here organized into an ideal republic, where they are taught the dignity of toil. They till the soil, and raise the vegetables they need. Taught the use of tools, they build houses and bridges; and, in the building, shape their creative selves. Just as much as other English lads, they have their schooling, but, it is hoped, of a better kind. Their education embraces not only books and other indoor work, but gardening, fieldwork on the farm, forestry, dairy, and bee culture; practical carpentry expressed in larger execution; wholesome physical life, with abundant outdoor sports; and the responsibilities of citizenship. Coming from homes where there is little personal need of work, these boys are trained from the start to be producers, and even to take care of their own rooms. They are taught the foibles of national life, and grow up with a more democratic conception of things. One Abbotsholme can send out its quota of future rulers, who, taught to labor and to love the soil, will make a regenerative class of landlords. One Abbotsholme, with its representatives in every community, can be the prototype for many others, and in time thus reconstruct the educational system of England. This is my hope, through education to turn back the people to the

neglected soil—in fact, to recolonize England through the medium of a class of landlords educated to totally different ideals."

I sat listening to this enthusiastic, rapid-speaking educator, greatly impressed by his clean-cut denunciation of national weaknesses and by his confidence in the ultimate triumph of the work to which he is giving his life. Surely, I said to myself, here is a man who will be misunderstood by his conservative brethren, perchance denounced for his educational heresy, but who, given time, will accomplish, even in slow-moving England, far more than his enemies may admit.

We walked through the beautiful building, which is unlike anything in school architecture elsewhere to be seen. There is an almost forgotten doctrine that every man's dwelling ought to be largely the creation of his own design and handiwork—the outer expression of himself. This is true of Abbotsholme. Every appointment, every nook and cranny, from the perfect basement to the attic—the chapel, school-room, dormitories, hospitals, bath-rooms, sanitaries, laboratories, kitchens, servants' quarters—is a unique thing, evolved with the most perfect attention to details.

The Abbotsholme crowns an eminence which commands a vista of beauty, sweeping the entire horizon. Close to the main building are the older shops and laboratories. Adjoining these are the gardens, and farther away the farm land and the orchards. A mile and a half of the river Dove—the stream where Izaak Walton angled with hook and worms—winds its serpentine way through the estate, affording magnificent opportunity for swimming, boating, skating, and bridge-building; and within its graceful sweep are the fields for sport. Back of the buildings the grounds rise to forest-covered hills, well fitted for forestry, dairy, and bee-culture, or for water power and toboggan slides. The school estate embraces 133 acres.

I visited every class-room and class of the Abbotsholme. The mornings are devoted to scholastic interests. Every instructor is selected for capable work. Books are used, but they are kept in a subordinate place. Even Latin is taught much without a book. An article of this length cannot describe in full the excellent work of the several masters, but something of the method of the school may be inferred from the procedure of Dr. Reddie.

I saw him in two recitations. The first was in chemistry. A group of boys, perhaps fifteen years of age, made up the class. Not for a moment was the lesson devoted to the lower purpose of imparting information or to present curious experiments. The head-master was there

DR. CECIL REDDIE IN HIS STUDY

to direct activities; the boys were there to think.

"What are we to do to-day?" inquired Dr. Reddie.

"To make some matches, sir," was the reply.

"What constitutes a match, such as you are about to make?"

"A piece of wood tipped with sulphur and phosphorus."

"Why will you tip the wood with sulphur and phosphorus?"

"To ignite the wood."

"Are both sulphur and phosphorus necessary to ignite the wood?"

This was getting into deep water. Some of the boys thought they were not.

"Will the burning sulphur ignite the wood?"

"Yes," they were sure the sulphur would ignite the wood.

"Then what is the necessity for adding the phosphorus?"

The boys were unable to answer this question. They had the ingredients for making the matches, but the philosophy of the procedure had not appealed to them. They could go no further.

Dr. Reddie placed a piece of sulphur on a block of wood, a thin slice of phosphorus on a sheet of paper, and told the boys to describe what they observed. No change took place in the sulphur, but the boys soon detected thin white wreaths of vapor passing from the phosphorus into the air.

"What change is taking place in the sulphur?"

"None whatever."

"What in the phosphorus?"

"It is passing off in the form of vapor. It is oxidizing."

"What is oxidation?"

"It is slow combustion."

"Can any of you now see the necessity for using both of these chemicals in the making of a match?"

The boys could not follow.

The master then brushed the phosphorus lightly with a shaving and the chemical burst into a flame and soon disappeared in vapor. The sulphur, however, would not be excited by such mild treatment. It required a red-hot wire before it could be aroused into action. Then Dr. Reddie held up the paper on which the phosphorus had burned and, behold, the paper was scarcely scorched; while, on the other hand, the sulphur had communicated its burning to the wood.

The explanation was apparent to the boys. One of them stood up and reasoned that burning sulphur would easily influence a piece of wood, but sulphur itself could not be ignited by a scratch. Phosphorus ignited readily, but it burned at too low a temperature to influence the match. Hence, the phosphorus was necessary to ignite the sulphur, and burning sulphur to ignite the wood.

Induction had done its work, and the boys were permitted to proceed with their lessons in making matches.

I saw Dr. Reddie in another recitation, this time on the duties of citizenship. I never before heard so scathing a denunciation of national weakness and the shams of English aristocracy. Before him sat the children of the aristocracy, while with the surgeon's knife he laid bare artificialities and hypocrisies that have been dear to the Englishman and his sons; but the pupils respected every word their master was saying, because they felt that he spoke the truth. Particularly was the denunciation bitter on the superfluity of the drones and non-producers, and upon the lack of integrity in individual work. "Every man's work must be a prayer. A piece of shoddy work is a committed sin, and, entering into a building or community life, endangers, by its rottenness, the entire superstructure. There is no nobleman excepting the noble man, and every student of the Abbotsholme should go out into the world with the responsibilities of the nation upon his shoulders. There can be no honesty before God until there is honesty with men and in the man. No one has a right to a meal unless he is the producer of that meal, and in the recovery of the neglected soil lies the highest opportunity of the British nobleman."

At eleven o'clock the school-rooms were suddenly emptied. Dr. Reddie asked me if I wished to see the boys swim.

"Most certainly," I said, and we were soon following the boys across the meadow to the river.

The day was very cool, for it was early May, and an overcoat would not have been uncomfortable; but the boys, sixty or more in all, were soon in the river, unmindful of the chilliness, swimming and

diving in strong vigorous exercise. Here I saw what characterized all the school's organization—the federation of the boys in community interests; the oversight and leadership of the older pupils; and the presence and direction of manly teachers. This form of government and instruction is carried more or less through all the work in

BRINGING IN THE LAST LOAD OF HAY

HAYMAKING

laboratories, shops, gardens, in military and gymnastic drills, and social life. America, supposedly more democratic, has in some way been afraid of self-government in the schools, and particularly of using students of the older classes in the instruction of the others; but undoubtedly the training in responsible leadership which comes to the older pupils, and also the crystallization of their own information by imparting it to others, has much to commend itself. No one has ever truly learned until he has also begun to teach, and surely to have the students in the last year before graduation help instruct, under the close supervision of the masters, cannot be much worse than the American plan of allowing them to teach the next year without supervision. At any rate, it is a good thing to dignify the work of the older pupils by some form of responsible control, and to carry federation and community responsibility as far as possible down the grades.

POTATO-DIGGING

After a brisk rub on the bank of the river, the boys scampered back over the fields, and were soon ready for the wholesome midday meal which awaited them in the attractive dining-room. I was

much interested in the plan of table association. At the lunch the several masters ate at the head-master's table, each of the boys' tables being presided over by a prefect, or pupil of the highest form. In the evening there was a shift, the masters presiding over the several form tables, and the prefects dining with Dr. Reddie. At breakfast the masters sit by themselves, the under-form boys by themselves, and, I think, the prefects by themselves.

BUILDING THE BOAT-HOUSE

After lunch came a short hour of light school-room work, and then followed outdoor occupations. About half the boys were in the shops and the rest proceeded to their garden and farm work. This lasted for two hours. It was an interesting sight to see the boys in squads and groups, working here and there under prefect direction; an experienced master—one who knew boy-life, and how to lead boys in field and occupation activities, always on the field. It never seemed that these masters were present for detective duties, but always to help the boys in their work and sports. The scholar's garb had been left in the class-rooms, and each master appeared in outing suit. The boys were left much to their own control, had even liberal opportunity for excursions beyond the estate, but seemed greatly to appreciate the presence of the helpful masters.

The carpentry work was not all in the shops, but found much expression in larger constructive exercises about the estate. At one point, boys were measuring the timber in a felled tree; at a second, others were building a house. The river is spanned by a pretty rustic bridge of their construction. A bird-house, commodious enough for a bird republic, had been built on a lofty pole. In the engine-room several boys were taking apart and repairing the machinery, using a great derrick for lifting the heavy parts. The entire farm is covered with various structures in the building of which the boys had exercised their skill.

SCHOOL CARPENTRY

It being early spring, I saw the young farmers only in their preparation of the fields and in sowing; but on every side were evidences that the plan comprehends the many activities of farm and garden as a basis for intelligent nature study. When one remembers that these boys come from homes where there is little opportunity for work, it can be imagined what all this means to them.

At half-past three the industrial work was over; tools and implements were returned to shops and sheds, and away went

the school to the meadow by the river for a glorious game of cricket. How much games vary with the characteristics of nations! Our American base-ball is a masterly game of block, with every man a perfect piece of team machinery; but the English game is different. It has no intensity, and the work is well distributed. There is little block, plenty of scoring, much movement. The team work is not so masterly, but it is a game for the many rather than a game for the few.

After dinner the evening hour is usually devoted to music, entertainment, and social pastimes. On the evening of my visit the masters and boys gathered early in the chapel for an impromptu musicale. Herr Neumann, the instructor in German, manual training, and music, led the music with his violin, and the boys sang magnificently. Then came a fine piano solo or two, a violin solo, more singing, and an excellent violin rendition by Herr Neumann himself. It was a very interesting affair, and being an impromptu at the visitor's call, may be taken as a good illustration of the regular evening pastime.

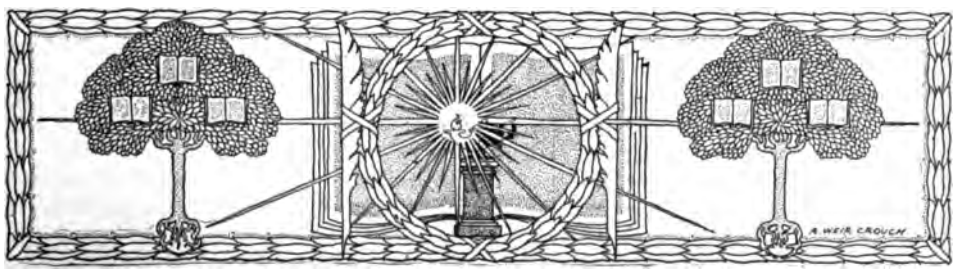
At the hour of evening service, Dr. Reddie seated himself at the organ in the beautiful chapel, one of the masters read the Scripture lesson, the boys united in the vesper responses, and then, after a closing hymn, all retired for the night, except the masters and the prefects, who had been invited to meet the visitor in the head-master's study, there to engage in a conference having for its subject American ideals.

Late into the night Dr. Reddie and I sat in his library, talking over education, European and American. I had looked over every part of his beautiful estate and well-designed building, and now he produced his drawings and showed me his dream for the future. He is both designer and draftsman, and every sheet of his unique projection is full of the most interesting details, which it is to be hoped he will live to realize.

As has been said, the boys had their swim just before the midday meal. Before retiring each one took a shower-bath. Their rooms were neat, cozy, and spotlessly clean. Each one has a wash-basin nearly thirty inches in diameter, and this serves for the morning bath. Dr. Reddie believes in cold water, both externally and internally; every drop used for drinking purposes is carefully distilled.

At six o'clock in the morning I looked out of my window to see the boys engaged in military drill in the yard below. At half-past six each one had half an hour to make his bed and to put his room in order, and then all gathered in the chapel for a short but very impressive morning service. Then came breakfast, and later on the morning studies.

I do not know what success the Abbotsholme will have in the reconstruction of the conservative and traditional English school, but I do know that it is a very suggestive institution, well repaying the pilgrimage of the educator and the sociologist. Undoubtedly it is leaving its powerful impress on the lives and ideals of the young men it has in training, each one of whom will be a leader in the economics of England. The institution is being reduplicated in others of kindred forms, and its influence, through all these aggregated and evolving agencies, will be far more in the future than the present defenders of traditional practices may be ready to admit.



THE FUTURE PRESIDENT

BY OWEN JOHNSON

Author of "Beauty's Sister"

WITH PICTURES BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE

"SNORKY" GREEN, at the fourth desk of the middle aisle, gazed dreamily at the forgotten pages of the divine Vergil. The wide windows let in the warm breath of June meadows and the tiny sounds of contented insects roaming in unhuman liberty. Outside were soft banks to loll upon and from which to watch the baseball candidates gamboling over the neat diamond, tennis courts calling to be played upon, and the friendly "jigger" ready to soothe the parched highway to the aching void. And for an hour the tugging souls of forty-two imprisoned little pagans would have to construe, and parse, and decline, secretly cursing the fossils who rediscovered those unnecessary Latin documents.

Eight rows of desks, nine deep, were swept by the Argus eye of the master from his raised pulpit. Around the room, immense, vacant blackboards shut them in—dark, hopeless walls over which no convict might clamber, on which a thousand boys had blundered and guessed and writ in water.

Lucius Cassius Hopkins, "The Roman," man of heroic and consular mold, flunker of boys, and deviser of systems against which even the ingenuity of a Hickey hurled itself in vain, sat on the rostrum, pitilessly mowing down the unresisting ranks.

Snorky's tousled hair was more rumpled than ever, a smudge was on one cheek where his grimy, ball-stained hand had unknowingly left its mark. He was dirty, bored, and unprepared. The dickey at his throat, formed by the junction of a collar and two joined cuffs, saved the proprieties and allowed the body to keep cool. But the spirit of dreams was upon Snorky, and the hard, rectangular room began to recede.

He heard only indistinctly the low, mocking rumble of the Roman as his scythe passed down the rows.

"Anything from the Simpson twins today? No, no. Anything from the Davis House combination? Too bad! too bad! Nothing from the illuminating Hicks? Yes? No? Too bad! too bad!"

Snorky did not hear him; his eyes were on the firm torsos of Billy Dibble and Charley De Soto before him—Dibble, wonder of the football field, hero of the touchdown against the Princeton 'varsity, and De Soto the phenomenal shortstop, both Olympian spirits doomed to endure the barbed shafts of Lucius Cassius Hopkins. Snorky, too, would go down in the annals of school history. He remembered the beginning of an out-curve he had developed that morning in the lot back of the Woodhull—a genuine out-curve, "Ginger Pop" Rooker to the contrary, notwithstanding. With a little practice he would master the perplexing in-curve and the drop. And the Woodhull needed a pitcher badly. McCarthy

had no courage; the Dickinson would batter him all over the field in the afternoon's game, and then good-by to the championship. In his mind he began the game, trotting hopelessly out into left field. He saw Hickey, first up for the Dickinson, get a base on balls—four wide ones in succession. Slugger Jones, four balls—heavens, to be beaten like that! Turkey Reiter, third man up, hit a two-bagger; two runs. Doc Macnooder knocked the first ball pitched for a clean single; a two-bagger for the Egghead! Again four balls for Butcher Stevens! The Red Dog, of all people in the world, to hit safely! And still they allowed the slaughter to go on! The Dickinson House was shrieking with joy, dancing war-dances, back of third, and singing derisive songs of triumph. "Lovely" Mead went to first on another base on balls, filling the bases. And five runs over the plate! Hickey and Turkey on the line began to dance a cake-walk. From the uproarious Dickinsonians rose the humiliating wail:

"We're on to his curves, we're on to his curves;
Long-legged McCarthy has lost his nerves."

McCarthy *had* lost his nerves. Five runs, the bases full, and "Wash" Simmons, the Dickinson pitcher, to the bat. The infield, badly rattled, played in to catch the runner at home in approved professional style. Snorky stole in closer and closer until he was almost back of shortstop. Simmons could n't knock it out of the diamond. But Wash knocked what looked to be a clean single clear over the heads of the near infield. That was what Snorky had been waiting for; on the full run he made a desperate dive, caught the ball one-handed, close to the ground, turned a somersault, scrambled to second base, and shot the ball to first before the runner could even check himself! Nothing like it had ever been seen in Lawrenceville. Even the Dickinsons generously applauded him as he came up happy and flushed.

"Snorky, that 's the greatest play I ever saw pulled off. I wish I had made it."

He looked up. The speaker was the dashing De Soto. That from Charley, the greatest ball-player who ever came to Lawrenceville! Snorky's throat swelled with emotion. At last they knew his worth.

One run for the Woodhull. Again the Dickinsons to the bat, and again the rout; one single, a base on balls, two bases on balls—oh, if he only would get his chance! One ball, two balls, three balls. Suddenly McCarthy stopped and clutched his arm with an exclamation of pain. The team gathered about him. Snorky sniffed in disdain; he knew that trick, pretending it was all on account of his arm! What a quitter McCarthy was, after all! Still, what was to be done? The team gathered in grave discussion. No one else had ever pitched.

"Give me a chance," said Snorky to "Rock" Bemis, the captain.

"You!" said Rock, with a laugh; "you, Snorky!"

"Look at me! I can do it," Snorky answered, and met the other's glare. Something of the fire in that look convinced Bemis.

"Why not?" he said. "The game 's gone, anyhow. Go into the box, Snorky, and put them over if you can."

The teams lined up, and Snorky with clenched teeth and a cold streak down his spine strode into the box. An insulting yelp went up from the enemy.

Three balls, no strikes, and the bases full! Turkey at the plate stepped back scornfully to wait for the fourth ball.

"Strike one!"

Turkey advanced to the utmost limit of the batter's box, turned his back deliberately on Snorky, and called out:

"You hit me, and I 'll break your neck!"

"Strike two!"

Turkey turned in surprise, looked at him, and deliberated.

"He can't pull it over," yelled the gallery. "Yi, yi, yi!"

Then Turkey seated himself Indian fashion, his back still to Snorky, and gazed up into the face of "Tug" Moffat, the catcher. A furious wrangle ensued, the Woodhull claiming that his position was illegal, the Dickinson insisting that nothing in the rules prohibited it. "Stonewall" Jackson, the umpire, a weak-minded fellow from the Rouse House, allowed the play.

"THE PHENOMENAL RISE OF THE NEW PITCHER!"

"Strike three!"

Turkey, crestfallen and muttering, arose and dusted himself amid the jeers of the onlookers. Doc Macnooder smote high and low, and then forgot to smite—three strikes and out. The Egghead, despite the entreaties of the Dickinson to bring in his house-mates, could only foul out. Snorky received an ovation. He heard Tug, the catcher, whispering excitedly to De Soto.

"Charley, just watch him! He 's got everything—everything!"

In this inning the Woodhull tied the score on two bases on balls, and Snorky's own two-bagger.

When he walked lightly into the box for the third innings, Stonewall Jackson had been replaced by De Soto with the imperious remark: "Here, get out! I want to watch this."

Snorky gave the great Charley a modest nod.

"When did you ever pitch?" said De Soto, immediately.

"Oh, now and then," he answered.

"Well, now, Snorky, let yourself out."

"Tug can't hold me," Snorky said impudently. "That 's the trouble, Charley."

"Try him."

Tug signaled for an in-shoot. Snorky wound himself up and let fly. Butcher Stevens flung himself from the plate, Moffat threw up his mit in sudden fear, the ball caromed off and went frolicking past the back-stop.

"Strike one!"

Tug, puzzled and apprehensive, came up for a consultation.

"Gee! Snorky, give me warning! What do you think I am—a statue of Liberty?"

"Charley wants me to let myself out. I 'll slow down on the third strike," said Snorky, loftily. "Let the others go if you want."

Tug, like a Roman gladiator, with undying resolve, squatted back of the plate and signaled for an out. No use; no mit of his could ever stop the frightful velocity of that shoot.

"Stri-ike two!"

"Now ease up a bit," cautioned De Soto.

Snorky sent a floating out-drop that seemed headed for Butcher Stevens's head, and finally settled gently over the plate at the waist-line.

"Striker out!"

Moffat no longer tried to hold him, admitting himself outclassed by the blinding speed of ins and outs, jump balls, and cross fire that Snorky hurled unerringly across the plate. The Red Dog and Lovely Mead, plainly unnerved, died like babes in their tracks. Five strike-outs in two innings!

Then De Soto spoke.

"Here, Snorky, you get out of the game."

A cry of protest came from the Woodhull.

"Yell all you like," said De Soto; "Snorky is going with me where he belongs."

And, to the amazement of the two houses, he drew his arm under Snorky's and marched him right over to the 'varsity diamond.

How the school buzzed and chattered about the phenomenal rise of the new pitcher! He saw himself pitching wonderful curves to burly "Cap" Kiefer, the veteran back-stop, built like a mastodon, who had all he could do to hold those frightful balls. He saw the crowds of boys, six deep, who stood reverentially

between times to watch the amazing curves. He heard pleasurably the chorus of "Ahs!" and "Ohs!" and "Gees!" which followed each delivery. Then suddenly he was in the box on the great, clean diamond, with the eyes of hundreds of boys fastened prayerfully on him, and the orange-and-black stripes of a Princeton 'varsity man facing him at the plate. To beat the Princeton 'varsity—what a goal!

He saw each striped champion come up gracefully and retire crestfallen to the bench, even as the Dickinson batters had done. Innings after innings passed without a score; not a Princeton man reached for it. Then in the seventh an accident happened. The first Princeton man up deliberately stepped into the ball, and the umpire allowed him to take his base. It was outrageous, but worse was to follow. On the attempt to steal second, Cap lined a beautiful ball to the base, but no one covered it—a mistake in signals! And the runner kept on to third! Snorky settled down and struck out the next two batters. The Lawrenceville bleachers rose *en masse* and shrieked his praises. Then suddenly Kiefer, to catch the runner off third, snapped the ball to Waladoo a trifle, just a trifle wild; but the damage was done. 1 to 0 in favor of Princeton. Even the great Princeton captain, Barrett, said to him:

"Hard luck, Green! Blamed hard luck!"

But Snorky was n't beaten yet. The eighth and ninth innings passed without another Princeton man reaching first. Nine innings without a hit—wonderful!—and yet to be beaten by a fluke. One out for Lawrenceville; two out. The third man up, Cap Kiefer himself, reached first on an error. Then Green to the bat! Snorky looked around, picked up his bat, and calmly strode to the plate. He had no fear; he knew what was going to happen. One ball, one strike, two strikes. He let the drop pass. What he wanted was a swift in-shoot. Two balls—too high. Three balls—wide of the plate. He was not to be tempted by any such. Two strikes and three balls; now he must get what he wanted. He cast one glance at the bleachers, alive with the frantic red-and-black flags; he heard his comrades calling, beseeching, imploring. Then his eye settled on the far green stretch between right and center field and the brown masses of Memorial, where no ball before had ever reached. A home run would drive in Kiefer and win the game! The chance had come. The Princeton pitcher slowly began to wind up for the delivery, Snorky settled into the box, caught his bat with the grip of desperation, gathered together all his sinews, and—

"HE SAW HIMSELF PITCHING WONDERFUL CURVES"

"GREEN!" called the sharp, jeering voice of Lucius Cassius Hopkins.

Snorky sprang to his feet in fright, clutching at his book. The great home run died in the air.

"Translate."

Snorky gazed helplessly at the page, seeking the place. He heard the muffled voice of "Lugs" Mashon behind him whisper:

"The advance, the advance, you chump!"

But to find the place under the hawk eyes of the Roman was an impossibility. He stared at the page in a well-simulated attempt, then shook his head, and sat down.

"A very creditable attempt, Green," said the master, now with a gentle voice. "De Soto?—Nothing from De Soto? Dear, dear! We 'll have to try Macnooder then. What? Studied the wrong lesson? How sad! Mistakes will happen. Don't want to try that, either? No feeling of confidence to-day; no feeling of confidence." He began to call them

by rows. "Davis, Dark, Denton, Dibble—nothing in the D's. Farr, Francis, Frey, Frick—nothing from the F's; nothing from the D. F's. Very strange! very strange! Little spring fever—yes? Too bad! too bad! Lesson too long? Yes? Too long to get any of it? Dear! dear! Every one studied the review, I see. Excellent moral idea, conscientious; would n't go on until you have mastered yesterday's lesson. Well, well, so we 'll have a beau-tiful recitation in the review. So we all know the review—yes?"

How absurd it was to be flunking under the Roman! Next year he would show them. He would rise early in the morning and study hours before breakfast; he would master everything, absorb everything—declensions and conjugations, Greek, Roman, and medieval civilization; he would frolic in equations and toy with logarithms; his translation would be the wonder of the faculty. He would crush Red Dog and Bogworthy; he would be valedictorian of his class. They would speak of him as a phenomenon, as a prodigy, like Pascal—was it Pascal? What a tribute the head master would pay him at commencement! There on the stage before all the people, the fathers and mothers and sisters, before the Red Dog, and Ginger Pop Rooker, and Tug Moffat, and all the rest, sitting open mouthed while he, Snorky Green, the crack pitcher and valedictorian of his class, a scholar such as Lawrenceville had never known—

"THEY MARCHED TO THE STATION, AND, AMID A WHIRLWIND OF CHEERS AND GODSPEEDS EMBARKED FOR THE FRONT"

"Green, Gay, and Hammond go to the board. Take your books."

Snorky went hastily and clumsily, waiting as a gambler waits for his chance.

"Gay, decline hic, haec, hoc; Green, write out the gerundive forms of all the verbs in the first paragraph top of page 163."

Snorky gazed helplessly at the chronicles of Æneas, and then blankly at the inexorable blackboard, where so many gerundives had been inscribed. Then he wrote his name in firm, neat letters at the top:

"Roger Ballington Green."

Then he erased it, and wrote it again dashingly—the signature of a remarkable man. Satisfied, he drew a strong line under it, with two short crosses and a dot or two, and returned to his seat.

ONCE more in the abode of dreams he was transported to college, president of his class, the idol of his mates, the marvel of the faculty. He hesitated on the border-line of a great football victory, where, single-handed, bruised, and suffering, he would win the game for his college, and then he found what he sought. War had been declared swiftly and treacherously by the German Empire. The whole country was rising to the President's call to arms. A great meeting of the University was held, and he spoke with a sudden revelation of a power for oratory he had never before suspected.

That very afternoon a company was formed under his leadership. Twenty-four hours later they marched to the station, and, amid a whirlwind of cheers and godspeeds, embarked for the front. During the night, while others slept, he pored over books of tactics; he studied the campaigns of Cæsar, Napoleon, Grant, and Moltke. In the first disastrous year of the war, when the American army was beaten back at every point and an invading force of Germans was penetrating from the coast in three sections,

he rose to the command of his regiment, with the reputation of being the finest disciplinarian in the army. Their corps was always at the front, checking the resistless advance of the enemy, saving their comrades time after time at frightful loss. Then came that dreadful day when it seemed as though the Army of the South was doomed to be surrounded and crushed by the sudden tightening of the enemy's net before the Army of the Center could effect a junction. In the gloomy council he spoke out. One way of escape there was, but it meant the sacrifice of five thousand men. Clearly and quickly he traced his plan, while general, brigadier-general, and general-in-chief stared in amazement at the new genius that flashed before their minds.

"That is the plan," he said calmly, with the authority of a master mind; "it means the safety of a hundred thousand, and if a junction can be made with the Army of the Center, the Germans can be stopped and driven back at so-and-so. But this means the death of five thousand men. There is only one man who has the right to die so—the man who proposes it. Give me five regiments, and I will hold the enemy for thirty-six hours."

He threw his regiments boldly into the enemy's line of march, and by a sudden rush carried the spur that dominated the valley. The German army, surprised and threatened in its most vulnerable spot, forced to abandon the pursuit, turned to crush the handful of heroes.

All day long the desperate battalions flung themselves in vain against the little band. All day long he walked with drawn sword up and down the thinning ranks, stiffening their courage. Red Dog and Ginger Pop called to him, imploring him not to expose himself—Red Dog and Ginger Pop, whose idol he now was; yes, and Hickey's and Dibble's, too. But carelessly, defiantly, he stood in full view, his clothes pierced and his head bared. Then came the night—the long, fatiguing night, without an instant's cessation. The carnage was frightful. Half of the force gone, and twelve hours more to hold out! That was his promise. And the sickening dawn, with the shrouded clouds and the expectant vultures came stealing out of the east. Until night came again they must cling to the spur-top and manage to

"ALL DAY LONG HE WALKED WITH DRAWN SWORD"

live in that hurricane of lead. He went down the line, calling each man by name, rousing them, like a prophet inspired. The fury of sacrifice seized them. They fought on, parched and bleeding, while the sun rose above them and slowly fell. A thousand lives; half that, and half that again. Five o'clock, and still two hours to go. He looked about him. Only a few hundreds remained to meet the next charge. Red Dog and Ginger Pop were cold in death, Hickey was dying. Of all his school friends, only Dibble remained, staggering at his side. And then the great masses of the enemy swept over them like an avalanche, and he fell unconscious but happy with the vision of martyrdom shining above him.

Red Dog, on his way back to his seat, knocked against him, saying angrily:

"Oh, you clumsy!"

Red Dog, of all the world! Red Dog, whom he had just cheered into a hero's death. Snorky, thus rudely brought to earth, decided to resuscitate himself and

read the papers, with their big page-broad scare-heads of the fight on the spur. This accomplished, he decided to end the war. The President, driven by public clamor, put him in command of the Army of the South. In three weeks, by a series of rapid Napoleonic marches, he flung the enemy into morasses and wilderness, cut their line of communication, and starved them into surrender; then flinging his army north, he effected a junction with the Army of the Center, sending a laconic message to the President: "I am here. Give me command, and I will feed the sea with the remnants of Germany's glory." Official Washington, intriguing and jealous, cried out for a court-martial; but the voice of the people, echoing from coast to coast, gave him his wish. In one month he swept the middle coast bare of resistance, fought three enormous battles, and annihilated the armies of the invaders, ending the war. What a triumph was his! That wonderful entry into Washington, with the frenzied roars of multitudes that greeted him, as he rode simply and modestly, but greatly, down the Avenue at the head of his old regiment, in their worn and ragged uniforms, with the flag shot to shreds proudly carried by Red Dog and Dibble; and in the crowd he saw again the tear-stained faces of the Roman and the head-master and all his old comrades, who waved their handkerchiefs to him amid the frantic thousands.

"NOMINATED BY ACCLAMATION"

At this point Snorky's emotion overmastered him. A lump was in his throat. He controlled himself with difficulty and dignity. He went over the quiet, stately years until a grateful nation carried him in triumph into the Presidential chair, nominated by acclamation and without opposition! He saw the wonderful years of his ascendency, the wrongs righted, peace and concord returning to all classes, the development of science, the uniting into one system of all the warring branches of education, the amalgamation of Canada and Mexico into the United States, the development of an immense merchant fleet, the consolidation of all laws into one national code, the establishment of free concerts and theaters for the people. Then suddenly there fell a terrible blow: the hand of a maniac struck him down as he passed through the multitudes who loved him. He was carried unconscious to the nearest house, the greatest physicians flocked to him, striving in vain to fight off the inevitable end. He saw the street filled with tan-bark and the faces of the grief-stricken multitude, with Hickey and Red Dog and Ginger Pop sobbing on the steps and refusing to leave all that fateful night, while bulletins of the final struggle were continually sent to every part of the globe. And then he died. He heard the muffled peal of bells, and the sobs that went up from every home in the land; he saw the houses being decked with crape, and the people, with aching hearts, trooping into the churches: for he, the President, the beloved, the great military genius, the wisest of human rulers, was dead—dead.

SUDDENLY a titter, a horrible, mocking laugh broke through the stately dignity of the universal grief. Snorky, with tears trembling in his eyes, suddenly brought back to reality, looked up to see Lucius Cassius Hopkins standing over him with a mocking smile. From their desks Red Dog and Ginger Pop were making faces at him, roaring at his discomfiture.

"So Green is dreaming again! Dear, dear! Dreaming again!" said the deliberate voice. "Dreaming of chocolate éclairs and the jigger-shop, eh, Green?"

THE CONCEALING COLORATION OF ANIMALS

NEW LIGHT ON AN OLD SUBJECT

(AN ESSAY ON THE QUESTION OF *HOW*, AND TO *WHAT EXTENT*,—NOT *WHY*,—ANIMALS ARE CONCEALED BY THEIR COLORS)

BY GERALD H. THAYER

WITH PICTURES FROM PHOTOGRAPHS AND PAINTINGS

SINCE the days of Erasmus Darwin, grandfather of the great evolutionist, much has been thought and written about the wonderful colors and patterns worn by animals. The phrases, "protective coloration," "adaptation to environment," "protective mimicry," "protective resemblance," "warning colors," "signal colors," etc., are familiar to every one who has read books on natural history. But few people yet know that the greater part of this elaborate fabric of theories has lately been overthrown by an artist and proved to be misconceptions. Slow as men have been in recognizing it, the clues to the subject lay wholly without the scope of ordinary zoölogical observation and reasoning, and wholly witl in the scope of artistic observation. For the artist is the only true specialist in the matter of visual appearances, *per se*,—the question of *how things look*. As might, indeed, have been expected, the coloration of animals, in its effects, and particularly in its power of making the animals inconspicuous, or well-nigh invisible, involves certain profound and subtle principles of light and shade and optical illusion, matters which belong to the artist's stock in trade, but with which the physical scientist has little or no concern. Hence it is not surprising that zoölogists should all have ignored these underlying principles of animals' coloration, nor that these should finally have been discovered by an artist keenly interested in natural history. Two main results have been reached by the investigations of this artist, Mr. Abbott H. Thayer. First, the revelation of the great principle of counteracted light and shade, with its corollary laws, by which almost alone the long recognized "protective coloration" of animals is achieved;[1] and second, the discovery that most of the colorations which have always been called "conspicuous," are purely and potently *concealing*, with the revelation of the principles under-

[1] Mr. A. H. Thayer's first articles on this subject were published in the American journal of ornithology, "The Auk," in 1896. The two papers, entitled "The Law Which Underlies Protective Coloration," and "Further Remarks on the Law Which Underlies Protective Coloration," respectively, were republished together by the Smithsonian Institution in its year-book for 1897. A summary of these articles, with an introduction by Professor Poulton of Oxford, was published in the English magazine, "Nature," for April 24, 1902. Mr. Thayer has also shown models illustrating his discovery at various meetings of naturalists in America and Europe, and has given like apparatus as permanent exhibits to the museums of South Kensington, Oxford, and Cambridge in England, and the Royal Zoölogical Museum in Florence, Italy. These models have also been copied by other continental museums; but in the United States there is as yet no such established exhibit, except in the Museum of the Brooklyn Institute.

FIG. 1. TWO BIRD-SHAPED MODELS—THE ONE ON THE LEFT MONOCHROME, THE ONE ON THE RIGHT OBLITERATIVELY SHADED

lying this surprising fact.[1] Let us examine these two disclosures in the order named.

Of the simple external factors of visibility there are only two fundamental ones, light and color. In stricter analysis, of course, there is only one,—light,—which engenders color. On relative degrees of light and differing tones of color the visibility of all things depends. Light and shade are primarily attributes of form, while color is only secondarily so. As a proof of this, think of drawings in black-and-white, or of photographs. They may be ever so elaborate, depicting innumerable objects in full detail, with a compelling suggestion of reality, without any variations of color. The whole effect, in that case, is made by degrees of dark and light, variously contrasted,—one thing relieved against another by its darker or its lighter contour. But in all this there are two elements. One is the rendering of color "values," the suggestion of colors by an approximation of their various shades; that is, their specific degrees of darkness. The other and profounder element is the depicting of the light and shade of solid forms, quite independent of color. It is, then, primarily by this light and shade, internal and in silhouette, that the eye is made aware of the existence of solid objects, of their main form, and all their minor modelings. Sticks, stocks, and stones; figures, faces, edifices,—everything,—all reveal themselves to our eyes for what they are, in contour and internal "modeling," largely by means of this one principle of light and shade; that is, the different degrees of illumination of their various parts. Now because this is so, there is a wonderful trick which can be played with any solid object. Imagine, for instance, a statue fixed in an unchanging and sufficiently diffused light, which brings out clearly all its modeling. By putting white paint on the surfaces in darkest shadow, and dark paint on the most brightly lighted parts, all in due proportion, with a careful eye to the effect, one can paint that statue out of visual existence. If the work is rightly done, all the statue's forms and features,—nose, eyes, chin, etc.,—will vanish one by one, until the painter has before him nothing but a blank, gray silhouette. If he now gives it a flat background of exactly the same

[1] First expounded by A. H. Thayer in a paper called "The Law Which Underlies Protective Coloration," published in "The Auk" for April, 1896; and next, but with the addition of an erroneous clause, entitled "Protective Coloration in its Relation to Mimicry, Common Warning Colors, and Sexual Selection," published in the "Transactions of the Entomological Society of London," Dec. 24, 1903.

shade and color, it will be entirely invisible.

Pigment, then,—light and dark shades of color,—can be so arranged on a solid object as exactly to nullify and obliterate the unequal distribution of light upon that object. This great law, as simple as it is profound, lies at the very root of the protective coloration of animals, from grasshoppers to whales.

All wild creatures under heaven are lighted from above, from the side opposite to earth. Now among the myriad schemes of color and of pattern which these creatures wear, there is one great principle of coloration running through them all, connecting the most widely separated branches of organic life; that is, a gradation of the shades of color, from dark on the animal's upper side to light —most commonly to white—*on its lower*, exactly what is required as the main essential step toward making animals inconspicuous under the descending light of the sky. This is Mr. Thayer's first great discovery.

Of course, the fact of animals commonly being darker above than below has long been noticed in a general way.[1] This form of coloration, in more or less pronounced development, is worn by at least ninety-nine per cent. of those of the earth's animals, both vertebrate and invertebrate, that live in the open air or in the water not beyond the reach of daylight. In the case of a great many birds and beasts, including virtually all those which have become famous for their power of hiding in plain sight, such as rabbits, quails, partridges, etc., it is developed to an exquisitely elaborate degree. By its aid they are often virtually obliterated, in that the eye judges them as spaces through which the background is seen. Hence, as will soon be made still more apparent to the reader, the significance of our new terms, Obliterative Coloration and Obliterative Shading.

Clearly then, the common belief that the colors of these animals make them look like clods and stumps is erroneous. Now, how about the more indefinite statement that they are "colored like their surroundings"? As far as resultant appearances are concerned, that is quite true; but so far as the actual coloration of the animals is concerned, it is essentially untrue.

Take, for instance, the American partridge, or ruffed grouse, a bird which lives much of the time in trees, so that, even to tall human bipeds, its under side is as often exposed to view as its upper. This is one of the birds famous for being hard to see in their homes; so, of course, people say, that it must be colored like its surroundings; that is, dull, mottled brown. Hold this bird upside down in a natural lighting, and look at it. Not only does it show a broad expanse of pure white (with some dark marks) which nobody would call, in the common sense, "protective color," but, by virtue of its inverted counter gradation of shades, which now works *with*, instead of *against*, the effect of the descending daylight, it is

FIG. 2. MONOCHROME WHITE HEN AGAINST A WHITE SHEET

[1] Several years before Mr. Thayer published his first paper on the subject, Professor E. B. Poulton of Oxford, had, unknown to him, recognized and described, in two isolated cases of its working, the very principle which Mr. Thayer afterwards discovered in its universal application. The case is fully stated by both Poulton and Thayer in their joint article in "Nature."

FIG. 3. PLYMOUTH ROCK HEN, LACKING OBLITERATIVE SHADING, AGAINST A FLAT BACKGROUND OF THE SKINS OF EXACTLY SIMILAR HENS

surprisingly conspicuous and solid-looking. If such a beast or bird were merely "colored like its surroundings" (that is, of a uniform, mottled brown above and below), it would not be inconspicuous at all, but would always show up in full relief, more or less bold according to the strength of the light above it. Sometimes, it might escape detection by passing for one of these lifeless things; but this would not often happen, because its structural forms are too distinct, and the eyes of enemies are keen to detect them.

That the reader may not have all this on verbal evidence alone, some photographs are given. Figure 1 shows an experiment with bird-shaped wooden models, under the sky. The conspicuous one, on the left, which can be seen across the room, was colored uniformly like its background, just as dark below as above, but no whit darker. It serves well to make the plain model of the very material, or to cover it with the material, of its background. The obliteratively shaded model, on the right, will almost have to be taken on faith, for the reader will probably have difficulty in finding it. Yet it is in every way a perfect duplicate of the other, save in external treatment. It was just as near the camera, and takes as much room in the picture, which is a faithful reproduction of the scene.

Whales, lions, wolves, deer, hares, mice; partridges, quails, sandpipers, larks, sparrows; frogs, snakes, fishes, lizards, crabs; grasshoppers, slugs, caterpillars—all these animals, and many thousands more, crawl and crouch and swim about their business, hunting and eluding, under cover of this strange obliterative mask, the smooth and perfect balance between shades of color and degrees of illumination.

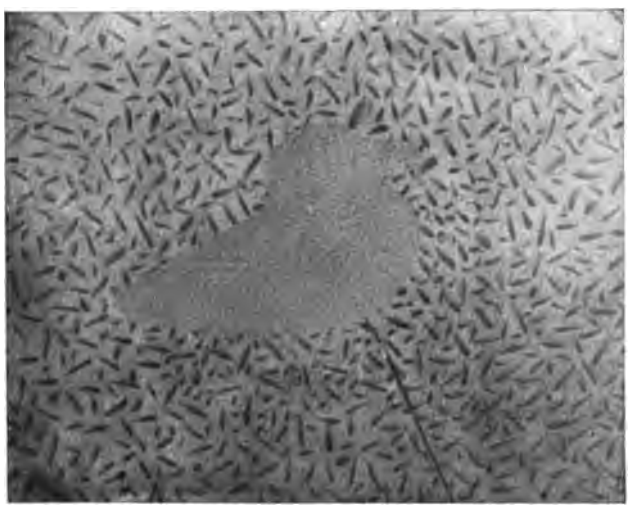


FIG. 4. BIRD-SHAPED, OBLITERATIVELY SHADED MODEL, LACKING PATTERN, AGAINST A PATTERNED BACKGROUND

Nature, having thus visually unsubstantialized the bodies of animals, so that if seen at all they look flat and ghostly, does not stop there. From solid, shaded bodies they have been converted, as

it were, into flat cards or canvases, and, to complete the illusion of obliteration, pictures of the background, —veritable pictures of the more or less distant landscape—have been painted on these canvases! Such, in effect, are the elaborate markings of field and forest birds. This is the consummation of obliterative coloration; full obliterative shading in conjunction with a true picturing of such scenes, nearer or farther, as would appear straight beyond the animal were it transparent, or as would appear if there were no creature there at all. The animal has vanished, and in his place stands a picture of the distance, with its numberless details! The term "obliterative coloration" truly fits the case, since these animals prove to be colored to disappear from view, and not, as has hitherto been supposed, to look like lifeless solid objects. Some writers, indeed, have mentioned the fact that animals blend into the varied ground behind them, but all have failed to see that this phenomenon could not exist without the aid of some profound principle in addition to the general resemblance of color and pattern.

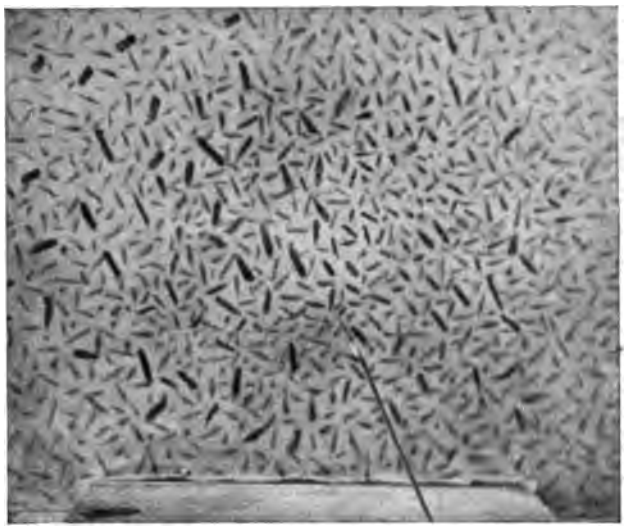


FIG. 5. BIRD-SHAPED, OBLITERATIVELY SHADED MODEL, WITH PATTERN LIKE THE BACKGROUND

Figures 2 and 3, like the left-hand model in Figure 1, illustrate the futility of color-resemblance alone. The pure white hen against the pure white sheet is very conspicuous, her back being lighter and her belly much darker than the sheet, in its vertical flat plane. Every part of her surface, in fact, except for a few mere points of transition, is either too dark or too light to match her background. So with the barred Plymouth Rock hen, against a background made entirely of flat skins of exactly similar hens (Figure 3). Though the likeness of marking tends to conceal her, it is overpowered by her light and shade, and she is plainly visible. This photograph, then, shows that pattern-resemblance requires the aid of obliterative shading to be effective. Figures 4, 5, and 6, on the other hand, show how essential patterns may be to the completion of the effect gained primarily by obliterative shading. The model in Figure 4 shows no solidity, but is revealed by its blank silhouette against

FIG. 6. BIRD-SHAPED, OBLITERATIVELY SHADED MODEL, WITH PATTERN LIKE THE BACKGROUND, BUT IN AN UNFAVORABLE LIGHTING

From a painting by Gerald H. Thayer

FIG. 7. RUFFED GROUSE (OR PARTRIDGE) IN THE FOREST

the patterned board. In Figure 5, it has been obliterated by the addition of the required pattern. Figure 6 shows this same patterned model in a lighting unfavorable to its obliterative shading.

To illustrate the principle of picture-patterns based on counter-shading, I give two photographs (Figures 7 and 8), one from a painting of my own, and the other from a live wild bird upon its nest. The first is of a cock ruffed grouse, the second of a Rocky Mountain ptarmigan. These two allied species represent very different types of picture-pattern, each perfect in its way. The ptarmigan, a bird of the open ground, wears pictures of grass-blades and shadow, near at hand; the grouse, sylvan and partly arboreal, wears a much more complicated system of nearer and farther forest-scenes, exquisitely developed and yet highly generalized, to suit his varied habits, so that it is difficult to find any one background which he matches as closely as the simple pattern of the brooding ptarmigan matches the clump of grasses.

To the eye of an artist, all these pattern-pictures on animals "ring true," beyond all question. In looking at a partridge, an artist who believes in natural selection feels that he is seeing a faultless compound picture of innumerable American forest-interiors. So with the quail in the grass, the sandpiper on the beach, the jaguar and the boa-constrictor in the jungle. Indeed, quite aside from all questions of process or of means, which it is not our province at present to dis-

cuss, the effect of these, "picture"-patterns as they exist to-day *is* a marvelously true and subtle averaging of the scenes amid which their wearers live, looked at from the points of view of the wearer's enemies or prey.

The importance of the law of obliterative shading has been questioned by several zoölogists, and, curiously enough, by some who hold to the belief in natural selection, more or less largely discarded by Gadow and a few other modern scientists. To consider fortuitous and trivial so universal an attribute of animal life, and one which has been proved to possess so wonderful a power for concealment as this obliterative shading (see Figures 1–6), is virtually to deny the law of natural selection. So also with the supposition that the shading is due to the tanning effect of light, since if this development by such a process were not along the lines of benefit to the animals, natural selection, if such there be, would surely overcome it. But there is a still better answer to this last theory, and one which involves no questions of evolutionary process, namely, the fact that animals tend to be dark in thickets and dusky forests, and pale on the glaring desert and on ocean beaches. Then should one not suspect that desert animals are bleached by light? No, for their *shadowed undersides* are still the lightest, like those of almost all other creatures.

The dim, brown underworld of tropical forests is tenanted by a race of birds and beasts which show a wonderful uniformity in coloration and degree of shading. The daylight in those solemn depths is diffuse and weak; hence most of the animals which live in them are very slightly shaded from dark to light, and many have pale-brown under-sides. Brown is their prevailing color, and there is one particular tone of rich chestnut brown which occurs almost unvaried on many hundred species. Such sameness of coloration is remarkable, yet it is in perfect keeping with the monotony of the realm in which the creatures live. Almost nowhere else can one find such a widely extended prevalence, throughout the year, of a particular degree of light and a few

Photographed from life by Evan Lewis

FIG 8. COLORADO PTARMIGAN ON HER NEST

simple tones of color, as exists inside the shell of the great tropical forests. On the outside of the forest everything is different. There, in the blazing sunshine toward which the closely crowded trees and vines are ever struggling, the victors heave their leafy heads, flashing and dancing with a thousand tints of gold and green and sky-reflected blue, jeweled with gorgeous fruits and flowers. In this gay realm of scintillating lights and colors live almost all the brilliant birds and butterflies for which the tropics are famous; and they are as closely fitted to their environment in colors and patterns as are their dull-brown relatives of the somber shades below. The tropics are as rich in dull-colored birds and butterflies as in bright ones, but the dull ones are not often collected and exported, and, even when they are, do not attract popular attention.

This brings us to the second of the two main revelations which have resulted from an artist's study of the coloration of animals.

Whence came that old, erroneous assumption that bright-colored creatures, and those with bold, sharp patterns, are of course conspicuous in their homes? Did people judge the out-door world by colorless collecting-boxes, or the plastered walls of a museum? The real out-door world is a boundlessly varied pageant of ever-shifting lights and forms and colors, cut up into innumerable bolder or dimmer patterns of all kinds and sizes, dancing and altering in endless, kaleidoscopic show with the play of wind and sun and clouds. This vivid changefulness of scenery has, like everything else, its maximum and minimum, and, as we have seen in connection with tropical forests, the extremes are in this case rather wide apart. But we are to consider it as a general principle, with special regard to its maximum development. Against one of these brilliantly and minutely patchy backgrounds, how ought an animal be colored and marked in order to be as inconspicuous as possible? Plainly and dully, as naturalists have said? By no means; brightly and patchily, to the highest possible degree. The bolder, brighter, and more arbitrary such a creature's patterns are, the more they will cut up his own peculiar and characteristic form, and dissolve him into his background, as it were. Conversely, the only coloration which could make such an animal conspicuous, is a dull monochrome, without counter-shading or pat-

From a painting

FIG. 9. COPPERHEAD SNAKE ON DEAD LEAVES

Photographed from life by Dr. R. W. Shufeldt

FIG. 10. SPHINX MOTH (*PHILAMPELUS PANDORUS*), ON BIRCH BARK

tern. This would make his solid form apparent by its light and shade, or his peculiar outline by its unbroken, dingy color. Monochrome alone makes a solid object intrinsically conspicuous against a normal landscape. Patterns, contrary to the common opinion, have an intrinsic power to destroy the conspicuousness of the object on which they are placed. The stronger the pattern appears, the dimmer appear the forms and outlines of its wearer.

Picture-patterns, working with obliterative shading, have already been shown and described. We must now consider other obliterative effects and optical illusions achieved by patterns alone. In some cases brilliant patterns quite take the place of obliterative shading. The blazing crown of the tropical forest, with its multiplicity of bright-colored vegetable forms, offers many opportunities for this, and Nature has taken advantage of them. Tropical tree-top birds are "cut up" with all sorts of rank patterns and bright, contrasting colors, and comparatively few of them are simply "counter-shaded." But all these bright-colored tropical birds have alike been called conspicuous by most naturalists. The error has been wholly based on theorizing: collectors have not found the birds easy to see in the woods; but, on the contrary, have sometimes testified to the strange elusiveness of certain brilliant kinds, such as birds of paradise. This has led to the supposition that they are aware of their dangerous brilliancy, and *hide themselves,* with the greatest care.

Brilliantly changeable or metallic colors are usually supposed to make the birds that wear them conspicuous, but nothing could be further from the truth. Iridescence is, indeed, one of the strongest factors of concealment. The quicksilver-like intershifting of many lights and colors, which the slightest motion generates on an iridescent surface, like the back of a bird or the wing of a butterfly, destroys the visibility of that wing or back as such, and causes it to blend inextricably with the gleaming and scintillating, labyrinthine-shadowed world of wind-swayed leaves and flowers. Even without motion the animal's surface, which would show all in its true place and plane if it were plainly colored, is by its iridescence dissolved into many depths and distances. Here is a bright place that stands out near and clear, there a dark area that melts away into indefinite remoteness,—and so on. Rarely does such a changeable surface, out-of-doors, reveal itself fully and truly to the eye. Hence iridescence is one of the prime fac-

FIG. 11. COMMON SKUNK (STUFFED SKIN) AGAINST BUSHES AND SKY-LINE

FIG. 12. COMMON SKUNK (STUFFED SKIN), AGAINST BUSHES AND SKY LINE

tors of obliterative coloration, and quantities of creatures profit by it, especially in the gay-colored parts of tropical woods. As a general rule, it is found on animals that spend much of their time in lively motion. Such creatures cannot profit by the more minutely detailed forms of obliterative coloration, but need a strong and simple principle to veil the conspicuousness of their movements. This

FIG. 13. WHITE-BACKED SKUNK OF THE SOUTHWESTERN PLAINS (STUFFED SKIN) AGAINST THE SKY-LINE

FIG. 14. WHITE-BACKED SKUNK (STUFFED SKIN), WITH CONTOUR OF BACK REVEALED

is found in iridescence, which has the remarkable power of independent and contrary motion. When the animal is still, the slightest change of light upon him will cause a bewildering play and movement of his colors; and when he moves, the varied dancings of his colors are far more apt to belie and perhaps conceal his motions, than to accentuate them.

Not less noteworthy than iridescence are appendages,—such as long tails, tufts, crests, etc. The concealing-power of such developments, though it may seem to the reader sufficiently obvious, has been overlooked by most naturalists, including Darwin. The principle is well stated, however, by Mrs. F. H. Eckstorm in "The Bird Book" (p. 152).

Since the simple, organic outlines of an animal's body tend to reveal it to the eyes of enemies, Nature has resorted (in effect, at least) to many devices for the concealment of those outlines. Such are various kinds of bold, contrasting patterns, one of the main effects of which is to hide the curved, characteristic forms by letting into them, as it were, bays and notches of the background, of arbitrary shape. Appendages are exactly the converse of this. They break the normal contours by extending them irregularly outward, so that, figuratively speaking, the animal is pulled out of shape, and "bridged over" into its surroundings. Some of these devices must have a remarkable power to conceal. Think for instance of the Mexican resplendent trogon, with its enormously long, green, drooping tail. How effectively delusive to a hawk, flying over a seated trogon, might be this indefinite, smooth extension of its green back into the maze of leafage!

All or almost all such developments among birds, belong to the class of generalized obliterative devices. None of them, so far as I know, serves a truly mimetic function. Mimicry, in our nomenclature, includes all cases of simple counterfeiting of the appearance of one thing by another, whether the model is animate or inanimate. Mimicry of an inanimate model is well exemplified by the famous Indian leaf-butterfly (Kallima), or the dainty little tropical bats that look marvelously like woody knots on the mangrove-branches to which they cling in groups. Or, again, the peculiar insects well named "walking sticks," the supremely wonderful flower- and leaf-simulating mantes, and certain measuring worms (geometrid lepidopterous larvæ) that stand out stiff and straight from their food-plant, like small twigs, of which they are almost perfect facsimiles

in markings, form, and color. Such cases are legion, and most of them are well known. I cite them here only to emphasize their difference from the principles of obliterative coloration, our theme.

The white rumps and tails of timid fleet mammals, the so-called "banner-marks," have a wonderful purely obliterative use, as Mr. Thayer has lately discovered. They blot out the beasts' forms against the sky when they flee before terrestrial enemies. In this, which must be considered their paramount function, they are truly background-picturing patterns, like almost all the rest. Close cousin to them, and no less wonderful in their perfect and simple potency, are the white patterns of back and *face* worn by some of the grubbing nocturnal carnivores, such as the skunks. Yet the skunk's brilliantly pied black-and-white costume has often been considered a preëminent example of conspicuous and warning coloration, a blazoned badge of the brute's noxious identity. This is the character in which the skunk's pattern has figured in many previous writings on the subject, and the discovery of the full and perfect obliterative use of this chief among supposed "showy" costumes is one of the most compelling details of the entire revelation. Figures 11, 12, 13, and 14, unaltered photographs of stuffed skunks posed out-of-doors, need but little explaining. *Seen against the sky*, the skunk's "white"[1] is always very inconspicuous and often quite invisible. This is the case even in full daylight, and at night the effect is even better.[2] Now the skunk is a nocturnal ground-beast, and preys on small terrestrial (and digging) animals of many sorts. Viewed from the low position of his little victims, he looms up against the sky, towering high and huge as an elephant would above a skunk. Then it is that his white pattern plays its wonderful obliterative part, disappearing utterly and leaving the separated black patches to look like bushes, trees or rocks relieved against the sky. See Figures 13 and 14. The dangerous head of the grubbing hunter, held close to the ground, is obliterated for the little hunted ground-beasts it approaches, up to the last moment, by its lengthwise medial white stripe, which "carries down the sky" as if between bushes. Not only skunks, but badgers and most other terrestrial grubbing carnivores, wear some form of this white head-marking, at once the antithesis and the counterpart of the ruminant's white rump, which is a fleeing-mask.

Here, in the case of these two skunks, and of the white-sterned ruminants and rodents, we have a most notable vindication of the rule, which wider research still shows infallible, that the patterns of animals work for their concealment *in the situations and aspects wherein it most profits them to be concealed.* Sky-picturing is a widely prevalent element in obliterative patterns; witness the white stripes, flecks, and patches so generally worn by tree birds, and wanting on terrestrial thicket-haunters. All these markings prove to be perfect background-pictures, and in proportion as there is more or less of sky in an animal's normal background, from the average point of view of his enemies, so, as a rule, is there more or less of sky-picturing in his pattern. Thus, when we come to the animals which might profit by concealment against unbroken sky, such as the deer and skunks above described, we find them furnished with big, immaculate "sky-patches" of extraordinary obliterative power. The reader may easily prove their power to his own satisfaction by experimenting at night with pieces of white and black paper or cloth. He will see then, if he has not before, that the widely accepted theories of "warning coloration," and "banner-marks" have been very gravely shaken by these latest revelations of the pure natural laws of obliterative pattern.

[1] In reality pale buff,—light dead-leaf-color—but so shiny as to be more than equivalent in brightness, in this view, to lusterless pure white.

[2] The top-white patterns of skunks, deer, etc., are merely their participation in the law that animals in general wear only proportioned samples of all constant elements of that background against which they *need not to show*. Most ocean birds, feeding, virtually always, on the surface of sea or sand, wear mainly the white, or pearl-color of the sky against which their small victims must necessarily see them. On the other hand, terrestrial species that are never seen by any eye that concerns them against either sky, water, or snow, never have any top white. But let the species be one which, like the skunks, coons, and badgers, have, from their prey's point of view, the pied background of foliage and sky interstices, and, behold, the front they show their prey is pied in the same proportions a most perfect simulation of their average background. Among all animals that in any way profit by concealment this law is practically unfailing.

A FORGIVENESS

BY LILY A. LONG

I

A YOUNG man, whose temperamental vividness was subdued, but not obscured, by his conventional evening dress, was running a searching look over the guests at Mrs. Sargent's reception.

"Not there, and not there," he seemed to say, as from his position of vantage on the turn of the stair he examined one section of the crowded rooms after another.

He came down slowly, and as he made his progress toward his hostess, people turned to look at him. There was something about him which challenged attention, whether it lay in the somber curve of his still young mouth, or in the intensity of his look. His very atmosphere was charged with life, but with life passionate rather than exuberant.

"Who is he?" some one murmured.

"Have n't you heard? Philip Hill. He is just back from Alaska—with a fortune."

"Oh! Was n't there some *esclandre* about him years ago?"

"Come, come! I said a fortune. You should train your memory to be more discrete."

Philip Hill, passing the open door of the library, had paused an instant, as though every unexplored corner teased him to a search; but a girl whom he did not know turned a startled and somewhat distressed face toward him from within the room, and he moved on. He had not seen the man who, beyond the angle of his vision, faced the girl.

"I should not have said that," the man was saying to the distressed girl; "but —you have been so kind that I forgot. I hoped that perhaps—"

"You promised not to bring that question up for a year," she said quickly.

"I know; but—it is hard to wait." He put down the volume that had been his pretext for bringing her here apart, and with his finger he traced nervously the lines of the tooling. "It means so much to me—if you would only just give me a word—"

"But a word would be everything! I asked you not to speak of it—or make me think of it—just so I might have time to be sure what word was the right one."

He lifted humble yet urgent eyes—the eyes of a man whose desperate need makes him press on against even more desperate odds.

"There is n't any one else, Lois?"

"Oh, *no*."

"And—you like me—a little? At least you don't dislike me? I know I 'm not good enough, I 'm only an ordinary man, and I 've never had the advantages—"

His very blundering touched something like chivalry in the girl's nature, as it often had before. If he did not mind for himself, she, for him, must not let him be so humiliated.

"It is n't that; you must n't say that, George," she urged hastily. "I have always liked you. I know how much you have done, and all that, and I honor you for it; but—"

"I—I 'd do anything in the world for you," he said urgently. "You 'd never have to ask for anything twice. I would be very good to you, Lois."

She frowned a little. "I don't think I want you to say that, either. It would n't be a question of being *comfortable* with the man I—loved." Her voice quivered at the word, and her face blossomed suddenly as at the touch of sunshine. It was only the quivering of her nature at the great mystery, but George

Webb, for all his humility, could not believe such tenderness to be impersonal. He looked up with sudden hope.

"Lois!"

"No!—not yet. Not till the year is up."

"That will be in three months. Oh, Lois, how can I wait?"

Miss Lowry, a lady whose fifty-odd years had not served to chill her interest in the game of life, watched to catch Philip Hill's eye, and then beckoned to him with her jeweled fan. She was one of the few people in St. Andrews who had known him in the pre-Alaskan days, and one of the fewer whom he might call his friends.

"You must n't act as though you thought the whole duty of man at a modern reception is to stand around and look picturesque. Come and entertain me. What have you been doing all evening?"

Hill dropped into the chair beside her, and laughed with something of the mischievous amusement of a school-boy.

"I 've been talking—a great deal. I have made up about twelve years' arrears. That 's merely counting the length of my stories. As to their tallness—I am not sure I have n't even drawn on my future."

"You don't mean to say you have been telling *yarns* to Lois Warren! An utter waste, I assure you."

"Which was Lois Warren?"

"The young woman yonder, near the azaleas. I saw you bring her an ice."

"Oh, is that her name?" He turned to look at the girl. "I 'm going to get people horribly mixed. She somehow did n't make any definite impression on me. I suppose a peony would attract my barbarian attention sooner than a pink-and-white azalea."

Miss Lowry's quizzical eyes glinted.

"Poor Lois! She 's from New England. Well, what else are you going to do now, besides mixing people up?"

A sudden veil dropped over the light behind Hill's eyes. With obvious obtuseness he echoed:

"Do?"

"Yes. Why did you come back to St. Andrews—especially?"

"One must live somewhere."

"Quite true. And St. Andrews has no more disadvantages than any other agglomeration of two hundred thousand souls. But—what are you going to do to George Webb?"

His veiled eyes still met hers smilingly, though some subtle change had taken all the carelessness out of his smile.

"Why should I have anything to do to George Webb—or with him?"

"Philip, you have learned to be secretive."

"I have probably learned many ungracious things."

"But to me?"

"Dear Miss Lowry," he said quite softly, and looking away, "don't think that I have ever forgotten your goodness to a wretched boy."

"I am glad to have you admit that your memory has not failed you," she retorted dryly. "That being the case, what are you going to do to George Webb?"

He laughed in frank amusement.

"You melodramatic lady! What would you suggest? I 'm terribly handicapped by the times and the manners of St. Andrews, in the first place. If I had him in Eagle City, now! But here, even with all the good will in the world, I can't very well challenge him to a duel, or provoke a fist-fight, or stab him of a dark night, or do anything else really satisfying to poetic justice. Do you see my way clear to doing anything more deadly than letting him alone?"

Miss Lowry looked at him with unconcealed dissatisfaction.

"Philip, if you think to pass yourself off to me as a milk-and-water young man, you are implying no compliment to my skill in physiognomy; and if you want my countenance—"

"In such a course as you are suggesting? *Dear* Miss Lowry, whatever opinion you may have of me, I think too highly of you to dream for a moment of involving you in any such blood-thirsty medievalism."

"How good of you!" She fell back from the attack for a moment, baffled, looking for a weak point in his defense. "Remember," she said, "I always respect a confidence, but if you refuse me your confidence I shall find out for myself—and finding 's keeping."

"Oh, if you will *keep* it—"

Drawn by F. C. Yohn. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"'I DO NOT WISH EVER TO SEE YOU AGAIN.'" (SEE PAGE 272)

"I won't—unless I like. You 'd be wiser to tell me."

"Was there ever such a temptress? I have n't even seen George Webb since I returned. He is n't here." His searching look swept the room again.

"You came on the chance of seeing him?" she demanded eagerly.

"I came because you honored me by securing an invitation for me."

She looked at him steadily until he broke into an amused laugh.

"You might tell me something about him, since you insist upon my having a sinister interest in his affairs. He is in business here—and prospering?"

"Like a wicked bay-tree. He came back to St. Andrews from New York just after—" She hesitated, and he helped her out smoothly:

"Just after I had been expelled from college, and had completed my ruin and killed my father by leaving for parts unknown. Yes, I knew he came here and went into business for himself. He had come into a little capital." His voice was even and his eye careless, but Miss Lowry saw a small vein on his temple suddenly outline itself like a heavy cord.

"Well, he has gone on prospering from that time," she said sharply.

"That is to his credit."

"It is n't to the credit of Providence."

"No," he conceded smilingly; "it is probably due to his unassisted efforts."

"And unhindered."

Hill shrugged his shoulders slightly, in acknowledgment of her pertinacity.

"Is he invited here—for instance?"

"Yes."

Involuntarily Hill half rose, and she added, after a sufficient pause:

"But he left early. I think possibly he saw you."

"Pooh! He has not your imagination. Has he married? I hope not."

"No." She gave a little laugh that made him turn a waiting look toward her. "It is n't his fault that he has n't. He has been trying for a long time to marry Lois Warren."

"Oh, that girl I did n't pay any attention to?" He glanced toward the azaleas, but she was no longer there. "Well?"

"She has him on probation. Now, let this be a lesson to you, Philip, on the dangers of withholding your confidence. Lois is a dear friend of mine, and if she had *told* me anything about her affairs, I would sooner die than speak of them. But she is like you: she prefers to keep her own counsel, and I could n't help happening to glance in her direction occasionally, could I? George Webb is desperately in love."

"And she?"

"She is n't. But she has had to defend him so often against her indiscrete friends—"

He looked up so sharply that she caught up her sentence with a laugh. "Oh, you suspicious man! I have never told her anything except that I could n't tolerate him. I have a right to my private dislikes, have n't I? But I 'm afraid that it has had the effect of making her feel that he was misunderstood, and that such humble devotion as his is in itself a sort of a claim. He *is* humbly devoted. I have an intuition that she has set the time-clock for June!"

Philip Hill leaned back in his chair with a look of polite interest.

"He can make himself very attractive, when he tries," he commented. "I only wonder that Miss Warren considered it necessary to keep him so long on probation."

"Well—he does n't exactly belong to her caste. She is Brahmin, and he is—late-renaissance. That 's one reason why winning her would mean so much. His feeling goes deeper than his heart: it touches his vanity. She and her family represented the utterly unattainable, all the mystery and glory of a guessed-at world, in the days when the Webb family did n't exactly know what to do with napkins at the table."

Hill laughed. "If you judge by such standards, I shall never dare to give you any intimate account of my life in the Klondike. Napkins, quotha!"

"Oh, that 's different. A napkin stands to you as one of the minor conveniences in living. It stands to George Webb as a symbol of the higher life."

"And now Miss Warren has personified the symbol?"

"Exactly."

"And you think he really cares for the higher life?"

"In that form, yes; tremendously.

And it is n't all ambition, either. He really cares. I suppose we have to admit that a man may be dishonorable in business and still fall madly in love when his time comes. I think he would give his soul to marry Lois."

Philip was listening. Of that there could be no doubt; but his words were wholly careless.

"Oh, a man may be dishonorable in business, and still make a model husband. Let us hope for the best, even if we always believe the worst. The new combinations we can make out of the same old human nature keep the game interesting."

HALF an hour later Miss Lowry had a glimpse of Philip across the room that made her suddenly pause. He was talking with an animation that lighted up his uncommonly striking face as with an inner flame. Even in repose he always suggested power; when interested, no one else in the room seemed worth looking at. He was life, with all its command and its fascination. But it was not Philip's animated face alone which gave Miss Lowry startled pause, and then brought a wicked gleam into her intelligent eyes. It was the fact that the girl who listened, with surprise and wonder and something like awe in her look, was Lois Warren.

"So *that* is the way he is going to do it!" Miss Lowry said to herself, with swift recognition of the significance of the tableau. "And he decries medievalism! He could give points to the Medici. I *knew* that sort of mouth meant something."

PHILIP HILL'S wooing of Lois Warren was almost operatic in its brilliancy and swiftness. From the evening on which he first met her at Mrs. Sargent's he laid siege to her heart with a frankness and a *savoir-faire* that rather took the breath of the staid people of St. Andrews. Everybody watched him, everybody discussed him and his extravagant methods, everybody was sure from the beginning of his success. For such a wooing to fail would have been an affront to all true sentiment. Never before had a quiet girl been so suddenly lifted upon a pedestal, so worshiped. The atmosphere of fairy-tales was folded about her, the rainbows of romance were torn from their setting to make a pathway for her feet, and the dreams which every girl hides breathlessly in her heart were proved to be pale and inadequate visions beside this ardent reality.

"There is n't another man in St. Andrews who could do it without making himself ridiculous," the interested observers commented over their tea-cups. "But Mr. Hill does it so *well!* It is like seeing it done on the stage."

"It argues previous experience," said Myra Moody. Miss Moody was an incipient novelist, and for the nonce she was cultivating the cynical style.

"Oh, no doubt about *that*. You know what a reputation he has. Why, he was expelled from college."

"It makes one realize what a colorless thing virtue is," said Myra, and she had her reward when the shocked ladies looked at her askance and murmured:

"Oh, my dear!"

Lois Warren did not analyze the situation even to herself. She simply yielded to the most powerful influence her life had ever known. The touch of awe she had felt that first evening never faded. There was always something dazzling about Philip, something unfathomed and wonderful. She could not ignore what was made plain to the whole town, nor doubt the sentiment which spoke in every tone and glance; but his nature was a veiled one, and its mysteries were never made plain to her. Yet if she kept him from the irrevocableness of words, it was less from doubt, either of him or of herself, than from pity for George Webb. For through those weeks Webb "went shaking and white," and the heart of Lois, more tender to his pain than formerly to his love, ached in sympathy. He had put up no fight at all, and Lois thought she understood why. His self-distrust, a consciousness of his own lack of certain qualities that the men about him possessed, was always keeping him back. He was crude, she would admit, but there were worse things in the world than that. She had championed him so often that she had even grown used to the idea that it might be her mission in life to undertake his higher education. He adored her and he needed

her. There is only one claim more powerful, and to this Lois had heretofore been a stranger. Now she knew, with the vision of the illumined, that George's hopes had slipped down among the things that are for evermore impossible, and she felt the agony of the silence into which he had withdrawn so sensitively that she, too, veiled herself in silence—a symbolic mourning for his dead.

But one day, when the first of June was still two weeks away, Philip spoke. He had brought a little nugget of Alaskan gold to show her.

"That was the first piece of gold I found," he said, unrolling the bit of paper that held it. "I can't make you understand what it meant to me unless you remember that I was a sort of outlaw from my own world, and that a fortune seemed to hold the only possible way of getting—even again. I *prayed* over that nugget. It was probably a heathenish prayer,—I am not at all sure in which direction it was addressed,—but it was desperately earnest. I have always carried that dull little lump as a visible reminder of that vow."

"I understand," Lois said softly.

Philip's inscrutable smile hinted at an inner doubt, but after a moment he said, looking straight into her eyes:

"Lately the fancy came to me that I should like to have my wife's wedding-ring made of that gold. Lois—will you wear it?"

"Oh, are you sure you—want me?" she faltered.

His hand closed upon hers.

"More than anything else in all the world," he said. The fervor and triumph in his voice thrilled her soul.

When he left Lois he went straight to Miss Lowry.

"Congratulate me," he said.

That lady slipped a marker into the play she had been reading, and scrutinized him through contracted eyes.

"You handsome heathen!" she said. "So Lois prefers you to George Webb?"

He met her look without answering.

"Yes, I congratulate you. Lois is a dear girl—a thousand times too good for George, as I have told her many times. I think she is probably too good for you, also."

The excited triumph in his eyes darkened for a moment.

"At any rate, I save her from Webb."

"Yes. Oh, there are good points about you, Philip. I don't say that I am not congratulating her, too. And now I suppose you want the news of your engagement made as widely known as possible?"

He smiled at her.

"Would you like to have me arrange a screen scene, so that you may hear how he takes it?"

His lip curled. "I don't ever want to come near enough to touch him." Impatiently he walked across the room and stood glowering at the Hermes on the book-case until her voice recalled him.

"When are you to be married?"

He looked startled. "I don't know. That 's as Miss Warren may decide, of course."

"What are you going to do this summer?"

"I don't know."

"Are Lois and her mother going out to the lake again?"

"I don't think I 've heard her say."

Miss Lowry looked at him quizzically.

"Lois is a girl of spirit, Philip. The story of the man who stopped running when he had caught his car would not appeal to her. For your own sake, be just a little careful."

"Thank you," he said somewhat shortly. The dull red surged slowly up under his brown skin.

II

The Warrens went out of town the first of June, and established themselves for the summer at a lake cottage not far from St. Andrews. Philip, perhaps mindful of Miss Lowry's warning, perhaps more spontaneously, found a nearby hotel from which he could easily go over to see Lois. They golfed and played tennis, rowed and read poetry, discussed their friends and the philosophy of life, and even, in time, ventured to be silent together.

So June went by in a soft tumult of hurrying growth. July, more self-aware, began to mint her sunshine secretly in unconfessed laboratories, and August, calm and content, already saw the guaranty of endless futures in the yellowing glow of

her fields. Lois, at first tremulous with the wonder of life, grew sweetly assured with the steadying year, till her shyness was even bold enough to laugh at itself in words.

"How did I ever *dare* to say I would marry you?" she suddenly demanded one day. They had been discussing the French stage, but her question did not strike her as irrelevant. "You might have been so different—I did n't really *know* you; and I could n't bear to have you an atom different in any way."

"I don't know that we deserve any special credit, either of us," Philip said. The summer had subtly changed him, also. The somber look had softened and given place to an air of quiet which might almost have been peace. They were sitting in the shade of an oak, on a little hillside overlooking the lake, and Philip turned from her to look out, with absent vision, over the water, as he repeated soberly, "We did n't either of us know."

"You remember that evening at Mrs. Sargent's?"

"Oh, yes, *I* remember."

"I have often wondered what it could have been that made you notice me that evening. I noticed you, of course, because you were a stranger, and I had heard stories—heard about you, I mean. But you had n't heard of me; and I was one of a hundred."

"One in a hundred."

"But at the *very* first you did n't know it. You talked to me for ten minutes when we were introduced without looking at me. You were not particularly brilliant. I wondered how any one who looked so interesting could talk *so*. Yes, I did! Then, when the evening was just coming to an end, you hunted me up—oh, do you remember that? I think everything was settled then—everything for all the rest of our lives—in about five minutes, though I did n't know it. Is n't it all wonderful!"

Philip nodded without speaking. The absent look had left his eyes, and a flush had come over his sunburnt face. She noted it, with a woman's keen eye for the slightest indicia of emotion in a face she loves.

"Philip, there is something I want to ask you."

There was just the hint of a startled pause on his part before he turned toward her with a look of guarded composure.

"Anything—of course."

"I wish you would tell me *your* story about that college escapade—whatever it was. Of course you know that I have heard there was some sort of—row—"

"The facts are simply that I was expelled from college for misconduct during my freshman year. That 's why I am so ignorant."

"You are not ignorant."

"On that side I am. It ruined the man I might have been, at any rate."

"What was the misconduct?"

He did not answer. His face had so changed that it was easy to believe he could not speak.

"It makes you *angry* to think of it," Lois said swiftly, leaning toward him. "By that I know that somehow you were wronged. If it had been merely your own wrong, you would be sorry and ashamed, but not angry. That 's what I have seen before—that 's why I want to know the truth, not the facts. You may not want to accuse any one to the world; what does the world care? But—*me!*" She reached forward to slip her hand into the half-open hand he had flung out upon the sward. His fingers closed over it, and he drew it to his lips, which now were smiling.

"I don't quite see why you go through the formality of asking anything, you wise woman."

"Oh, but I want details, too. I want to revel in the knowledge that I am with you on the little island where you have been standing alone so long. Tell it to me just as you tell it to yourself."

He let her hand go, and braced his shoulders against the trunk of the oak.

"Well—I was a fool, chiefly. If I had had sense—but I was a motherless boy, and I had always run wild. I never discovered a wall until after I had knocked my head against it. My father I adored, but I could no more have approached him familiarly than I could have been insolent to him. He was a physician, and too honest ever to grow rich. It was the great desire of his heart that I should have the college education which he had missed. I knew from the time I was a baby that that was the great object of both our lives. To help raise the money,

he sold his practice in the East, and came to St. Andrews to begin everything anew. When I was ready for college, he deposited the money in my name in a bank in the college town. It was to be drawn as I needed it for my college expenses. You see how he trusted me."

"He would n't have done that if you had n't always proved trustworthy," she said softly.

"Perhaps; I don't know. He had a theory about developing responsibility. At any rate, that 's how things were. I went to college, and for the first few months all went well. Then I fell in with—with rather a fast set of young men. I did n't have sense or experience enough to distrust them, for I was really a pretty innocent kid, in spite of having a reputation for wildness. They played cards in a businesslike way that I had never seen before, and there were late suppers after the theater, and more or less drinking. You can imagine the process. I was flattered to be sought out by older men, and full of self-confidence. One morning I woke up with a splitting head and a sense of oppression that was like a nightmare, and which gradually resolved itself into an indistinct recollection that I had been gambling the night before, and that I had given a check to cover my losses. I tried to remember, and then I roused myself and went to—to the man I had played with—"

He stopped for a moment, as though the black mood again strangled his words.

"I could n't find him at first. He was keeping out of my way. But when I did, he told me, with a show of surprise at my forgetfulness, that I had given my check for an amount which equaled every cent I had to my credit in the bank. He had already cashed the check. He taunted me with playing the baby act—talked about trying to sneak out of a debt of honor, and sneered at me for not proving to be a dead-game sport. I tried to fight him, but I was only a drunken boy, and he threw me out into the street. I was half-mad, I suppose. Certainly I made myself quite mad with drink. When I came to my senses at last, I had been playing the fool generally, there was a great row, and I had been expelled from college."

"Who was the man?" she asked, with fierce intensity. He turned to her with a flashing smile.

"You must n't ask me that. I could n't tell, you know, after having prejudiced you so against him."

"Did you never tell any one?"

"I wish I had n't; but I did tell Miss Lowry. She was in New York at the time. I had no mother, you know, and Miss Lowry had always been very good to me. But this went beyond her help. It was so serious that I could n't see anything for it but to run away to Alaska and make a fortune to replace the money that I had lost. I went. I did n't leave my address with any one, and I did n't hear from home for four months. Then I received a bunch of St. Andrews papers I had sent for, and there I read the notice of my father's death."

"Oh, that was *too* cruel!" cried Lois with tears in her voice. "How could you bear it!"

"I think it merely put the seal of finality upon my bitterness. It took away the possibility of what I had hoped,—to make a reparation,—and so left me nothing but a desire for vengeance. For years I worked desperately, with no conscious object except sometime, somehow, to get even with the man who had trapped me. I have n't been much of anything since the day I read that death notice but an embodied hate."

"Until now," she whispered urgently.

He turned to look at her with a half-sad smile. "Even yet I can't forgive him, for I should be better worth your love if I were not such an ignorant fellow—and that lies at his door."

"But I would not have you an atom different. I can't imagine caring a bit for you if you parted your hair half an inch more to the right or left."

"I 'm glad I satisfy you in essentials like that, but unless you distinctly prefer an ignoramus, I think I 'd be more comfortable myself if I could understand what you are saying when you talk about books, and lofty subjects like that."

"P-o-o-h!"

"Oh, that 's all very well, but even if a man is decently humble, he hates to have his girl know how much more she

knows than he does. You mentioned Marcus Aurelius the other evening, and I 've been wondering ever since whether I could n't slip up to town and look him up in the encyclopedia. Beyond a general impression that the gentleman took time from his regular job of governing Rome to provide material for the future calendar-maker, I don't know what, when, or where he was. It 's humiliating."

Lois laughed softly.

"He 's there at your hand—that blue book with gold medallions on the cover. We can read it together."

"I 'd rather have you tell me about it."

Lois picked up the book and fluttered the pages with a shyly mischievous look.

"Well, he was writing down his thoughts for the calendar-makers, you know, and he began by recording his thanks for the things that he had learned from various people,—from his grandfather, and his father, and his mother, and his teachers, and his friends. From some he learned to love philosophy, and from some to desire a plank bed and a skin, and from some not to walk about in the house in his outdoor dress, and from some equanimity and self-control. And he thanks the gods for his good associates, and also for his lack of proficiency in rhetoric and poetry, since he might have become completely engaged with them if he had seen that he was making progress, whereas he was destined for other things."

He shot her a sidelong glance under his eyelashes.

"You mean that for me, young lady."

"Well—I should be sorry if college had cut Alaska out of your life."

Philip threw himself back upon the grass, his curly head resting upon his clasped hands. Overhead the talkative leaves were doing their best to explain something to him. Lois also went on trying to explain something to him. His wide-eyed quiet was so alluring that she discoursed at some length, flattered by his attentiveness, until presently a question hung in the air unanswered.

"You are not listening," she cried accusingly.

"I am doing nothing but listen."

"What have I been saying?"

He considered.

"I don't know the outside words of it. But I heard what you were saying, just as I heard the leaves. Songs without words, you know."

She looked doubtful. "If that 's all you care about, I might as well be reciting Mother Goose to you. Perhaps I have n't a thought worth mentioning, but you might go through the form of looking as though you thought I were saying something."

"Oh, you *say* things," he answered abstractedly.

He got upon his feet and walked a little apart, pausing as if to view the scenery. Then he came back and began methodically to gather up their scattered books, though she had said nothing of returning to the cottage.

"You *say* things all right," he repeated in that curious inner voice.

A small boy of the neighborhood, who had taken to himself the joyous duties of letter-carrier, came running up the slope.

"Only eleven letters for you this morning, Miss Lois. Guess your friends must be forgetting 'bout you. There was a letter for you, too, Mr. Hill, so I brought it along, 'cause I thought you might happen to be here, just by accident." And he grinned in delighted enjoyment of his innuendo.

"The Boy Guessed Right," said Philip, lightly, taking his letter.

It was only a one-page letter, but Philip was still looking at it when Lois had finished her eleven, with running comments.

"Myra Moody writes that she is coming out to spend to-morrow with me," she said, as she folded up the last. "I 'm so glad. She 's a clever girl. I hope you 'll like her."

"I sha'n't be here to-morrow. I 'm going in to town."

"Oh, how horrid! Was that what your one wretched little letter had to say?"

"Yes, it is from my lawyer. He is looking after some investments for me."

"No bad news, I hope. You look so —serious."

Philip laughed. "I 'd never dare to play poker with you. How far in do you see, anyhow?"

"Then it *is* bad news?"

"No—except that it is going to take

me away from you. That 's enough to look serious over." He threw himself down beside her and pressed her hand against his cheek with sudden and intense emotion. "I can't imagine anything more serious than that."

The next morning Philip went to town on the early train, and as Lois turned back alone from the station, the desolateness of the whole countryside struck on her nerves with the sharpness of a revelation. The dew was on the grass, and the sky was limpidly blue—but what of it? The birds were chattering, a squirrel looped his way from branch to branch before her eyes, and something unseen rustled among the bushes beside the path—but what of it?

"The whole world seems to have stopped," she mused. "It is almost terrible to have *everything* center in him. It—hurts. And yet I would n't have it otherwise. I don't want to see except with his eyes, or to think or feel or live except with his life."

But when Myra Moody came out by a later train, Lois found that she still had an interest in life. She had gone on many a quest with the hungry little romance-hunter, in the old days before she knew phantoms from realities.

"Are you writing anything now?" she asked, as they settled themselves under the oak for a girl's confidential talk.

"That 's what I chiefly came out to see you about. I 've got a stunning plot, but I don't know whether to work it up for a short story or a novel or to try it for a play. If you can detach your mind sufficiently from the one and only True Romance—"

"Oh, nonsense! Just try me."

"My hero is a man who has been wronged, bitterly and past forgiveness, by the villain of the piece. He waits years for a chance to get his revenge, but he 's a civilized man, so no crude personal violence would satisfy him. He just waits for fate to help him out. Then the villain falls in love—really desperately in love, you know, with a nice girl. It is his one chance for personal salvation. If he wins her, he will be spiritually regenerated, and if he fails in that, he is going to be everlastingly damned. It is his one chance. He knows it, and stakes everything on that one throw. The hero knows it, too, and sees his chance for vengeance. He cuts in and wins the girl himself. See the beautiful complication?"

Lois looked startled. "But—he loves her, too, does n't he?" she asked.

"No; that 's the point. He does n't care a rap for *her*. She is simply his means of reaching the other man. Then, after they are married, of course she finds out that he does n't love her and never did—"

"Myra, that 's horrible."

"There 's grip in it, is n't there?" said Myra, delightedly. "You look actually absorbed—more than mere politeness would demand. If I can make the girl seem really nice and really *real,* you know, so that it will wring your heart to see her fooled—"

"I don't like your plot. It is too cruel. You have an inhuman imagination—"

"It is n't my imagining," Myra said desolately. "I wish it were. Then I 'd know just how to end it. But it 's a real situation, and I 'm afraid the seam between the facts and my imagination will show. Miss Lowry gave me the outline. She once knew such a situation in real life. Lois, what is the matter? You 're looking simply ghastly. Here, put your head down. Our walk in the sun was too much for you. Can I get you anything?"

Lois lay perfectly still for a long minute. Then she opened her white lips to say, "There are some salts in my room, if you don't mind."

Myra flew to the cottage. By the time she returned with the violet salts and a small glass of sherry, Lois was sitting up; but she drank the wine with a certain fierce eagerness, as a sick man takes his bitter potion. Her forehead was damp and cold.

"What was the matter?" asked Myra, anxiously.

"A sudden—queer feeling all over. Never mind me. I 'll pull together in a few minutes. Go on talking. Tell me more about your plot. Tell me all that Miss Lowry told you, and everything else. I just want to listen, without talking."

And Myra, reassured by her friend's returning color, talked of romance and realism, local color and literary proba-

bilities, and had a very interesting afternoon, in spite of Lois's unusual quiet. She rather hoped that Lois might urge her to spend the night, and give her a chance to study two engaged lovers at close range, but Lois did n't mention it.

"Happiness makes people sort of oblivious," the little story-teller reflected. "She is so absorbed in her own affairs that she does n't realize what it would mean to me in the way of material. That 's a point to remember, anyhow."

And under the shield of talk that meant nothing, Lois spent the hours pulling her forces together.

"I must be strong—and quiet," she kept saying to herself. "I *will* be strong and quiet. I must hold myself steady until I have a chance to ask him—to see how he looks when I ask him. O *God*, help me to keep steady!"

He came when the long shadows were beginning to fall across the sward. She had waited for him under the oak, and as he came toward her with quickened step and glowing face, the beauty of him wrenched at her heart until she could have cried aloud for the pain of it.

"Glad to see me, sweetheart?" he asked gaily. Then, suddenly: "What is the matter?"

"I want to ask you something," she said, with stiff lips. "Was—was George Webb the man who cheated you at college?"

He stood suddenly arrested, with keen inquiry in the look he bent upon her. "Yes," he said quietly.

"And when you—sought me out, was it because you thought *that* would be the surest way of getting your revenge?"

The color flamed over his face. He made a step toward her, but she checked him rather by a look than by any gesture.

"I just want a straight answer to that question—yes or no."

"Yes; but—"

"I don't think that I care to hear anything more."

"But I insist on your hearing more. I am sorry and ashamed—"

She drew a sharp breath. "Don't! I can't bear it. I was so proud of you. That is worse than knowing that you have simply used me for your own purposes when I believed—oh, I *can't* talk about it." She drew his ring from her finger, and put it down on the rustic table under the tree. "I can never see you again."

"But, Lois! I *do* love you! Whatever it may have been at the beginning, surely you must know—"

She swept him with a look of contemptuous scorn.

"Surely you must know that that is an insult. There has been nothing between us but a trick. I do not wish ever to see you again. I shall be glad when I have quite forgotten you."

At that he took up the ring.

III

THE worst of having the world stop is that one is not freed from the empty shell. Life persists, and the forms of living which have suddenly become meaningless must still be maintained. Lois felt that if she could have fled to the desert and been alone with her hurt, it would have been easier to bear things. But here she was ringed about with eyes whose watchful kindness must be endured. For very pride she could not mourn; for very sorrow she could not be angry. She could only set the seal of silence upon thought itself, and give all her strength to holding herself in quietness until the bitter tide should ebb.

The first of October she went back to St. Andrews with her mother, and the old order of living was taken up. But the different look which the whole world wore made her realize how the breath of change had blown over Eden. Philip had gone out of her life, but his modes of thought had become a part of the very fiber of her nature. And with the return to town, where at any moment she might see him, she found it increasingly difficult to keep him out of her thoughts. Day by day the wonder pressed if he was near, if, turning this street corner, she might see him, if the sun and the rain and the wind that touched her reached out also to touch him. His name was not mentioned, for the knowledge of their broken engagement sealed the lips of her friends, and half-unconsciously, half by intention, she had kept away from Miss Lowry.

Then one day, as she stepped aboard a street car, she saw Miss Lowry sitting alone near the front, and after a moment's hesitation she went up and sat beside her.

"Good girl!" said Miss Lowry, with a whimsical smile. "I wondered when you were coming to see me."

"I have n't been back very long."

"I know. George Webb told me yesterday all about your movements. In fact, he rather flaunted his familiarity with your affairs."

Lois's eyebrows contracted.

"Are you going to take him up again?" Miss Lowry pursued calmly.

"No."

"Then the summer has not been in vain, whatever happens. I always told you that your generosity blinded you in that direction, you know."

"You might have told me *why* you thought so," Lois cried involuntarily. There was more confession in her voice than she had ever meant.

Miss Lowry looked at her with quiet scrutiny, and gave inward thanks that the car was virtually empty.

"Well, in the first place, I could n't, because Philip had bound me not to tell or hint a word of that story, and aside from that, there was nothing but atmosphere. I don't understand now why Philip told you. It was n't necessary."

"He only told me half. Myra told me the other half, in that plot you gave her."

Miss Lowry's glasses fell into her lap.

"That 's what comes of Philip's secretiveness," she said ruefully, as she readjusted them. "I *told* him it would be safer to take me into his confidence."

"You need n't mind my finding it out. That 's the only point about the whole thing that is as it should be."

They traveled a block before either spoke again. Then Miss Lowry, who had been cogitating, remarked blandly, "Well, my dear, you are well out of the whole thing. Philip is too headstrong and self-willed to make any woman happy; for women like men to be reasonable, and they have a right to ask that much, Heaven knows. Philip would have to die and be made over to make him reasonable. He will always be going off on some queer tangent. The way he saved Webb's business last month, and then blackballed him at the club afterward was very characteristic."

"I don't know what you mean."

"Why, Webb was on the verge of bankruptcy, and Philip advanced the money to put him on his feet. At first blush that looks Christian, does n't it? It rather made me gasp. Then I heard that when Webb's name came up a few days later for the club, Philip kept him from an election; so I concluded he was not changed beyond recognition. He simply saved his old enemy's business life with the same lordly impersonality with which he would have pulled him out from under the wheels of a runaway in the street. Then he flicked off the dust of the incident."

Lois listened, with the color coming and going in her face. "But he did save him?"

"Yes, that fact remains, explain it how you will."

"How do you know?"

"Well, Philip did n't tell me, or I should respect his confidence; and Webb did n't tell me, because he does n't know to this day where the money came from. He thinks his lawyer managed a clever loan. I think it is just as well for me to keep the rest to myself."

"Do you know when he did it? Was it before—?"

"He arranged it that day Myra went out to see you. I remember, because she spoke of missing him at the lake."

Lois sat for some time absorbed in thought, while Miss Lowry, in her own mind, performed a little burial service over her sacrificed secret. "You 'll never know what I 've done for you this day, Lois. Ah me, that was out of the confidential pigeonhole!"

But when they reached Miss Lowry's corner, she had quite recovered her poise. "Come in and have a cup of tea with me, Lois. Ah, do!"

Lois went. As they entered the hall of Miss Lowry's little flat, that lady gave a swift glance at the hat-rack, and pushed Lois gently before her.

"Go into the drawing-room, dear. I 'll get—the hot water." And she disappeared into her bedroom and shut the door.

Lois went on to the little drawing-

room at the end of the hall, and found herself face to face with Philip Hill. Her first impulse to flee was arrested by the swift change that flashed over his unguarded face. All the unseen choirs of the universe broke out into song as she saw how his eyes fell to veil their longing, and, bold with a courage not her own, she went on to where he stood.

"Philip, *why* did you give that money to George Webb?"

He stared at her in amazement.

"I know what you did; I want to know why you did it. Oh, don't stop to think whether you ought to tell me, or how I know, or anything else. Just tell me that one thing—why, *why?*"

"Because I did n't want to be under obligations to him, chiefly."

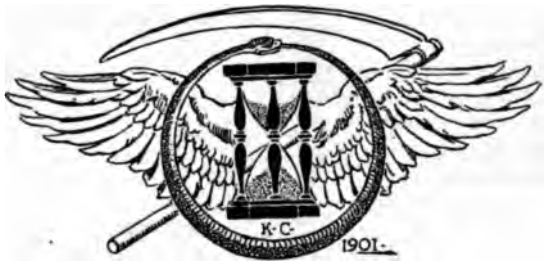
"Obligations? You?"

"I would n't have minded being in debt to another man, but you know my feeling toward him. After our talk about Marcus Aurelius and his gratitudes that day, I had thought to myself that I owed more gratitude to Webb than to any one else in the world, because if it had not been for him I would not have found you—and that was the greatest thing in my life—incomparably the greatest. So, when I heard that he was in a tight place, I saw I had a chance to clear scores so that I might be justified in forgetting him. I wanted to forget him utterly."

Lois drew off her gloves with nervous little pulls.

"When we are married, Philip," she said, "you must learn to talk to me. Mind-reading is all very well for ordinary things, and I 'm willing to do my share of it; but when it comes to really important matters, it 's safer—"

But the rest was lost, for the hard beating of Philip's heart drowned her words.



ON BROADWAY

BY GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK

GREAT jewels glitter like a wondrous rain
Of pearl and ruby in the women's hair;
The men beside them drag a golden chain,
As though they walked in freedom. In the glare,
Luxurious-cushioned wheels a revel-train
Where kings of song with weary feet have trod,
And Poe, sad priest to beauty and to pain,
Bore through the night the Vision and the God.
Yet perhaps now in this assemblage vast,
In some poor heart sounds the enraptured chord,
And staggering homeward from a hopeless quest,
The God-anointed touched me,—yea, a guest,
From song's high mansion,—and mine eyes have passed
Without salute the vessel of the Lord.

GENERAL GRANT'S LAST DAYS

BY GEORGE F. SHRADY, M.D.

One of his Consulting Surgeons

SECOND PAPER

SEEING General Grant so frequently, I had reasonable opportunities for studying his moods and becoming acquainted with his views on many subjects. The topics were for the most part introduced by himself, and there was a freedom in their discussion that was in strange contrast with his general reputation for studied reserve. His insight into character and motive was the outgrowth of long and varied experience with men and circumstances, and was always edifying to the listener. In recognizing fully the hopelessness of his physical ailment, and that the mortal issue was a mere question of time, there was a sad sincerity in his reflections that allowed no doubt of their weight and accuracy. At times he appeared to talk for posterity, that he might leave behind him some testimony that would be suggestive or useful to others.

It will be easily taken for granted that he had a great burden to bear in the contemplation of the ultimate doom that awaited him. Although he defiantly and bravely awaited the final termination of his sufferings, there were many occasions when he became mentally depressed. At such times he was ominously silent, and would sit gazing abstractedly into space, and be in essence and substance the silent and introspective man. When attempts were made to arouse him from such depressing reveries he would merely reply in monosyllables, as if desiring in a courteous way to be left to himself. Often, in apparent desperation, he would take to a game of solitaire, and for hours would be quietly fighting a battle with himself.

During these periods of depression he was incapable of fixing his mind on his "Memoirs," and often after an ineffectual effort would give up in despair. He was then aware of having lost his grip on himself, and would wait patiently and uncomplainingly for an opportunity to recover it. What seemed to annoy him most was the teasing pain in his throat and his difficulty in swallowing. When these symptoms were prominent, the mental depression was proportionately pronounced. His only concern was lest he might choke in his sleep. This possibility was so constantly in his thoughts that it was frequently necessary to comfort him with positive assurances to the contrary. His "choking spells" so often mentioned in the bulletins were nevertheless very distressing, and, although temporarily demoralizing to his pluck, were never attended with immediate danger of absolute suffocation.

Still these conditions worried him, and it was often a matter of surprise to those about him that he could at any time do any work whatever. His quietly determined struggle to do his best was a wholesome object lesson for all. For hours, while stubbornly working at his desk, he would deny himself a drink of water rather than trust to the chance of special pain in swallowing it.

Although he expressed firm belief in Christianity, he was in some sense a fatalist. Often, in speaking of his malady, he would say: "It was to have been." His was a Christianity that taught him to submit to whatever might come. Religion supported him on one side, and philosophy on the other. Thus conditioned, he was naturally tolerant of the views of

others. Sects to him were differences in methods rather than in principles. In speaking of this subject he remarked that latitude in religious thought and freedom of its expression were the foundations of true liberty in any government. The worship of God according to conscience was also the fundamental principle of all religions. The real point to be considered was whether a man was doing the most with the light that was given him. The Methodist form of worship appealed to him for its simplicity. The argument in favor of faith in the supernatural was the peace, comfort, and safety of its acceptance.

Although strictly reverential, he was not what might be called an enthusiastically devout Christian. When the Rev. Dr. Newman, his pastor and friend, called to pray with him, he was always pleased to see him, would be the first to kneel to the devotional exercise, and afterward would always in a quiet and humble way converse with his spiritual adviser on spiritual affairs. There could be no doubt of a great bond of sympathy between these two men, who, from long association, understood each other perfectly.

Grant's respect for religion was quite consistent with his high moral attributes. It has been most truly said of him that he was never profane or vulgar. His friends and intimates can bear ample testimony to this commendable part of his private character. He had promised his mother never to utter an oath, and had faithfully kept his word. He could be emphatic enough in his conversation, his orders, and his writing, to make oaths of any kind entirely unnecessary. No one who knew the man would venture a questionable story in his presence. On one occasion, after a dinner, a guest, in venturing an anecdote, asked in a furtive way if any ladies were within hearing. The General, then President of the United States, simply replied: "No; but there are some gentlemen present," and showed his readiness to leave the room.

The other side of Grant's character and his belief in "What was to be, would be," presented a much more positive aspect. His explanations of the reasons why such should be the case were, however, more of a material than of a spiritual character. It was his interpretation of every-day events and of their direct relation to causes. Certainly his own life-experiences helped to ground him in such a faith. Events and conditions shaped themselves consistently in support of such a view. The waiting man and his real work came together at last, and when they did, as usually happens, there was the short circuit to fame. The man, the gun, the aim, and the game were all in line at the proper time. How many have tried, and how many more will try to fulfil such conditions, and have only failure for their efforts! He would modestly explain it from his own point of view by remarking: "It was to have been."

Certainly destiny appeared to control his career against many apparent odds. The strangest fact of all is, that Grant himself, after entering the army, never expected to be anything more than an ordinary soldier, doing his duty in humble positions, until such time as he might secure an instructorship at West Point, and enjoy a quiet, rural home on the Hudson. He often said that, next to being a physician, such a life had been his highest ambition. What he did was done because he could not help doing it. His life was an evolutionary process with a sure ending in the proper choice. Fate laid hold of the right man at last. No one could have guessed the choice amid the parade, bluster, defeat, and failure of those who were equally prominent in the earlier years of the rebellion.

No man had had a poorer chance to distinguish himself than he after his early resignation from the army, in which he had reached the grade of captain. It was virtually the end of his ambition for military honors of any kind, and his only resource was to begin life again on a farm, with hard labor and a struggle with poverty, obscurity, and discouragement. No discipline could be more severe to one with even moderate aspirations; but he bowed to it with the becoming resignation of a victim to uncontrollable circumstances. Impressed with the conviction that he had tried and failed, there was apparently nothing ahead for him but a repetition of past experiences. Still, behind it all was a determination to retrieve

what he had lost. In such a determination there was the evidence of that staying power which afterward made him the great man. The will was there, in spite of the disheartening circumstances of his environment. His energies were loaded for action, but the opportunity was not yet in sight.

In that period before the Civil War he was known as the quiet, retired captain who had luck against him, and was becomingly pitied by such as believed that there might yet be some good in him. It so happened, however, that when military affairs were discussed in his home town of Galena at the outbreak of the war, no one there was better qualified to give advice in the raising and equipment of volunteer troops. At a public meeting he was asked to give his views. Embarrassed beyond measure, he modestly expressed them, and was surprised to find them accepted. In promising to take part in the movement, he was merely offering to do his bounden duty as an humble citizen. His only ambition was to be useful in a small way. The aim was to do diligently whatever came to hand, to work for the work's sake. Such a disposition characterized all his subsequent efforts. His highest hope at first was to be the colonel of a volunteer regiment, and this was made barely possible to him by the number of incompetent persons who through purely political influence had been appointed to that position. Even when he was promoted to be a brigadier-general, he was inclined to doubt his fitness for the responsibilities of the rank. His father, in fact, warned him at the time not to allow any foolish ambitions to get the better of his cooler judgment. He became so impressed by the admonition that he never thought of aiming higher. Thereafter it was to him the glory of his work rather than a reputation for its doing. He was too busy with material results to count the smaller vanities of their achievement.

Contact with great events gave him broad views of men and things, and calm judgment of motives and justice, in the estimation of qualifications for action in others. His early personal experiences gave him also a charitable feeling for failure in others. There was always a kind word for the man who had missed his mark. The unfortunate one was always viewed as the unlucky person who had been unable to overcome difficulties. There was never any arrogance or pretension in explaining his own successes. They were to him the merest accidents of circumstances.

It was plain to see that in his estimate of the different generals with whom he had been associated, Sherman and Sheridan took first place. He seemed never tired of speaking of their qualities in terms of deep affection: The first as the well-poised, stubborn, self-reliant, and unconquerable warrior, the other as the dashing, impetuous, and irresistible charger, but each incomparable in his respective line. In speaking of McClellan he maintained that the course taken by him early in the war was necessary to the end attained. McClellan was a judiciously cautious general, was justly loved by his army, was a good disciplinarian, and a splendid organizer. It was excellent strategy to protect and drill raw recruits until they were fit to take the offensive.

Contrary to what might be expected, he was very lenient in his criticism of Butler in connection with the Dutch Gap Canal fiasco. It may be recollected that Grant referred officially to the fact that the enemy had corked up Butler's army as in a bottle. On asking the General why he had used such an expression, he avowed that he had no intention of making a severe or offensive criticism, but had merely repeated a phrase which had been used in a personal report made by General Barnard, his chief engineer.

For the Confederate generals he had great respect. Lee was a resourceful commander, a born strategist, and a valiant fighter. Joe Johnston showed wonderful ability, and his possible manœuvers were always a matter of deep concern to any one about to attack him.

Stonewall Jackson had been one year at West Point when Grant was graduated. Though viewed as a veritable crank, there seemed even then to be something in him that would tell in the long run. When Jackson obtained a command, his chance came. He was of the Cromwellian type, believing with all his heart that God was on his side. It was the conviction of a special mission. He im-

agined himself directly chosen to maintain the right, to stand against anything and everything wrong like the stone wall that he was.

For Buckner, who was Grant's old-time friend, there was always a good word, and when that officer visited Mount McGregor to tender his sympathies, the meeting was such as might have been expected.

For Napoleon General Grant expressed no liking. He said that Napoleon's treatment of Josephine was abominable, and admitted of no possible excuse, and would be a blot on his character for all time. Conceding that as a military genius Napoleon took first rank, he found his motives grasping, arbitrary, and selfish. It was the man working for himself rather than for his country—the use of tremendous power for most insignificant ends. Personal ambition so overwhelmed patriotism that he became a veritable "military monster."

Cromwell he regarded as an able general and still better statesman, and although a fanatic, he was admirably suited to the conditions of his time.

It was evident he thought that Wellington had the fortunes of war on his side at Waterloo, but it was by sheer force of good generalship that he took advantage of them. Napoleon, though more than a match for Wellington in resources, made a fatal miscalculation. But it was high time for Napoleon's career, based on a mere desire for personal aggrandizement and dictatorial power, to come to an end.

The character of Lincoln was often a subject of comment, and the General seemed always ready in his communicable moods to refer to some peculiarity of the martyr president which showed simplicity of demeanor and directness of purpose. His esteem for him was unbounded. "The first time I saw President Lincoln," he said, "I was profoundly impressed by his modesty, sincerity, and earnestness. He was justice, humanity, and charity all in one."

General Grant always showed amusement in referring to Lincoln's humor under trying circumstances, and his great tact in easing the disappointment of a candidate for office. The habit of illustrating a point by a little story or a timely parable was one of Lincoln's traits. He was always ready to argue a point on such a basis, and his meaning was seldom misunderstood. On one occasion the General himself was the subject of one of these touches of humor. Governor Smith of Virginia, having removed the State capitol from Richmond to Danville, after Lee's surrender, sent a letter to General Grant, asking if he would be permitted to exercise the functions of his office, and if not, to leave the country unmolested by the Federal authorities. The Federal headquarters were then at Burkesville, and in the absence of Grant in Washington, the note was received by General Meade, who immediately telegraphed its contents to his commanding officer. General Grant on meeting the President, showed him the despatch by way of asking for instructions, but Lincoln, referring to the request to be permitted to leave the country, gave none except as implied in the story he told of an Irishman who was popular in Springfield, and who had been persuaded to sign the pledge. Tiring of soda water, which he was using as a substitute stimulant, one day, in spite of previous good resolutions, he was strongly tempted to indulge in his old beverage, and holding an empty tumbler behind him asked a friend if some brandy could n't be poured in the water "unbeknownst" to him. In reciting this anecdote, General Grant would pose himself as Lincoln had, by standing by a chair, placing one foot on a rung and with glass behind him and an averted face appear to be expecting the favor.

While General Grant was in no strict sense a story-teller on his own account, he was at times given to repeating in an effective way the anecdotes of his friends, and quietly showed great appreciation of the humor of the various situations. He was never tired of referring to Lincoln's odd and innocent mannerisms on the occasions when they met. This, however, was always done in that loving spirit which was the natural and instinctive outgrowth of an unquestioned admiration for "the greatest man he had ever known."

In conversing even on the most serious subjects, Lincoln appeared to forget all ordinary conventionalities in the earnestness of his purpose. When sitting he had the habit of resting his legs over the arm

of a chair and swinging his feet while talking. At other times, when squarely seated, he would clasp his flexed and upraised knee, and gently swing himself, while intently surveying a petitioner. Lincoln often said that an apt story was the readiest argument against a threatened over-persuasion by a chance caller.[1] It was a surprise to me to learn from Grant that Lincoln never laughed at his own stories—at least at those he told the General. At most there was a mere twitching of a corner of the mouth and a merry twinkle in the watchful eye.

The plainness of manner of General Grant was the result of a natural disposition probably inherited from his mother. He showed it in all his doings. He had accustomed himself to look at his life work from the serious aspect of untiring and concentrated effort. It was doing the thing rather than talking about it. Such men, appreciating their responsibilities, are modest, reserved, thoughtful, and reticent. The one who holds his tongue is always an enigma. Such proved to be the case when, after his great battles, everybody was wondering what he had to say for himself. But the results needed no discussion. His natural shyness was beyond the temptation of vainglory. In all his lesser work he was always the same quiet and unobtrusive person.

There was a natural antipathy against display of any kind. Dress parade never appealed to him. In his ordinary dress he was the plainest of men. Although always neat in person, he never affected anything but the simplest attire. His aim was for ease, not show. In most of his portraits there is a conspicuous absence of military primness. His coat is usually open, and even his waistcoat is partly unbuttoned. The standing collar is conveniently bent and flared to allow of ease of flexion of his short neck, and his cravat is a mere ribbon with a carelessly tied bow-knot. Except for his sturdy build, firm jaw, and resolute mouth, there was nothing particularly soldier-like in his appearance. In the ordinary dress of a well-to-do citizen he might have been taken as readily for a successful merchant or a prosperous gentleman farmer as for a great man of affairs. He was accustomed to assume easy attitudes while seated. It was relaxation rather than erectness. His favorite sitting posture was bent and lounging, with hands on the arms of the chair, one leg crossed over the other. When in deep thought he would sometimes rest his bent elbows on the arms of the chair and steady his hands on the tops of his fingers. In writing, he would sit at the table sidewise and to the right, so that he could accommodate himself to his favorite cross-legged position. Although his delicate hand would hold his pen with easy suppleness and graceful poise, his handwriting was by no means a work of art. It was inclined to be rapid and jerky, as if the mechanical execution was irksome. Thus he would often omit crossing his t's, and dotting his i's, and would occasionally spell incorrectly. He evidently preferred a lead-pencil to a pen as giving him less trouble, and as obviating the constant interruption of dipping for ink.

His methods in composing were also exceedingly simple. Environment had no influence on him. He could write anywhere and anyhow, with pad on knee, against a tree, or on a camp-chest. So at home, wherever he might be, no accessories were essential. He wrote his memoirs on an extemporized table which had folding legs, and could be easily moved from one part of the room to another. All he needed was his pad, his notes, and a few sheets of plain manila paper. He was a slow and painstaking composer, his aim being to make himself clear to the reader. After a long and studied effort in framing a descriptive sentence, he would read it to his friends with all the modesty of a school-boy reciting a lesson. A pertinent question from them would give him the hint he required.

At times he could work with ordinary rapidity, but often would devote hours to a short description of a complicated battle. He often referred to Sherman's "Memoirs," refreshing his memory on points that he might have missed in relating his own story. It was fortunate for him that early in his sickness he became thoroughly absorbed in authorship.

[1] See Colonel Silas W. Burt's article, "Lincoln on His Own Story-Telling," in THE CENTURY for February, 1907.

It opened to him an entirely new field for diversion, and enabled him to get away from himself and for a time to forget the advance of his relentless malady.

His style was simple, terse, and devoid of pedantic ornamentation, and was founded in a literary way on the practice of writing military orders and reports, short, sharp, perspicuous, and to the point. Now and then there was a stroke of humor in his references, but even this lacked the suppleness and art of a practised touch. Not that he did not appreciate humor; but he was not always happy in giving it a graceful turn. It was the man speaking for himself without special training in literary work. In this respect his modest narrative holds a distinct place in literary history. His aim was to make every reader understand what he meant to say. That the composition of the book was peculiarly his own no one can doubt.

With those who understood him, General Grant was always frank, courteous, and unassuming. In conversation he was a considerate and patient listener. His comments were brief and modest, but showed a ready grasp of the subject in hand. It was seldom that he branched into any extended discussion, being more inclined in his terse way to dissent from or agree with the views of others rather than to volunteer any new phase of the question. He apparently weighed matters quite deliberately from his own point of view as a man accustomed to plan for himself. While he was ready to admit there was another side to an argument, his own position was well guarded. As in the fighting of his battles, this was the developed caution of judicious antagonism. Even when pleasantly chided for his apparently stubborn attitude, he had in reserve a ready answer for the disputer.

An amusing illustration comes to mind in this connection. Mrs. Grant was on one occasion mildly complaining of the General's inconsistency and want of forethought when matters purely domestic were to be considered. "When President Garfield was shot," said she, "we were living at Long Branch, New Jersey. The General insisted that I should move the entire family to New York without delay and suggested the possibility of its being done within two days. When I told him of the impossibility of such a procedure on such short notice, he rather tantalizingly said that he did not see why there should be much difficulty in the matter as he had moved at least twice that number of people in half the time." The General, who was listening to this illustration of his thoughtlessness, while keenly amused at the humor of the situation, was apparently quite contented tacitly to acknowledge the playful rebuke.

He was earnestly sympathetic, without being effusively sentimental. Always considerate of the rights and privileges of others, there was in him an unassuming way of acknowledging them. For children he had an almost affectionate regard, and was always pleased to meet and chat with them. There was something in their innocence and playfulness that appealed to him. Of boys he was especially fond, and would talk to them in a kind, frank, and fatherly way. On one occasion the young son of Dr. Titus Munson Coan, who had been a Navy surgeon, was introduced to him. The lad was six years old, and his father had solicited the introduction through a friend of the Grant family. While the youngster was waiting in the reception-room below, word was sent to him to come to the sick-room. He was shown up-stairs, and was greeted by the General as courteously and deferentially as if he were one of the great men of the time. Sick as he was, the invalid rose from his chair and with extended hand and pleasant smile walked nearly half-way across the room to meet his young visitor, who was overawed, and bereft of all power of speech.

"I am glad to see you, my little man," said the General. Philip Coan timidly responded to the greeting and murmured a "Thank you," as he stared at the kindly face that was bent over him. "What are you going to be, my son, when you are grown up—a soldier or a doctor?"

To the question there was no answer, and the General, fully understanding the bashfulness of the boy, took his hand and gently smoothing his head bade him call again. For the youngster it was a thing long to be remembered; for the plain man in his yellow gown it was the display of a simple and fatherly feeling which was his habit and delight.

JESSE ROOT GRANT AT SIXTY-NINE HANNAH SIMPSON GRANT

THE PARENTS OF GENERAL ULYSSES S. GRANT

The portraits are from original photographs owned by E. R. Burke, of La Crosse, Wisconsin, whose mother was a cousin of General Grant.

His consideration for young people was also strikingly illustrated by his courteous and cordial reception of my daughter Minnie, then a mere girl, and whom he had expressed a special desire to see. Before she was ushered into his room he rose to change his wrapper for his frock-coat, being determined to be presentable when, as he naïvely said, "young ladies called" on him. When I protested that this was entirely unnecessary in such a case, he insisted upon having his way. In referring to the fine weather he asked her, with mock seriousness, if she did not think her father was cruel in keeping him confined to his room and in exercising on him such a domineering spirit, pleading that she should use her influence to have the sentence mitigated. This at once placed the young visitor on an easy conversational plane, and the expected embarrassment of the occasion was happily dispelled. "However it may be," he remarked, "I have always been used to obeying the man in command."

Although General Grant had the reputation of being more than trustful with his friends, his other relations with men and affairs impressed him at times with the desire of many to use him for their own purposes. In spite of his habitual shyness, he was forced by circumstances to admit that he was a public character and that all his doings were measured in the exacting balance of propriety and policy. This thought kept him more or less on his guard with strangers. He was thus forced to question the usual motives that governed the appeals of outsiders, and was often surprised at the comparatively trivial circumstances that governed them. On one occasion an importunate army veteran succeeded in gaining an audience with him in his sick-room on the plea of inquiring about his health and of bringing a message from an army comrade. In the course of the conversation the General asked in a friendly way concerning his visitor's occupation, when he was informed of a wonderful meat extract for which the man was an agent. True to the instincts of the vendor, the article was produced, and the usual samples were thrust upon the patient.

Many other agents, however, were not so fortunate in introducing their wares. Many samples were sent by express to the

house, accompanied by absurd stories as to their virtues. To gratify a craze for notoriety, numbers of people who had no personal acquaintance with the sick man would ostentatiously call, and after leaving their cards at the door, would yield to the eager questioning of the reporters.

Always considerate for others, Grant was inclined to be more than charitable in his interpretation of apparently interested motives. As a public man he was accustomed to meet the ordinary place-hunter with a *quid pro quo*. From such a point of view he had abundance of opportunities for studying human character when it was actuated by purely selfish interest. Modest in his own claims, he was slow to be impressed with the person who lauded his own superior fitness for position. Thus it soon became known that he selected his advisers and those closest to him in official capacity by his own estimate of their merit. He picked his men as a skilled workman would his tools. And the public was not slow in crediting his capacity and discernment for such purposes.

At one time several of his political enemies opprobriously termed him the "gift-taker," so numerous were these apparently friendly offers made to him, and frankly accepted in good faith, as evidences of personal esteem. After a while he began to interpret intentions from an entirely different point of view. In this connection I recollect his reference to a gift from a gentleman in Chicago that was so purely a friendly one that the donor had neither before nor after asked him for a favor.

While always studiously courteous to strangers, acknowledging their respectful salutes and ever ready to show them polite attentions, he not infrequently resented any ill-bred attempts at familiar-

ULYSSES S. GRANT, GRANDSON OF GENERAL U. S. GRANT

This photograph was made about the time the letter was written which is shown in facsimile on page 285.

ity. He was so considerate in this regard himself that he would not tolerate any breach of ordinary etiquette by others. On one occasion, while on a ferry-boat crossing the river from Jersey City, he was quietly enjoying his cigar in the smoking saloon when an impudent and loud-speaking young man sat down by him and said familiarly: "Good morning, General. I 'm glad to see you looking so well." The salutation was returned in a studiously formal manner. "You still like your smoke, I see." A look, but no answer. "Say, General, can't you give a fellow a light?"

The General, surprised and annoyed, handed his cigar to the stranger, who in due time returned it, much the worse for the fumbling it had received. Whereupon the General, on receiving it, looked at it for a moment, and then quite unconcernedly threw it out of a window at his back.

Grant's love for the horse was a veritable passion, and dated from boyhood. At West Point, Cadet Grant was the best rider in his class. In after life to own a trotter was always a temptation. After he became famous, and his taste was known, he had many opportunities for testing his skill in driving noted animals, as when Mr. Vanderbilt's "Maud S." was lent to him for a spin. "The finest mare I ever drove," Grant would say. On one occasion, at least, he met a

From a photograph by Pach Bros., New York

LIEUTENANT ULYSSES S. GRANT, U. S. A. (GRANDSON OF GENERAL GRANT), WHEN A CADET AT WEST POINT

driver who valiantly vindicated the rights of the road in a way that quite astonished him. While spending a summer in Long Branch, the General would take a daily drive behind a noted trotter. By courtesy, although often against his wish, he was always given a free and open course. One day while quietly jogging along he noticed in a casual way a farmer and his wife who, with single horse and errand-wagon, were just ahead, evidently returning from market. On attempting to "draw alongside" and pass the couple, there was a race on in a moment. The farmer simply chirped in a peculiar way, and his horse squatted into a long-gaited and easy trot. Altogether it was a veritable surprise to the other driver, with his "professional trotter" and light road-wagon. But the farmer kept the lead in spite of Grant's efforts to overtake him. Occasionally through the dust he could see the farmer's wife look back to note their relative positions. Finally, after a mile heat, the farmer "slowed up" a little to allow the General to come within hearing distance.

"Did he know who it was, General?" Grant was asked.

"Oh, yes," he replied. "The man simply said, 'General, you 've got a good one,' and then I allowed him to go on."

In referring to courage in battle, Grant was inclined to believe that it was a cultivated quality rather than an inherent trait. The instinct of self-preservation was inborn, and was governed by natural impulses. There was always a great difference between foolhardiness and a dutiful effort to face danger in any form. A genuine scare was the first and the best lesson. There were few men who were not inclined to run when they heard whistling bullets for the first time. The fear of being called a coward was then the main thing that held them. The courage that lasted was that which thoroughly appreciated danger and boldly faced it. He confessed to this as a personal experience. His first engagements were matters of discipline in this regard. The only comfort was in the hope that the enemy might be the one who was more afraid than he was, and would decamp first. He realized such a possibility in his early military career, and always afterward kept it in mind when in a tight place. A man was often like a skittish horse: he must first be made to see and approach the object of his fear; and thereafter he might "duly exercise his horse sense."

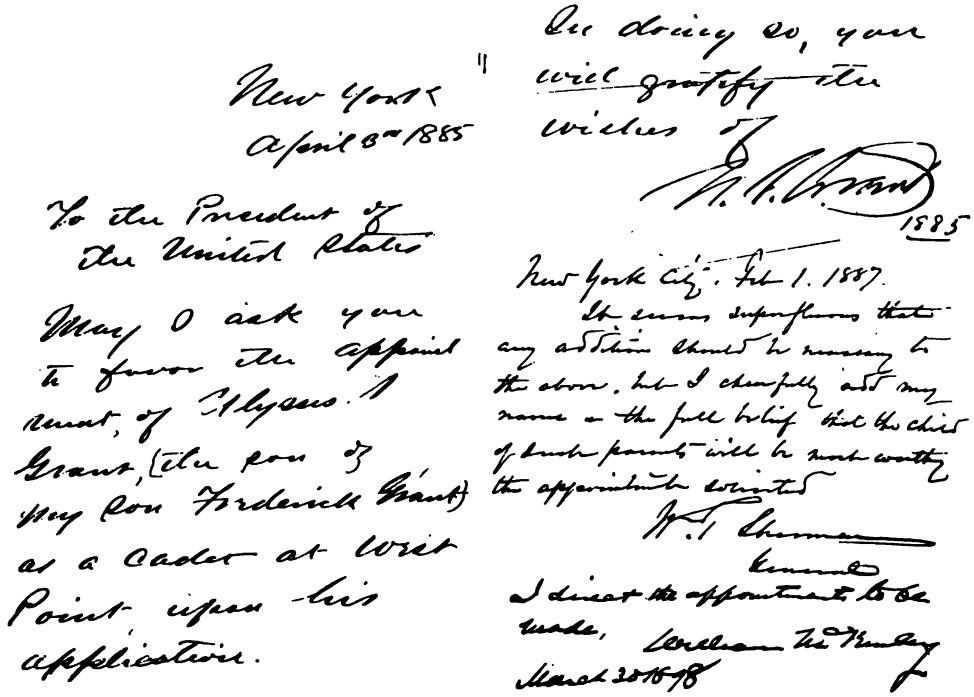
The story of General Grant's sick-room was, as all the world knows, a sad one. With no desire to display the harrowing side of his physical suffering, I still wish to describe the manner in which he bore his trials under the many adverse circumstances which tested to the utmost his remarkable fortitude, stubbornness of will, and Christian philosophy. His wonderful self-control, which seldom deserted him, not only made him the least complaining, but the most dutiful, of patients. The study of his different moods in his long wait for death was a revelation in resignation which could never go unheeded. To fit oneself to the burden of sickness requires time and patience. It was at first hard for him to submit to the inevitable. View the situation as he might, there was still the ominous shadow over his immediate future. The willing submission to fate strains the strongest philosophy. Still, like others under like circumstances, he resolved to face the enemy, and trust to adapting himself to new conditions. This explained his deep gloom when the real nature of his malady was first announced to him. It was this discipline that was necessary for the few working days left to him. The only relief in the situation was to make the most of the remaining opportunities, and stubbornly persist to the end. Then came the reaction that readjusted the burden. Becoming more used to the mental depression, it was the more easily borne. He admitted that fact, and bravely trudged along under heavy marching orders. This desirable change for the better was duly noted by those around him, and every effort was made by them to divert his mind into new channels of thought. It thus became his necessity to devote himself afresh to the completion of his memoirs.

In spite of the calm manner in which he would discuss his fate, it was evident that he resolved to be prepared for every emergency. He seemed more eager than ever to do things on the spur of the moment, in order that nothing should be left undone toward the last. This disposition

was illustrated in him when he was asked for a picture of himself with his autograph. This particular instance may be worthy of special record, inasmuch as it may be associated in times to come with another incident of historical interest in his own family. Although still feeble from his recent set-back, the General walked at once to the adjoining room, sat down at his table, turned to Colonel Grant, who was near, and said, "Bring me one of the Marshall pictures for the Doctor." The selection of the particular engraving proved his preference for it. Whenever he presented a picture of himself to any of his close friends, it was always a copy of the engraving by William E. Marshall.

I then suggested that the General might sign one for each of the other members of the medical staff—Doctors Douglas, Sands, and Barker. This he accordingly did, the Colonel carefully arranging them on the table for the signatures to dry.

When the General was about to rise, the son in a quiet and impressive manner said: "Father, I would like you to sign this also," at the same time handing him a letter. This was a letter to some future President, asking him to appoint the General's grandson, Ulysses third, to West Point. Without dipping his pen in ink again, the General attached his name to this letter. It was done quietly, but in view of the circumstances, the action was dramatic. Young Ulysses, the son of Colonel Grant, was then a mere boy. We all knew that when the letter should be presented, General Grant would have been many years in his grave. It was only a question of months, perhaps weeks, when the hand that held the pen would be stilled forever. Altogether it was a situation that had in it much pathos. It meant a benediction for the future soldier. I believe the others must have been equally impressed, for after the scratching of the pen had ceased there was absolute silence in the room while Colonel Grant carefully folded the letter and gently led his father away.


New York
April 8th 1885

To the President of
the United States

May I ask you
to favor the appointment of Ulysses S.
Grant, (the son of
my son Frederick Grant)
as a cadet at West
Point upon his
application.

In doing so, you
will gratify the
wishes of
[illegible]
1885

New York City. Feb 1. 1887.
It seems superfluous that
any addition should be necessary to
the above, but I cheerfully add my
name in the full belief that the child
of such parents will be most worthy
the appointment solicited
W. T. Sherman
General

I direct the appointment to be
made, William McKinley
March 30 1898

FACSIMILE OF GENERAL GRANT'S LETTER, ASKING THE APPOINTMENT OF HIS GRANDSON TO WEST POINT, WITH THE INDORSEMENTS OF GENERAL SHERMAN AND PRESIDENT McKINLEY

(To be continued)

A DESERT "SPORT"

BY EDGAR BEECHER BRONSON

THIS story was told me by my friend Clarence King, author of "Mountaineering in the Sierras," "The Helmet of Mambrino," and "Style and the Monument," probably the most witty and brilliant, and one of the most broadly learned, scientific men this country has ever produced. While yet little more than a youth, King was chief of the United States Geological Survey of the 40th Parallel, and, later, first Director of the United States Geological Survey—one of the intellectual princes of the earth, with a stout heart set in a breast as tender of sentiment as a woman's, a man whose friends were as many as the folk he knew.

In the retelling I make no claim to accuracy of detail; much less do I hope to have caught the charm of style for which both as *raconteur* and writer King was justly known.

"IT was while I was with Brewer on the Geological Survey of California," King began. "We had finished a season's field-work, and were journeying across the Humboldt Desert, with a pack outfit, to our California headquarters.

"The Indians were bad that year, and we had with us a small escort of ten cavalrymen. Our two packers, besides being worthy Knights of the Diamond Hitch, were otherwise accomplished. Fresno Pete was a half-breed Mexican, a vaquero earlier famous from the Fresno to the Sacramento as a bronco-buster. Many the time on holidays, at some rancho or *placeta* of the San Joaquin Valley, sloe-eyed señoritas smiled, silver-girt sombreros were tossed in air, many-colored rebozos waved, and lusty bravos shouted, in compliment to some victory of Fresno Pete's over all comers, vaqueros and horses alike, and the San Joaquin was for many years famous for breeding the wildest broncos and the best busters in the State.

"Faro Harry was a Virginia City gambler, a graceful, supple figure, as sinuous of movement as a snake, as quick as a cat, and of a superhuman dexterity with a pistol, who, by his own reserved account, had sought service with us for his health. But from observation of his perfect physique and some knowledge of the high esteem in which he was held by Virginia City's undertakers, Harry's real motive for absenting himself from the rich pickings of mine owners' private rolls and pay-rolls, and contenting himself with a packer's modest pay, was surmised by our party to lie in the fact that the local Virginia City 'Boot Hill' (specially reserved to the occupancy of gentlemen who had passed out of this life with their boots on) was full to overflowing, suggesting temporary suspension of his recreations until a contemplated addition to Boot Hill could be made ready.

"We had been on very scant rations of water for forty-eight hours; our throats and nostrils were parched and our skin was cracked by the fierce heat and blinding sand of the desert. It was, therefore, with the greatest satisfaction that we pitched camp early one afternoon in the little clump of cottonwoods about Antelope Spring, the only water on the desert trail, and by turns buried our faces in its cool depths and lolled in the shade its waters fed.

"The spring was then held, by right of occupancy at least, if by no better title, by Old Man Tison, a hunter well-nigh sixty, but as strong and active as in his youth—a tall, gaunt, sinewy man, with a shock of iron-gray hair falling over the collar of his buckskin shirt,—great fes-

toons that looked like Spanish moss pendent from his chin,—close-set, fierce, gray eyes glaring out from ambush beneath other clusters of gray moss, with hands like hams, and moccasined feet that, in the vernacular of the region, 'left a trail that looked like where a bunch of deer had bedded.'

"Tison's cabin stood perhaps fifty yards from the spring, and there he had dwelt for I don't know how many years, with a Piute squaw for a helpmate and seven or eight half-breeds of assorted sizes as incidents. He had a few cows and piebald cayuse ponies, but subsisted himself chiefly by selling water and venison to overland travelers; for wayfarers on the desert had as little time to hunt meat as they had opportunity to get water.

"Not long after we pitched camp, refreshed by the water and shade, I strolled over toward Tison's cabin, for he had not yet been near us. As I approached the cabin, a fierce, big, yellow dog, evidently of a strong mastiff strain, sprang out at me, snarling and snapping viciously. No one showed at the door or at the one window of the cabin. Glad to be relieved of its weight, I had left my pistol-belt in camp. Thus I was confronting the dog with bare hands, too far from the door to make it before he could seize me, without even stick or stone in reach, and yet reluctant to call for help from his heedless owner.

"In this dilemma, waiting till the dog dashed up almost upon me, I made a spring, seized him by each jowl, gave him a violent shaking for a moment, and then, releasing one hand, patted him on the head and spoke to him quietly.

"First the savage wrinkles began to smooth out of his face, then his tail started a friendly wag, and the next thing I knew his big paws were on my shoulders, and he was fawning upon me as violently as a few seconds before he had been threatening me.

"Just at this very moment old Tison himself stepped to the door. He must have heard the snarling and barking, but he had not seen my approach.

" 'Fine dog you have, sir,' I called. 'Must be a splendid watch-dog.'

" 'H—— he is! I sort a thort he *was*. Say, stranger,' he asked, 'did yuh-all ever see that thar dog befo'? Were he raised wi' yuh, or anythin' that away?'

" 'Why, no, I never set eyes on him until this very minute. Has a nice, kind temper, has n't he?'

" 'Wall, stranger, sence yuh 'pear tuh think so much o' him, 'n' he o' yuh, he 's yurn. Stranger, no man ever handled that thar dog befo' but me, 'n' I won't have airy dog 't airy other feller *kin* handle,' he snapped in a growl as surly and threatening as his dog's. 'What 'n ——'s the use of a dog 't airy fool stranger 't comes along kin handle? Might 's well have a passle o' sheep round,' he added, after a moment's pause.

" 'Suppose you and your dog take a running jump for—Yuma,' I suggested, turned back to camp, told Brewer and the boys the incident, and received their congratulations on the cordiality of my reception by the lord of this desert manor.

"And before the laugh at my expense had ceased, a shot rang out from the direction of the cabin, and looking, we could see the dog's great tawny length writhing in death-throes on the sand!

"Half an hour later, Tison strolled over to our camp-fire, drawled a gruff 'Howdy' with a comprehensive nod, and stood for some time staring sullenly into the fire. Presently he spoke:

" 'Boys, yuh-all 's done handled my dog, but I want to tell yuh I 'm the best bronco-buster 't ever forked a twister, 'n' I got a cayuse 't 's sech plumb p'ison 't nobody 's ever sot him fer keeps but me. Ef thar was airy man in this yere camp as thinks he 's the real thing in *buckjeros*, I 'd admire tuh see him fork that thar cayuse. Of course I cain't promise nuthin' tuh his widder, 'cept that the *remains* will be gathered an' planted wi' cer'monies.'

"This challenge was nothing short of joy to Fresno Pete, who for weeks had been showering rolling Spanish expletives upon the steady pack-train mule he rode, for its unbearable docility.

" 'Meestar Teeson,' Pete promptly spoke up, 'I weell have much *gusto* try for ride your horse. He keel me—*bueno, no importa*, for I have no woman, me. But, *carajo!* I much more like keel him: Injun cayuse never foaled can t'row Pete.'

"Without another word Tison strode off to his house, and soon a couple of

Drawn by Maynard Dixon. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"HARRY PROMPTLY TOOK TISON'S PISTOL"

little half-breeds were scurrying out over some low sand-hills, from behind which they shortly drove in and penned seven or eight ponies. As they entered, Pete picked up his riata, bridle, and saddle, and started for the pen, followed by every man in camp, including the cook.

"Arrived, Pete entered the pen and joined Tison, while the rest of us distributed ourselves along the top rails of the corral fence.

" 'Stranger,' growled Tison, 'ef you hain't got no mammy or neah kinfolk that 'll miss yuh none, yuh might drop yuh rope on that thar split-eared pinto; 'n' ef yuh cain't git yuh saddle on him, jes call on the ole man.' And then he, too, discreetly climbed the fence.

"The pinto indicated was of an unusually stocky build for an Indian pony, heavier than the average by 200 pounds, lacking the usual long barrel, ewe neck, and light quarters of his breed—a powerful beast for his inches.

"The moment the lariat noose tightened on his neck, he charged at Pete like a thunderbolt, with mouth open, teeth bared, and such a look of fury on his face that, to Tison's great delight and the general amusement of the crowd, Pete made a hasty and ignominious ascent of the fence.

"Then Pete slipped down from the fence, caught the end of the trailing rope, and sought to snub it about a snubbing-post. But he was too slow. Before he could reach it, the pinto was almost upon him, reared on his hind legs, prepared to strike, and Pete had to shift tactics.

"Just as the pinto struck, Pete sidestepped and sprang back fifteen or twenty feet, and then, as the pinto again reared, Pete threw a half-hitch circle in his rope that ran rapidly up the rope till it neatly encircled both forefeet, made a quick run to one side, and, giving a stout pull, brought the pinto to the ground. Before he could rise, Pete landed on him, and soon had the wicked hind legs safely half-hitched, and all four feet securely bound together in the 'hog-tie.'

"After that it was only a matter of a little time to saddle and bridle him, while he thus lay bound upon the ground.

"Then Pete placed his left foot in the stirrup and stood astride the horse, seized reins and saddle-horn in his right hand, reached down with his left, and released the bound feet, and the pinto rose under him, with Pete firmly settled in the saddle.

" 'Huh!' grunted old Tison, 'thinks he 's smart, don't he? Wait till the pinto lights in to drive his backbone up through the top o' his haid; 'n' ef she ain't case-hardened, he 'll shore do it.'

"And that the pinto honestly tried to make old Tison's word good we were all ready to admit.

"The gate had been opened, and Pete of course wanted to get him outside. But this did not suit the peculiarly devilish strategy of the pinto, who was quick to observe useful first aids to the injured bronco within the walls of the corral itself. Along the north wall of the pen ran a long, low shed—a shed so low that when, after three or four minutes' violent bucking in the center of the pen that would have unseated most men, the pinto suddenly plunged, bucking as high as he could leap, beneath the shed, Pete had to swing his body down alongside the horse, quite below level of horn and cantle, to save himself.

"Disgusted with this failure, the pinto pitched madly twice about the open pen, then stopped and looked about. To his right a low gate or door had been cut through the solid log wall, leading to a milk pen, the upper log left uncut for lintel. The moment he spied this door, at it the pinto dashed, and rein and spur as he would, Pete could not turn him. Nothing remained but to throw himself bodily out of the saddle, and so throw himself Pete did (without serious injury) just as the horse plunged through the door, the horn of the saddle catching on the lintel, bursting straps and tearing out cinch rings, and leaving the saddle a wreck behind him.

" 'Bein' as the pinto 's easy-gaited 'n' kind-like, would yuh now allow tuh ride him bar'-back, o' shall we-uns loan yuh a saddle?' patronizingly queried old Tison.

" 'I tak' a saddle, me, *por ese diablo!*' panted Pete.

"Another saddle was quickly brought.

"The pinto, bleeding of flank where the rending saddle had torn him, was driven back into the main corral. Pete again roped him, and, with Harry's help,

drove him through the gate into the open, where he was again saddled, and Pete remounted.

"Then, for perhaps twenty minutes, ensued a battle royal between bronco and buster, the bronco by turns pitching furiously, and then standing and trying to kick Pete's feet or bowing his neck in the effort to bite his legs, with an occasional rear and fall backward, while all the time Pete's spurs and quirt were cruelly searching flank and shoulder.

"In the end Pete conquered, rode the pinto quietly back into the pen, drawn of flank, quivering in every muscle, hardly able to stand, and painfully swung himself out of the saddle, his own nose bleeding severely.

" 'Wal, stranger, I reckon it 's up tuh me tuh say yuh shore kin ride *some,*' grumbled old Tison, and then we all strolled back to camp.

"Half an hour before supper was called, old Tison paid us another visit. For probably ten minutes he stood glum and silent among us. Then suddenly his face brightened with a happy thought, and, still staring into the fire, he spoke:

" 'Fellers, I 'lows yuh-all reckons I 'm a purty pore sort o' white trash. Yuh done handled my dog 'n' rid the pinto; but I now puts it up to yuh-all cold that thar ain't airy one o' yuh bunch kin tech me a-shottin' of a gun; I 'm the shore chief o' the Humboldt Desert wi' a six-shooter; wi' a six, fellers, I 'm a wolf off the headwaters o' Bitter Creek, 'n' it 's *my* time tuh howl *all* the time! Don't guess *airy* o' yuh fellers kin shoot none, kin yuh?'

"This was plainly Faro Harry's cue, and he modestly mentioned that some of his friends thought he could shoot a little, but probably he would not be in it with a real Bitter Creek lead-pumper—a gentle piece of irony from a man so expert that he could have let Tison draw his gun and then have killed him before he got his gun cocked.

"Tison had shown such an ugly mood that none of us, probably Harry least of all, was certain whether his proposal was meant as an invitation to a fight or a target-match. It was therefore some relief to us when Tison answered:

" 'Huh! Think yuh kin shoot a *leetle,* do they? Wal, yuh 'll have tuh shoot straight as ole Mahster travels when he makes up his mind tuh git yuh, tuh hold a candle tuh *me.* Ef yuh has no objections, I 'll jes shoot yuh three shots apiece fo' the champeenship o' this yere desert; 'n' yuh beats me, yuh shore wins her.'

"A match was soon arranged, distance ten paces, Harry's target the three spot of spades, Tison's the three of clubs.

"Tison fired his round, aiming carefully and slowly, fairly hitting two of the three clubs, and narrowly missing the third.

"Then Harry, firing quickly and rapidly, sent a ball into each of his three spades amazingly near the center of each.

" 'Cain't do it ag'in, with my gun, kin yuh?' Tison grumbled.

"Harry promptly took Tison's pistol, and a moment later had almost plugged the three holes previously made in his three of spades.

"Tison received back his pistol, turned it over in his hands once or twice, felt of hammer and trigger, and then tossed it on the ground, remarking:

" 'Reckon 't 's up tuh me tuh *re*-tire from the shootin' business.' And he slouched back to the house.

"As we were sitting down to supper, Professor Brewer remarked to Faro:

" 'Well, Harry, I imagine you have taken the last ounce of brag out of Old Man Tison. Surely there can be nothing else he can fancy himself such a past master of that he will be after us with a new challenge.'

" 'Professor,' answered Harry, 'I have to disagree with you. I know that old coffee-cooler's breed pretty well, and if I 'm not badly mistaken, he 'll be makin' plays at us till the game closes by our leavin', or at least until he finds a game he can do us at. Mighty stick-to-a-tive kind o' folks, his 'n. Cain't just think what she 's apt to be, but he 's dead sure to spring a new play of some sort.'

"And Faro's prediction proved as true as his shooting, for scarcely was our supper finished when out of the darkness and into the circle of our firelight stalked the grim figure of old Tison.

"Once among us, he was chipper and chatty in a measure we realized boded us no good, for it bespoke a joy in which we had learned he did not indulge, at least

in his intercourse with us, except when he believed he had worked out some new scheme for our humiliation. Indeed, now he was so nearly downright gay that we suspected he had some plan to tackle us all at once instead of individually.

"However, we were not left long in suspense—he was so pleased with and sure of his new line of attack he could not long hold it, and he also appeared to fear it would take some diplomacy and wheedling to enmesh us.

" 'Fellers,' he began, 'I reckon 't 's up tuh me tuh sort o' 'pologize tuh yuh-all. Of course 't ain't calc'lated tuh sweeten a feller's temper none tuh have his dog handled, his worst outlaw rid, 'n' tuh have the hull lights 'n' liver o' his conceit 'bout bein' the best gun-shot on the desert kicked plumb outen him at one kick; 'n' then, besides, that old squaw up tuh the cabin she gets tuh steppin' on my narves pow'ful hard sometimes, specially lately, gittin' fool idees in her ole Injun head 'bout dressin' up 'n' bein' fash'n'ble 'n' goin' visitin' 'n' travelin', like she sees these yere emigrants women on the overland trail dress up 'n' go; 'n' 't 's gittin' tuh be jest 'bout hell tuh git tuh hold her. Which-all 's my *ex*-cuse fer a treatin' yuh-all like tuh make yuh think I feels I want licked on the squar'. But squar' 't was, 'n' thar 's no squeal comin' tuh me, 'n' I makes none; 'n' that 's what I come over tuh tell yuh.'

"After a brief pause—a pause so brief we lacked time to make due acknowledgment of his apology, he resumed:

" 'But bein' 's I 'm here, it jes occurs tuh me tuh *re*-mark that *my* game 's seven-up, 'n' that thar ain't airy feller 'twixt Salt Lake 'n' Sacramento, unless some fancy-fingered perfesh'n'l short-card sharp, whose money ain't like jes nach-ally findin' it to me at that thar game. Of course, arter sech a' admission, I ain't a-invitin' o' anybody tuh shuffle 'n' deal wi' me; but I shore got a deck over t' the cabin that ain't busy none, 'n' ef airy o' yuh sci'ntific gents counts gamblin' among yuh 'complishments, an' actooally *insists* on 't, I *might* be pe'suaded tuh go yuh a whirl.'

"Oddly enough, Professor Brewer, for a member of the church, was far and away the best seven-up player I ever knew. He loved the game and played it often—for diversion, never for stake of any kind. But this night, carried away by the humor of the situation, Brewer whispered to me:

" 'King, it does seem a duty to take another fall out of that old bunch of conceit; I really believe I ought to tackle him.'

"And he did—strolled with Tison over to the cabin, followed by three of us.

"With the limited bunk-space filled to overflowing with half-breeds, and the one table the cabin boasted backed up against the wall, requisitioned as an impromptu bed for two of the overflow, it only remained for Brewer and Tison to convert a bench into a joint seat and table, by sitting astride it, and shuffling and dealing on the bench space between them, the blaze of the fireplace their only light.

"Tison had the courage of his convictions of his own skill, and proposed stakes that made Brewer hesitate, but, with a shrug and smile at us, he accepted, and the game was on.

"From the outset Brewer outheld and outplayed his opponent. Thus it was not long until he had won all the cash Tison was able to wager, and when, about nine o'clock, I and my mates withdrew to camp, Tison had just wagered his horses, and Brewer had accepted at such valuation as Tison saw fit to name.

"About midnight Brewer entered our tent and awakened us to say:

" 'Boys, you can scarcely believe it, but I 've won every last thing Old Man Tison possesses—money, spring, cabin, horses and cattle, squaw and half-breeds, down to and including the sucking papoose—and have given it all back to him! And when I told him I had no idea of accepting my winnings, and urged he should regard the evening as just a friendly game for fun, then he wanted to fight me fer makin' a —— fool o' him.'

"Very shortly after sunrise the next morning, before breakfast was ready, and even before some of the party were up, Old Man Tison made us another and last visit, his wicked gray eyes reddened and his face haggard from an evidently sleepless night, his hands stuck in his belt—the right dangerously near his gun, which we had sent back to him the previous evening; so near I noted Faro keenly watching his every move.

"And when he spoke his tones were ominous; his voice had lost its slow, soft drawl, and instead carried a crisp, smart, vibrant ring that spelled a mind alert and muscles tense.

" 'Mo'nin', fellers,' he began; 'pow'ful fine day fer *travelin'*, ain't it? I 'lowed yuh-all 'd be a-hittin' of the trail 'fore this.'

"Faro indiscreetly observed that we were enjoying ourselves so much we thought we might camp with him several days.

" '—— yuh do! Want to be a-rubbin' of 't in, do yuh? Well, I reckon yuh won't. The handlin' o' my dog, 'n' the ridin' my pinto, 'n' the outshootin' me was all on the squar', 'n' I has no roar to make, 'n' makes none. 'N' so was the beatin' o' me at seven-up on the squar', 's fer 's the game went, 'n' the winnin' o' every thing I got; but sence that thar solemncholy, sky-pilot-lookin' feller r'ar'd up 'n' refused tuh take his winnin's, a-makin' o' me look like a hungry houn' pup too pore tuh take anythin' from, my mind 's dead sot yuh-all come here special' jes tuh see how many different kinds o' a damfool yuh could make outen o' me; 'n' I 'm a-gittin' gradu'lly mos' terr'ble riled. Unless the sky-pilot-lookin' feller takes 't least the squaw 'n' the breeds, thar 's shore tuh be hell's own trouble ef yuh-all don't pull yuh freight *pronto*. Mebbe-so I kin git tuh hold out a hour more, but within that time I 'd shore admire tuh see you-all hit the trail.'

"And, out of consideration for Brewer, we packed and pulled out."

From Professor Lowell's 1905 globe of Mars

THE CARETS OF MARS

Carets at the borders of the "seas"; showing those of *Icarii Luci* and their resemblance in miniature to the two forks of the *Sabæus Sinus*. These carets are distinctive phenomena marking the entrance of the canals from the dark regions into the light. They are found at such points and at such points only.

PROOFS OF LIFE ON MARS

(MARS AS THE ABODE OF LIFE)

BY PERCIVAL LOWELL, LL.D.

Director of the Lowell Observatory, Flagstaff, Arizona

ASTRONOMICAL discovery is of two kinds. If it consist simply in adding another asteroid or satellite to those already listed, obedience to the law of gravitation, with subsequent corroboration of place, alone is needed for belief. But if it relate to the detection of an underlying truth as yet unrecognized, then it is only to be unearthed by reasoning on facts after they are obtained, and effects credence according to one's capacity for weighing evidence. Breadth of mind must match breadth of subject. For to plodders along prescribed paths a far view fails of appeal; conservative settlers in a land differ in quality from pioneers.

DISCOVERY OF TRUTHS SIMILAR TO DETECTIVE WORK

DISCOVERY of a truth in the heavens varies in nothing, except the subject, from discovery of a crime on earth. The forcing of the secrets of the sky is, like the forcing of man's, simply a piece of detective work. It is the finding of a cause in place of a culprit; but the process is quite similar. *Causa criminis* and *causa discriminis* differ only by a syllable.

Like, too, are, or should be the methods employed. In astronomy, as in criminal investigation, two kinds of testimony require to be secured. Circumstantial evidence must first be marshaled, and then a motive must be found. To omit the purpose as irrelevant, and rest content with gathering the facts, is really as inconclusive a procedure in science as in law, and rarely ends in convincing, any more than in properly convicting, anybody. For motive is just as all-pervading a preliminary to cosmic as to human events, only for lack of fully comprehending it we call the one a motive and the other a cause. Unless we can succeed in assigning a sufficient reason for a given set of observed phenomena we have not greatly furthered the ends of knowledge and have done no more than the clerkage of science. A theory is just as necessary to give a working value to any body of facts as a backbone is to higher animal existence or locomotion. It affords the data vertebrate support, fitting them for the pursuit of others that otherwise had eluded search.

Coördination is the end of science, the aim of all attempt at learning what this universe may mean. And coördination is only another name for theory, as the law of gravitation witnesses. Now, to be valid, a theory must fulfil two conditions: it must not be contradicted by any fact within its purview, and it must assign an underlying thread of reason to explain all the phenomena observed. Circumstantial evidence must first lead to a suspect, and then this suspect must prove equal to accounting for the facts.

This method we shall pursue in the case before us; and it will conduce to understanding of the evidence to keep its order of presentation to the detective in presenting it at the bar of reason.

REVIEW OF THE NATURAL CHAIN OF EVIDENCE

STARTING with the known physical laws applicable to the concentration of matter, we found that though in general the course of evolution of the earth and Mars was similar, the smaller mass of Mars should have caused it to differ eventually from the earth in some important respects.

Three of these are noteworthy: (1) Its surface should be smoother than the earth's, (2) its oceans relatively less, (3) its air scantier. On turning to observation of Mars, we then saw that these three attributes of the planet were precisely those the telescope disclosed. (1) The planet's surface was singularly flat, being quite devoid of mountains; (2) its oceans in the past covered at most three eighths of its surface instead of three quarters, as with us; (3) its air was relatively thin.

ASPECT OF MARS CORROBORATES PRINCIPLES OF PLANETARY EVOLUTION

WE next showed that physical loss should, from its smaller mass have caused it to age quicker, and that this aging should reveal itself by the more complete departure of what oceans it once possessed and by the wider spread of deserts.

Telescopic observation we then found asserted these two peculiarities: (1) No oceans now exist on the planet's surface; (2) desert occupies five eighths of it.

From such confirmation of the principles of planetary evolution from the present aspect of the planet Mars, we went on to consider the two most essential prerequisites to habitability: water and warmth. The phenomena of the polar cap proved explicable as consisting of water, and not as of anything else.[1] Still more important was the question of temperature. We took this up with particu-

[1] Since this was written a striking corroboration of it has been obtained at Flagstaff. On plates especially sensitized by him, Mr. V. M. Slipher has photographed the evidence of water vapor in the atmosphere of Mars; the "a" band in the spectrum of the planet showing darker than in that which under identical conditions has traversed only our own air. This band is known to be that of water vapor. — P. L.

larity. We found several factors to the problem not hitherto reckoned with, and that when these were taken into account the result came out entirely different from what had previously been supposed. Instead of a temperature prohibitive to life, one emerged from our research entirely suitable for it. This the look of the disk confirmed. From these conditions vegetation might follow, and we saw effects which could only be explained as such. A climate of extremes was what that of Mars appeared to be, with the summers warm. Now, investigations on earth have shown that it is the temperature of the hottest season that determines the existence of both animals and plants. Thus the conditions on Mars showed themselves hospitable to both, the latter actually revealing its presence by its seasonal changes of tint.

ANIMAL LIFE DISCLOSED ONLY BY MIND

HERE we reached the end of what might directly be disclosed in the organic economy of the planet. For at this point we brought up before a most significant fact: that vegetable life could thus reveal itself directly, but that animal life could not. Not by its body, but by its mind, would it be known. Across the gulf of space it could be recognized only by the imprint it had made on the face of Mars.

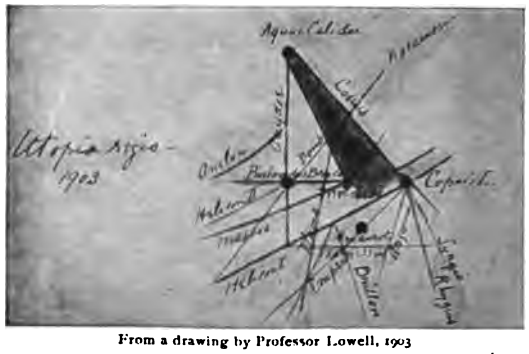
CANALS CONFRONT THE OBSERVER

TURNING to the planet, we witnessed a surprising thing. There on the Martian disk were just such markings as intelligence might have made. Seen even with the unthinking eye they appear strange beyond belief, but viewed thus, in the light of deduction, they seem positively startling, like a prophecy come true.

Confronting the observer are lines and spots that but impress him the more, as his study goes on, with their non-natural look. So uncommonly regular are they, and on such a scale, as to raise suspicion whether they can be by nature regularly produced. Next to one's own eyesight the best proof of this is the unsolicited indorsement it has received in the skepticism their depiction invariably evokes. Those who have not been privileged to see them find it well-nigh impossible to believe that such things can be. Nor is this in the least surprising. But however consonant with nescience to doubt the existence of the lines on this score, to do so commits it to witness against itself of the most damaging character the moment their existence is proved. Now, assurance of actuality no longer needs defense. The lines have not only been amply proved to exist, but have actually been photographed, and doubt has shifted its ground from existence to character, a half-retreat tantamount to a complete surrender. For without equal investigation, to admit a discovery and deny its description is like voting for a bill and against its appropriation. It reminds one of the advice of the old lawyer to a junior counsel: "When you have no case, abuse the plaintiff's attorney."

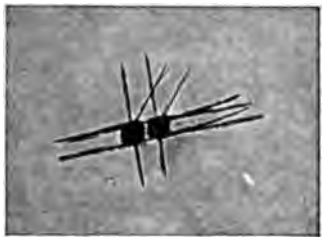
Unnatural regularity, the observations showed, betrays itself in everything to do with the lines: in their surprising straightness, their amazing uniformity throughout, their exceeding tenuity, and their immense length. These traits, instead of disappearing, the better the canals have been seen, have only come out with greater insistence. With increased study not only the assurance gains that they are as described, but a mass of detail has been added about them impossible to reconcile with any natural known process.

A single instance of the methodism that confronts us will serve to make this plain. The *Lucus Ismenius* is a case in point. The marking so called consists of two round spots each about seventy-five miles in diameter. They lie close together, not more than fifty miles of ocher ground parting their



From a drawing by Professor Lowell, 1903

UTOPIA REGIO, WITH ITS CONGERIES OF CANALS



From a drawing by Professor Lowell

LUCI ISMENII, REVEALING THE SYSTEMATIC METHOD IN WHICH THE DOUBLE CANALS ENTER THE TWIN OASES

peripheries. Into them converge a number of canals—seven doubles and three singles. Now, the manner of these meetings is curiously detailed. Three of the doubles embrace the oases just inclosing them between their two arms. The four other doubles send a line to each oasis to enter it centrally. Which connection the double shall adopt apparently depends upon the angle at which the approach is made. If the direction be nearly vertical to the line of the two oases, the entrance is central; if parallel, it is an embrace. As for the singles, they connect with one or the other oasis, as the case may be. Such precise and methodical arrangement, thus marvelously articulated and detailed, discloses an orderliness so surprising, if on nature's part, as to throw us at once into the arms of the alternative as the least astonishing of the two.

NOT RIVERS

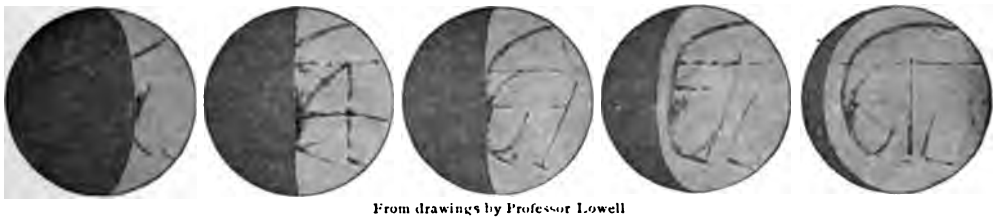
BEFORE passing on to reason upon the fact we note that the characters mentioned are themselves enough to negative all suppositions of natural cause. First, the lines cannot be rivers, since rivers are never straight and never uniform in width. Now, we see the canals so well as to be quite certain of their evenness. The best proof of this is that though each is uniform, some are at least ten times the size of others. If one of them dwindled *en route*, we should have ample measure of the fact.

NOT CRACKS

NOR can the lines be cracks in the surface, because cracks also are not straight, and because cracks end before finishing. We have examples of undoubted cracks in more than one heavenly body, and their appearance is quite unlike the look of the lines of Mars. The moon offers such in many, if not all, of her so-called rills.

To the most superficial view these suggest their nature, but when carefully examined at Flagstaff, corroboration of the fact came out in certain definite characteristics. For the rills proved to be made of parts which overlapped at their ends, one fractional line taking up the course before the other had given out, thus exactly reproducing the composition of the cracks in any plaster ceiling.

Mercury bears testimony to the same



From drawings by Professor Lowell

MERCURY

These two plates show the irregular character of the lines on the planet Mercury, differing entirely in look from the canals on Mars. The plates also show the libration due to the eccentricity of the planet's orbit, from the fact that the markings appear farther and farther from the terminator, the latter being the elliptical contour separating the illuminated from the unilluminated portion of the disk; or nearer and nearer according as the libration swings one way or the other.

From a drawing by Professor Lowell

THE MOON, SHOWING THE STRAIGHT WALL AND RILL TO THE RIGHT OF BIRT, MAY, 1905

These are palpable cracks like those in a ceiling, and quite unlike the uniform canal-lines of Mars.

effect. Its lines, more difficult than the canals of Mars,—for we see Mercury four times as far off when best placed as we do Mars,—though roughly linear, are not unnatural in appearance even at that great distance, and show irregularities suggestive of cracks.[1]

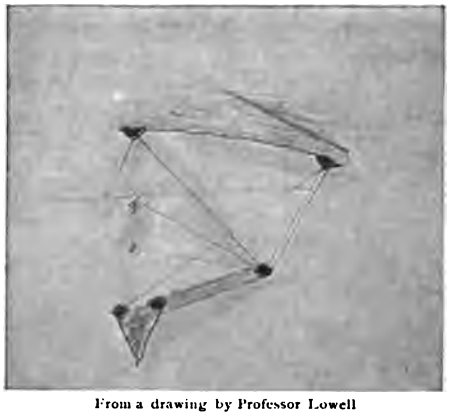
OTHER NATURAL EXPLANATIONS PROVE IMPOSSIBLE

RIVERS and cracks are the two most plausible suppositions made to account for the lines on any theory of natural causation. Other guesses have been indulged in, such as that meteors by their passing attraction have raised the lines as welts upon the surface—welts easily allayed by application of the fact that the lines change with the seasons, actually disappearing at certain epochs, to revive again at others. Such suggestions there are, but none have been advanced to my knowledge that bear the most cursory inspection.

Still more inexplicable on any natural hypothesis is the systematized arrangement of the lines to form a network over the whole planet. That the lines should go directly from certain points to certain others in an absolutely unswerving direction; that they should there meet lines that have come with like directness from quite different points of departure; that sometimes more than ten of them should thus rendezvous, and rarely less than six; and that, lastly, this state of intercommunication should be true all over the disk, are phenomena that no natural physical process that I can conceive of—and no one else seems to have been able to, either—can in the least explain. Yet this arrangement cannot be due to chance, the probabilities against the lines meeting one another in this orderly manner being millions to one.

OASES EQUALLY INEXPLICABLE

BUT the canals are not all that is wonderful; we have to reckon with the oases as well. These are remarkable, both in themselves and in their relation to the system of lines; for they occur at the junctions—only at the junctions, and virtually always at the junctions. They are thus of the nature of knots to the network. No explanation can be given of this by purely physical laws.

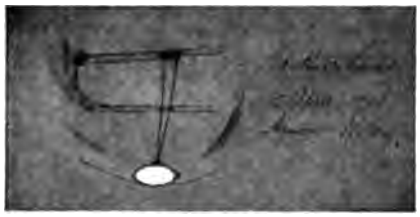


From a drawing by Professor Lowell

A CORNER OF MARS, JUNE 10, 1907

So we might go on, with the enigma of the double canals more and more mysterious the more one learns about them—with their strange positioning on the

[1] Since this was written, at least two writers have tried to show that the descriptions of the spoke-like markings seen on Venus at Flagstaff in 1897 and later, are inconsistent. The seeming inconsistency is due to our own air, which sometimes defines them, sometimes not. But *the* point made by me, suppressed by the critics by omitting the context, was that the Venusian lines are *irregular*.—P. L.



From a drawing by Professor Lowell

ARETHUSA LUCUS, APRIL 15, 1903, SHOWING CONVERGING CANALS FROM THE NORTH POLAR CAP

planet in the tropical belts; with the curious phenomenon of converging or wedge-shaped doubles descending to join them from the pole; and with other facts equally odd.

ARTIFICIALITY SUGGESTS ITSELF

BUT long before the catalogue of geometric curiosities had drawn to its close, —for it were wearisome to count them all, and where even one is so cogent, numbers do not add,—it becomes apparent to any one capable of weighing evidence that these things which so palpably imply artificiality on their face can not be natural products at all, but that the observer apparently stands confronted with the workings of an intelligence akin to and therefore appealing to his own. What he is gazing on typifies not the outcome of natural forces of an elemental kind, but the artificial product of a mind directing it to a purposed and definite end.

When once this standpoint is adopted, we begin to see light. The recognition of artificiality puts us on a track where we gather explanation as we proceed.

GREAT CIRCLE CHARACTER OF THE CANALS

THUS two attributes, one of the canals, the other of the oases, find explanation at once. The great-circle directness of the lines stands instantly interpreted. On a sphere a great circle takes the shortest distance between two points. It offers, therefore, the most expeditious route from one place to another. It is, then, that which, when possible, intelligence would adopt. Even in the case of our very accidented earth, our lines of communication are being rectified every year as we progress in mastery of our globe.

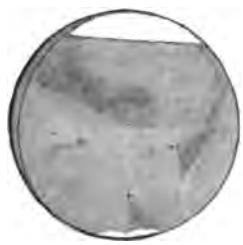
CIRCULARITY OF OASES

EQUALLY suggestive is the shape of the oases, or spots, that button the lines together. For they show round. Now, a solid circle has the peculiar property that the average distance from its center to all points in it is less than for any figure inclosing a like area. It would be the part of intelligence, then, to construct this figure whenever the greatest amount of ground was to be reached for tillage or any other purpose at the least expenditure of force.

No less telltale is their behavior; and now not only of the bare fact of artificiality, but of the manner in which it came to be.

NOTE OF WATER RUNS THROUGH THE ACTION

THE extreme threads of the world-wide network of canals stand connected with the dark-blue patches at the edge of one or the other of the polar caps. But they are not always visible. In the winter season they fail to show. Not till the cap has begun to melt, do they make their appearance, and then they come out dark and strong. Now, the cap in winter is formed of snow and ice that melts as summer comes on. Here, then, the attentive



From a drawing by Professor Lowell

CANALS FROM THE SOUTH POLAR CAP, THE WHITE BONNET AT THE TOP OF THE PICTURE, JUNE 6, 1907—MARTIAN DATE, SEPTEMBER 22

From a drawing by Professor Lowell

CANALS FROM THE SOUTH POLAR CAP SHOWN AT THE TOP OF THE PICTURE, OCTOBER 25, 1907—MARTIAN DATE, DECEMBER 18

ear seems to catch the note of running water.

From their poleward origin the lines begin to darken down the disk. One after the other takes up the thread of visibility, to hand it on to the next in place. So the strange communication travels, carried from the arctic zone through the temperate and the tropic ones on to the equator, and then beyond it over into the planet's other hemisphere. A flow is here apparent, journeying with measured progress over the surface of this globe. Here again the mental ear detects the sound of water percolating down the latitudes.

Across what once were seas, but are seas no more, the darkening of the lines advances, with the same forthrightness as over the ocher continental tracts. Blue-green areas of vegetation and arid wastes alike are threaded by the silent deepening of tint. Latitude bars it not, nor character of country. It great-circles the old sea bottoms as cheerfully as it caravans the desert steppes. This persistency made possible by the loss of what the seas once held, the thought of water is once more thrust upon the sense, its absence now as telling as its presence was before. One hears it in the very stillness the lack of it promotes.

Then, as with quickened sense one listens, the mind is aware of antiphonal response in the unlocking of the other cap to send its scanty hoardings in similar rilling over the long-parched land. The note of water confronts us thus at every turn of this strange action. Water, then, must be the word of the enigma: the clue that will lead us to the unloosening of the riddle.

ITS LOCOMOTION EXPLAINED

But though water it be, this is not the complete solution of the problem; for, as one ponders, the unnatural character of the action dawns on one. That a wave of progression passes through the canals down the disk; that something, then, proceeds from the pole to the equator; and that this something can be none other than water, giving rise to vegetation, sounds simple and forthright. The startling character of the action is not at once apparent. It becomes so only when we try to account for the locomotion. When we so envisage it, the transference turns out to be a most astounding and instructive thing.

To understand wherein lies its peculiarity we must consider the shape of the planet. For the planet is flattened at the poles by $1/190$ of its diameter. This, to begin with, will make the action seem even stranger than it is. It might seem at first as if the water in going to the equator had to run twenty-one miles uphill.

MARS' SURFACE IN FLUID EQUILIBRIUM

If Mars did not rotate, its figure would be a sphere, except for such tidal deformation as outside bodies might give it, because its own gravity would pull it into a shape similar in all directions. As Mars rotates, its rotatory momentum bulges it at the equator, changing the sphere into what is called an oblate spheroid of the general form of an orange. A rapidly rotated mass of putty will take on the same shape. In the case of Mars the stresses are so enormous that for a long acting force, such as is here concerned, the planet, although probably as rigid as steel, behaves as if its mass were plastic. The result is that the direction of gravity is always perpendicular to the surface at every point; or, in other words, the surface is in stable equilibrium.

GRAVITY INCAPABLE OF WATER TRANSFERENCE

Now, the fact that every point of the surface is in equilibrium means that any particle of a liquid there—as, for example, a drop of water—would not move, but would stay where it was. For all the forces being exactly balanced to rest, their resultant cannot solicit it to stir. Just as on the surface of the earth water upon a level stretch of ground shows no tendency to move.

Consequently, any water set free near the pole by the melting of the polar cap would stay where it was liberated without the least inclination to go elsewhere. The only force which would have the slightest effect upon it might be its own head, if it had any. Were the melting ice or snow that gave birth to it ten feet thick, and it is more likely to be less, it would give rise to an average head of

water of five feet. Now, a head of five feet could not urge the water against surface friction more than a few miles at most. So that any such impulse is quite impotent to the effects we see.

Face to face, then, we find ourselves with a motion of great magnitude occurring without visible or physically imaginable cause. A body of water travels 3300 miles at the rate of fifty-one miles a day under no material compulsion whatever.

ARTIFICIAL CARRIAGE ONLY POSSIBLE CAUSE

It leaves the neighborhood of the pole, where it was gravitationally at home, and wanders to the equator, where gravitationally it was not wanted, without the slightest prompting on the part of any natural force. The deduction is inevitable; it must have been artificially conducted over the face of the planet. We are left no alternative but to suppose it intelligently carried to its end.

Nor is this the limit of the extraordinary performances shown by the progressive darkening of the canals down the disk. Were they actuated by natural forces, what they next do would be simply incredible. For, not content with descending to the equator without visible means of propulsion, once arrived there, they promptly proceed to cross it into the planet's other hemisphere and run up the latitudes with equal celerity on the other side. Now, any physical inducement given them to come equatorward must have its action reversed so soon as that dividing-line was crossed. If, then, they were in any way helped to the earlier part of their peregrination by natural forces, they would be hindered by them in this latter portion of their career. Thus, the only rational result of our envisaging is that these things are not dependent on natural forces for their action, but are artificial productions designed to the end they so beautifully serve. In the canals of the planet we are looking at the work of local intelligence now dominant on Mars. Such is what the circumstantial evidence points to unmistakably.

From a drawing by Professor Lowell

PROPONTIS, A DARK AREA SEAMED BY CANALS

From a drawing by Professor Lowell

DJIHOUN

The "original" canal leaves from the tip of the *Sinus*, the "duplicate" from higher up its coast.

MOTIVE: SCARCITY OF WATER

To detection of a motive we now turn. And here it is our study of planetary evolution in general becomes of service. As a planet ages, its surface water grows scarce. Its oceans in time dry up, its rivers cease to flow, its lakes evaporate. Its fauna, if it have any, dependent as they are upon water for life, must more and more be pushed to it for that prime necessity to existence.

As the water leaves a planet, departing into space, so much of it as does not sink out of sight into its interior, stands for a while atiptoe in its air before taking final flight into the sky. In the planet's economy it has ceased to be water, and become that more ethereal thing, water vapor. In one way and place only does it ever in any amount descend to earth again and take on even transiently its liquid state. This is in the polar caps. The general meteorologic circulation of the planet deposits it there throughout the winter months. From the cold of the arctic latitudes its deposition takes the form of snow or ice, and in consequence of this solid state is largely tethered to the spot where it falls, remaining *in situ* until the returning sun melts it in the spring. This is the state of things on Mars.

When this unlocking occurs, and while the water is in its intermediate liquid state, between not easily transportable ice and ungatherable vapor, it is in a condition to be moved, and may be drawn upon for consumption. Then and then only is

it readily available for use, and then, if ever, it must be tapped.

Now, in the struggle for existence, water must be got, and in the advanced state of the planet's evolution this is the only place where it is in storage and whence, therefore, it may be obtained. Round the semestral release of this naturally garnered store everything in the planet's organic economy must turn. There is no other source of supply. Its procuring depends upon the intelligence of the organisms that stand in need of it. If these be of a high-enough order of evolution to divert it to their ends, its using, from a necessity, will become a

From a drawing by Professor Lowell, June 1, 1905

DIFFERENTIATION OF THE *GANGES*

The *Ganges* is the double canal going upward, a little to the left from the center of the disk. It will be noticed that the right-hand line is stronger than the left-hand one.

fact. Here, then, is a motive of the most compelling kind for the tapping of the polar caps and the leading of the water they contain over the surface of the planet: the primal motive of self-preservation. No incentive could be stronger than this. We have now to examine whether it can be put into execution.

ORGANISMS EVOLVE AS A PLANET AGES

As a planet ages, any organisms upon it would share in its development. They must evolve with it, indeed, or perish. At first they change only as environment offers opportunity, in a lowly, unconscious way. But, as brain develops, they rise superior to such occasioning. Originally the organism is the creature of its surroundings; later it learns to make them subservient to itself. In this way the organism avoids unfavorableness in the environment, or turns unpropitious fortune to good use. Man has acquired something of the art here on the earth, and what with clothing himself in the first place, and yoking natural forces in the second, lives in comfort now where, in a state of nature, he would incontinently perish.

Such adaptation in mind, making it superior to adaptation in body, is bound to occur on any planet, if it is to survive at all. For conditions are in the end sure to reach a pass where something more potent than body is required to cope with them.

ONE SPECIES SUPPLANTS ALL OTHERS

A CERTAIN test would be forthcoming to tell whether such life existed or not. Increase of intelligence would cause one species in the end to prevail over all others, as it had prevailed over its environment. What it found inconvenient or unnecessary to enslave, it would exterminate, as we have obliterated the bison and domesticated the dog. This species will thus become lord of the planet and spread completely over its face. Any action it might take would in consequence be planet-wide in its showing. Now, such is precisely what appears in the world-spread system of canals.

TO DIE OF THIRST

As the being has conquered all others, so will it at last be threatened itself. In the growing scarcity of water will arise the premonitions of its doom. To secure what may yet be got will thus become the forefront of its endeavor, to which all other questions are secondary. Thus, if these beings are capable of making their presence noticeable at all, their great occupation should be that of water-getting, and should be the first, because the most fundamental trace of their existence an outsider would be privileged to catch.

The last stage in the expression of life upon a planet's surface must be that just antecedent to its dying of thirst. Whether it came to this pass by simple exhaustion, as is the case with Mars, or by rotary retardation, as is the case with Mercury and Venus, the result would be all one to the planet itself. Failure of its water supply would be the cause. To procure this indispensable would be its last conscious effort.

END FORESEEN

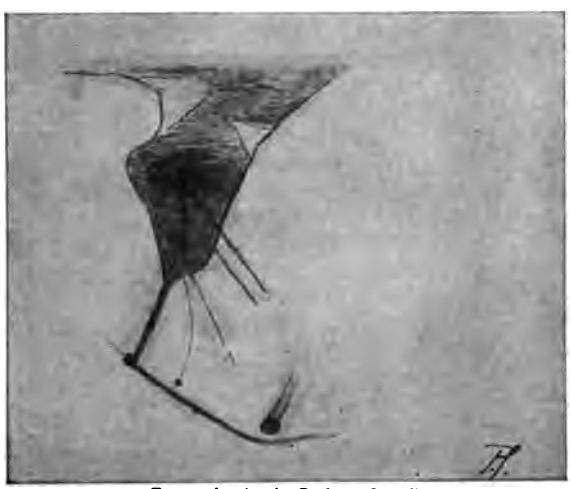
WITH an intelligent population this inevitable end would be long foreseen. Be-

fore it was upon the denizens of the globe, preparations would have been made to meet it. And this would be possible, for the intelligence attained would be of an order to correspond. A planet's water supply does not depart in a moment. Long previous to any wholesale imminence of default local necessity must have begun the reaching out to distant supply. Just as all our large cities to-day go some distance to tap a stream or a lake, so it must have been on Mars. Probably the beginnings were small and inconspicuous, as the water at first locally gave out. From this it was a step to greater distances, until necessity lured them even to the pole. The very process, one of addition, instead of one of total synchronous construction, seems to show stereotyped to us in the canals. These run in their fashioning rather with partial than with teleologic intent, giving as much concern to half-way points as to the goal itself, although in their action now they are totally involved. The thing was not done in a day, and by that very fact stamps the more conclusively its artificial origin.

The ability of beings there to construct such arteries of sustenance, two considerations will help to make comprehensible: one of these minifies the work, the other magnifies the workers. In the first place, it is not what we see that would have to be constructed. The object of endeavor is not only the water itself, but the products that water makes possible. It is vegetation which is matter of immediate concern, water being of mediate employment. This, then, is what would probably show. Just as on the earth it is the irrigated strip of reclaimed desert, and not the Nile itself, which would make its presence evident across interplanetary space. If these lines are irrigated bands of planting, the vertebral canal would be a mere invisible thread in the midst of that to which it gave growth. This alone would have to be made, and indeed it would probably be covered to prevent evaporation.

Now, we have evidence that the canals are thus composed of nerve and body. When they die down, they do not entirely vanish. Under the visual conditions of Flagstaff they may still be made out in their dead season, the mere skeletons of themselves as they later fill out. And even so we do not actually see the nerve itself.

For the construction of these residuary filaments we have a plethora of capabilities to draw upon: in the first place, beings on a small planet could be both bigger and more effective than on a larger one, because of the lesser gravity on the smaller body. An elephant on Mars could jump like a gazelle. In the second place, age means intelligence, enabling them to yoke nature to their task, as we are yoking electricity. Finally, the task itself would be seven times as light. For gravity on the surface of Mars is only about thirty-eight per cent. of what it is on the surface of the earth; and the work which can be done against a force like gravity with the same expenditure of energy is inversely as the square of that force. A ditch, then, seven times the length of one on earth could be dug as easily on Mars.



From a drawing by Professor Lowell

NORTHEAST CORNER OF *AERIA*, JULY 2-5, 1907

SELF-PRESERVATION

WITH this motive of self-preservation for clue, and with a race equal to the emergency, we should expect to note certain general phenomena. Both polar caps would be pressed into service in order to utilize the whole available supply and also to accommodate most easily the in-

habitants of each hemisphere. We should thus expect to find a system of conduits of some sort world-wide in its distribution and running at its northern and southern ends to termini in the caps. This is precisely what the telescope reveals. These means of communication should be, if possible, straight, both for economy of space and of time, it being specially necessary to avoid any wasteful evaporation on the road. Construction of such would needs be very difficult, if not impracticable, on earth, owing to the often mountainous character of its surface. But on Mars this is not the case. As we have seen, there are fortunately no mountains on Mars. Thus the great obstacle to canals, and, in consequence, the great obstacle to their acceptance, is providentially removed. Terrane offers the least of objections, terror the greatest of spurs, to their construction.

Thus we see that not only should the execution be possible, but that it should exhibit precisely the phenomena we see.

FURTHER PHENOMENA

It would be interesting, doubtless, to learn how are bodied these inhabitants that analysis reaches out to touch. But body is the last thing we are likely to know of them. Of their mind as embodied in their works, we may learn much more; and, after all, is not that the more pregnant knowledge of the two? Something of this we have surveyed together. But beyond the lime-light of assured deduction stand many facts awaiting their turn to synthetic coördination which we have not touched upon. It is proper to mention some of them under due reserve, for they constitute the bricks which with others yet to come will some day be built up into a housing whole.

Not least of these are those strange caret-shaped dark spots at the points where the canals leave the dark regions to adventure themselves into the light. No canal thus circumstanced in position is apparently without them, and, unlike the oases, they do not show round. On the theory of canalization they are certainly well-placed. We have seen that the blue-green regions and the ocher ones lie undoubtedly at different levels, the former standing much lower than the latter.

From a drawing by Professor Lowell

MOUTHS OF *EUPHRATES* AND *PHISON*

The drawing shows the way in which each branch of the two double canals enters the desert from a common point of departure.

Here, then, should occur difficulties in canalization which would have to be overcome. Are these, then, the evidence of their surmounting? They certainly suggest the fact.

Then the oases themselves lure our thoughts afield. Important centers to the canal system they are on their face. But, if centers to that, they should bear a like relation to what fashioned the canals. That they dilate and dwindle seasonally points to vegetation as their chief constituent, whence their name. But behind and informing this, must be the bodied spirit of the whole. We are certainly justified in regarding them as the apple of the eye of Martian life—what corresponds with us to centers of population.

An interesting phenomenon about the oases makes this the more probable. Observation discloses that the oases are given to change of size and tone. They fade at certain seasons, retaining only a relatively diminutive dark kernel. They are thus formed of two parts, pulp and core. The pulp itself indicates vegetation, since it follows the same laws as the canals; the core may well be the evidence of the permanent population. That they are the largest, some seventy-five miles across, seems to give sufficient space for living and the means to live. If our cities had to be their own sources of supply, they might well be of this size. As it is, Tokio is ten miles by ten, and London yet larger. But we must in this be careful to part surmise from deduction.

SPECULATION EXCLUDED

In our exposition of what we have gleaned about Mars, we have been careful to indulge in no speculation. The laws of physics and the present knowledge of

geology and biology affected by what astronomy has to say of the former subject, have conducted us, starting from the observations, to the recognition of other intelligent life. We have carefully considered the circumstantial evidence in the case, and we have found that it points to intelligence acting on that other globe, and is incompatible with anything else. We have, then, searched for motive and have lighted on one which thoroughly explains the evidence that observation offers. We are justified, therefore, in believing that we have unearthed the cause and our conclusion is this: that we have in these strange features, which the telescope reveals to us, witness that life, and life of no mean order, at present inhabits the planet.

Part and parcel of this information is the order of intelligence involved in the beings thus disclosed. Peculiarly impressive is the thought that life on another world should thus have made its present known by its exercise of mind. That intelligence should thus mutely communicate its existence to us across the far stretches of space, itself remaining hid, appeals to all that is highest and most far-reaching in man himself. More satisfactory than strange this; for in no other way could the habitation of the planet have been made known to us. It simply shows again the supremacy of mind. Men live after they are dead by what they have written while they were alive, and the inhabitants of a planet tell of themselves across space as do individuals athwart time, in the same mind manner.

OUR LIFE NOT UNIQUE

THUS, not only do the observations we have scanned lead us to the conclusion that Mars at this moment is inhabited, but they land us at the further one that these denizens are of an order whose acquaintance was worth the making. Whether we ever shall come to converse with them in any more instant way is a question upon which science at present has no data to decide. More important to us is the fact that they exist, made all the more interesting by their precedence of us in the path of evolution. Their presence certainly ousts us from any unique or self-centered position in the solar system, but so with the world did the Copernican system the Ptolemaic, and the world survived this deposing change. So may man. To all who have a cosmoplanetary breadth of view it cannot but be pregnant to contemplate extra-mundane life and to realize that we have warrant for believing that such life now inhabits the planet Mars.

MARTIAN LIFE NEARING ITS END

A SADDER interest attaches to such existence: that it is, cosmically speaking, soon to pass away. To our eventual descendants life on Mars will no longer be something to scan and interpret. It will have lapsed beyond the hope of study or recall. Thus to us it takes on an added glamour from the fact that it has not long to last. For the process that brought it to its present pass must go on to the bitter end, until the last spark of Martian life goes out. The drying up of the planet is certain to proceed until its surface can support no life at all. Slowly but surely time will snuff it out. When the last ember is thus extinguished, the planet will roll a dead world through space, its evolutionary career forever ended.

ENGLAND'S LAST ROYAL POLITICAL BOSS

BY EDWARD PORRITT

OF the many curious letters concerning eighteenth-century social and political life in England in the correspondence of George Augustus Selwyn, none nowadays seems more curious than the letter which Gilly Williams wrote to Selwyn in March, 1768. A parliamentary general election was then proceeding, and the country was greatly disturbed by the Wilkes agitation. In this letter Gilly Williams tells Selwyn that their friend Coventry had complained to the King, on the previous day, of an Indian nabob who was opposing Coventry at Bridport, and adds that the King "gave him advice how to proceed in the conduct of his election." To-day a man who, in an audience with the sovereign, should so much as mention his fortunes in an election contest, would be regarded with amazement; for in these days the crown has as little to do with parliamentary elections in detail as it has to do with the election of the President of the United States.

In the days of George III's political activity, however, a parliamentary candidate who was encountering difficulties, could not have gone to a better person than the King for advice, provided that he had steadfastly supported the crown in his earlier parliamentary career, and that he was a man on whom the crown could rely for support in the new Parliament. If Coventry had searched England over in March, 1768, he could not have found a man better able to advise him how to carry an election than George III. He might have found an election attorney, a practitioner known in those days as a "seat-broker," who could introduce him to a borough at which he might have been elected for £2500 or £3000 paid down in cash. Or he might have found a borough boss, euphemistically termed a "borough patron," who knew the devious ways of two or three boroughs, and by what means elections could be carried in them. But search England as he would, he could not have found a man who knew more about borough-mongering in general, or who was better versed in the arts of electioneering as these arts were practised in the most corrupt period of English political life, than George III.

Whatever may have been the merits and demerits of George III, he certainly was not the "country gentleman called by fate to rule an empire" formerly so frequently depicted in English and American history. Rather it may be said of him that he was the greatest parliamentary boss who was ever on the English throne; and as regards control over the House of Commons, it has to be conceded also that he was the most successful of English royal bosses. Other English sovereigns had sought, and at times had obtained, some measure of unconstitutional control over the House of Commons. English sovereigns began to seek this control in the early days of the House of Commons. Sovereigns, as early as James I, were adept in electioneering; and excepting the first two Georges, who were too ignorant of the working of the English parliamentary system, and too indifferent to the House of Commons and its control to exert themselves personally in electioneering, it is hardly possible to name a sovereign, king or queen, from James I to George III, who did not interfere in elections so as to insure Parliaments which would do their bidding.

Several reasons explain why George

III, the last of the royal bosses, succeeded in controlling elections to a greater extent than any of his predecessors. He liked the business, and his opportunities for bossing the House of Commons were better than those of any of his predecessors. With the commercial and industrial expansion of England, and with the growth of England as a colonial power, there necessarily came larger opportunities for a sovereign who was bent on exercising the power of a boss. In all countries with representative institutions, and in all times, the success of a boss depends almost entirely on the amount of spoils at his disposal; and as regards spoils, George III was immensely better placed than any sovereign who had preceded him. Further than this, the English parliamentary system in the course of centuries, had been increasingly warped out of its original lines. It had long been losing its early simplicity and democratic character, and it was at its worst and was more adapted to manipulation by a boss during the long reign of George III than at any time during the five centuries of its existence.

Half a century before George III came to the throne, Scotland had come into the British parliamentary system. Ireland came in during George III's reign; but by 1801 the King's intense and continuous interest in electioneering had come to an end, and there are no traces of direct interference by George III in elections from Ireland to the House of Commons of the United Kingdom. Scotland was bossed from the time it came into the Union in 1707. Queen Anne turned Scotland to full account in her management of the House of Commons. The ministers of George I and George II did likewise. George III was personally active in the bossing of Scotland; and there never was a representative system better suited for boss-manipulation than that on which, from 1707 to 1832, Scotland's forty-five representatives at Westminster were chosen. During these years Scotland never lacked a boss, and until a short time before the Reform Administration of 1830–34, these bosses were usually able to deliver Scotland's forty-five votes to the sovereign, or to the government for which they were acting.

First in the succession of men who managed Scotland in this period came the Earl of Cromarty. He was followed by the Earl of Islay. Next came the famous Duke of Argyll; after him Stuart Mackenzie; and after Mackenzie, who was managing Scotland when George III came to the throne, Henry Dundas, who may be described as the last and the most famous of Scotland's line of parliamentary managers.

Dundas was bossing Scotland during the greater part of the time George III was exerting himself in the management of the House of Commons; and, from the point of view of a boss, the representation of Scotland was never better managed. During Dundas's rule the forty-five Scotch members were little better than automata. They never troubled themselves to take part in the general debates. They were keen enough in looking after Scotch interests; so keen that from the Union until the first or second decade of the nineteenth century, Scotland's forty-five members practically constituted a grand committee for North Britain. Then, as now, a Scotch discussion in the House of Commons had little interest for members from England and Wales. Scotchmen, however, were always in attendance to make a House, and on such occasions the will of Scotland easily prevailed. But while the contingent that followed the lead of Dundas seldom intervened in general debates, its members rarely missed a division when a government policy was at stake, and they invariably voted as Dundas directed.

The question is sometimes asked how it is that so many Scotchmen are famous in the annals of the British colonial and Indian service. It is easily answered. These men were the sons or nephews of the county voters in Scotland who elected the Dundas squadron. They got their appointments in India and in the colonies because their fathers or uncles voted with Dundas; and, bad as the spoils system is considered to-day, these men unquestionably did credit to Scotland, and earned for Britain much of the renown which has accrued to her as a colonial power. Mr. A. J. Balfour, the leader of the Conservative party in England, is the grandson of a man who owed his fortune to Dundas, for whom Dundas found a lucrative position in India and the Dic-

tionary of National Biography is studded with the names of men whose openings to avenues to fame or fortune were made by Dundas or his predecessors in the eighteenth-century management of Scotland, as direct or indirect rewards for partizan loyalty.

Turning again to George III's activity in parliamentary electioneering in England, the fact must be kept in mind that, when the King came to the throne in 1760, party lines in England had well-nigh disappeared; and until George III had been king for some years no great political question divided the country. The first question in which the country at large took any lively interest arose out of the King's contest with Wilkes. The next great political issue arose out of the revolt of the American Colonies.

Everything favored the King in his ambition to be his own chief minister and to make his ministers merely royal secretaries and exponents of his policies in the House of Commons and the House of Lords.

It is undeniable that he loved political science and was actuated by the strongest desire to practise the science as he understood it, and as he conceived it ought to be practised by a King of England. Before he came to the throne he had trained himself for the work he was bent on undertaking. He had studied Blackstone when that book was still in manuscript, and the taste for serious reading he thus early displayed marked the whole of his life.

In the preceding reign the management of English elections had been in the hands of the Duke of Newcastle and his brother Henry Pelham. As soon as George III came to the throne, he took the business of bossing into his own hands. George II died on the 25th of October, 1760. On the 10th of November, George III was interfering in an election at Liverpool. The candidates were Thomas Ross and Sir William Bucknall. The peremptory way in which the King began his career as a boss is best told in the language of one of the candidates. "This morning," wrote Ross, whose letter has been preserved in "Captain Stewart's Manuscripts," published by the Historical Manuscripts Commission, "his Majesty sent to me Colonel Rolt Philips of the Bedchamber, with a command to desist from pretending to be burgess of Liverpool, his Majesty resolving that one Sir William Bucknall shall, if possible, be the man." In the following year, when a new Parliament had to be elected, the King's interference in electioneering was quite general; and the attitude he intended to take toward the administration was shown by his action in connection with a group of rotten boroughs in Cornwall. These boroughs were attached to the duchy of Cornwall. The Prince of Wales is Duke of Cornwall. In the absence or minority of the Prince of Wales, it had been the custom for the ministry to name the members for these duchy boroughs; but at the election of 1761, when the King was busy forming a party of his friends who would act in the royal interest, he himself named the members for the Cornish boroughs controlled by the duchy.

Of the five hundred and thirteen English members who were of the House of Commons in the reign of George III, four hundred and seventeen were from two hundred and fifteen boroughs; and it was in these boroughs that the bosses had their sway. There was no uniformity in the franchise. In some of the boroughs members were chosen by the burgage-holders. These were the owners or occupiers of lands, or houses standing on lands, whose boundaries could be traced back to the earliest beginnings of town life. Few of the burgage boroughs had large populations, even as populations went in the more rural counties of eighteenth-century England. But small or large as the populations might be, only the holders of the precious burgage lands were permitted to vote, and in most of the burgage boroughs the electors were so few that they could have been convened in an ale-house kitchen.

In other boroughs only the freemen voted. In a third group the members of the House of Commons were elected by the municipal councils, whose chief reason for existence at this time was to elect these members, and divide the spoils, the big cash bribes and the government offices, which accrued to these oligarchies from their place in the parliamentary system. In a fourth group were the boroughs in which the people generally

elected. These were the inhabitant householder boroughs, the scot-and-lot boroughs, and the pot-walloper boroughs. Of this group the pot-walloper boroughs were the quaintest. Before the Reformation, men who were anxious to prove to their neighbors that they were free, that they did not eat the bread of serfdom at any great man's table, took their victuals to the church kitchen, and there dressed and cooked them, and ate them in public. These were the original pot-wallopers of the English representative system; and long after church kitchens of the pre-Reformation period had disappeared, even until late on in the eighteenth century, these pot-walloper voters once a year spread a table in the street in front of their houses and ate a meal in public to prove their right to a parliamentary vote.

With elections in one borough thus in the hands of the burgage-owners, in another in those of the municipal oligarchy, in a third in the hands of the freemen, and in a fourth in the hands of the scot-and-lotters or the pot-wallopers, there was, as James I boasted of his Scotch Parliament, little "popularite" about a general election, so far as the four hundred and seventeen members from the boroughs were concerned. Few boroughs were without a boss, and in the eighteenth century many of the bosses were so securely in possession that they sold nominations to Parliament as openly as railroad shares are sold on the London Stock Exchange to-day.

The electoral system which George III so quickly turned to account was peculiarly adapted to the control of the House of Commons on which he was bent. With money, offices, and honors—baronetcies and peerages—at his command, he was soon able to have a large party in the House ready to do his bidding. In many elections he directly interfered. In others he made his bargains with the local bosses. For some boroughs he paid in cash, and exercised personal self-denial to no small extent that he might have money to place "where it would do most good." Other borough-owners took their pay in offices; others in army and navy contracts, and shares in loans; while the landed families who controlled boroughs, and were not disposed to vulgar deals on a pounds, shillings, and pence basis, took their pay in peerages, or, if they were already peers, in promotions in the peerage. There were over two hundred elevations to the peerage or advancements in rank in the peerage between 1760 and 1820, the great majority of them earned by "right votes in the right places."

While George III was in control, English electioneering was characterized by most of the later-day methods of American bosses. I have been a student of American elections since 1884; but in American elections I have discovered only one factor who has no counterpart in elections in England in the days of George III. The factor whom I have been unable to trace in English elections during that reign is the repeater. Except in the counties, where the electors, who were numerous, were comparatively pure, the constituencies were too small for the repeater; and in the eighteenth century a voter was called upon to take so many oaths that a repeater must have been discovered before he could reach the table where the open voting was proceeding. But the colonizer was an important factor in English borough elections. In twenty-five or thirty boroughs he constantly went in and outvoted the resident electors; and this colonization of voters was systematized to an extent never possible in this country.

Even contested delegations and split conventions were not unknown when George III was in command as a boss. These, however, were confined to the Scotch boroughs, and grew out of the method, peculiar to Scotland, of electing delegates to elect members to the House of Commons.

In the use of civil service appointments as a currency for corrupt electioneering, America has never had a boss who could have given any hints to George III. The peerage, the church, the army, and the navy, the customs and the excise departments, the post-office, the public loans, and even the supplying of beer to the London jails, were all turned to account by George III. The King was always alert when any appointment was about to fall vacant. If a bishop were ill, he did not wait for his death to choose his successor; and when the see fell vacant it went to some cleric who had busied him-

self in electioneering in the King's behalf, and who could be counted upon in the House of Lords to vote as he was told by the crown.

Early in George III's career he made it a rule to bestow offices and appointments on men already in possession of some office. This was not because he was favorable to pluralists. He was far too shrewd a boss to sanction pluralities, except in very special cases. He adopted the plan of favoring a man already in office because in this way two men and their friends came under obligations to him. The same far-sightedness characterized George III's elevations of accommodating borough-owners to the peerage. He would first make the borough boss an Irish peer, an honor at that time but little esteemed. If the Irish peer continued useful he was next promoted to the peerage of Great Britain. The order in the peerage is barons, viscounts, marquises, earls, and dukes; and "one step at a time" was George III's rule in paying his indebtednesses to the borough-owners. The only borough-owner who jumped several stages was Sir James Lowther, afterward Earl of Lonsdale. But Lowther was the greatest unofficial electioneering boss of the eighteenth century. Ordinarily he was able to name nine members to the House of Commons, and at times his contingent numbered as many as eleven.

There was scarcely an office too small to be turned by the King to account in electioneering. In many of the decayed and small boroughs which returned two members to Parliament the elections were dominated by custom-house officers and excisemen, who had obtained these offices in reward for services in parliamentary elections.

George III had some advantages which have never fallen to the lot of American bosses. He could and did open the letters in the post-office of men who opposed him. The correspondence of the eighteenth century teems with expressions of distrust of the post-office; and there is now abundant official proof that this distrust was justified. The opening of letters was so systematic and general that in the post-office accounts for 1763 there was allowance to defray the cost of "engraving the many seals we are obliged to make use of," and until nearly the end of the eighteenth century there was a confidential department in the post-office in London for this business. In Walpole's time it was in the charge of the Rev. Edward Willes, who for his great zeal and discretion in this work was rewarded, first with the deanery of Lincoln and later with the bishopric of St. David's and of Bath and Wells.

Another advantage which George III enjoyed was his power to spring a general election on the country just when he was ready and his opponents were not prepared. Still another was the control which he could exercise over the issue of writs for a parliamentary election. His friends could have their writs at the earliest possible moment, so as to get away to their boroughs, get their elections over, and thus forestall any opposition; while the King's opponents had to unwind all the red tape of the Crown Office, from which the writs were issued.

It was contrary to the law of Parliament that men under age should be of the House of Commons; but like other laws of Parliament, this was not uniformly observed. At one of the elections for Westminster the opposition candidate was under age. While the election was proceeding, an aunt of the opposition candidate informed the King of the young man's age. Her expectation was that the King would at once take steps to invalidate his candidature. But the King's plan was to wait and see whether he was elected, and then to prevent him from taking his seat on the ground of being under age.

The royal borough of Windsor was an inhabitant householder constituency—a borough in which every occupier of a house was an elector; and the King divided the cottage property occupied by his menials at Windsor Castle so as to qualify as many voters as possible. Westminster and Windsor were the boroughs in which he took the most personal active interest. In his dealings with contractors and tradesmen he spent his money and also the nation's money where it would do most good. The King's printer was compelled by the terms of his patent to find a seat in the House of Commons, and there to support the crown. At one time even the office of turnspit in the King's

kitchen was held by a member of the House of Commons; and Hogarth, the King's sergeant painter, had to serve George III by caricaturing the persons and distorting the actions and generally holding up to contempt the politicians who did not act with his royal patron. To the Windsor tradesmen when an election was pending, George III made his appeals direct. He personally canvassed the borough in 1780, when Powney the court candidate, was opposing Admiral Keppel. The King called on a silk-mercer, told him that the Queen wanted a gown, and then exclaimed, "No Keppel, no Keppel!"

Lord North and John Robinson, who had begun his career as a borough boss under the auspices of Lowther, were at this time the men who stood near to the royal boss. To Robinson, who from 1770 to 1782 was Patronage Secretary to the Treasury, George III wrote in detail of what he had done to secure the defeat of Keppel at Windsor. "Whilst at Windsor, during the holidays," wrote the King, "I made it my business privately to sound the inhabitants of that borough. The corporation is desirous of having a candidate recommended by administration; and the inhabitants will warmly espouse such a person. Admiral Keppel can be thrown without any difficulty." In a later letter to Robinson, the King expressed his approval of Powney as a candidate, and added that he would get his tradesmen "encouraged to appear for him," and that he would order the houses he rented at Windsor "to stand in the parish rate in different names of my servants, so that it will create six votes."

Peerages, government contracts, shares in loans and other spoils in his bestowal, never sufficed to meet all the calls made on the King in his electioneering. At the general election of 1780, as at previous elections, the King had to draw on his private funds to buy boroughs, or rather the right to name candidates for boroughs. He had also to contribute to the election expenses of some of the county members who represented constituencies which had to be contested and were not for sale to the highest bidder.

At the settlement of accounts between the King and his assistant bosses in 1782, George was shocked to find that he was in debt at his private bankers' to the amount of £32,750. "As to the immense expense of the general election," he wrote to North, "it has quite surprised me. The sum is at least double of what was expended at any other general election since I came to the throne." This expenditure was all the more disturbing because the King had lost control of the House of Commons, and in consequence North was no longer Prime Minister. "Certainly," continued the King, "the £13,000 due to Mr. Drummond I shall by degrees pay off; but I cannot bind myself further. I think it is most likely that on the reduction of the Civil List I shall be obliged to see my Privy Purse diminished by £12,000 per annum. If that should happen, I have no means of satisfying the remainder you unexpectedly put to my account of £19,754 8*s.* 2*d.* I cannot conclude without saying that I am sorry to see that there has been such a strange waste of money."

Not quite all the money disbursed by the King had gone in electioneering. George III, like bosses of a later period, desired to influence public opinion; and out of the money he turned over to North and Robinson, much of it saved by rigid personal economies, payments had been made to newspaper writers who were in the service of the court, and to defray the cost of getting up public addresses to the King approving and commending the policy of the crown during the long conflict with the American colonies.

After 1782, George III was less active; but he made his private contribution of twelve thousand pounds to the ministerial fund at every general election up to that of 1806, when for the first time the King's contribution was withheld. His last triumph of personal government was in 1807, when he exacted pledges from his ministers against any further concessions to the Roman Catholics.

George III was in completest control of the House of Commons during the conflict with the American Colonies; and at this time his work was harder and more continuous than the "Queen's Letters" show the more constitutional work of Queen Victoria ever to have been. George III was convinced that in his policy toward America he was acting in the best interest of the empire, and he

was anxious that posterity should commend his conduct. "I offer my most fervent prayers to Heaven," he wrote when the struggle was at an end, "that posterity may not lay the downfall of this once respectable empire at my door, and that if ruin should attend the measures that may be adopted, I may not long survive them." This was written on the 11th of September, 1782, when the treaty was pending. After the independence of the United States was finally assured, the King was inclined to a more cheerful view. "I cannot conclude," he wrote to Lord Shelburne, on November 12, 1782, "without mentioning here how sensibly I feel the dismemberment of America from this empire; and that I should be miserable indeed if I did not feel that no blame lay at my door, and did I not also know that knavery seems to be so much the striking feature of its inhabitants that it may not in the end be an evil that they will become aliens to this island."

For England, the American Revolution had at least this compensation: George III's control of Parliament, and the methods by which it was obtained, called public attention to the rotten character of the representative system; and while England was at war with America there was begun the movement for parliamentary reform which culminated in 1832 in the sweeping changes from which the beginnings of modern political England must be dated.

TOPICS OF THE TIME

PRESIDENT AND VICE-PRESIDENT

THERE is no doubt that, unless unexpected deaths occur, one of four or five men who can easily be named by any person who reads the newspapers will be the next President of the United States. It would not be so easy to name four or five men, one of whom, no matter which party succeeds, will be the next Vice-President of the United States.

Though the Vice-Presidents of the United States have often proved entirely satisfactory, yet the happy-go-lucky manner of placing in nomination our Vice-Presidents is one of the weak spots in American political practice. At times it amounts to cynical, even scandalous indifference to the dignity of our institutions. The selection of a candidate for the second place occurs after the members of the nominating conventions are exhausted by the conflict over their favorite candidates for the more important place on the ticket. And so it happens that small considerations of expediency, or the expectation of large contributions to the political funds, or the most trifling influences, are sometimes allowed to have sway in a choice that may prove as momentous as that of the Presidential candidate himself.

The importance of a proper choice for Vice-President does not rest only in the fact that, as often has happened in our history, he may succeed to the first magistracy, through the death of the President. This is the most obvious reason for deliberation and wisdom in the selection.

It is very greatly to be desired, also, that even without regard to fatal contingencies, the Vice-President should be himself of Presidential caliber; that he should, in the manner of his selection, in his commanding abilities, in the dignity of his personal character, not only bring "strength to the ticket" during the Presidential campaign, but in the exercise of his high office, after election, inspire confidence in his disinterestedness and in his character generally, and that he should not, as has sometimes happened, become the center of personal and petty disaffection with regard to the administration which at any moment he may be called upon to supplant.

An appeal is in order to the members of both of the great conventions not to neglect their duty in the selection of either Presidential or Vice-Presidential nominees. They will be alert enough as to their "favorite candidate" for the Presidential nominations. There is no danger that men unknown to the country will be put forth for the first places. The danger of default on the part of delegates refers only to the nominees for the second place. The voters of both parties and all parties have a right to demand that first-class, tried, high-principled, and well-known men be put in nomination not only for the Presidency, but for the Vice-Presidency of a government as great as that of the United States of America.

PUBLIC OFFENSES TO EAR AND EYE

THOUSANDS of sufferers from the din of this world will welcome the two articles on that subject in this number of THE CENTURY: the consideration of "Our Barbarous Fourth" by Mrs. Isaac L. Rice, who, as founder and president of the "Society for the Suppression of Unnecessary Noises," is doing a great public service in New York, and the well-reasoned article on "Noise" by Dr. R. O. Beard of Minneapolis, a relative of the distinguished neurologist of the last generation, Dr. George M. Beard, who was a pioneer in popular education on the subject of nervous perils. We who live in the metropolis, exposed to the crash of elevated, subway, and surface cars (called "rattlers" in the argot of the pickpocket), and to many another excruciating noise, are accustomed to think ourselves sinned against above all men; but evidently in this regard the bustling smaller cities have troubles of their own. But it is a compensation of our too free tolerance of invasions of the general comfort that these grow the more rapidly into downright nuisances, until something *has* to be done to preserve "the pursuit of happiness."

These nuisances are often strongly intrenched in vested interests. Many a summer night in New York is made intolerable by odors from a suburban rendering establishment or glue factory. A score of Western cities have been well-nigh ruined by the use of soft coal in factories, the ends of living being subordinated to its means. (These cities, happily, will be restored some day to their old beauty and cleanliness by inventions of electrical power.)

The offenses to the eye by "the nuisances of advertising" have been set forth recently in our pages by Mr. Sylvester Baxter, but the most assiduous recorder cannot keep pace with American inventiveness. The approaches to most of our cities—and many in Europe are hardly more agreeable in this respect—are disfigured by a procession of standing signs or painted roofs or rocks, the work of "the Iconoclast of Sensibility," who must himself be overthrown before our suburban beauty can be anything more than oases in a desert of ugliness. Some hope of a better day is afforded by the recent decision of a New York City court sustaining the complaint of citizens against a line of omnibuses displaying offensive advertisements—in which decision, by the way, we have the advantage of London and Paris. A step in the right direction is the suggestion to the Hudson-Fulton Memorial Commission that any scheme of the approaching celebration will be incomplete and unworthy that does not include an effort to save our majestic "North" River from pollution, from the destruction of the forests on its shores, and from the vandalism of advertisements.

In the matter of noise there is no danger that reform in the public interest will deprive the human animal of a healthy exercise of lungs and legs. There is din

and din. Recently two small girls who were making a racket, which was objectionable only because of illness in the house, were gently interpolated:

"What is the matter up there, children? It seems to me that 's a pretty big noise."

"We 're playing soldier," replied the six-year-old.

"Well, but soldiers don't have to make that kind of noise."

"Yes, but we 're playing the kind of soldier that makes that kind of noise."

With the military traditions of the country taking such strong hold upon the imagination of youngsters, some outlet must be found for the boy's desire to be heard as well as seen upon the Fourth, and the rational methods suggested by Mrs. Rice are an admirable example of constructive criticism. If, moreover, the boy in the street could be taught that what he takes for imitation of soldiers is only imitation of bushwhackers—that at its best military life is the perfection of order, subordination, and coöperation, much would be done in the direction of that discipline the lack of which is a large defect in American life. While much is to be said against the military spirit, it has this in its favor; and, properly directed in the schools, it may be made to serve admirable and patriotic ends. In the next number of this magazine we shall print an account of what has been accomplished in the organization of the physical energies of boys through the New York Public Schools Athletic League.

But apart from the animal development of the boy, there is a vast amount of tolerated noise that ought to be suppressed. To mention only one sort, sufficient attention has not been given to the nuisance of whistling in public conveyances, an annoyance which often reaches a nerve-racking intensity that prevents reading or repose. Every city should pass an ordinance against this wanton practice, chiefly indulged in by boys. Placarded in the cars as a misdemeanor, alongside of a more objectionable habit, it could in due time be as nearly eradicated.

OPEN LETTERS

Noise

[The following consideration of the effect upon the nerves of noise in general, is a fit and highly suggestive accompaniment of Mrs. Rice's paper on the celebration of "Our Barbarous Fourth" (see page 219).—THE EDITOR.]

NOISE is fast becoming a neurotic habit of the American people. Inevitably, as an organism takes the impress of its environment, a persistent atmosphere of confusion sooner or later forms a permanent background of consciousness. The nervous system, constantly compelled to combat with noise, acquires an habitual alertness, and an abnormal irritability keeps it forever occupied. Actual quiet produces a functional vacuum. Tension, incompatible with real rest, marks even the hours of customary repose.

A peculiar liability to the prejudicial influence of noise may be predicated of the American people. Under the intensive conditions of human life on this continent, a distinctively nervous national type has developed. Upon such a type, the effects of over-stimulation, of continual resistance to destructive stimuli, are most disastrous. The wear and tear of noise is carried to a pathological degree.

Coincidently, the conditions which have fostered this susceptibility to suffering have cultivated a popular carelessness of the sanitary code. The very largesse of opportunity which nature has bestowed upon the people has led to a cheapening of human life and a disregard of human health.

NOISE NUISANCES

ENUMERATION of the forms in which the noise nuisance exhibits itself should be unnecessary; yet so inured are the residents of our great cities to the environment of confusion that they hardly recognize the causes of offense. So habitually indulgent, moreover, is a popular government, so great is

the inertia of the self-governed, that public sentiment needs to be aroused to the occasions of its own abuse.

Locomotives shriek in town and country by night and by day. Beautiful suburbs in our Western cities suffer nightly from the incessant signals of engines on adjacent freight-tracks. A great university has its campus doubly crossed by railway lines, and hourly its lecturers pause in decline of competition with the voice-drowning steam-blasts of the locomotives as they approach the viaducts. Trolley-cars replace the steam-whistle with the compressed air "screamer."

Electric and cable cars, upon surface or elevated lines, contribute a large share to the general and miscellaneous volume of a city's noise. The grind of flanges upon unlubricated curves; the unnecessary back-lash of worn gearing upon down-grades; the rattle of cable and clutch and brake; the roar and jar of rushing speed--all testify to the fact that science has not yet developed, or that the transportation companies of America have not yet secured, the means of reducing locomotive noise.

Steamers, tug-boats, and electric launches practice a well-nigh fiendish ingenuity in their varied achievement of toot and whistle as they ply the lakes and rivers, while occasionally some sportive captain equips his craft with a steam siren by way of extra noise.

In many towns and cities of America operatives are called to work, to eat, and—strange anachronism—to rest, by a concert of blasts from the throats of scores or hundreds of factory whistles. Frequently, the factory clocks vary by minutes, when the concert of noise is broken and becomes a succession of prolonged and painful shrieks. It is still the custom, in many places, to put steam-whistles into service as a fire-alarm. It is recorded that the admission of the State of Oklahoma to the Union was lately celebrated by the screaming of steam-whistles for a full hour.

Wagons, laden with structural materials, add to the babel of cities the jar of their carelessly loaded burdens. Automobiles course the city streets and country roads with every variety of discordant signal.

PERSONAL DISORDER

PUBLIC nuisance, unforbidden, is an incitement to personal disorder. Out of the great mass of public noise, the individual noise struggles to be heard. So habitual is the sense of confusion that the single voice, in need of attention, rises into competitive clamor. Street peddlers vie with one another in the noisy advertisement of their wares. Newsboys reëcho the sensational features of the press in tones as exaggerated as many of the journals they vend. Enthusiasm, in any and every cause, vents itself in catcalls, horns, and piercing whistles.

THE PHYSIOLOGY OF HEARING

AN appreciation of the pathology of noise is dependent upon a simple understanding of the physiology of the nervous mechanism which it offends.

Sound-waves, or composites of sound-waves, to which the human ear is responsive, are placed in two groups--noises and musical sounds. The one class is characterized by the absence, the other by the presence, of the quality of rhythm. These groups are susceptible not only of physical, but of physiological distinction. Noises are recognized by that comparatively simple portion of the auditory mechanism which is known as the vestibule of the inner ear. The appreciation of musical sounds depends upon the cochlea, a part of the inner ear which, in form and function, is essentially a musical instrument. In period of development and quality of function the vestibule is primary. In certain animal forms it alone is present, and these exhibit no differentiation of musical sounds from mere noises. In early infancy, the human babe reacts to noises, often to the point of excitement or terror, but it indicates no differential response to musical sounds. The higher function is the subject of exercise or training. Its development varies widely in different persons and depends upon the sound-analyzing and sound-synthesizing qualities of the cochlea spiral, an organ endowed with a high degree of sympathetic vibration.

It is a physiological rule that, as the specialized features of a function are exalted its simpler and more general properties, its rudimentary possessions, are contracted. So, as the appreciation of musical sounds increases, the range of the normal appreciation of noises is narrowed.

It is a physiological axiom, also, that specialized function tends toward more and more perfect rhythm. As this rhythmic quality develops, the exercise of the function becomes increasingly pleasurable. So, the more perfect the analysis of musical sounds, the more perfectly rhythmical are the impressions to which they give rise, and the more exquisite is the intellectual pleasure they afford. Directly proportional to this pleasure is the discomfort which arhythmical sounds, or noises, provoke. To the highly organized musical brain, noise is causative of a variable degree of actual pain, the common result of the over-stimulation of any special sense. Loud noises are not only heard, but felt. That even the comparatively untrained ear of the mechanic suffers from continual violence, witness the occurrence of "boiler-maker's deafness."

THE CONSEQUENCES OF NOISE

THAT noise has never been defined as a public nuisance under the common law or the sanitary code is strange, for it is easy to prove its injury to human health. In common with all stimulants, its withdrawal makes its pathological influence physiologically clear.

Now and again, when the vast volume of a city's roar is broken by some musical sound, the sense of auditory relief is testimony to the nerve tension which the hearer habitually and unconsciously suffers. Even in the comparative calm of a city's night, this nerve tension enters into sleep, and mars the relaxation upon which rest depends.

When the neurasthenic undertakes the rest-cure, the overwrought and exhausted nervous system at first rebels against the enforced quietude. It has simply been strung to noise. So integral a part of the consciousness becomes the appreciation of habitual sound that actual silence brings a painful sense of vacuum, to which the nervous mechanism finds it difficult to adjust itself. A young lad whose whole life had been spent in the ceaseless uproar of a great city cried out upon his first introduction to the country-side, "Oh! it is too much! The stillness hurts!"

The mischievous consequences of irritative stimuli are not by any means confined to the specific sensations that they evoke. Against these prejudicial influences, the nervous system wears an invisible armor, which the physiologist calls the quality of resistance. Multitudinous stimuli act upon the peripheral sense organs of hearing, of sight, of touch, etc., to which the nerve-centers are refractory. They may excite impressions, which flood the avenues of special sense, but against these, whenever they are ineffective (sub-minimal), whenever they are too intensive (hyper-maximal), or whenever they are markedly arhythmical, this wall of resistance in the nerve-centers is raised.

That not only the response, but the resistance of nerve-cells means the expenditure of energy, is shown by the fact that when nerve-cells suffer partial exhaustion, their resistance is readily overcome: they prove too easily responsive. Slight stimuli provoke in them marked reaction; strong stimuli, riotous results. In early and in late life this instability of the nervous mechanism is frequently exhibited. The aged start at slight and unexpected noises. An infant of four months, startled by the explosion of a cannon cracker, has been known to pass into convulsions.

The nervous system is prejudiced by the forced recognition of unpleasant impressions induced by marked noises; but it is also continually taxed to maintain a barrier of protection against the conscious effects of a great volume of minor noise stimuli or to interpose muffling or dampening agencies between the nerve-centers and their excessive and offensive stimulation in this auditory field.

THE REGULATION OF THE NOISE NUISANCE

WHILE this discussion is concerned specially with the sanitary side of the question, there is an economic aspect of it which invites consideration. Noise is the direct measure of wasted power in other forms of force than that of nervous energy.

The regulation of this form of nuisance is both physiologically and economically desirable, and it is practically attainable. A careful review of the principal sources of noise nuisance suggests that education, leading up to public legislation on the one hand, and to personal control on the other, is requisite for relief.

The general adoption of the block system, with automatic semaphores and crossing-guards, would do away with virtually all locomotive signals on steam and trolley roads. Muffling or sound-deadening devices of various sorts are available for application to both locomotive and stationary engines. So far as safety demands the retention of sound-signals on boats and motor-cars, a certain musical quality in these may be secured. The tremolo, in use upon some automobiles, is proof of the possibility.

Preference should be given to those forms of street paving which combine durability and sound-muffling qualities. Manhole covers may be made to fit firmly. Wagons, loaded with structural materials, uncushioned to prevent jar, should be forbidden travel upon the public streets. Rubber tires, already in general use, should invariably be employed. Whistling in street-cars should be forbidden.

Vendors should be required to present their wares in inoffensive quiet. Public and private celebrations which partake of the nature of riot should be forbidden by law. The use of firearms and fireworks should be generally suppressed in the interest not only of life and limb, but of nerve-poise. Exhibitions and athletic events should not be permitted to degenerate into disturbances of the peace. A note of comfort is to be found in the recent prohibition, in a Western city, of automobile tooting as a form of applause, at park concerts.

PUBLIC and private education should encourage the belief that enthusiasm is not dampened by dignity; that the low, modulated voice is music to the ear, and speaks alike of culture and of good taste.

Richard Olding Beard.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

Drawn by Walter L. Biggs

PITCHING QUOITS—THE TIE

(SCENES FROM AMERICAN RURAL LIFE)

Humor in School[1]

THE inspector was examining a junior class, and asked if any of them had ever seen a tomahawk. "I seen a hawk in a tree, but I did n't know if it was a Tommy hawk or a hen hawk," answered a little chap.

It is a boy who writes, "Meddlesome means a woman." (He is evidently suffering from over-government.) He goes on to elucidate: "Temper means anger and haterad mixed"; "Negroes are black men that grow into boogies"; "Explosion is something like gas

[1] For similar articles by the same writer see THE CENTURY for April and July, 1905.

when you can't put it out or on"; "Groan means you are disgraceful sick"; "Vacuum is nothing with the air sucked out of it put up in a pickle bottle—it is very hard to get."

Traces of home didactics are discernible in this written composition: "You should always be clean in your person, specially on gymnasium days, because if you broke your leg or anything, you would n't want your family disgraced all over the town by an unclean skin." This brings to mind a startling response from a normal-school student in Toronto. The professor of hygiene had been holding forth for an hour, and, winding up his discourse, asked, "When, then, is the best time to take a bath?" "In the spring," was the somewhat disconcerting response of a country youth, who evidently waits till the ice breaks in the creek.

In Ontario schools they have public worship, and one young teacher of a primary class taught her flock to sing many hymns. An inspector was on his periodic rounds. He talked to the little people informally, and they read for him in concert, and showed their paper-weaving, and did callisthenics till they were red in the face. One little chap raised his hand and asked, "Can't we *thing* for Mr. Hughes?" His teacher discouraged him, but after the next school-room stunt, again the hand waved and again the request was preferred. The inspector unbent. "Well, Sammy, little man, what would you like to sing?" Sammy ducked, and came up with, "Plethe,

'Here we thuffer grief and pain.'"

Wordsworth calls his "She was Phantom of Delight" "a poem of the imagination," and so it proved. The couplet,

A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food,

is thus explained: "At first when he met her, he thought she was too lovely to eat common food as common people do, but after he was married to her he found she was a good woman—a spirit still—but she could eat common food and was a good housekeeper."

Another explains the passage: "She did n't think nature's daily food was too simple for her, but took anything she was offered and was pleased with it." Concluding remarks on the "Phantom" are: "She received every one who called on her, and she agreed with 'most anybody." "She was a true woman and always kept herself young." "When Wordsworth married her he was n't very well acquainted with her, but he soon came to know her very well indeed."

An uncomfortable little boy was sitting in the school hallway crying. "What 's the matter, little boy?" queried the tender-hearted visitor. "I 'm—*boo-hoo!*—*boo-hoo!*—waitin' to get licked." "What are you to be whipped for?" "I don't know—*boo-hoo!* I never done nothin'." "Oh, does your teacher whip you on general principles?" "No, *boo-hoo!* on the hands." Another boy, asked at home if he had got any marks at school that day, answered feelingly, "Yes; but they 're where they don't show."

In the city of Vancouver they have a private school for the "daughters of gentlemen," and their advertisement promises "a refined English accent." After morning prayers the pupils take a daily drill in the "accent." One sentence which they carol in unison is, "It makes me *loff* to see a *coff* walk up a *poth* to get his *bawth*." The young hyenas from the public school around the corner have christened these elect "the spotted cows," and jeer them on sight. An elder brother declares, "It comes high, the accent; on the Canadian Pacific Railway you can get a bath for a quarter, but a 'bawth' costs you fifty cents."

"Who is your teacher?" I asked a little girl in the corridor. "Mith Lee; and I go to Thunday-Thchool, too." "Do you? And who is your teacher in Sunday-School?" "Juth the thame, with a hat on."

It was the first lesson in fractions. "If your mother had six people to dinner, and only five potatoes, how must she divide them so that each would get an equal portion?" They struggled with the problem for a while, and no light came, then joyfully a member of the domestic-science class exclaimed, "Mash the potatoes."

The manual-training teacher and the demonstrator of domestic science were leisurely walking home to lunch together, when one little girl on the cathedral steps announced to another, "That 's the wood-man and the cook-lady from the central school." More dignity was theirs than fell to my own lot. "Move your bicycle nearer to the fence, dearie, and let the lady pass." "That ain't a lady, mama; that 's a *school-teacher*." Still, like the policeman and the pound-keeper, I had my uses. My school was on the borders of a park. Another fond mother was taking her daughter, aged four, to see the swans. The child balked in front of the school, sat down on the bench, and refused to move. Through the open windows we heard: "Come, Gertie; come quick. Come, or Miss Cameron will get you."

"Gee, I can't do this!" complained Ted, busy over his home-work. "Say, mother, how many turnips in a bushel?" "I don't know, dear. Surely your teacher did n't ask you that." "She did, sure; we 've got to have it to-morrow in our music exam." The perplexed parent made inquiries, and found the demand to be, "How many beats in a measure?"

In a Winnipeg school a young Galician was asked to define "settler." "If two kids is fighting on Main Street and a big pleaceman yanks them apart, the big pleaceman is a settler."

Some "made in Holland" ideas: "In Holland the curious little girls also wear big, full dresses, but all other ways they are made very plain." "Amsterdam is noted for its windmills, five miles long, and four hundred of them." "The men are no less queerless than the children."

Roy Cluness spent most of his time in the reformatory. In the brief spaces between his lapses from grace he found himself far behind the others in the class. I came across him one day scowling at his slate, the very picture of despair. Before him was a long sum in cancelation. He looked up at me with, "Nothink won't go into nothink!" and you could hear the Dead-Sea ashes crunch between his teeth. There was something ever in this sinner's attitude that appealed to me. Dirty and disheveled, he presented himself in the office one day, reported for disorderly conduct. Looking down, I saw in the lapel of his coat a celluloid button with the legend, "I have troubles of my own." Who could resist that mute appeal?

In a nature-study exam came the demand, "Of what use are snails?" Jimmie racked his brains in desperation, and then wrote, "Snails are good to compare us to when we are slow." It was he who to the question "What are heavenly bodies?" replied, "Good dead people."

In Killarney, Manitoba, a perigrinating preacher of the mild type pronouncedly English, with a congenital dislocation of his h's, went over to the school to announce a "lectchaw" that he was to "delivaw." He remarked that in South Africa there were "all sawts of men: black men, wite men, red men, and even green men," and asked the children if they had ever seen a green man. One stupid urchin, who did n't have brains enough to be "cheeky" or "smart" if he tried, raised his hand with fingers excitedly snapping. "And what is a green man like, my boy?" (With a bland smile.) "Please, sir, he 's an *Englishman*, sir." It may be said in explanation that the boy had no intention of being personal. He was just stating a fact that he had heard reiterated a hundred times at his home, where the remittance-men sent out from the mother-land to learn "rawnching" are familiarly known as "mud students."

Geography is a subject full of variations: "The motions of the earth are from east to west, and revolting." "Hills are good to plant potatoes and corn in." "A hemisphere is a thing which gives us the different kinds of heat." "The axis is that spear that the earth turns round on." "A canal is a place where garbage is dumped." "Steppes is little holes in the sides of a mountain." "Geography is a kind of book that teaches you the situation of the world."

The advantages of the higher education are hinted at in this advertisement in a recent issue of an English paper: "Wanted—a gentleman of good presence, capable of milking goats. University man preferred. Apply in first instance, with reference to Z."

Duncan came from "ayont the Tweed" and was fitted with that peculiar kind of "Caledonian mind" against which Charles Lamb inveighs. In the Latin class he read slowly, "*Poeta nascitur, non fit.*" Teacher, impatiently, "Well, Duncan, can't you translate?" "Oh, yes, sir," assented Duncan the literal, "I get the words all right,—'the poet is born, not made,'—but I don't quite catch on to the point. Most other men are born, too, are n't they, sir?"

To the question, "What are the three independent parts of speech?" a small child hazarded, "The three independent parts of speech are *will*, *won't*, and *sha'n't*."

The class was asked to define certain words, and then to use each in a sentence to show its application. This appeared: "Vengeance, a mean desire to get even; 'Vengeance is mine, I will repay,' saith the Lord."

This advertisement from an English paper tickles the fancy: "The late head-boy of an excellent private school desires to recommend it after being a pupil in it for seven years."

The examiner's demand, "The name Evangeline means the bringer of glad tidings. Show from the poem that the name was wisely bestowed," brought forth this answer: "The word 'Evangeline' means the bringer of glad tidings. This name was given to her when in the sultry noon-tide she carried to the tired reapers flagons of home-brewed ale."

A little girl on the point of leaving the playground at recess was called back. "I 'm only going to the store for ten cents' worth of taffy." "What do you want ten cents' worth of taffy for?" asked the monitor. "For ten cents," was the demure and unanswerable reply.

Strange are the children's complaints as indicated by "excuses" from the home. "Jimmie is suffering from pomonia," suggests the green-apple season. A deep reproach lies in this: "Dere teacher, you allow the children to drink altogether too much water, it has gone to Tommy's brain."

A meek mother writes, "The children must stay home to-day for their grandmother's funeral; I recognize it is a very inconvenient season just at the term's end, but trust you will excuse it."

Agnes Deans Cameron.

Drawn by Mark Fenderson

IT MIGHT BE WORSE

"You don't know," said Spot, "what a dog's life is mine.
Dear Puss, how I wish that my life were like thine."
"If it were," replied Puss, "don't you think you 'd repine—
If, instead of one dog's life, you had to live nine?"

Lines to My Growing Son

STOP pulling father's papers round,
Don't pick holes with his pens,
And please remember not to drink
Your versifying daddy's ink:
It costs him many yens.
Now, come, give dad that book you found
Before you have it all unbound.

Stop playing with that match, my dear
(Yes, I 've no doubt it burns);
Now, *why* should daddy buy you meat
If you forever try to eat
The small change that he earns?
You need n't cry and think it queer
When that shoe-button hurts your ear.

'Cause you can't eat the gravel walk,
Don't bite your nurse's arm.
She 'd let you eat it, but she feels
That it might spoil your other meals
And do your tummy harm.
And really, son, papa must balk:
You 've marked the whole house up with chalk.

You *will* lift pussy by the foot:
No wonder you got scratched.
Don't fall down-stairs; you 'll break your legs.
And don't play ball with fresh-laid eggs,
Or how can they get hatched?

If in the grate your head you put,
Of course your hair gets full of soot.

ENVOY

Wherever you 're going,
Come right back now!
Whatever you 're blowing,
Do stop that row!
Whatever you 're drinking,
Will make you sick!
Whatever you 're thinking,
Forget it, quick!
Whatever you 've found to play with,
Drop it!
In short, whatever you 're doing,
STOP IT!

Julian Street.

A Protest

I AM not fond of finding fault when things
go wrong with me,
I rather pride myself upon my broad
philosophy.
I 'd rather smile than weep about the
troubles of this life,
And never yet have failed to find some joy
amid the strife;
But honestly I draw the line at calling down
a blessing
On "Predigested Turkey stuffed with Anti-
septic Dressing."

In foods I 'm not particular—'most any kind
of pie
Will find a welcome at my hands, a twinkle
in my eye.
If hard-boiled eggs are all there be, why,
hard-boiled eggs I 'll eat,
And manage, even if they 're cold, to hold
them quite a treat;
But ne'er will I be reconciled in all this
world of guessing
To "Predigested Turkey stuffed with Anti-
septic Dressing."

An ancient steak, a chop of veal, with tough
sole-leather hide,
Will always find a nice warm spot awaiting
them inside.
The chicken-neck such as they serve where
comic writers dwell,
I 'll taste, and, if I 'm forced, admit I like
it pretty well;
But never will I render thanks, to taste for it
confessing,
For "Predigested Turkey stuffed with Anti-
septic Dressing."

The breakfast foods I do not mind. Saw-
dust is often good,
And shavings, chips, and splinters, too,
especially when stewed.
The coffees, too, in which there is no trace
of coffee left,

I do not find of virtues quite teetotally bereft;
But never can you make me like, with all
your nice finessing,
This "Predigested Turkey stuffed with
Antiseptic Dressing."

ENVOY

Cook, for the love of Savarin, and other
noble chefs,
Why don't you leave this health-food stunt
to other plain D. F's?
Come, serve the good old stuffs of yore, and
not this nerve-depressing,
Canned "Predigested Turkey stuffed with
Antiseptic Dressing!"

John Kendrick Bangs.

The Mythological Zoo

BY OLIVER HERFORD

With pictures by the Author

Drawn by Oliver Herford

III. The Gargoil

THE Gargoil often makes its perch
On a cathedral or a church,
Where, mid ecclesiastic style,
He smiles an early-Gothic smile.
And while the parson, dignified,
Spouts at his weary flock inside,
The Gargoil, from his lofty seat,
Spouts at the people in the street,
And, like the parson, seems to say
To those beneath him, "Let us spray."
I like the Gargoil best; he plays
So cheerfully on rainy days,
While parsons (no one can deny)
Are awful dampers — when they 're dry.

Drawn by Oliver Herford

IV. The Hydra

THE Hydra Hercules defied
Its nine diminished heads must hide
Before the baneful modern beast
Who has a thousand heads at least.
See how in horrid tiers they rise,
With straining ears and bulging eyes,
While, blinded by fierce calcium rays,
The trembling victim tribute pays
Of song or measure, mime or jest,
To soothe the savage Hydra's breast.
If she please not the monster's whim,
Wild scribes will tear her limb from limb;
Even if charmed, he rend the air
With hideous joy, let her beware;
For she must surely soon or late,
Fall 'neath the hissing Hydra's hate.

Precaution

BY ELOISE LEE SHERMAN

I NEVER had no wish to be
A sho 'nough mill'onaire,
'Ca'se so much money es dat is
Mus' be er right smart care.

What I 'u'd 'like, is des enough
To keep things runnin' smoove,
As ef de wheel er 'ife was 'ed
An' easy in hits groove.

I 'd like to git along so well
I would n' hab to pinch;
I 'd like to hab bote ends to meet
An' lap about er inch.

Ef dey did dat, dat 's all I 'd ask,
'Ca 'se dat 'u'd be er lot;
But I 'd sho take dem ends an' tie
In des one good hard knot.

[illegible] NEW YORK

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LIFE IN A POLISH MOUNTAIN VILLAGE

THE TATRA REGION BETWEEN GALICIA AND HUNGARY

BY WLADYSLAW T. BENDA

WITH PICTURES BY THE AUTHOR

AFTER an absence of several years in America, on a morning in early June we were on our way back to the Tatra Mountains by train from Vienna. With beating hearts we crossed the boundary of Poland. In the radiant glory of the rising sun the green plains spread wide in blue mists. On every side were emerald meadows coursed by slow streams, like silvery ribbons, over which hung rows of melancholy willows; there were fields of wheat red with poppies, sky-blue patches of flax, clusters of straw-thatched peasant houses and lime-trees, roads shaded with poplars, and here and there shallow ponds. Everywhere working in the fields were peasants clad in brilliant red and white garments. The pastures were alive with grazing herds of cattle and horses. Swallows were darting through the air, and storks waded in the swamps. It was a true Sarmatian landscape.

From Cracow a new line of railway brought us to Zakopane, a village in the foot-hills of the Tatra Mountains. Desiring to see the life of those interesting mountaineers at close range, I mounted one of the heavy, springless vehicles that wait at the station, and let the flaxen-haired boy drive me to the village of Koscielisko, deep in the mountains, where the country remains still largely unchanged by the influences of modern civilization. On the road we met groups of sheepskin-clad mountaineers driving their herds of small cattle into the upper valleys for summer grazing.

Arrived in Koscielisko, I ascended a hillside, and, after an hour's inquiry, found lodgings in one of the few houses scattered on the south slope of a mountain. From here we could look down into the Zakopane Valley at our feet, and across to the imposing chain of Tatra, with its tremendous granite walls, its many peaks veiled in clouds, and its foot-hills covered with black-spruce forests. As children we had looked on these moun-

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tains, believing that they marked the outer edge of the world to the south, and even now we doubted if Hungary could really lie beyond. Nearest of all the peaks, and facing my window, stood Gevont, with its shiny, precipitous granite cliffs in front of a long chain of summits that disappeared in the east in luminous haze. There was where the sun was wont to rise and force its rays through gaps in the clouds that never leave their perches on Tatra's peaks.

The house in which I decided to stay belonged to Jan Naziom Stopka. It was surrounded by ash-trees that in autumn protect it against the violent winds from the mountains, and, like all the houses of that region, was a simple, solid structure consisting of two very large rooms, each with a small window facing Tatra. It was built of heavy spruce logs, planed on the inside: the interior had become a dark, reddish-brown from the smoke of the family fire. A quaintly ornamented door led from the small porch into a hall that separated the two rooms and rose to the dark interior under the high roof. An enormous whitewashed oven of complicated construction occupied a large part of one of the rooms. On the carved wooden shelves were groups of earthen pots, pitchers, wooden spoons, and a big stone mortar, which, one would think, might have belonged to a prehistoric age.

The barn that formed a right angle with the dwelling-house, built with equal care and solidity, was a sort of Noah's Ark, giving shelter to horses, cows, pigs, geese, and chickens, each kind in separate compartments. In the middle was a wide threshing-floor; in a corner, on wooden blocks, was a very primitive apparatus for grinding grain, called a *zarna*, consisting of two heavy disks of stone, with cut faces, of which the upper one could be put in rotary motion by means of a long pole attached at one end to the stone, while the other turned loosely in a hole in the ceiling. The very high roofs of both buildings projected several feet over the board walk that ran around the walls. Under the ash-trees shone the white awnings of a heavy vehicle, while plows, wooden harrows, pitchforks of beechwood, and other primitive agricultural utensils leaned against the walls. Wooden *vessels of* various shapes and uses stood in row on the board walk, all cleanly scrubbed by the thrifty wife. Bleaching on the closely cropped lawn were pieces of home-made linen and wide-sleeved shirts. Small pigs, geese, and chickens swarmed in the muddy yard.

Pastures dotted with a profusion of flowers, and fields of oats, potatoes, clover, and flax, surrounded the homestead and covered the slope between two deep ravines, hidden under spruce forests, where two little streams in many cascades rushed down under the tangled roots of spruce-trees, large leaves of *podbial,* and blue myosotis, over slanting strata of slippery slate, then among whitish granite boulders. Lower down they joined in one torrent that at the sluice formed a deep pool where on hot days little boys and girls, like fauns and nymphs, splashed in the crystal water, causing dismay among the darting trout. Then the stream jumped over a rattling mill-wheel hidden among trees, and down the inclines, through woods, glens, and grassy slopes, until it reached the river winding in the spreading valley below, where followed in procession pale-green fields, marshy meadows, groups of trees, and houses with roofs shining like silver. Here and there smaller streams, coruscating in the sunlight, hurried to meet the river, rushing over boulders, and followed by the whitish road that connects village with village. Toward the south a black-spruce forest, with only an occasional clearing, stretched away for miles, and covered the foot-hills of the always mysterious Tatra.

At a moment when from the near-by ravine came the tinkle of cow-bells mingling with the rustling of the stream, a song would arise, sometimes with a melancholy note and again with primeval rapture. Soon black-and-white-patched cattle would emerge from the ravines, followed by orange-kerchiefed shepherdesses. Two of the girls with their small cattle passed my window every evening. One of them was Ulana, daughter of our neighbors. She was a slender girl of about fifteen years; her erect figure was enveloped in a coarse linen shirt, a reddish embroidered sheepskin *serdak,* or sleeveless jacket, and an indigo-blue skirt. An orange-yellow handkerchief was bound tight around her face, with its high cheek-

Drawn by W. T. Benda. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

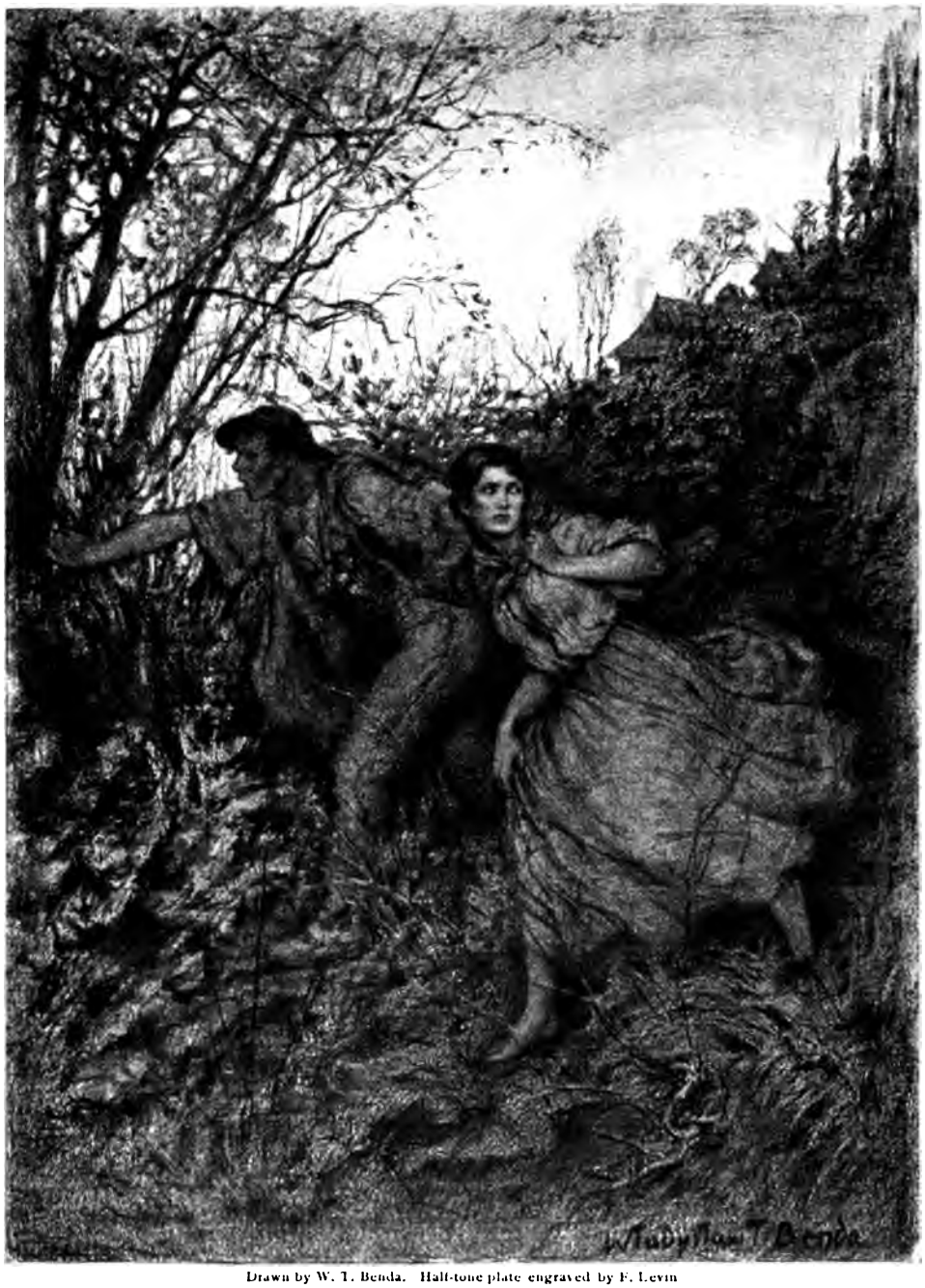
JEDREK, THE HERDMAN

bones, full, rosy, shiny cheeks, and blue eyes truly Slavonic, which, from under a scarcely perceptible trace of eyebrows and thick flesh covering the lids, margined with dark eyelashes, shone like stars. She would run around the cows, and shouting "Tse, tse, tse!" would jump to the right and left after some skittish calves that were wont to run into the oats and clover fields. Another was a plump, flaxen-haired lass. Like most Podhalan girls, both were timid: when passing a strange man they would cast down their eyes; but they could not help blushing and smiling.

Love, jealousy, and hatred have full sway in the hearts of these simple daughters of Eve, not void of strange whims and odd coquetry; but for frivolities little time is left to them. They have to busy themselves with all kinds of farm labor, and I even saw them mending roads. When they are still very young, about the sixteenth year, most of them marry. In comparison with the well-built, handsome men of Podhale, the women are small, and the charm of youthful freshness soon passes from them. The wide difference in stature between the man and the woman is characteristic of the Slavonic race, and it is even more than usually marked among these mountaineers.

Drawn by W. T. Benda. Half-tone plate engraved by S. Davis

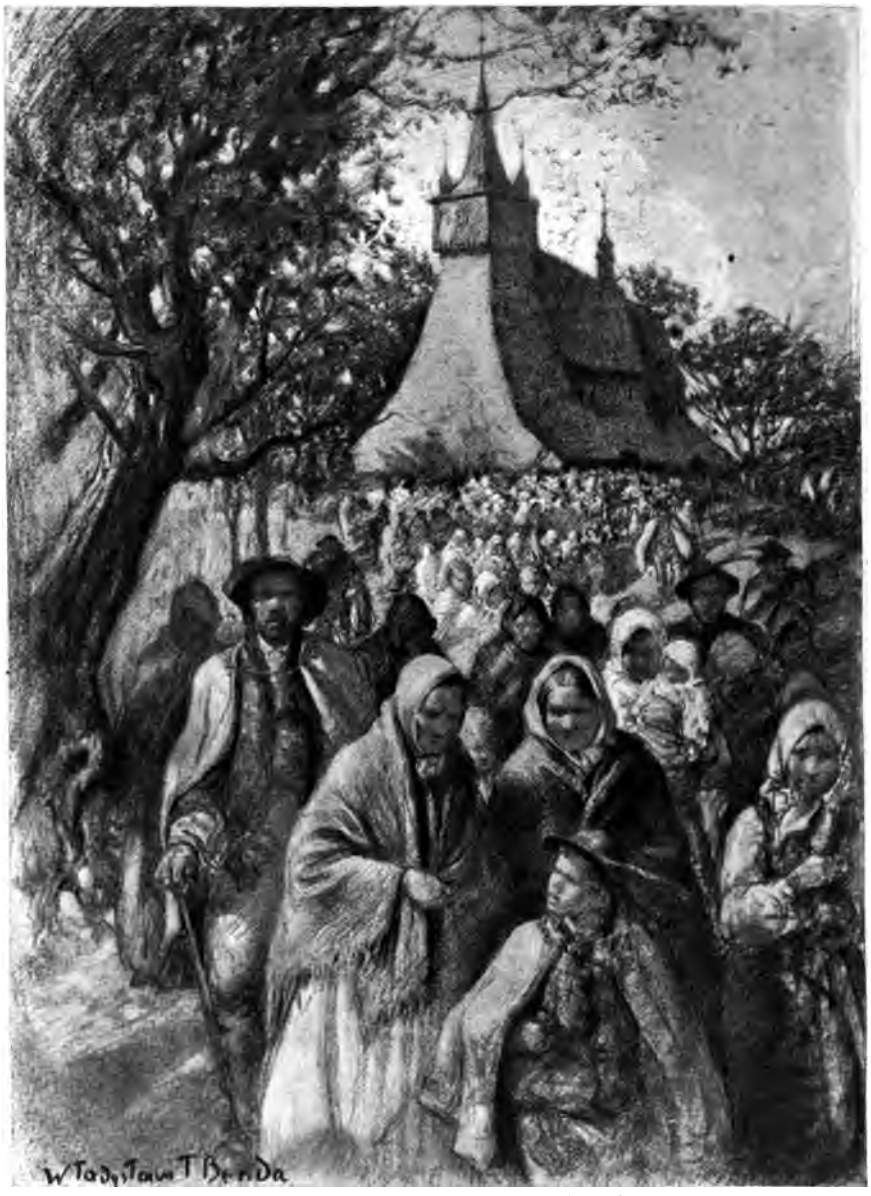
BRINGING IN THE HAY



Drawn by W. T. Benda. Half-tone plate engraved by F. Levin

A SUNSET TRYST

Ulana's brother Jedrek is *yuhas,* or herdman, in the "Valley of Five Lakes," in the heart of the Tatra range. There, in the great solitude of the valley, empty of all life, he stays all summer with his flock of sheep. With them he travels all day over precipitous, rocky ridges full of threatening crevices, over wide areas of snow-fields, through narrow gorges, to find the scanty grass that grows wherever

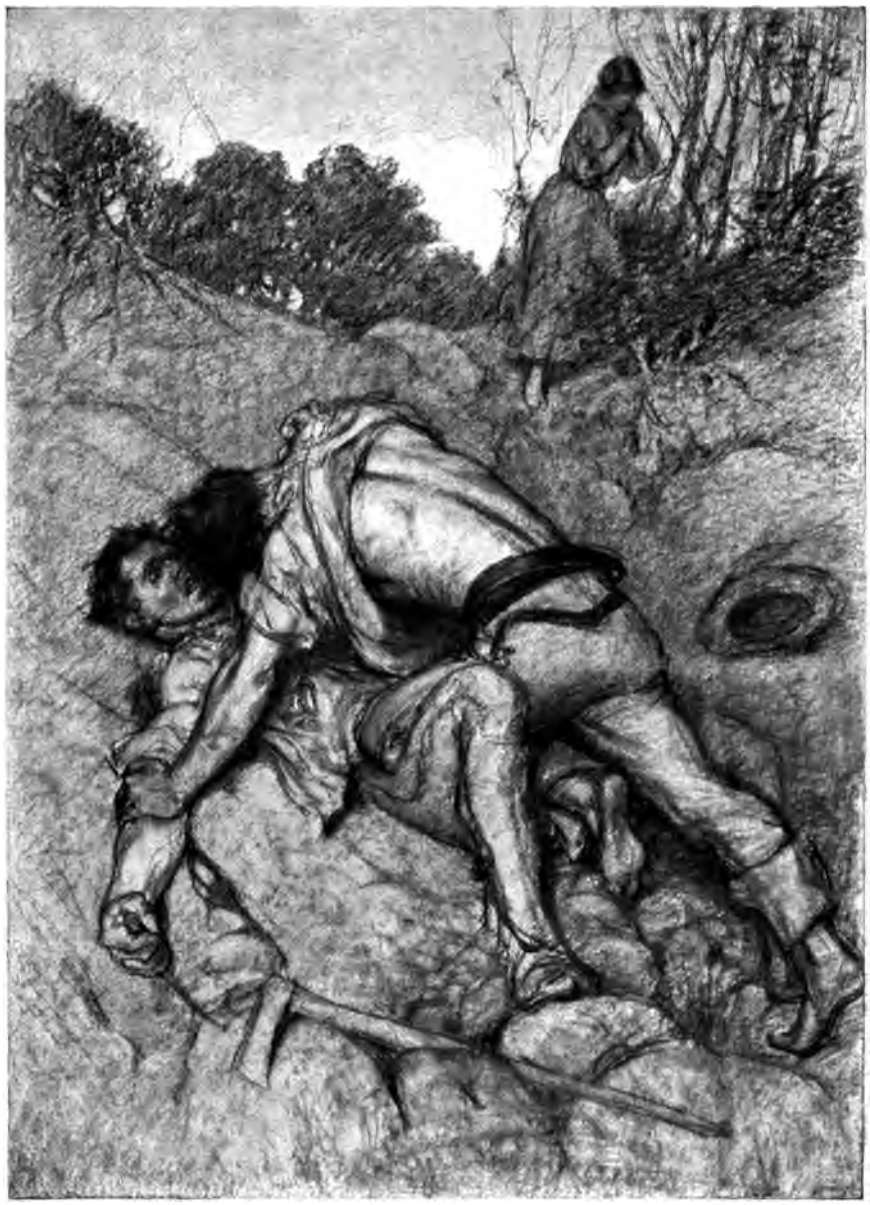


Drawn by W. T. Benda. Half-tone plate engraved by S. Davis

SUNDAY MORNING

a little earth has filled the cavities and fissures of stone. Half the time drenched with clouds of rain, he is always ready to fight off a bear, or a Liptak, his Hungarian neighbor on the southern slopes. He rarely comes to his house on Sobiekowa to bring cheese and *brynda*, or fermented, crumbled sheep cheese. He is a rugged fellow, rather big for a mountaineer, muscular and alert, and scant of words. His rough, weather-beaten countenance, with two deep, parallel scars across his nose and high cheek-bones, shines with deep-set, wolfish eyes, squinting from under his mushroom-shaped hat, shiny from frequent contact with milk and butter, and commonly surmounted with an eagle's feather.

Over his coarse, wide-sleeved linen shirt, which does not reach his waist, a



Drawn by W. T. Benda. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

THE RIVALS

big ten-inches-wide belt of three-ply cowhide, ornamented, and weighing over fifteen pounds, encircles his body like an armor, and shines with four large brass buckles and many brass and silver gewgaws, which jingle at his swaggering gait. A shaggy sheepskin serdak, with long, yellowish wool, covers his back. On his tight woolen trousers, patched and darned at the knees, there had once been blue and red embroidery, now mostly rubbed off.

Jedrek was a typical yuhas, and a yuhas is the nearest type to the now dispersed *zboiniks,* or Tatra brigands. His great vital power, and his intense passions, insufficiently controlled by reason, often bring him into fights that frequently end fatally, for he always carries a sharp *ciupaga,* or tomahawk-like ax. In Po-

Drawn by W. T. Benda. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

ZAKOPANE GIRLS SINGING

land, which is a typical flat country, with only one chain of mountains rising abruptly at its edge, the difference between the mountaineer and the lowland type is most striking. The *gorals*, or mountaineers, as little resemble the Polish peasants of the plains as do the lofty mountain regions the wide, level fields of Sarmatia.

The ravine of Sobickowa, which is a favorite rendezvous for lovers, has an eventful history, and there fierce tragedies sometimes break the monotony of cow-bells and melancholy songs. Goral fantasy and superstition readily turn natural happenings into myth and poetry. One late afternoon, while resting under a juniper bush at the edge of the ravine, in the twilight that follows the glow of a red sunset, I saw a goral youth (judging from appearance, a yuhas), followed by a girl of our neighborhood, running stealthily down the ravine, pushing aside the branches of elder bushes, and throwing frightened glances behind. They had scarcely gone over the edge of the ravine, following one of the many parallel cattle-trails, when a young fellow jumped from behind a spruce, and, facing the yuhas, demanded, "Where to?"

They stood for a while motionless,

staring hard at each other. There was no parley, no dispute; neither could speak for anger, but they understood each other. Finally, when the yuhas pulled the lass by the sleeve, and attempted to pass, the other flung himself on his enemy with the fury of a panther. Two ciupagas flashed, but soon were dropped, and they then clung tightly to each other. For a while they struggled for equilibrium, then fell down on the broken slate, and continued to fight, silently, as they rolled down the slope from bush to bush. Mud covered their garments and filled their hair, and blood began to trickle over their faces.

Some juniper bushes now covered the combatants, and I could hear only heavy breathings and groans. Since they had dropped their weapons in the first moment of the fight, I had not looked for serious consequences; but now I thought it necessary to interfere. Before I reached them, they released their hold. The yuhas with curses disappeared among the spruce-trees, leaving the other panting on the stones with a broken rib. With my help the latter got up, and, slipping and stumbling, limped home. Next morning I saw him lying in front of his parents' house. He never mentioned the cause of his illness, and when old Tereska, who knows the marvelous power of weeds, was called to cure him, she announced, with all certainty, that "Vilkolak" had had him in their arms. He admitted that it was so, and soon all Sobickowa knew that he had been attacked by those terrible, bloodthirsty demons of the woods and ravines.

Tereska not only cures people who are troubled with an ordinary illness, but she also knows better than any one else in the village how to unravel mysteries. Very often a girl, unhappy in love, goes to her with gifts, asking for help in her distress. For the old woman knows where *lubczyk*, or the love weed, grows, and when and how it should be administered to the reluctant swain. Another of her accomplishments is the knowledge of remedies against *uroki*, the fatal effect that may follow from a glance of an "evil eye."

Drawn by W. T. Benda. Half tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

A SUNNY MORNING

In the Gonsienicowa Valley, where I tarried for a few days in one of the few hovels scattered among its granite boulders, I was taken seriously ill. When I recovered from an unconscious spell I found myself lying on the grass in front of the chalet, with fir twigs for pillows, exposed to the warming sun. Some yuhases and shepherd-girls were stooping over me, seriously disputing the cause of my illness. Then all agreed that I was the victim of uroki that some girl had "cast upon me." Against such evil there is only one remedy, and this was immediately used. Maryna, one of the shepherdesses, brought from her hovel a kettle of water, and three glowing pieces of charcoal, which she dropped into the water. Then with the solemnity due to the occasion she walked slowly around me, repeating many times a few words like a prayer, continually making with her fingers some mysterious signs, and watching the charcoal sinking—a sign of recovery.

My landlord, Jan Naziom Stopka, was a small man, blind in one eye, solemn and meditative. When he spoke he used few words, expressing his thoughts in some general truth; he had an admiration of nature that verged on the religious. He was accustomed to make weather forecasts from the hues of the mountains, the formation of the clouds that group themselves about their peaks, from the flight of birds, and the quality of the air, and he often surprised me with the accuracy of his practical meteorology.

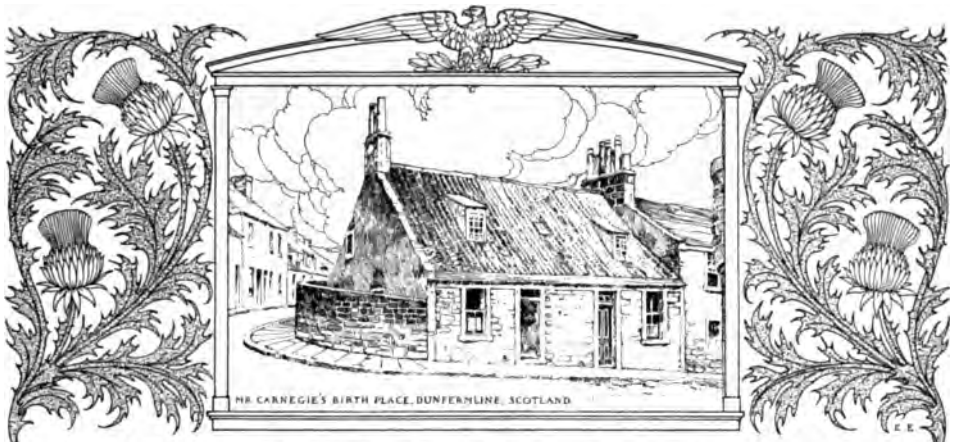
One sunny morning I saw him, with his wife and some girls from the neighborhood, in the greatest haste gathering some hay they had left near the summit of Gobalowka. The old woman and the girls gathered the hay in white linen sheets, stooping grotesquely under the enormous bundles that covered them until one could see only the edges of their indigo-dyed skirts and their bare weather-beaten feet. When I looked at the bright sky and asked him why this hurry, astonished at my ignorance, Stopka said: "Why, don't you feel it? We shall have rain to-day; it will last long. Everything tells it: Gevont looks so clear and near; the swallows fly so low; and there from behind Muzan come the clouds."

And the clouds from behind Muzan came, soon filling the valley, covering Tatra and Zakopane, and obscuring the sky. Then they enveloped our slope with their opaque mass, in which the ravine, the woods, and the houses vanished, and beyond the nearest ash-trees nothing was seen. Rain began to fall, and continued many days and nights. Once for a time the sky cleared, and patches of cliffs and hills were seen. Streams of water splashed from the roofs on the softened ground, and many rivulets rushed down the slopes, and joined in one torrent that washed over the stony road. The girls passed with their cattle wrapped in white linen sheets. Their serdaks were worn with the shaggy side out.

At night from the road below came sounds of the wild singing of the goral drivers. Rain, tempest, and hurricane seem to go best with the untamed natures of the young "falcons," as the village lasses caressingly call their boisterous lovers.

Tuesday is the weekly market-day in Zakopane. People from all the surrounding villages come with farm and dairy products to the wide, open square, which has forests and the Tatra chain for a background. From early morning a motley crowd of mountaineers, with wagons covered with white awnings, and with their small cattle and horses, fill the large market space. Men and women bend under huge bundles, and the merchant Jews display in tents orange head-kerchiefs, calicoes, ribbons, and cowhides for straps and belts. There are stretchers on which are shown scythes and sickles, and a row of wagons with rock salt. Men from distant villages may be distinguished by their different costume.

Koscielisko is one of those villages from which many emigrate to America, and in almost every house on Sobickowa there was somebody who either had been to America or intended to go. But there are many villages where the new land is scarcely ever mentioned. The mania of emigration is like a contagious disease, and once it gets hold of a place, it stays there. When my neighbors on Sobickowa learned that I had come from America, they plied me with eager questions concerning the land across the water. Most of those who had been in America had worked in the coal mines of Pennsylvania.



The TURNING-POINT *of* MR. CARNEGIE'S CAREER

by DAVID HOMER BATES

Author of "Lincoln in the Telegraph Office"

ANDREW CARNEGIE placed his foot upon the first round of the ladder of success when, in 1849, he went to work in a cotton factory in Allegheny City, where he served as bobbin boy, his wage being $1.20 a week. He stepped upon the second round when he was set to firing the boiler of a small steam-engine in the cellar of a bobbin factory in the same city; and he reached the third round when in the same year he became a telegraph messenger-boy at the corner of Third and Wood streets, Pittsburg.

On March 28, 1907, the surviving members of the United States Military Telegraph Corps of the Civil War (eighty persons, including guests) gave a reunion dinner in special honor of Andrew Carnegie, the "Father of the Corps," General Thomas T. Eckert, the "Dean," Colonel Robert C. Clowry, a "Pioneer," and Mr. William R. Plum, the "Historian of the Corps."[1] In the course of his response at that dinner, Mr. Carnegie said:

Mr. Thomas A. Scott was my superior officer when I was a telegraph operator. When he was made Vice-President of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company in 1859 and removed from Altoona to Philadelphia, they sent me back to Pittsburg in his place, and I was wounded to the quick by one thing. "Andy," he said, "Do you think you could handle the Pittsburg Division?" Well, I had never made such a fool of myself as to say that I could not do a thing if I had the chance. "Mr. Scott," I said, "I should like to try." There was nothing in the world that could have been offered me equal to the Pittsburg Division. I had signed "T.A.S." for years on telegraph-train orders, and I could not help thinking how "A.C." would look.

When at the height of exhilaration there came the words from Mr. Scott: "How much salary do you think you ought to have?"

"Salary! I don't care about salary; you give me the division."

I did not care so much for the money as I did for the position. Scott said he thought I should get $1500 a year,—he got only that when he was there,—and it was so fixed. I remember well when I used to write out the monthly pay-roll and came to Mr. Scott's name for $125. I wondered what he did with it all. I was then getting thirty-five.

Mr. Carnegie then told of his experience as a telegraph messenger in Pittsburg in the early 50's, when one night at the end of the month he did not receive his pay with the rest of the boys as usual,

[1] An account of Mr. Carnegie's part in the telegraph service at the beginning of the Civil War was given by the present writer in "Lincoln in the Telegraph Office," printed in THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for May, 1907.

but was told by the cashier, John P. Glass, to wait until the others had left the room. He thought that dismissal was coming. How could he ever meet his father and mother in disgrace! When they were alone, Mr. Glass said: "Andy, I have noticed your work, and concluded that you are worth more than the other boys. Instead of $11.25 for this month, I have given you $13.50." Mr. Carnegie continued:

I ran from the Pittsburg office more than a mile to my home, crossing the Allegheny River. I would not take the narrow sidewalk, but ran the whole way across on the broad wagon-road, fortunately then free from wagons. A rise of $2.25 a month! Talk about your millionaires! All the millions I 've made, combined, never gave the happiness of that rise of $2.25 a month. Arrived at the little cottage where we lived,—father, mother, and little brother,—I handed my mother the usual $11.25, and that night in bed told brother Tom the great secret. The next morning, Sunday, we were all sitting at the breakfast table, and I said: "Mother, I have something else for you," and then I gave her the $2.25, and told her how I got it. Father and she were delighted to hear of my good fortune, but, motherlike, she said I deserved it, and then came tears of joy.

Comrades, I was born in poverty, and would not exchange its sacred memories with the richest millionaire's son who ever breathed. What does he know about mother or father? These are mere names to him. *Give me the life of the boy whose mother is nurse, seamstress, washerwoman, cook, teacher, angel, and saint, all in one, and whose father is guide, exemplar, and friend.* No servants to come between. These are the boys who are born to the best fortune. Some men think that poverty is a dreadful burden, and that wealth leads to happiness. What do they know about it? They know only one side; they imagine the other. I have lived both, and I know there is very little in wealth that can add to human happiness beyond the small comforts of life. Millionaires who laugh are rare. My experience is that wealth is apt to take the smiles away.

If happiness has not its seat
And center in the breast,
We may be rich or wise or great,
But never can be blest.

Mr. Carnegie's reference in this address to his having once been a telegraph messenger led the writer to search for additional facts and incidents in his early career, which have only recently been obtained, and some of which are here published for the first time. Andrew Carnegie was registered as having been born in Dunfermline, Scotland, on November 25, 1837; but a side entry has recently been discovered which shows that the year of his birth was 1835. Registry seems to have been delayed by the official then in charge. His mother's maiden name was Margaret Morrison. His father, William Carnegie, was a well-to-do weaver, owning four hand-looms; but the introduction of steam ruined hand-loom weaving, and, after a long struggle, the old looms were sold at a sacrifice, and the family of four (Andrew was then in his thirteenth year, and his brother Thomas in his seventh) sailed from Glasgow, May 17, 1848, on the *Wiscasset*, an eight-hundred-ton vessel built in a Maine shipyard. The voyage to New York occupied seven weeks. Their worldly possessions were so few that, in order to pay their passage in the steerage, they were compelled to accept a loan of twenty pounds from an intimate family friend, Mrs. Henderson,—*née* Ferguson,—which, however, was soon repaid out of the first family savings in America, one dollar at a time being carefully put away for the purpose. Their final destination by canal and steamboat was Pittsburg or rather Allegheny (now incorporated with the former city), where Mrs. Carnegie's two sisters lived.

The father, after unsuccessful efforts to make a livelihood out of his trade of weaving, obtained employment in the cotton mill in which Andrew was afterward employed as bobbin boy. He writes of this event: "I cannot tell how proud I was when I received my first week's earnings,—one dollar and twenty cents,—given to me because I had been of some use in the world." The father and lad began work at early dawn, and left the mill after dark, the good mother contributing her share to the family wealth by binding shoes in the intervals of housework, no servant ever having been employed in the humble home until 1856, when young Carnegie accompanied Thomas A. Scott to Altoona, taking the family with him.

Some time in the year 1849, David Brooks, manager of the Pittsburg tele-

graph office, needed an additional messenger-boy, and mentioned the matter to Carnegie's Uncle Hogan, with whom Brooks occasionally played draughts. Hogan at once suggested his nephew. The following day "Andy," as he was always called, accompanied by his father, went to the telegraph office at Third and Wood streets, and had an interview with Mr. Brooks. Brooks, after a talk with the lad, asked him when he could begin work. Andy said: "Right now; I don't need to go home again to-day." Thus the third step was taken on the ladder of success, and the fourteen-year-old boy became a telegraph messenger, his monthly wages being $11.25, afterward increased to $13.50, as stated above.

From a photograph by Cargo

ANDREW CARNEGIE, AGED SIXTEEN, AND HIS ONLY BROTHER THOMAS MORRISON CARNEGIE, AGED TEN, IN 1851

Meantime the Superintendent of the Telegraph Company, James Douglas

From a photograph by Cargo, taken in 1870

ANDREW CARNEGIE AND THOMAS N. MILLER, HIS BOYHOOD FRIEND AND EARLY BUSINESS ASSOCIATE

Reid (of blessed memory to old-time telegraphers), visited Pittsburg and met the young messenger-boy, who learned that Reid was born near Dunfermline, Carnegie's native town. This fact no doubt served to improve Andy's prospects in the business. Forty years afterward, he secured for his old employer the appointment as United States consul at Dunfermline. Young Carnegie soon learned the Morse alphabet and practised making the telegraph-signals in the early mornings before the operators came. It was not long before he was able to send and receive occasional messages by means of the Morse register, the dots and dashes being embossed on a narrow strip of paper by a steel pen which moved up and down as the electric current opened and closed. At that period the art of reading the signals by sound was in its infancy, and only a few operators here and there were able to abandon the paper strip. But Carnegie soon learned to read thoroughly

and well by sound, an accomplishment he still retains. In fact, the careful, skilled operator, no matter how long he may have forsaken the key, cannot forget the Morse alphabet, and whenever he is within hearing of the signals he involuntarily translates them in his mind.

Carnegie not only became an expert telegraph operator, but, as Mr. B. F. Woodward informed me, he had the "student habit: his mind was active, he attended school, studied grammar and composition, read much, and wrote letters to Eastern newspapers, giving local and political news." In line with this, Mr. T. B. A. David [1] informed me that about that time Andrew Carnegie sought the privilege of using the library for working boys which had been established by a Colonel Anderson in Allegheny, but was refused on the ground that he was not "a working boy." He attacked the administration of the library in a communication to the "Pittsburgh Dispatch," which he signed "A Working Boy." The librarian responded in the columns of the "Dispatch," defending the rules, which, he claimed, meant that "a working boy should have a trade." Carnegie's rejoinder was signed "A Working Boy, though without a Trade," and a day or two thereafter the "Dispatch" had an item on its editorial page which read: "Will 'A Working Boy without a Trade' please call at this office?"

Mr. David added: "I am under the impression that the editor was so pleased with A.C.'s performance that he offered him a place on the paper." And, recently Mr. Carnegie, on being shown the letter, made this comment: "All correct. This was my first appearance as a scribbler for the press. My ambition was to be a reporter, and at last an editor like Horace Greeley. I raised a club for the 'Weekly Tribune,' was an ardent 'Free-Soiler,' and my second article for the press was in the 'Tribune.'"

John Phipps, brother of Henry Phipps, one of Carnegie's early partners in the iron and steel business, was bookkeeper for Isaac Dripps, Master Mechanic of the Fort Wayne Railroad, whose office was at outer depot, Allegheny. In those early days the master mechanic was looked upon as the most important official of the road next to the superintendent, and Dripps used the telegraph very freely. In his absence, his bookkeeper signed the despatches, "I. Dripps per Phipps." In the Morse alphabet these characters consisted entirely of dots with the exception of a single dash in the letter D. So, when the double signature was transmitted over the wires, the long succession of dots was bewildering to both the sending and receiving operator, and the signals produced a curious effect upon the ear. Mr. Carnegie has recalled this feature of his telegraph experience with deep interest.

Mrs. Carnegie has found among her household gods and relics of his early days a photograph, taken in 1851, of her husband, then sixteen, and his brother Thomas, then ten, while the former was employed in the telegraph office, and has permitted the writer to have it reproduced for this article.[2]

Before railroad trains began running into Pittsburg from the East, passengers were compelled to travel part of the distance by stage, the last section of the old stage route being from Beatty's Station, near Greensburg, to Turtle Creek, twenty-five miles out of Pittsburg.

Thomas A. Scott was superintendent not only of the railroad company, but also of the stage-line, his office being at the Pittsburg Outer Depot (burned in 1877 by strikers in the great riots). The railroad telegraph line had not yet been built, and Scott frequently went down town to the public telegraph office at Third and Wood streets, where Carnegie was employed as operator, to be in direct communication by telegraph with railroad officials at Altoona. In this way Scott frequently met Carnegie, who did most of his telegraphing. The former was attracted by the personality of the young Scotchman, who on many occasions had gone out of his way to help the railroad superintendent in his telegraphic correspondence. When the Pennsylvania

[1] Mr. Woodward has died since giving the above information. He and Mr. David were employed as operators in the Pittsburg office in 1852 and 1853.

[2] Thomas Morrison Carnegie also learned to telegraph, but was never regularly employed in that capacity except for a brief period in connection with his clerical duties in the office of the superintendent of the railroad company at Pittsburg.

Railroad Company had completed its telegraph line into Pittsburg, an office was opened at the outer depot. Mr. Scott, who was appointed Superintendent of the Western (now Pittsburg) Division of the railroad, needed a clerk who could also act as operator. He made inquiries concerning Carnegie, who at that time was receiving a salary of twenty-five dollars per month from the telegraph company. John P. Glass, the office telegraph manager, who had succeeded Brooks, disliking to lose one of his most expert and serviceable operators, did not encourage the proposed transfer, and offered to increase Carnegie's salary if he would stay in the telegraph business. Scott, however, was very anxious to employ the young man, and the latter was just as eager to make the change. He promptly accepted the terms, —thirty-five dollars a month,—and arranged to enter Scott's service on February 1, 1853, when he was a few months over seventeen. Many years afterward, during the wide-spread interest in the new discovery of X-rays, in a speech to the railroad veterans Mr. Carnegie facetiously referred to the "raise" in his salary from twenty-five to thirty-five dollars per month as the first and best "X-raise" that had ever been applied to him.

Six weeks after Carnegie entered Scott's employ, he wrote to his Uncle Lauder in Dunfermline, telling him, among other things, of his having left his old place in the telegraph office for what he considered to be a more promising position in the railroad service. In his "Romance of Steel," Casson makes only a brief reference to this letter, which, as the writer believes, is now published in full for the first time. It serves to prove the correctness of the old adage that "The boy is father to the man."

"PITTSBURGH, March 14, 1853.

MY DEAR UNCLE:

Dod's letter, with your few lines and the "News," were received by the same mail, and the contents of all have been thoroughly digested over and over again. Dod's letter put me in an awful way; I could hardly forbear from writing him the same hour his came to hand, but I concluded (after I had filled three or four sheets in reply) to read some authorities upon the subject before "proceeding to business." I have the characteristics of "our folks" rather "strongly developed" (as Aunt Aiken would say) and of course, therefore, am a great—or rather small—dabbler in politics—and the proposition pleases me first rate. It will, no doubt, be beneficial to both of us to examine into the systems of Government by which we are ruled, and it will prompt us to read and reflect on what, perhaps, we would never have done without that stimulant. I have, therefore, accepted Dod's challenge, and am now reading the Early History of our Republic, and I find that the obstacles which our revolutionary fathers had to surmount and the dangers they had to encounter were far greater than I had imagined and worthy to take place among the deeds of Scotland's heroes. I read an article lately in Chambers' Miscellany headed "Wallace and Bruce" that pleased me better than anything I have read for a long while. It gave a short history of both and it has exalted even Wallace's character in my eyes; perhaps you may have read it. I have also a fine copy of Burns' works complete, letters, etc. Mr. McCalla, Manager of Eastern Line, presented it to me as a Christmas gift; it is not quite so thick as your copy, but longer; it has several plates and is the best edition published in this country. I see that Dod has a wrong idea in regard to the slave question, and as I suppose that is the monster iniquity which makes him pronounce this country the most tyrannical in the civilized world, I will try to explain the nature of that question in my next letter to him. In my former letter, I would have given you more Buncombe about our G. G. & F.[1] Republic, but I had an idea it would not interest you. I know that the laws and institutions of this country will compare favorably with any other nation on earth, at least as far as I have seen, and except the relation of Master and Slave, they are a century in advance of European; but enough of this, as I have some news to tell you. I left my old place in the telegraph office and am now in the employ of the Pennsylvania Railroad Co., one of (if not the very first of) the three leading roads from

[1] Great, Glorious, and Free.

our Atlantic Cities to the Great West. It forms a continuous line from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh, and here connects with Western roads and the Ohio River. Mr. Scott, the Sup't of it, with whom I became acquainted while in the office, by often talking for him on business by telegraph, offered me 35 dollars per month to take charge of their telegraph office, which the Co. has in this city for its own exclusive use, and also, to assist him in writing and auditing accounts, which I accepted. The Telegraph Co. would have increased my salary to $400. per year if I had remained there, but we all thought that the new situation held out better prospects for the future. I resigned my station on the first of February, and have been employed at my new place since that time. I am liking it far better than the old one —instead of having to stay every other night till 10 or 11 o'clock, I am done every night at 6, which is a great advantage, and am not so much confined. Although I thought my old berth a very good one for the present, still for the future, I felt it did not hold out great inducements. I must always have been an employee, and the highest station I could reasonably expect to attain was Manager of an office, with 7 or 8 hundred a year, and I had begun to think that if another situation would turn up which would be better for the future, I would accept it even though the salary was less than at present, when Mr. Scott (without any application) offered me my present berth. He is having an office fixed up for his own use and I am to be along with him in it and help him. I have met with very few men that I like so well in this country, and I am sure we will agree very well. There is not much telegraphing to do, but it is necessary for them to have an office. The line runs alongside of the Railroad and as there is only one track laid yet, the time the different trains pass stations must be known. Father is in good health and has about $70. of cloth which he intends to sell as soon as the good weather sets in; his letter is not yet commenced, but he promises fair yet to write soon—in the meanwhile he sends you all his very best respects. He is highly delighted with the Caloric Ship just now, and looks forward to the time when steam will be among the things that were. You will see that it has stood the test nobly; it went to Norfolk by sea from N. York and encountered a hard storm, her machinery worked regularly all the time. It will soon visit your shores, another monument of American genius.

Mother directed me to say that she thought we would be able to pay up the house and lot in about two years, and that when that 's done we will be in easy circumstances, but I rather guess she will need new carpets or something else after that; she bought a nice bureau and rocking-chair for her Christmas gifts and she is very proud of them. Mother says it takes a great deal more to keep us in this country. Clothes are so dear and a great many other things, which I forget, are double the price they are in Scotland. Uncle Morris was here about three weeks ago; he is now at St. Louis, about 1200 miles from here, selling ware; we expect him home in about a week; he telegraphed a few days since that he was doing well. Aunt Aiken is doing very well in the store, Mother goes up and helps her on Saturday nights. Uncle and Aunt Hogan are doing well. Aunt has been sick for a week or two past, but is now better. We are expecting Tom up every day, he is coming to spend a week with us. Seyton still continues to live with us and sends regards to all friends in Dunfermline. How do you think your new Ministry will work; it 's a coalition sure enough. However, I hope it will try and do something, and not be like its predecessor. What do you think France is about; if they mean to be peaceful, as Napoleon says, what do they want so many new vessels of war for? It is thought here that another crisis like 1848 will soon take place—if you should happen to get into a fight with the Northern powers on the side of freedom, we won't see you beat without giving you a helping hand. The day will yet come when the Banner of St. George and the Stars and Stripes will do good work side by side for "Liberty." I always get enthusiastic about it when I think of my native and adopted countries uniting against despotism. But I must be brief. Aunt must excuse me for not writing a piece to her, for I have something to say to Dod, and half of yours is hers, you know, and my

room is scanty. All friends here send both of you their best wishes for your welfare, and I need not say, so does

Your much indebted nephew,

Andw. Carnegie.

P. S. Mother thinks that I have never told you that we had bought Uncle Hogan's house and lot, but I 'm pretty sure I did. Mother says that rents are so very high tradesmen pay about 6 and 8 dolls. per mo. for houses with 4 rooms, so we concluded to risk a little and bought it for $550; the property is worth $700, but Andw. Hogan wanted to sell it and could get no better bargain, as it was not long after the flood and some money had to be spent for repairs—we have two years to pay it in."

This is a very remarkable letter from a youth not yet eighteen years old, who had been in this country less than five years; and of particular interest is his reference to the laws and institutions of his adopted country, which he says will compare favorably with those of any other nation on earth except as regards "the relation of master and slave." To have noted such an exception indicates a serious turn of mind beyond his years. Carnegie's Uncle Lauder, to whom the letter was addressed, had proposed that his son George and his nephew Andrew should debate by letter which of the two lands, Great Britain or the United States, had the better government, and the suggestion was at once followed. George Lauder afterward came to America and entered the Carnegie firm, and the two cousins are to-day, as for over fifty years past they have been, more like brothers than cousins. The nicknames by which the two have been familiarly known, are nothing but the pet names of childhood, bestowed when one could not plainly say George or the other Carnegie. To each other they still remain "Dod" and "Naig."

Carnegie's savings were at first small, because the bulk of his $35 per month (soon increased to $40) was given to his parents for family expenses. But about 1854, under the advice of his employer, Thomas A. Scott, he bought ten shares of Adams Express Company stock at a cost of $600. When this transaction was made, Carnegie had not yet reserved anything for himself out of his salary, and, to complete the payment, his mother went down the Ohio River to her brother, "Squire" Morris, in East Liverpool, who borrowed $500 for her, she giving as security a mortgage on the little house which they had bought shortly before, and to which reference is made in the letter. Mr. Scott advanced the remaining $100 required, and Mr. Carnegie, for the first time in his life, was a capitalist. He recently recalled with great interest the pleasure and excitement in the little household when he brought home the check for the first monthly dividend ($10).

In the first year of the Civil War the discovery of oil in Western Pennsylvania caused great excitement in that region, and Carnegie was prepared to take advantage of the situation by investing some of his net earnings, and as much more as he felt justified in borrowing from the bank, in the most promising oil wells, some of which multiplied enormously in value. Later he became interested in the manufacture of steel, iron bridges, and locomotives. His brother Thomas married Lucy Coleman, daughter of one of Pittsburg's great iron-masters.

In October, 1874, Andrew Carnegie turned his energies and the bulk of his capital into the Edgar Thomson Steel Works Limited, out of which grew the Carnegie Steel Company Limited, which in turn was sold in 1901 to the United States Steel Corporation. The colossal sum of four hundred and sixty millions of dollars was the basis upon which Mr. Carnegie took first mortgage bonds and retired from active business. His partners, who took stock in the United States Steel Corporation, received their shares upon a basis of value for the Carnegie Steel Company of six hundred and forty millions. Mr. Carnegie did not ask anything in lieu of the common stock which his partners received. His belief then was that the common stock of that gigantic enterprise had no real value except as the growth of the business and its continued prosperity would create it, a result which in fact has since been achieved.

See "Open Letters"

THE POWDERING-ROOM

PAINTED FOR THE CENTURY BY H. S. POTTER

THE RED CITY

A NOVEL OF THE SECOND ADMINISTRATION OF WASHINGTON

BY S. WEIR MITCHELL, M.D.

Author of "Hugh Wynne," "Constance Trescot," etc.

XIV

IN the summer of 1793, the city of Penn numbered forty-five thousand souls, and lay in the form of an irregularly bounded triangle, the apex being about seven squares, as we say, west of the Delaware. From this it spread eastward, widening until the base, thinly builded with shops, homes, and warehouses, extended along the Delaware River a distance of about two miles from Callowhill Street to Cedar. It was on the parts nearest to the river that the death-cloud lay.

De Courval had walked from the Falls of Schuylkill late in the morning, and, after having been ferried across the Schuylkill, passed by forest and farm roads over a familiar, rolling country, and arrived at Merion, in the Welsh barony, where he parted from his mother. To this distance he was now to add the seven miles which would bring him to the city.

He soon reached the Lancaster road, and after securing a bowl of bread and milk, for which he paid the exorbitant price of two shillings at a farm-house, he lay down in the woods and, lighting his meerschaum pipe, rested during the early afternoon, glad of shelter from the moist heat of the September day.

He had much to think about. His mother he dismissed, smiling. If, after what he had said, he had not obeyed the call of duty and gratitude, he knew full well that she would have been surprised, despite her protests and the terror with which his errand filled her. He, too, felt it, for it is the form which peril takes rather than equality of risk which makes disease appal many a man for whom war has the charm which awakens the lust of contest, and no such alarm as the presence of the unseen foe which gives no quarter. He dismissed his fears with a silent appeal for strength and support.

He thought then of his enemy. Where was he? This pestilence, the inexplicable act of an all-powerful God, had for a time been set as a barrier between him and his foe. If either he or Carteaux died of it, there was an end of all the indecisions that affection had put in his way. He had a moral shock at the idea that he was unwilling to believe it well that the will of God should lose him the fierce joy of a personal vengeance. How remote seemed such a feeling from the religious calm of the Quaker home! And then a rosy face, a slight, gray-clad figure, came before him with the clearness of visual perception which was one of his mental peculiarities. The sense of difference of rank which his mother had never lost, and would never lose, he had long since put aside. Margaret's refinement, her young beauty, her gay sweetness, her variety of charm, he recalled as he lay; nor against these was there for him any available guard of common sense, that foe of imprudent love, to sum up the other side with the arithmetic of worldly wisdom. He rose, disturbed a little at the consciousness of a power of late getting beyond his control, and went on his way down the long, dusty road, refreshed by the fair angel company of Love and Longing.

Very soon he was recalled from his dreams. As he came within a mile of the city, he saw tents as for an army, camp-fires, people cooking, men, women, and children lying about by the roadside and in the orchards or the woods. Two hungry-looking mechanics begged help of him. He gave them each a shilling and went on. The nearer shore of the quiet Schuylkill was lined with tents. Over the middle-ferry floating bridge came endlessly all manner of vehicles packed with scared people, the continuous drift from town of all who could afford to fly, a pitiful sight in the closing day. Beyond the river were more tents and half-starved families.

At dusk, as he went eastward on Market Street, there were fewer people, and beyond Sixth Street almost none. The taverns were closed. Commerce was at an end. Turning south, he crossed the bridge over Dock Creek at Second Street, and was now in a part of the city where death and horror had left only those whom disease, want of means, or some stringent need, forbade to leave their homes. Twenty-four thousand then or later fled the town. A gallant few who could have gone, as he was soon to learn, stayed from a sense of duty.

Exposure at night was said to be fatal, so that all who could were shut up indoors, or came out in fear only to feed with pitch and fence palings the fires kindled in the streets, but forbidden later, which were supposed to give protection. A canopy of rank tar-smoke hung over the town, and a dull, ruddy glow from these many fires. Grass grew in the roadway of the once busy street, and strange silence reigned where men were used to move amid the noises of trade. As De Courval walked on deep in thought, a woman ran out of a house, crying: "They are dead! All are dead!" She stopped him. "Is my baby dead, too?"

"I—I do not know," he said, looking at the wasted, yellow face of the child in her arms. She left it on the pavement, and ran away screaming. He had never in his life touched the dead; but now, though with repugnance, he picked up the little body and laid it on a door-step. Was it really dead? he asked himself. He stood a minute looking at the corpse; then he touched it. It was unnaturally hot, as are the dead of this fever. Not seeing well in the dusk, and feeling a strange responsibility, he laid a hand on the child's heart. It was still. He moved away swiftly through the gathering gloom of deserted streets. On Front Street, near Lombard, a man, seeing him approach, ran from him across the way. A little farther, the solitude and sense of loneliness were complete; and it was now night. He had been long on his way.

As he turned eastward toward the river, a half-naked man ran out of an alley and, standing before him, cried: "The plague is come upon us because they have numbered the people. Death! death! you will die for this sin." The young man, thus halted, stood appalled, and then turned to look after the wild prophet of disaster, who ran up Lombard Street, his sinister cries lost as he disappeared in the gloom. René recalled, as he stood, that somewhere in the Bible he had read of how a plague had come on the Israelites for having numbered the people. Long afterward he learned that a census had been taken in 1792. He stood still a moment in the gloom, amid the silence of the deserted city, and then of a sudden moved rapidly southward.

He was now on the far edge of the city, his mind upon Schmidt, when he saw, to his surprise, by the glow of a dying fire, a familiar form. "Mr. Girard!" he cried, in pleased surprise; for in the country little was as yet known of the disregard of death with which this man and many more were quietly nursing the sick and keeping order in a town where, except the comparatively immune negroes, few aided, and where the empty homes were being plundered. The quick thought passed through René's mind that he had heard this man called an atheist by Daniel Offley.

He said to Girard: "Ah, Monsieur, have you seen Monsieur Schmidt?"

"Not for three days. He has been busy as the best. There is one man who knows not fear. Where is he, Vicomte?"

"We do not know. We have heard nothing since he left us two weeks ago. But he meant to live in Mrs. Swanwick's house."

"Let us go and see," said Girard; and with the man who already counted his wealth in millions René hurried on. At

the house they entered easily, for the door was open, and went up-stairs.

In Schmidt's room, guided by his delirious cries, they found him. Girard struck a light from his steel and flint, and presently they had candles lighted, and saw the yellow face, and the horrors of the *vomito*, in the disordered room.

"*Mon Dieu!* but this is sad!" said Girard. "Ah, the brave gentleman! You will stay? I shall send you milk and food at once. Give him water freely, and the milk. Bathe him. Are you afraid?"

"I—yes; but I came for this, and I am here to stay."

"I shall send you a doctor; but they are of little use."

"Is there any precaution to take?"

"Yes. Live simply. Smoke your pipe —I believe in that. You can get cooler water by hanging out in the air demi-johns and bottles wrapped in wet linen—a West-Indian way, and the well water is cold. I shall come back to-morrow." And so advising, he left him.

De Courval set the room in order, and lighted his pipe, after obeying Girard's suggestions. At intervals he sponged the hot body of the man who was retching and in agony of pain, babbling and crying out about courts and princes and a woman—ever of a woman dead and of some prison life. De Courval heard his delirious revelations with wonder and a pained sense of learning the secrets of a friend.

In an hour came Dr. Rush, with his quiet manner and thin, intellectual face. Like most of those of his profession, the death of some of whom in this battle with disease a tablet in the College of Physicians records to-day, he failed of no duty to rich or poor. But for those who disputed his views of practice he had only the most virulent abuse. A firm friend, an unpardoning hater, and in some ways far ahead of his time, was the man who now sat down as he said: "I must bleed him at once. Calomel and blood-letting are the only safety, sir. I bled Dr. Griffith seventy-five ounces to-day. He will get well." The doctor bled everybody, and over and over.

His voice seemed to rouse Schmidt. He cried out: "Take away that horse leech. He will kill me." He fought them both and tore the bandage from his arm. The doctor at last gave up, unused to resistance. "Give him calomel powders."

"Out with your drugs!" cried the sick man, striking at him in fury, and then falling back in delirium again, yellow and flushed. The doctor left at last in disgust, with his neat wrist ruffles torn. On the stair he said: "He will die, but I shall call to-morrow. He will be dead, I fear."

"Is he gone?" gasped Schmidt, when, returning, René sat down by his bedside.

"Yes, sir; but he will come again."

"I do not want him. I want air—air." As he spoke, he rose on his elbow and looked about him. "I knew you would come. I should never have sent for you. *Mein Gott!*" he cried hoarsely, looking at the room and the bedclothes. "Horrible!" His natural refinement was shocked at what he saw. "*Ach!* to die like a wallowing pig is a torture of disgust! An insult, this disease and torment." Then wandering again: "I pray you, sir, to hold me excused."

The distracted young man never forgot that night. The German at dawn, crying, "Air, air!" got up, and despite all De Courval could do, staggered out to the upper porch and lay uncovered on a mattress upon which De Courval dragged him. The milk and food came, and at six Stephen Girard.

"I have been up all night," he said; "but here is a black to help you."

To De Courval's delight, it was old Cicero, who, lured by high wages given to the negro, whom even the pest passed by, had left the widow's service.

"Now," said Girard, "here is help. Pay him well. Our friend will die, I fear; and, sir, you are a brave man, but do not sit here all day."

De Courval, in despair at his verdict, thanked him. But the friend was not to die. Cicero proved faithful, and cooked and nursed, and De Courval, as the hours of misery went on, began to hope. The fever lessened in a day or two, but Schmidt still lay on the porch, speechless, yellow, and wasted, swearing furiously at any effort to get him back to bed. And still as the days ran on he grew quiet, and rejoiced to feel the cool breeze from the river, and had a smile for René and a brief word of cheer for Girard, who came

hither daily, heroically uncomplaining, spending his strength lavishly and his money with less indifference. Schmidt, back again in the world of human interests, listened to his talk with René, but was himself for the most part silent.

Twice a day, when thus in a measure relieved, as the flood served, De Courval rowed out on the river, and came back refreshed by his swim. He sent comforting notes by Cicero to his mother and to Mrs. Swanwick, and a message of remembrance to Margaret, and was careful to add that he had "fumed" the letters with sulphur, and things were better with Schmidt, and he himself was well. Cicero came back with glad replies and fruit and milk and lettuce and fresh eggs and what not, while day after day three women prayed at morning and night for those whom in their different ways they loved.

One afternoon Dr. Rush came again and said it was amazing, but it would have been still better if he had been let to bleed him, and how he had bled Dr. Mease six times in five days, and now he was safe. But here he considered that he would be no further needed. Schmidt had listened civilly to the doctor with mild, tired, blue eyes and delicate features; and feeling, with the inflowing tide of vigor, a return of his normal satisfaction in the study of man, he began, to De Courval's joy, to amuse himself.

"Do you bleed the Quakers, too?" asked the German.

"Why not?" said the doctor, puzzled.

"Have they as much blood as other people? You look to be worn out. Pray do not go. Sit down. Cicero shall give you some chocolate."

The doctor liked few things better than a chance to talk. He sat down again as desired, saying: "Yes, I am tired; but though I had only three hours' sleep last night, I am still, through the divine Goodness, in perfect health. Yesterday was a triumph for mercury, jalap, and bleeding. They saved at least a hundred lives."

"Are the doctors all of your way of thinking?"

"No, sir. I have to combat prejudice and falsehood. Sir, they are murderers."

"Sad, very sad!" remarked Schmidt.

"I have one satisfaction. I grieve for the blindness of men, but I nourish a belief that my labor is acceptable to Heaven. Malice and slander are my portion on earth; but my opponents will have their reward hereafter."

"Most comforting!" murmured Schmidt. "But what a satisfaction to be sure you are right!"

"Yes, to know, sir, that I am right and these my enemies wrong, does console me; and, too, to feel that I am humbly following in the footsteps of my Master. But I must go. The chocolate is good. My thanks. If you relapse, let me know, and the lancet will save you. Good-by."

When René returned, having attended the doctor to the door, Schmidt was smiling.

"Ah, my son," he said, "only in the Old Testament will you find a man like that—malice and piety, with a belief in himself no man, no reason, can disturb."

"Yes, I heard him with wonder."

"He has done me good, but now I am tired. He has gone—he said so—to visit Miss Gainor, at the Hill. I should like to hear her talk to him."

An attack of gout had not improved that lady's temper, and she cruelly mocked at the great doctor's complaints of his colleagues. When she heard of De Courval, and how at last he would not agree to have Schmidt held for the doctor to bleed, she said he was a fine fellow; and to the doctor's statement that he was a fool, she retorted: "You have changed your religion twice, I do hear. When you are born again, try to be born a fool."

The doctor, enraged, would have gone at once, but the gout was in solid possession, and the threat to send for Dr. Chovet held him. He laughed, outwardly at least, and did not go. The next day he, too, was in the grip of the fever, and was bled to his satisfaction, recovering later to resume his gallant work.

And now that, after another week, Schmidt, a ghastly frame of a man, began to eat, but still would not talk, De Courval, who had never left him except for his swim or to walk in the garden, leaving Cicero in charge, went out into the streets to find a shop and that rare article, tobacco.

It was now well on into this fatal September. The deaths were three hundred a week. The sick no man counted, but probably half of those attacked died. At

night in his vigils, De Courval heard negroes, with push-carts or dragging chaises, cry: "Bring out your dead! Bring out your dead!" They were let down from upper windows by ropes or left outside of the doorways until the death-cart came and took them away.

It was about noon when René left the house. As he neared the center of the city, there were more people in the streets than he expected to see; but all wore a look of anxiety and avoided one another, walking in the middle of the roadway. No one shook hands with friend or kinsman. Many smoked; most of them wore collars of tarred rope, or chewed garlic, or held to their faces vials of vinegar of the four thieves once popular in the plague. He twice saw men, stricken as they walked, creep away like animals, beseeching help from those who fled in dismay. Every hour had its sickening tragedy.

As he stood on Second Street looking at a man chalking the doors of infected houses, a lightly clad young woman ran forth screaming. He stopped her. "What is it? Can I help you?" A great impulse of desire to aid came over him, a feeling of pitiful self-appeal to the manhood of his courage.

"Let me go! My husband has it. I won't stay! I am too young to die."

A deadly fear fell upon the young Huguenot. "I, too, am young, and may die," he murmured; but he went in and up-stairs. He saw an old man, yellow and convulsed; but being powerless to help him, he went out to find some one.

On the bridge over Dock Creek he met Daniel Offley. He did not esteem him greatly, but he said, "I want to know how I can help a man I have just left."

The two men who disliked each other had then and there their lesson. "I will go with thee." They found the old man dead. As they came out, Offley said, "Come with me, if thee is minded to aid thy fellows," and they went on, talking of the agony of the doomed city.

Hearses and push-carts went by in rows, heavy with naked corpses in the tainted air. Very few well-dressed people were seen. Fashion and wealth had gone, panic-stricken, and good grass crops could have been cut in the desolate streets near the Delaware.

Now and then some scared man, walking in the roadway, for few, as I said, used the sidewalk, would turn, shocked at hearing the Quaker's loud voice; for, as was noticed, persons who met, spoke softly and low, as if feeling the nearness of the unseen dead in the houses. While De Courval waited, Offley went into several alleys on their way, and came out more quiet.

"I have business here," said Offley, as he led the way over the south side of the Potter's Field we now call Washington Square. He paused to pay two black men who were digging wide pits for the fast-coming dead cast down from the death-carts. A Catholic priest and a Lutheran clergyman were busy, wearily saying brief prayers over the dead.

Offley looked on, for a minute silent. "The priest is of Rome," he said, "one Keating—a good man; the other a Lutheran."

"Strange fellowship!" thought De Courval.

They left them to this endless task, and went on, Daniel talking in his oppressively loud voice of the number of the deaths. The imminence of peril affected the spirits of most men, but not Offley. De Courval, failing to answer a question, he said: "What troubles thee, young man? Is thee afeared?"

"A man should be—and at first I was; but now I am thinking of the Papist and Lutheran—working together. That gives one to think, as we say in French."

"I see not why," said Offley. "But we must hasten, or the health committee will be gone."

In a few minutes they were at the State House. Daniel led him through the hall and up-stairs. In the council-room of Penn was seated a group of notable men.

"Here," said Offley in his great voice, "is a young man of a will to help us."

Girard rose. "This, gentlemen, is my countryman, the Vicomte de Courval."

Matthew Clarkson, the mayor, made him welcome.

"Sit down," he said. "We shall presently be free to direct you."

De Courval took the offered seat and looked with interest at the men before him.

There were Carey, the future historian of the plague; Samuel Wetherill, the

Free Quaker; Henry de Forrest, whom he had met; Thomas Savery; Thomas Wistar; Thomas Scattergood; Jonathan Seargeant; and others. Most of them, being Friends, sat wearing their white beaver hats. Tranquil and fearless, they were quietly disposing of a task from which some of the overseers of the poor had fled. Six of those present were very soon to join the four thousand who died before November. At last Girard said to De Courval: "Peter Helm and I are to take charge of the hospital on Bush Hill. Are you willing to help us? It is perilous; I ought to tell you that."

"Yes, I will go," said René; "I have now time, and I want to be of some use."

"We thank you," said Matthew Clarkson. "Help is sorely needed."

"Come with me," said Girard. "My chaise is here. Help is scarce. Too many who should be of us have fled." As they went out, he added: "I owe this city much, as some day it will know. You are going to a scene of ungoverned riot, of drunken negro nurses; but it is to be changed, and soon, too."

William Hamilton's former country seat on Bush Hill was crowded with the dying and the dead; but there were two devoted doctors, and soon there was better order and discipline.

De Courval went daily across the doomed city to his loathsome task, walking thither after his breakfast. He helped to feed and nurse the sick, and aided in keeping the beds decent, and in handling the many who died, until at nightfall, faint and despairing, he wandered back to his home. Only once Schmidt asked a question, and hearing his sad story, was silent, except to say: "I thought as much. God guard you, my son!"

One day, returning, he saw at evening on Front Street a man seated on a doorstep. He stopped, and the man looked up. It was the blacksmith Offley.

"I am stricken," he said. "Will thee help me?"

"Surely I will." De Courval assisted him into the house and to bed. He had sent his family away. "I have shod my last horse, I fear. Fetch me Dr. Hutchinson."

"He died to-day."

"Then another—Dr. Hodge; but my wife must not know. She would come. Ask Friend Pennington to visit me. I did not like thee, young man. I ask thee pardon; I was mistaken. Go, and be quick."

"I shall find some one." He did not tell him that both Pennington and the physician were dead.

De Courval was able to secure the needed help, but the next afternoon when he returned, the blacksmith was in a hearse at the door. De Courval walked away thoughtful. Even those he knew avoided him, and he observed, what many noticed, that every one looked sallow and their eyes yellow. A strange thing it seemed.

And so with letters, well guarded, that none he loved might guess his work, September passed, and the German was at last able to be in the garden, but strangely feeble, still silent, and now asking for books. A great longing was on the young man to see those he loved; but October, which saw two thousand perish, came and went, and it was well on into the cooler November before the pest-house was closed and De Courval set free, happy in a vast and helpful experience, but utterly worn out and finding his last week's walks to the hospital far too great an exertion. What his body had lost for a time, his character had gained in an exercised charity for the sick, for the poor, and for the opinions of men on whom he had previously looked with small respect.

A better and wiser man on the 20th of November drove out with Schmidt to the home of the Wynnes at Merion, where Schmidt left him to the tender care of two women, who took despotic possession.

"At last!" cried the mother, and with tears most rare to her she held the worn and wasted figure in her arms. *"Mon Dieu!"* she cried, as for the first time she heard of what he had done. For only to her was confession of heroic conduct possible. "And I—I would have kept you from God's service. I am proud of you as never before." And so all the long afternoon they talked, and Mr. Wynne, just come back, and Darthea would have him to stay for a few days.

At bedtime, as they sat alone, Hugh said to his wife, "I was sure of that young man."

"Is he not a little like you?" asked Darthea.

"Nonsense!" he cried. "Do you think every good man like me? I grieve that I was absent."

"And I do not."

XV

THE weeks before Mrs. Swanwick's household returned to the city were for De Courval of the happiest. He was gathering again his former strength in the matchless weather of our late autumnal days. To take advantage of the re-awakened commerce and to return to work was, as Wynne urged, unwise for a month or more. The American politics of that stormy time were to the young noble of small moment, and the Terror, proclaimed in France in September on Barras's motion, followed by the queen's death, made all hope of change in his own land for the present out of the question.

With the passing of the plague, Genêt and his staff had come back; but for René to think of what he eagerly desired was only to be reminded of his own physical feebleness.

Meanwhile Genêt's insolent demands went on, and the insulted cabinet was soon about to ask for his recall, when, as Schmidt hoped, Carteaux would also leave the country. The enthusiasm for the French republic was at first in no wise lessened by Genêt's conduct, although his threat to appeal to the country against Washington called out at last a storm of indignation which no one of the minister's violations of law and of the courtesies of life had yet occasioned. At first it was held to be an invention of "black-hearted Anglican aristocrats," but when it came out in print, Genêt was at once alarmed at the mischief he had made. He had seriously injured his Republican allies,—in fact, nearly ruined the party, said Madison,—for at no time in our history was Washington more venerated. The Democratic leaders begged men not to blame the newly founded republic, "so gloriously cemented with the blood of aristocrats," for the language of its insane envoy. The Federalists would have been entirely pleased, save that neither England nor France was dealing wisely with our commerce, now ruined by the exactions of privateers and ships of war. Both parties wailed over this intolerable union of insult and injury; but always the President stood for peace, and, contemplating a treaty with England, was well aware of how hopeless would be a contest on sea or land with the countries which, recklessly indifferent to international law, were ever tempting us to active measures of resentment. For De Courval the situation had, as it seemed, no personal interest. There has been some need, however, to remind my readers of events which were not without influence upon the fortunes of those with whom this story is concerned.

Schmidt was earnestly desirous that they should still remain in the country, and this for many reasons. De Courval and he would be the better for the cool autumn weather, and both were quickly gathering strength. Madame de Courval had now rejoined them. The city was in mourning. Whole families had been swept away. There were houses which no one owned, unclaimed estates, and men missing of whose deaths there was no record, while every day or two the little family of refugees heard of those dead among the middle class or of poor acquaintances of whose fates they had hitherto learned nothing. Neither Schmidt nor René would talk of the horrors they had seen, and the subject was by tacit agreement altogether avoided.

Meanwhile they rode, walked, and fished in the Schuylkill. Schmidt went now and then to town on business, and soon, the fear of the plague quite at an end, party strife was resumed, and the game of politics began anew, while the city forgot the heroic few who had served it so well, and whom to-day history has forgotten and no stone commemorates.

It was now mid-November, and one afternoon Schmidt said to De Courval: "Come, let us have a longer walk!"

Margaret, eager to join them, would not ask it, and saw them go down the garden path toward the river. "Bring me some goldenrod, please," she called.

"Yes, with pleasure," cried De Courval at the gate, as he turned to look back, "if there be any left."

"Then asters," she called.

"A fair picture," said Schmidt, "the mother and daughter, the bud and the

rose. You know the bluets folk hereabout call the Quaker ladies,—oh, I spoke of this before,—pretty, but it sufficeth not. Some sweet vanity did contrive those Quaker garments."

It was in fact a fair picture. The girl stood, a gray figure in soft Eastern stuffs brought home by our ships. One arm was about the mother's waist, and with the other she caught back the hair a playful breeze blew forward to caress the changeful roses of her cheek.

"I must get me a net, mother, such as the President wore one First Day at Christ Church."

"Thou must have been piously attending to thy prayers," returned Mrs. Swanwick, smiling.

"Oh, but how could I help seeing?"

"It is to keep the powder off his velvet coat, my dear. When thou art powdered again, we must have a net."

"Oh, mother!" It was still a sore subject.

"I should like to have seen thee, child."

"Oh, the naughty mother! I shall tell of thee. Ah, here is a pin in sight. Let me hide it, mother."

The woman seen from the gate near-by was some forty-five years old, her hair a trifle gray under the high cap, the face just now merry, the gown of fine, gray linen cut to have shown the neck but for the soft, silken shawl crossed on the bosom and secured behind by a tie at the waist. A pin held it in place where it crossed, and other pins on the shoulders. The gown had elbow sleeves, and she wore long, openwork thread glove mitts; for now she was expecting Mistress Wynne and Josiah, and was pleased in her own way to be at her best.

Schmidt, lingering, said: "It is the pins. They must needs be hid in the folds not to be seen. Ah, vanity has many disguises. It is only to be neat, thou seest, René, and not seem to be solicitous concerning appearances." Few things escaped the German.

They walked away, and, as they went, saw Mistress Gainor Wynne go by in her landau with Langstroth. "Now, that is queer to be seen—the damsel in her seventies and uncle bulldog Josiah. He had a permanent ground rent on her hill estate as lasting as time, a matter of some ten pounds. They have enjoyed to fight over it for years. But just now there is peace. Oh, she told me I was to hold my tongue. She drove to Gray Court, and what she did to the man I know not; but the rent is redeemed, and now they are bent on mischief, the pair of them. As I was not to speak of it, I did not; but now, if you tell, never shall I be forgiven." He threw his long bulk on the grass and laughed great laughter.

"But what is it?" said René.

"*Guter Himmel,* man! the innocent pair are gone to persuade the Pearl and the sweet mother shell—she that made it—to take that lottery prize. I would I could see them."

"But she will never, never do it," said René.

"No; for she has already done it."

"What, truly? *Vraiment!*"

"Yes. Is there not a god of laughter to whom I may pray? I have used up my stock of it. When Cicero came in one day, he fetched a letter to Stephen Girard from my Pearl. She had won her mother to consent, and Girard arranged it all, and, lo! the great prize of money is gone long ago to help the poor and the sick. Now the ministers of Princeton College may pray in peace. Laugh, young man!"

But he did not. "And she thought to do that?"

"Yes; but as yet none know. They will now, I fear."

"But she took it, after all. What will Friends say?"

"She was read out of meeting long ago, disowned, and I do advise them to be careful how they talk to Madame of the girl. There is a not mild maternal tigress caged somewhere inside of the gentlewoman. 'Ware claws, if you are wise, Friend Waln!" De Courval laughed, and they went on their way again, for a long time silent.

At Flat Rock, above the swiftly flowing Schuylkill, they sat down, and Schmidt, saying, "At last the pipe tastes good," began to talk in the strain of joyous excitement which for him the beautiful in nature always evoked, when for a time his language became singular. "Ah, René, it is worth while to cross the ocean to see King Autumn die thus gloriously. How peaceful is the time! They call this pause when regret doth make the

great Reaper linger pitiful—they call it the Indian summer."

"And we, the summer of St. Martin."

"And we, in my homeland, have no name for it, or, rather, *Spätsommer;* but it is not as here. See how the loitering leaves, red and gold, rock in mid-air. A serene expectancy is in the lingering hours. It is as still as a dream of prayer that awaiteth answer. Listen, René, how the breeze is stirring the spruces, and hark it is—ah, yes—the Angelus of evening."

His contemplative ways were familiar, and just now suited the young man's mood. "A pretty carpet," he said, "and what a gay fleet of colors on the water!"

"Yes, yes. There is no sorrow for me in the autumn here, but after comes the winter." His mood of a sudden changed. "Let us talk of another world, René—the world of men. I want to ask of you a question; nay, many questions." His tone changed as he spoke. "I may embarrass you."

De Courval knew by this time that on one subject this might very well be the case. He said, however, "I do not know of anything, sir, which you may not freely ask me."

He was more at ease when Schmidt said, "We are in the strange position of being two men one of whom twice owes his life to the other."

"Ah, but you forget to consider what unending kindness I too owe—I, a stranger in a strange land; nor what your example, your society, have been to me."

"Thank you, René; I could gather more of good from you than you from me."

"Oh, sir!"

"Yes, yes; but now all that I have said is but to lead up to the wide obligation to be frank with me."

"I shall be."

"When I was ill I babbled. I was sometimes half-conscious, and was as one man helplessly watching another on the rack telling about him things he had no mind to hear spoken."

"You wandered much, sir."

"Then did I speak of a woman?"

"Yes; and of courts and battles."

"Did I speak of—did I use my own name, my title? Of course you know that I am not Herr Schmidt."

"Yes; many have said that."

"You heard my name, my title?"

"Yes; I heard them."

For a minute there was silence. Then Schmidt said: "There are reasons why it must be a secret—perhaps for years or always. I am Graf von Ehrenstein; but I am more than that—much more. And I did say so?"

"Yes, sir."

"It must die in your memory, my son, as the priests say of what is heard in confession."

This statement, which made clear a good deal of what De Courval had heard in the German's delirium, was less singular to him than it would have seemed today. More than one mysterious titled person of importance came to the city under an assumed name, and went away leaving no one the wiser.

"It is well," continued Schmidt, "that you, who are become so dear to me, should know my story. I shall make it brief.

"Soon after my marriage, a man of such position as sometimes permits men to insult with impunity spoke of my wife so as to cause me to demand an apology. He fell back on his higher rank, and in my anger I struck him on the parade-ground at Potsdam while he was reviewing his regiment. A lesser man than I would have lost his life for what I did. I was sent to the fortress of Spandau, where for two years I had the freedom of the fortress, but was rarely allowed to hear from my wife or to write. Books I did have, as I desired, and there I learned my queer English from my only English books, Shakspere and the Bible."

"Ah, now I understand," said De Courval; "but it is not Shakspere you talk. Thanks to you, I know him."

"No, not quite; who could? After two years my father's interest obtained my freedom at the cost of my exile. My wife had died in giving birth to a still-born child. My father, an old man, provided me with small means, which I now do not need, nor longer accept, since he gave grudgingly, because I had done that which for him was almost unpardonable. I went to England and France, and then came hither to breathe a freer air, and, as you know, have prospered, and am, for America, rich. You cannot know the disgust in regard to ar-

bitrary injustice with which I left my own land. I felt that to use a title in this country would be valueless, and subject me to comment and to inquiry I wished to avoid. You have earned the right to know my story, as I know yours. Mr. Alexander Hamilton and my business adviser, Mr. Justice Wilson, alone know my name and title, and, I may add, Mr. Gouverneur Morris. I shall say to the two former that you share this knowledge. They alone know why it is reasonable and, indeed, may have been prudent that, until my return home, I remain unknown. It is needless to go farther into the matter with you. This simple life is to my taste, but I may some day have to go back to my own land—I devoutly trust never. We shall not again open a too painful subject."

De Courval said, "I have much to thank you for, but for nothing as for this confidence."

"Yet a word, René. For some men—some young men—to know what now you know of me, would disturb the intimacy of their relations. I would have it continue simple. So let it be, my son. Come, let us go. How still the woods are! There is here a quiet that hath the quality of a gentle confessor who hears and will never tell. Listen to that owl!"

As they drew near to the house the German said: "*Ach,* I forgot. In December I suppose we must go to the city. You are not as yet fit for steady work; but if I can arrange it with Wynne, why not let me use you? I have more to do here and in New York than I like. Now, do not be foolish about it. There are rents to gather in, journeys to make. Let me give you five hundred *livres* a month. You will have time to ride, read, and see the country. I shall see Hugh Wynne about the matter." Thus, after some talk and some protest, it was so arranged, the young man feeling himself in such relation to the older friend as made this adjustment altogether agreeable and a glad release from a return to the routine of the counting-house.

Too often the thought of Carteaux haunted him, while he wondered how many in France were thus attended. When in after years he saw go by men who had been the lesser agents in the massacres, or those who had brought the innocent to the guillotine, he wondered at the impunity with which all save Marat had escaped the personal vengeance of those who mourned, and, mourning, did nothing. Even during the Terror, when death seemed for so many a thing to face smiling, the men who daily sent to the guillotine in Paris or the provinces uncounted thousands, walked the streets unguarded, and no one, vengeful, struck. In fact, the Terror seemed to paralyze even the will of the most reckless. Not so felt the young noble. He hungered for the hour of relief, let it bring what it might.

The simple and wholesome life of the Quaker household had done much to satisfy the vicomtesse, whose life had never of late years been one of great luxury, and as she slowly learned English, she came to recognize the qualities of refinement and self-sacrifice which, with unusual intelligence, made Mrs. Swanwick acceptably interesting. It became her custom at last to be more down-stairs, and to sit with her embroidery and talk while the knitting-needles clicked and the ball of wool hanging by its silver hoop from the Quaker lady's waist grew smaller. Sometimes they read aloud, French or English, or, with her rare smile, the vicomtesse would insist on sharing some small household duty. The serene atmosphere of the household, and what Schmidt called the gray religion of Friends, suited the Huguenot lady. As concerned her son, she was less at ease, and again, with some anxiety, she had spoken to him of his too evident pleasure in the society of Margaret, feeling strongly that two such young and attractive people might fall easily into relations which could end only in disappointment for one or both. The girl's mother was no less disturbed, and Schmidt, as observant, but in no wise troubled, looked on and, seeing, smiled, somewhat dreading for René the inevitable result of a return to town and an encounter with his enemy.

Genêt had at last been recalled, in December, but, as Du Vallon told Schmidt, Carteaux was to hold his place as chargé d'affaires to Fauchet, the new minister, expected to arrive in February, 1794.

On the day following the revelations made by Schmidt, and just after breakfast, Margaret went out into the wood

near-by to gather autumn leaves. Seeing her disappear among the trees, De Courval presently followed her. Far in the woods he came upon her seated at the foot of a great tulip-tree. The basket at her side was full of club moss and gaily tinted toadstools. The red and yellow leaves of maple and oak, falling on her hair and her gray gown, made, as it seemed to him, a pleasant picture.

De Courval threw himself at her feet on the ground, now covered with autumn's lavished colors.

"We have nothing like this in France. How wonderful it is!"

"Yes," she said; it is finer than ever I saw it." Then, not looking up, she added, after a pause, the hands he watched still busy: "Why didst thou not bring me any goldenrod last evening? I asked thee."

"I saw none."

"Ah, but there is still plenty, or at least there are asters. I think thou must have been gathering *pensées,* as thy mother calls them; pansies, we say."

"Yes, thoughts, thoughts," he returned with sudden gravity—"*pensées.*"

"They must have been of Miss Willing or Miss Cadwalader, only she is always laughing." That young woman, who still lives in all her beauty on Stuart's canvas, was to end her life in England and to be the ancestress of dukes.

"Oh, no; not I. Guess better."

"Then a quiet Quaker girl like—ah—like, perhaps, Miss Logan."

He shook his head.

"No? Thou art hard to please," she said. "Well, I shall give it up—thy *pensées.* They must have been freaked with jet; for how serious thou art!"

"What is that—freaked with jet?"

She laughed gaily. "Oh, what ignorance! That is Milton, Monsieur—'Lycidas.'" She was gently proud of superior learning.

"Ah, I must ask Mr. Schmidt of it."

"I would," and the hands went on with their industry of selecting the more brilliantly colored leaves. "I have given thee something to think of. Tell me, now, what were the thoughts of jet in thy *pensées*—the dark thoughts."

"I cannot tell thee. Some day thou wilt know, and that may be too soon, too soon"; for he thought: "If I kill that man, what will they think of revenge, of the guilt of blood, these gentle Quaker people?" Then he said, "You cannot think these thoughts of mine, and I am glad you cannot."

He was startled as she returned quickly, without looking up from her work: "How dost thou know what I think? It is something that will happen," and, the white hands moving with needless quickness among the gaily tinted leaves, she added: "I do not like change, or new things, or mysteries. Does Madame, thy mother, think to leave us? My mother would miss her."

"And you? Would not you a little?"

"Yes, of course; and so would Friend Schmidt. There, my basket will hold no more. How pretty they are! But thou hast not answered me."

"We are not thinking of any such change."

"Well, so far that is good news. But I am still curious. Mr. Schmidt did once say the autumn has no answers. I think thou art like it." She rose as she spoke.

"Ah, but the spring may make reply in its time—in its time. Let me carry thy basket, Miss Margaret." She gave it to him with the woman's liking to be needlessly helped.

"I am very gay with red and gold," she cried, and shook the leaves from her hair and gown. "It is worse than the brocade and the sea-green petticoat my wicked cousins put on me." She could laugh at it now.

"But what would Friends say to the way the fine milliner, Nature, has decked thee, Mademoiselle? They would forgive thee, I think. Mr. Schmidt says the red and gold lie thick on the unnamed graves at Fourth and Mulberry streets, and no Quaker doth protest with a broom."

"He speaks in a strange way sometimes. I often wonder where he learned it."

"Why dost thou not ask him?"

"I should not dare. He might not like it."

"But thou art, it seems, more free to question some other people."

"Oh, but that is different; and, Monsieur," she said demurely, "thou must not say thou and thee to me. Thy mother says it is not proper."

He laughed. "If I am thou, for thee, were it not courteous to speak to thee in thy own tongue?"

She colored, remembering the lesson and her own shrewd guess at the lady's meaning, and how, as she was led to infer, to *tutoyer,* to say thou, inferred a certain degree of intimacy. "It is not fitting here except among Friends."

"And why not? In France we do it."

"Yes, sometimes, I have so heard." But to explain further was far from her intention. "It sounds foolish here, sir, in people who are not of Friends. I said so—"

"But are we not friends?"

"I said Friends with a big F, Monsieur."

"I make my apologies,"—he laughed with a formal bow,—"but one easily catches habits of talk."

"Indeed, I am in earnest, and thou must mend thy habits. Friend Marguerite Swanwick desires to be excused of the Vicomte de Courval," and, smiling, she swept the courtesy of reply to his bow as the autumn leaves fell from the gathered skirts.

"As long as thou art thou, it will be hard to obey," he said, and she making no reply, they wandered homeward through level shafts of sunlight, while fluttering overhead on wings of red and gold, the cupids of the forest enjoyed the sport, and the young man murmured, "Thou and thee," dreaming of a walk with her in his own Normandy among the woodlands his boyhood knew.

"Thou art very silent," she said at last.

"No, I am talking; but not to you—of you, perhaps."

"Indeed," and she ceased to express further desire to be enlightened, and fell to asking questions about irregular French verbs.

Just before they reached the house, Margaret said: "I have often meant to ask thee to tell me what thou didst do in the city. Mr. Schmidt said to mother that Stephen Girard could not say toc much of thee. Tell me about it, please."

"No," he returned abruptly. "It is a thing to forget, not to talk about."

"How secretive thou art!" she said, pouting, "and thou wilt never, never speak of France." In an instant she knew she had been indiscreet as he returned:

"Nor ever shall."

"Not—not even to me?"

"No." His mind was away in darker scenes.

Piqued and yet sorry, she returned, "Thou art as abrupt as Daniel Offley."

"Mademoiselle!"

"What have I said?"

"Daniel Offley is dead. I carried him into his own house to die, a brave man where few were brave."

"I have had my lesson," she said.

"And I, Pearl; and God was good to me."

"And to me," she sobbed; "I beg your pardon—but I want to say—I must say that you too were brave, oh, as brave as any—for I know—I have heard."

"Oh, Pearl, you must not say that! I did as others did." She had heard him call her Pearl unreproved, or had she not? He would set a guard on his tongue. "It is chilly. Let us go in," for they had stood at the gate as they talked.

It was their last walk, for soon the stripped trees and the ground were white with an early snowfall, and the autumn days had gone, and on the first of December reluctantly they moved to the city.

(To be continued)

Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

THE VILLAGE BAND. PAINTED BY H. M. BRETT

(SCENES FROM AMERICAN RURAL LIFE)

MOONRISE OVER TYRINGHAM

BY EDITH WHARTON

NOW the high holocaust of hours is done,
  And all the west empurpled with their death,
How swift oblivion drinks the fallen sun,
  How little while the dusk remembereth!

Though some there were, proud hours that marched in mail,
  And took the morning on auspicious crest,
Crying to Fortune, "Back! For I prevail!"—
  Yet now they lie disfeatured with the rest;

And some that stole so soft on Destiny
  Methought they had surprised her to a smile;
But these fled frozen when she turned to see,
  And moaned and muttered through my heart awhile.

But now the day is emptied of them all,
  And night absorbs their life-blood at a draught;
And so my life lies, as the gods let fall
  An empty cup from which their lips have quaffed.

Yet see—night is not: by translucent ways,
  Up the gray void of autumn afternoon
Steals a mild crescent, charioted in haze,
  And all the air is merciful as June.

The lake is a forgotten streak of day
  That trembles through the hemlocks' darkling bars,
And still, my heart, still some divine delay
  Upon the threshold holds the earliest stars.

O pale equivocal hour, whose suppliant feet
  Haunt the mute reaches of the sleeping wind,
Art thou a watcher stealing to entreat
  Prayer and sepulture for thy fallen kind?

Poor plaintive waif of a predestined race,
  Their ruin gapes for thee. Why linger here?
Go hence in silence. Veil thine orphaned face,
  Lest I should look on it and call it dear.

For if I love thee thou wilt sooner die;
  Some sudden ruin will plunge upon thy head,
Midnight will fall from the revengeful sky
  And hurl thee down among thy shuddering dead.

Avert thine eyes. Lapse softly from my sight,
  Call not my name, nor heed if thine I crave;
So shalt thou sink through mitigated night
  And bathe thee in the all-effacing wave.

But upward still thy perilous footsteps fare
  Along a high-hung heaven drenched in light,
Dilating on a tide of crystal air
  That floods the dark hills to their utmost height.

Strange hour, is this thy waning face that leans
  Out of mid-heaven and makes my soul its glass?
What victory is imaged there? What means
  Thy tarrying smile? Oh, veil thy lips and pass!

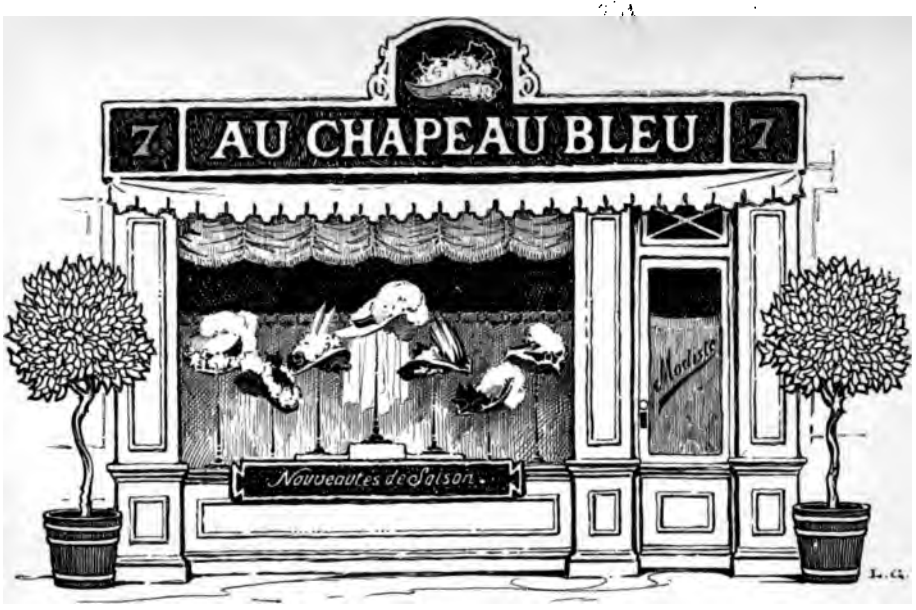
Nay—pause and let me name thee! For I see,
  Oh, with what flooding ecstasy of light,
Strange hour that wilt not loose thy hold on me,
  Thou 'rt not day's latest, but the first of night!

And after thee the gold-foot stars come thick;
  From hand to hand they toss the flying fire,
Till all the zenith with their dance is quick,
  About the wheeling music of the Lyre.

Dread hour that leadst the immemorial round,
  With lifted torch revealing one by one
The thronging splendors that the day held bound,
  And how each blue abyss enshrines its sun—

Be thou the image of a thought that fares
  Forth from itself, and flings its ray ahead,
Leaping the barriers of ephemeral cares,
  To where our lives are but the ages' tread,

And let this year be, not the last of youth,
  But first—like thee!—of some new train of hours,
If more remote from hope yet nearer truth,
  And kin to the unfathomable powers.



By JOSEPH JASTROW.

PICTURE BY LEON GUIPON.

THE *garçons* of the Petit Café Normandie were awakening to the advances of an early spring by engaging strenuously and agitatedly in the procedure known as "setting out the garden." The long garden-boxes, each proudly displaying an orderly trellis, were resplendent in a new coat of verdure of that familiar shade that is never met on land or sea, but composes itself spontaneously in the paint-pot of the conventional artisan. Verdant without, and freshly garlanded with invigorated vines, these vernal harbingers had just been returned from their winter quarters in the greenhouses of Neuilly. Alphonse, the senior in the service, rotund and benignant, was expressing by the violent gesticulations of his versatile napkin the most complete and hopeless despair. With the practical forethought dear to his Norman soul, he had placed a private chalk-mark upon the several "beds" of the "garden" before consigning them to their hibernation. The memoranda that were thus to insure their proper positions upon the portion of the sidewalk allotted by municipal ordinance to the out-door gaiety of Parisian cafés the green paint had inconsiderately effaced; and Pierre, the younger Ganymede and the more alert in his cup-bearing services, was precisely as confident and assertive that the constituent upon which their efforts were united—or, more accurately, divided—belonged on the extreme right as was Alphonse that its necessary disposition was at the left. Never were factions in the Chambre des Députés more irreconcilably and argumentatively opposed.

The habitués of the Petit Café Normandie had each his accustomed seat, both within, on the crimson plush settees, or at the small, square tables disposed conveniently on the one side for a critical view of the Boulevard, on the other for a quiet game of dominoes or piquet; and similarly without, when the blossoms in the Tuileries and the Luxembourg announced to the expectant and somewhat chilled Parisians the official urban arrival of spring. To the methodical Alphonse, the boxes stood as the horticultural embodiments of his loyal clientele, and particularly of the migratory portion of his flock that returned with the coming of the green. He recalled how neatly he had inscribed upon one of the long "out-

posts" the name of M. Pinard, the notary, whose seniority entitled him to the coign of vantage toward the Boulevard, and on the other the name of M. Gad, who was accredited with mysterious doings at the Bourse and preferred the obscurity of the left toward the side street. And the smaller boxes, which presented to the passers-by the inviting and sheltering flanks of the two hollow squares that formed the architectural plan of the garden, had borne the names, so esteemed at the Petit Café Normandie, of M. Gerard Du Bois and his brother Maurice, guardians respectively of the scores and the *guichet* at the Opéra; of M. Regis, the architect; of M. Drouot, the optician of the Boulevard des Italiens; and not the least welcome, though an inconstant resident of the metropolis, of M. Renard, whose financial needs were supplied by the profits of the barges that bore the cargoes of foreign steamers along the sinuous Seine from Rouen to the stone wharves of Paris, and whose social needs found congenial ministration at the Petit Café Normandie.

M. Renard's garden seat was in the center aisle to the front; and that affable and well-groomed gentleman was even now surveying from the open doorway of the café the animated contest of Alphonse *versus* Pierre, and speculating idly as to its probable outcome in time and space. This presently he diplomatically transferred from the academic to the practical stage by despatching Pierre upon the honorable mission of bringing him his first cup of coffee, and thus allowing to Alphonse the consoling last word in default of his rival.

The name of Raoul Renard was not unknown to a respectable number of respectable Parisians whose interests chanced to belong to the commercial highways of transportation. The intertwined R's that formed the monogrammatic symbol of the firm's sovereignty floated on the banner of many a barge that plied along the Seine. The business was the creation and the legacy of the present Raoul's father; and the main office was on the great quay at Rouen. It was on just such a day as this, when the garden made its annual miraculous resurrection, that, nine years ago, the career of Raoul was suddenly diverted from its prospective hope of fame as an engineer to the hereditary channels of commerce. He recalled how, sitting in this very place, he had opened so unpreparedly the ominous blue envelop that sent his heart fluttering and brought him anxiously to the bedside of his father. He was at the time enrolled as a student in the "Arts et Métiers," having gained the family's grudging consent to a postponement of his predestined supervision of the Rouen office in favor of a few years' technical study at Paris. It is true that he had not been quite as industrious during the second as during the first year away from home, and the fascinations of the boulevards proved all too alluring a rival to his dusty alcove in the rue St. Sauveur. The good cheer of the Petit Café Normandie was ever accessible to compensate for the hours of sterner occupation that the world demanded from even so carefree a person as M. Renard. Yesterday he was claimed by the office at Rouen; and to-day, returned once more with the other birds that come in the spring to his cozy and familiar nook, he was in a liberated, contented, and yet reflective and constructive mood.

He remembered his resolution to abandon his studies and Paris, to devote himself to the interests of the intertwined R's and the uninspiring office on the great quay. To all this he had been faithful, yet not over-faithful; and the continued prosperity of the enterprise, he was well aware, was due not to his efforts, but to the untiring energy of Jean Phillipe, the assistant manager, who had served the firm so long and so loyally,—the first seven years in the hope of achieving the managership held open for Raoul, and a like period for the seemingly more remote possibility of securing the consent of the elder Renard to his betrothal to the only daughter of the house, the fair Juliette. Though denied his Leah, in the end (after the father's death) he won his Rachel, his cause before Mme. Renard being chivalrously championed by the grateful Raoul. Jean and Juliette had made their home with Mme. Renard for four happy years; and with the arrival of little Henriette, who bore her grandmother's name and dominated her days, there seemed little wanting to complete the domestic felicity of the Nor-

man household on the bluffs of the Seine.

Thus relieved of domestic responsibilities, M. Raoul's flights to Paris had become more frequent, and his sojourns more prolonged. There was, too, a special incentive in his desertion—the desire to escape the insistent, though well-intentioned, urgings of his mother to follow his sister's footsteps in the paths of wedded bliss, and the more adroit efforts of other Rouennaise mamas to draw his attention to the attractions of their several daughters. At the moment he was evading the manœuvers of a certain Mme. Bompard in behalf of her well-dowried but not appropriately named Hélène. His valor had taken the discreet form of a precipitate flight to Paris fully a fortnight in advance of the time set for his migration; and his unexpected arrival brought joy to the hearts of the devoted Alphonse and Pierre on this balmy morning when the garden was being set out.

Except for the hour or two before *déjeuner*, which he gave to the Paris affairs of the house of Raoul Renard, he was a man of leisure—a calling much to his taste, but not wholly secure from the subtle inroads of ennui. Though no longer a romantically young man, his springtime fancy turned, albeit circumspectly, to thoughts of love. He was by no means insusceptible to the charms of the sex and the comforts of his own vine and fig-tree; but under the irritations of the designing matrons of Rouen, he determined resolutely that the matter must be wholly of his own arrangement. There was to be no haste; and at present there was the interest of visiting his favorite haunts, of renewing his friendships with his compatriots at the Petit Café Normandie, and of observing the several pleasant and fragrant solicitations of spring—the increasing brilliancy of the displays about the Madeleine, the opening of the buds in the Bois, and the airy transformations of the shop-windows.

It must be more clearly set forth that the Petit Café Normandie is to be found upon one of the side streets that cluster about the Opéra; and thus, while not on the Boulevard, where the rents would be forbidding to so modest an establishment, from its convenient angle it affords a retired and diagonal outlook toward the more bustling and fashionable throng. The shops on this side street are similarly not of the more ambitious type, yet have an eye to capturing the notice of the patrons of this district, who might be willing, possibly eager, to save their francs or their dollars by the simple device of taking a few steps around the corner. Had M. Renard's eyes been wont to look most directly and conveniently across the street, the center of his vision would have been fixed upon—as hitherto it had most ungallantly disregarded—a window attractive to the more gaily plumaged sex, and would have read below the curt but lucid inscription, "Mlle. Rosalie." The wine needs no emblematic bush: so thought M. Raoul as he became impressed with the personal discovery that the little window unfailingly excited the admiration of the passing fair, who not infrequently excited the admiration of the reflective observer across the way. Now a *grande dame* abruptly halts her imposing equipage, enters the shop, and emerges smiling, attended obsequiously by a radiant mademoiselle to the very door-step of her barouche. And again two volatile young travelers, recognized by M. Raoul's experienced eyes as early birds from beyond the sea, approach, look, and are conquered. Presently they reappear, flushed with the excitement of the chase, the one triumphant, the other concernedly examining the remaining resources of her purse. Assuredly it was amusing to observe life from the club window of the Petit Café Normandie.

When the hour arrived for his stroll along the boulevards, M. Raoul stepped leisurely across the street, and satisfied his curiosity by looking in upon the window of Mlle. Rosalie. Here, too, there had been a "setting out of the garden." Roses in every stage, from bud to full-blown flower, and in every hue, from delicate pink to the deepest, flushing crimson; narcissus in virgin white, and daffodils in brilliant yellows; apple-blossoms that brought before him the orchards of fair Normandy; and variegated cornflowers and poppies such as make gay the tawny meadows of his native soil. These silky treasures of field and garden were indeed cunningly fashioned, and, to M.

Renard's masculine incapacity, even mysteriously composed, with bewildering blendings of chiffon and ribbons and laces to form some newly evolved composite adornment for the daughters of Eve. And was it not a most appropriate and pleasing conceit that the fairest blossoms of spring and summer should lend the beauty of their forms and colorings to enhance the charms of the charming! A satisfying and sympathetic occupation, surely, to use one's skill and taste in composing ever new variations upon nature's favorite themes. His was a constructive imagination; and his early ambition to become an engineer was inspired by the pictured satisfaction of pointing to some monument, however modest, as his very own creation. Why should not a *chapeau* equally reflect the imaginative ingenuity of its designer? And yet, like his own calling, it was *commerce*. "Nouveautés de Saison," was the legend addressed to those who might stop to read.

At this point in M. Raoul's unwonted musings the net curtains at the rear of the window were drawn aside, and the ensemble enriched and dominated by yet another creation. This was clearly the *pièce de résistance;* for it was assigned the place of honor on a raised dais in the very center of the "garden." It was indeed a *chef-d'œuvre,* an artistic study in blue—the blue that only gentians show as they shyly emerge from the grassy covering of the hilltops. It was nothing less than a composition, and the blue of the gentians was the theme thereof. Clusters of the modest flowers, seemingly unaware of their charms, were disposed here and there, concealed, and yet revealed, by the soft-green foliage that nature gives them. By what recondite feminine arts they formed alliance with veiling and satin to effect their transformation into an *objet de toilette* was more than M. Raoul dared to understand. "Très charmant, vraiment!" was his sincere, if inexpert, appreciation, as he passed on, quite oblivious of the close inspection to which he had been subjected on the part of a young woman with dark hair and darker eyes who had drawn the curtains, properly to install and pose the masterpiece.

The next morning, and the next, M. Raoul caught himself casting an interested glance toward the *chapeau bleu* in Mlle. Rosalie's window, unquestionably an unprofitable occupation for one of his years and sex; and yet it was with a tinge of genuine regret that his eyes informed him upon the following day that the center of his stage was vacant. The window seemed to retain its attractions for the seekers of *chapeaux de printemps;* but to him it was uninspiring. It was a gay court, no doubt, but the queen had withdrawn. At once the *chapeau* became a lost opportunity; for he might have secured the prize for his sister Juliette. Not a fortnight off was the double anniversary that he dutifully remembered by a token of his regard; for Juliette had chosen to be married upon her birthday. Perhaps Mlle. Rosalie would make another; even great artists produce replicas of their works upon order. Yes, he would inquire; but later.

"Meantime, Alphonse, my second cup of coffee; and my compliments to M. Regis, and if he will accept a challenge to piquet, I shall step inside."

"M. Regis is most agreeable, Monsieur," and most agreeably won the game and the two-franc stake.

"Will Monsieur have his revenge?"

"To-morrow, perhaps." On so unpropitious a day it was unwise to tempt fortune further.

Whatever may have been his discomfiture at the loss of the game, M. Raoul's serenity of mind was at once restored upon reaching the street by the discovery that the *chapeau aux gentianes* was once more upon the throne. Could it be that it had been tried by some hypercritical votary of fashion, and been rejected? Far more likely that the candidate was weighed and found wanting to set off so choice a *garniture*. Surely it would be becoming to Juliette, whom every one admired. It was a delicate affair, this choice of the annual gift, and hitherto he had remained in the safer region of objects of art, wherein he knew her liking. Could he trust his taste in so personal an offering as a hat?

As has been intimated, M. Renard combined courage with discretion. His direct and courteous inquiries, he complimented himself, disclosed no trace of the embarrassment that overcame him when *vis-à-vis* to the winsome lady with the dark hair and darker eyes.

Drawn by Leon Guipon. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"THE OBJECT OF HIS DEVOTION"

"Would it be suitable for a married lady?"

"Mais oui, Monsieur."

Yet M. Raoul's sensitive ears caught the shade of hesitation despite the prompt assurance.

"Was it not intended for a *jeune fille?*"

"Également; pour le trousseau, peut-être."

"Would mademoiselle be so amiable as to place it upon her head?"

Mademoiselle would be delighted to do so.

"Ah, Mademoiselle, I see it will not do. It is *ravissant;* but one must have dark hair for this *chapeau bleu,* this blue of the gentians. My sister has, oh, so light hair! Alas! it will not do! Mademoiselle has been most amiable. The *chapeau* becomes her well. *Bonjour,* Mademoiselle." And without further tarry in so insecure a *milieu,* M. Renard betook himself to his favorite shop near the Odéon, where he discovered and acquired for Juliette a perfect gem of a Barye; after which, his commission disposed of with the forehandedness characteristic of one who finds it more to his liking to have a matter off his mind than on it, he sought relaxation in feeding the sparrows in the Luxembourg, and later, when an excellent dinner, mellowed with a bottle of Chablis at the favorite restaurant of his student days, had completed the good cheer of the day, in a seat in the Odéon.

The title of the play had aroused his curiosity: "le Petit Dieu Aveugle." The plot, though fanciful, was entertaining. A young man desirous of finding a partner in life, but impatient of the conventional methods, determines to seek some more romantic form of courtship than the consultation of the parents and the arrangement of the *dot.* He has ever been a devotee of roulette, and at the moment the fickle goddess has reduced him to his last ten-franc piece. When about to set it upon the red, he notices that the coin bears an inscription: "To Lucile." He hesitates, puts forth his hand, withdraws it; the ball stops on the black. But for "Lucile" he would have lost. He leaves the table, and in replacing the coin in his pocket observes the date: 188–. Possibly it was a gift to Lucile at her christening. She would be twenty-one years old now, doubtless beautiful, perhaps rich. His resolution is formed: he will renounce his allegiance to Dame Fortune and place his trust in the little blind god. Love must guide him to his Lucile, and provide a way to woo and win her. By a series of very intricate coincidences that, however rare in real life, flourish in the inventions of playwrights, this issue takes place happily in the last act. The young Benedick promises forever to renounce the gaming-table, and Cupid retires triumphant.

On the following Tuesday, as on the intervening days, M. Renard was sipping his coffee in the garden of the Petit Café Normandie. Always forehanded, he was engaged in writing a message of congratulation to Juliette and Jean for the celebration on the coming Saturday. His thoughts were of home and of Jean's persistent courtship, and the happy ending thereof. From these he turned to the many other examples among his friends in whose episodes of marriage a very open-eyed scheming had replaced the devices of the little blind god. And then his eyes, following their newly acquired habit, rested upon the shop-window across the way, and there found an inspiration. Why not? It was a capital idea. Yes, he would do it: he would marry the purchaser of the *chapeau bleu!* He had only to keep his seat at the café, possibly to see his fate emerge with the *chapeau* poised upon her beautiful head, or, if need be, to inquire most discreetly of Mlle. Rosalie to what address it had been sent. Then there would be ways and means to bring about a formal presentation, with the setting forth of his personal and financial credentials, and in due season the proffer of his devotion. Surely, the beautiful and distinguished *chapeau* was far more worthy than a commercial coin to find his "Lucile."

The idea captivated him. He declined the opportunity to win back his two francs from M. Regis. He found himself in his strolls about the boulevards unexpectedly returning to the street and the window of Mlle. Rosalie, fearful and yet hopeful that the time for action had arrived.

With the passing of each anxious day, the devotion to his idea became absorb-

ing, even distracting. It was unusual for M. Renard to lose his placidity or his sleep. Yet there was ever hanging over him the unwonted feeling of impending adventure. His suspense, he felt assured, would be brief; for Palm Sunday was approaching, and then Easter. Surely Lucile—as he had begun to call his *femme inconnue* would make her appearance to secure her *chapeau* for the gala-days. It was on Friday—inauspicious omen—that his prediction was realized, and in the window of Mlle. Rosalie an effect in wild roses had replaced the gentians as queen of the garden.

"*Eh bien!* Now for courage and discretion!" sighed M. Raoul, as subjectively he summoned to his aid the dual virtues that held high place in his esteem, and as objectively he polished with his coat sleeve the shiny crown of his silk hat, in preparation for the diplomatic encounter with Mlle. Rosalie.

"Did Mademoiselle remember his inquiries in regard to the *chapeau aux gentianes?*"

"Mademoiselle remembered perfectly: there were, indeed, few gentlemen capable of being intrusted with such a commission. But, alas! Monsieur, the *chapeau* has been sold—only this morning. Had Monsieur reconsidered? And was the *chapeau* desired for some one with dark hair?" This with a mocking, even a mischievous, *nuance* that completely disconcerted the carefully prepared chain of leading, or rather misleading, questions, with which M. Raoul was to introduce the matter of the personality of the purchaser. In his perplexity he fell back upon that comprehensive gesture feebly designated as shrugging the shoulders, but which in his person became a complete tableau in which head, eyes, arms, and finger-tips all participated to express in the range of implication anything from admitted possibility to enigmatic denial. Subterfuge was now unavoidable. The mission must be made plausible by hook or crook.

"Would it be possible for Mademoiselle to ask the loan of the *chapeau* as a model?"

It was now Mademoiselle's turn to resort to the versatile attitude of questioning mystery, which as conveyed by her petite shoulders took on a more sprightly and interested expression.

"That would surely be a delicate affair; for the *dames Parisiennes* are most sensitive in matters of the *toilette*. But if Monsieur has the courage to undertake the commission, here is the address."

Valor and discretion had won; or had the little blind god been prompting from behind the scenes? With difficulty M. Raoul concealed his elation over the successful issue of his diplomacy, and courteously made his adieus.

In the late afternoon he ventured upon his fate. He found the house—number 39—a vestige of the old order of affairs amid rapidly modernized surroundings, and, arriving at the third story somewhat short of breath, stopped to recover. This was to be only a tour of reconnoiter under the tutelage of the little blind god and the *chapeau bleu*. His quest brought him to a modest brass plate, at the letters of which—DESMAREST—he stared uncertainly, as though they reflected as in a glass darkly the burden of his future. In a moment, perhaps, he would meet it, or her, face to face.

And now once again valor and discretion! He rang, gave his card to a maid in white apron, with thimble upon her finger, and stray threads scattered about her black bodice—obviously an apprentice. M. Renard had only time to observe these details and to conjecture that Mme. Desmarest was presumably a widow, who, to judge by the comfort of her little *salon,* had seen better days, when he was pleasantly greeted:

"Ah! Monsieur is from Rouen. I have many cherished clients in that beautiful city. How can I serve Monsieur?"

With a start that brought the perspiration to his forehead, the truth flashed upon him: he was in the presence of Juliette's Parisian dressmaker. It was she who had devised the choicest portions of the trousseau, and whom his sister regarded so highly as to include among the wedding guests. His valor vanished; but his discretion remained. Here was an opening not to be lost.

"Did Madame remember Mme. Phillipe, *née* Renard?"

The question was only half-uttered when the formal manner of the head of the establishment was instantly exchanged for that of personal cordiality.

"The dear Mme. Phillipe! And you

are her brother! And how is Madame your mother, and the dear Henriette? It is amiable of Monsieur to call in person."

The tide of personal reminiscence, once started, refused to be checked; and M. Raoul, after seeking one ineffectual opening after another, found himself resigned to the situation, and frankly enjoying the talk of this animated and engaging person with the blond hair and the graceful fingers. Very well; if this was the wearer of the *chapeau bleu,* the future could be complacently met, however differently his imagination had pictured the issue. The trend of the monologue was interrupted by the timid knock of the apprentice, who delivered to Mme. Desmarest a slip of paper—the receipt, she explained, for the parcel that had just been sent to Mme. Etretat at Rouen.

"Had Monsieur the pleasure of knowing *le docteur* and Mme. Etretat? Her own father and Dr. Etretat had been students together in medicine."

Yes, indeed; every one knew the Etretats of Rouen, but he could claim no intimate acquaintance.

"And Monsieur may not be interested in such matters, but it was, oh, so beautiful a robe that had just been sent—all in deep blue, the color of hope, and so appropriate for the Easter! And will Monsieur believe it! By the merest chance I observe in the shop-window a *chapeau* of the precise shade, and so ravishingly trimmed with gentians! I purchase it at once, to complete the costume; for Mme. Etretat writes that I shall spare no pains to have everything ready. The story is sad, none the less. You remember—"

"But surely the *chapeau* is not for Mme. Etretat?"

"Assuredly not. For Mlle. Etretat."

"Mlle. Etretat!"

"I perceive Monsieur's astonishment. Has Monsieur not heard? Mme. Etretat has adopted one of her nieces to console her for the sad loss of their only child Marguerite; and Mlle. Lucile has now formally taken the name. It is for a present on this occasion that Mme. Etretat has commanded the costume with the *chapeau bleu.*"

At the mention of the name "Lucile," M. Raoul started. Here was the sign of the little blind god leading him back to Rouen, to romance, and to a most honorable alliance. His interest in the interview suddenly declined; and adroitly availing himself of the first lull, he had only to invent, as the purpose of his visit, the not wholly groundless plea that Juliette had often desired him to bring her news of Mme. Desmarest, and to beat a graceful retreat without disclosing the strategy of the campaign.

M. Renard had now entered fully into the spirit of the quest; he was upon the trail of the *chapeau bleu,* determined to follow it wherever it might lead. Tomorrow morning he would go to Rouen. The excuse was at hand. He would surprise the family upon the *jour de fête,* his defection from which had not rested easy upon his mind. The complete success of his surprise, which perforce he must accept as due to family affection alone, the cordiality of his welcome, and the jollity of the great anniversary dinner, he enjoyed to the full. But the next morning his mission claimed him. On the plea of interest in the services of Palm Sunday, M. Raoul wandered from the impressive cathedral to the harmonious St. Ouen and the jewel-like St. Maclou; but in vain. Nowhere was the *chapeau bleu* to be seen; and the brief glimpse he caught of Mme. Etretat showed her accompanied by a demure young lady dressed like herself in deep black. Had the blind god played him false?

His suspicions were confirmed by a brief but disconcerting note in the Monday's mail. The trail had again been broken off.

"Mlle. Rosalie Du Puy had the honor to inform M. Renard that the *chapeau bleu* was at his disposal. The message had been sent on Saturday to the café *vis-à-vis,* where Monsieur had been observed, and where the obliging *garçon* had furnished the address. A bereavement in the family of the young lady for whom it had been purchased was the sad occasion for the return of the *chapeau* in which Monsieur had been pleased to manifest an interest."

Truly the little blind god was most capricious! Or was this his April mood, when sunshine was fickle and showers were brief? Should he venture further? Yet one more hazard! If that led nowhere, he would accept the omen as an

augury of predestined celibacy. But now the *chapeau* was beckoning to him from the radiant window, and his place as a faithful knight was upon the opposite ramparts. He at once announced his intention to return to Paris despite the pouring rain without and the protests of the family within. Late in the evening he was in the hands of Alphonse, who, apprehensive that he might have been indiscreet in giving to Mlle. Rosalie the Rouen address, welcomed M. Renard's assurances with equally emphatic indications of his own complete trustworthiness in delicate affairs of the heart.

The following morning the sun held undisputed sway, and the gentians bloomed as fresh as ever in Mlle. Rosalie's window. But M. Raoul's intentions were still misty. Clearly he could not decline the evasive *chapeau;* and to purchase would be to render useless its mission. Frank confession seemed the only way out: Mlle. Rosalie must become at once his confidante and ally. Now more than ever he stood in need of valor and discretion.

"Ah, *bonjour,* Monsieur! I was assured that Monsieur would return. But only until to-morrow evening could I have retained the *chapeau.* Monsieur must carry the charm of good luck."

As M. Renard's expression was not that of one unexpectedly securing a treasure, the discerning Mlle. Rosalie continued: "I trust Monsieur still desires the *chapeau;* for the circumstances are peculiar. On Saturday appears Mme. Desmarest, most sad. Late on Friday evening a little telegram: 'Do not send the *toilette bleue;* Mademoiselle must dress *en deuil.*' Madame telephones to the *gare,* and recalls the package before it departs. As Mme. Desmarest has bought the *chapeau* upon her own responsibility, she requests that I receive it once more. I know Monsieur's desire. I find Monsieur is in Rouen, and I write the note. *Voilà le chapeau bleu!*"

As Mlle. Rosalie's excitement carried her along, it was with a natural yet dramatic effect that she moved toward the window, secured the masterpiece, and with an admiring flourish laid the object of his devotion before the still hesitant M. Renard.

"Mademoiselle has been most thoughtful in my behalf," was all he could summon in reply—a tribute that somehow failed to carry conviction.

"But if Monsieur no longer desires the *chapeau,* it is again in demand. Yesterday a so charming *jeune fille* asks for the *chapeau bleu.* She calls it a dream, and declares she must have it. I assure her the *chapeau* is bespoken; but if it is at my disposal to-morrow evening, it shall be sent to the hotel. On Thursday she leaves for Cherbourg and *Amérique.*"

"I go to *Amérique! Jamais!*" blurted the perplexed M. Raoul, losing at once his valor and discretion. Explanation was difficult; and Mlle. Rosalie's mute astonishment was colored with a touch of *diablerie* that to a less perturbed person than M. Renard would have revealed that she knew more than she thought necessary to tell; for the interview with the voluble Mme. Desmarest had not been brief.

"If Monsieur insists, the *chapeau* shall remain in France."

To yield the prize and give up the quest would be discreet; to confess would be valorous. He must choose between his allied but now rival virtues. As discreetly as possible he recited the affair to the enraptured lady, whose dark eyes grew even more lustrous and her smile more sympathetic as the dramatic effect of her *chef-d'œuvre* and the troubled tale of its adventures were unfolded. And in the end they parted sworn allies, M. Renard much relieved upon leaving the confessional, Mlle. Rosalie excitedly aglow and shrewdly reflective.

Mlle. Rosalie was of the Midi. Her appearance, as well as the cordiality of her manner and the vividness of her fancy, showed her a true daughter of the South. The impressionable period of her girlhood had been spent in the Pyrenean fortress of Mont Louis, where her father, a lawyer of Perpignan, sought relief for pulmonary weakness in the exhilaration of a high altitude, but in vain; and presently Mlle. Rosalie's skill as a modiste became the mainstay of her aged mother and her sister Hortense. After years of industry, she was able to leave the shop at Perpignan to her equally gifted sister, and realize her ambitions for a *milieu* suited to her talents, though the gossiping

Perpignese insisted upon connecting her departure with the betrothal of her cousin Louis, a captain in the Zouaves, with a fair maid of Narbonne.

Mlle. Rosalie, as became one of her profession, was a keen follower of fashion. It was above all necessary to be of the *haute mode;* that accomplished, one must be *chic,* at times original, occasionally daring, and, like all artists, open to the appeal of a momentary inspiration. When Mlle. Rosalie had arranged her window for the overture of spring, she stepped outside and surveyed the effect critically. It was *à la mode;* it was *chic;* it compared favorably with displays on the boulevards. Yet it lacked distinction. The stage was well-filled, but demanded a star. Then it was that she yielded to meditation and the artist's vision. There arose before her the fields of Mont Louis as they appear in early June. Great, rolling meadows, moist with the newly melted snow that still covered the mountain-slopes above, were white with fragrant narcissus; and scattered about in recessed nooks the gem-like gentians showed their glorious blue. It was this scene that remained in the background of her imagination as she planned and perfected the *chapeau aux gentianes,* and behold! this theme of her fancy had achieved the touch of actual romance. The gentians had been chosen as the bridal flowers of her art.

And now it was Mlle. Rosalie's heart that fluttered with anxiety when inquiries were made for the *chapeau bleu.* Unintentionally her part became that of a zealous chaperon. To be a fit companion for so worthy a gentleman as M. Renard, the wearer of the *chapeau bleu* must meet the approval of the critical artiste.

One persistent but most ineligible applicant was peremptorily rendered *hors concours* by the simple expedient of trebling the price of the object of her vain desires. Others were boldly told that the *chapeau* was only a model to attract attention,—a *garniture* of the show-window,—and would not be disposed of until the end of the season, an uncommercial announcement that was received with unconcealed discredit. But when a valued patron, after critically reviewing the exposition, decided for the *chapeau bleu,* the affair was not so simple; and it required all the wiles and smiles at Mlle. Rosalie's command to persuade the fashionable dame that a *chapeau* of the same general color, but decidedly modified in tone and treatment, would be more becoming. By such devious arts was the queen retained upon her vacillating throne.

Though ignorant of these vicissitudes, M. Renard was quite content, after the troubled experiences of following the trail of the *chapeau bleu* and the momentary menace of expatriation, to have the emblem of his fate remain for a time safely under his observation. And if he wondered why this queenly adornment remained undisturbed when the other fair competitors in turn met their fate on the proud heads of pleased purchasers, he had only to remember Mlle. Rosalie's ingenuous assurance that this blue of the gentians was a difficult color, which few could wear, and to recall the effect as the engaging brunette had tried it on, to be quite willing to believe it so.

Easter was long past; and Mlle. Rosalie was again critically surveying her show-window, holding in her hand a card that asked attention to the *Premiers modèles d'été,* although it was only the middle of May; yet the seasons are more advanced as well as more regular in the shop-windows of milliners than in Nature's calendar. The early morning had witnessed the retirement of the anticipations of spring for the fulfilments of summer. Mlle. Rosalie was directing from without the manipulations of the apprentice within the window; and it was just as she was hesitating where or whether to install the *chapeau bleu* that M. Renard took his seat at the café. He looked, and waited anxiously. Mademoiselle turned, acknowledged his courteous greeting, and ordered the *chapeau bleu* to be placed as before in the center of the garden.

To M. Raoul, this protective token, once the signal for peremptory ventures in uncertain fields, had become the constant symbol of his present blissful serenity. No longer looking forward to any change in the situation to which he had become so happily adjusted, the overnight transformation of Mlle. Rosalie's garden came upon him with the suddenness of the unexpected; but the survival of the

gentians secured the familiar touch of coming back to one's own. Yet the season was advancing, and gentians, like other blossoms, must have their day. What of the autumn and the winter? Reflecting thus from his seat at the Petit Café Normandie, M. Raoul realized that the little blind god had selected for his trysting-place the immediate entourage of the *chapeau bleu*. And as he looked across at the object of his devotion, he seemed to find its complement in a comely face with dark hair and darker eyes that smiled kindly upon him.

It was Mlle. Rosalie's custom to close her atelier at seven, and considerately to dismiss her apprentice half an hour in advance. It came about that M. Raoul sought this twilight hour to acquaint himself with the vicissitudes of the day. In the growing security of their relation, and having no great matters to discuss, they fell upon the less momentous, but not less interesting, affairs of their several occupations. Mlle. Rosalie listened to the tribulations of shipping on the Seine, and M. Raoul began to appreciate the care and consideration required for success as a modiste. Thus, under the decorous patronage of the *chapeau bleu*, these tête-à-têtes had become a part—indeed, the most eagerly awaited part—of the day's relaxation. It was quite natural that M. Raoul should inquire how the sudden removal of the hats of spring was consistent with commercial economy, and to express unfeigned admiration when informed that with the waning of the season all the unsolicited models were summarily despatched to the sister Hortense, and were eagerly accepted by the amiable Perpignese as the very latest and confidential dictates of Parisian fashion for the summer.

"But if at the close of the season there are *chapeaux* undisposed of, what then? For in the Midi the season is in advance of Paris."

"Then, Monsieur, I must resort to the charm of the *prix réduit*."

"And if there remains a beautiful, a worthy model," he continued, his thoughts quite obviously fixed, as were his eyes, upon the center of the window, and resentful of any such commercial indignity to his inamorata, "what then?"

"Then, Monsieur," timidly replied Mlle. Rosalie, reading the message of M. Raoul's emotion, "if it must be disposed of at too great a sacrifice, I wear it myself."

Thus encouraged, M. Raoul stepped to the window, withdrew the *chapeau bleu* from its support, placed it delicately upon the head of the blushing Rosalie, looked into her eyes, and knew that he had found the wearer of the *chapeau bleu*.

"And will you wear it for me, now and always? Ah! how stupid not to see that no one but my Rosalie could set off the *chapeau bleu!* It becomes you even better than before, *ma chérie*. And your discernment is a safer guide than the manœuvers of the little blind god."

"But he has helped us. See!" said the now radiant Rosalie, pointing to a framed diploma, setting forth that for excellence and industry a prize in design in the art class of the school at Perpignan had been awarded to Rosalie Lucile Du Puy.

"Ah! It is Lucile, after all!"

It was July before the wedding could be arranged. Hortense was called to take charge of the shop. Mme. Desmarest was mercurial, voluble, and helpful; Juliette proved a superintendent of rare capacity; and the success of the wedding feast reflected Jean's considerate devotion. In the home on the bluffs of the Seine the romance of the *chapeau bleu* found its happy ending. And it was with that emblem of hope, and its fulfilment upon her radiant head, that Mme. Raoul Renard set out upon the honeymoon, first to the aged mother, too feeble to attempt the long journey northward, and then a flitting to and fro by train, by stage, by carriage, and by the modern invasion of the trolley, through the Pyrenees. Quite naturally they chose to go by way of Mont Louis; and there while Raoul and Rosalie—the new intertwined R's, as Juliette called the letters which she embroidered on the napery—were wandering over the fields so full of memories to the child of the Midi, they found hidden in a sheltered recess a belated cluster of the early mountain gentians.

"Ah, I see," said Raoul, touched by the beauty of the sight, "this was the inspiration of the *chapeau bleu*."

It was just three years since my lady and I had visited Paris. With the direct-

ness of the American mind when it knows its purpose, my lady's bee-line from the hotel led to the favorite resource in hours of feminine trouble—the beflowered shop of Mlle. Rosalie. It was rated, I am credibly informed, the most cherished mark of my lady's favor to be trusted with the address of "that charming person who designs hats *à la rue de la Paix* with the prices of the *quartier Latin.*" What was our surprise, upon reaching the first station of our transatlantic mission, to find the familiar sign replaced by the gilt letters: AU CHAPEAU BLEU, while above the door there appeared in pictured elegance a faithful immortalization of a "stunning" gentian hat. My lady entered, and it was from the impressionable Hortense that she heard, with much embellishment of circumstance, the incidents that I have set to words in the romance of the *chapeau bleu.*

THE DEAD MASTER

BY JOHN ERSKINE

NO singing chord of youth was dumb,
No star of youth was dim;
It seemed so long ere age should come,
I kept light watch for him,—
Light watch o'er heart and nerve and eye,
His entrance evermore,—
And, lo! the shadow, stealing by,
Found an unguarded door!

I dreamt of far-off fields well-fought,
Fierce battle, victory bright;
"I shall have praise from *him,*" I thought,
"Who taught me first to fight."
Then I remembered! as a breath
Blows the dry rose apart;
For, lo! the sudden touch of death
Had aged me to the heart!

The Delicate Mrs. Poteet

BY Alice L. Cole

WITH PICTURES BY A. D. BLASHFIELD

"WHAT 's to be done?" said Josephine, tersely. The tone might have been reassuring in any situation not, like ours, beyond repair.

The blue gentians that I was arranging in a bowl fell from my hands, and I stared at her blankly, as she stood in the door. I had been so busy making the bungalow festive in her Aunt Emma's honor that I had not even heard the car.

"Called away, you say, to the bedside of a sick friend?"

"Yes, for a full month."

I sank into the nearest chair with a sense of overwhelming disappointment. It had never occurred to me that our dragon could fail us. Indeed, we had made all our plans without informing her that she was included.

"What difference need it make?" pleaded Josephine.

"You know as well as I that it would never, never do," I murmured perfunctorily, for my heart assented to her point of view. But with Josephine it is necessary to be, what she is not, firm and logical.

"It 's a foolish convention," she declared. "We did n't really want Aunt Emma." True, we had both looked forward to her coming with resignation, for she was dyspeptic, and hated drafts.

"But we must have some one."

"I don't see it," she retorted. "Nothing could happen to us here. It 's a mere prejudice, a figment of the mind."

"A very unpleasant figment, considering there is n't a soul we can get. It leaves us in an awkward position, I must say; for here we are all moved in, bag and baggage, ready for a week of bliss."

"I have an inspiration. One mental conceit must be conquered by another. What I have to present is the best solution I can offer, so don't oppose it with your tiresome objections. I will provide an—an—astral substitute for Aunt Emma. In fact, she has already arrived—a friend of ours. But she is a delicate creature, and will remain under our roof on one condition only: we must never suggest by word or look that we find her different from ourselves."

"Josephine!" I expostulated, weakening, for the idea fascinated me. "Only think how it might lead to complications."

"Complications! In a week! 'On one condition only,' I was saying. As for me," she continued briskly, "I have no fears. Thanks to a pretty good visualizing imagination, I can believe in her completely. That is absolutely necessary to make her convincing."

MRS. POTEET

Swept along by the tide of her enthusiasm, I listened in silence, my better judgment spellbound. A long, pure, golden shaft of the October sunshine slanted through the open door on the heavenly blue of scattered gentians. The time and place were full of invitation.

"Can't you see just how she looks? She is a person of stately, dignified port, with gray hair and a neat hand and foot. Myra, she is real to me already; as real, as real—as Mrs. Brown."

"And her name—suppose you christen her. Two syllables at the very least. How could you express her with less?"

Josephine pondered. Her eyes sparkled. She was quite in her element, creating a being with a purely astral ex-

istence, and casting about for the mortal guise that should fitly body forth one who was to center in herself presence, importance, dignity—in a word, propriety.

"Mrs. Poteet," she said at last in a tone from which there was no appeal—"Sarah Poteet. It sounds fine and Frenchy, without being too much so, which would destroy the very effect we aim at. Oh, Myra, if you only were n't so matter of fact! Let me remind you, once for all, that if you ever withdraw your belief from Mrs. Poteet, in that moment she will evanesce, and there will be absolutely nothing to say except—"

"Mrs. Poteet was."

"She shall have the bedroom for hers," she continued.

"I hope that she will be rested after a little. Think of a whole week of this idyllic, pastoral life!"

"It seems too good to be true. But now that we have moved in, let 's take down the sign. What a coincidence that we should find a bungalow ready at hand the very moment when we were wishing for one of our own!" She reached up to the door, and looking over her shoulder, I read once more:

"NOTICE

"Mrs. Brown will be gone for two weeks. The bungalow is at your service, rent-free. The key will be found under the mat. Immediate possession."

Folding it into her sketch-book, she remarked thoughtfully: "I was afraid that you might not like that name, but I felt it to be a direct inspiration. It could not be changed without destroying the identity of Mrs. Poteet, and will, I have no doubt, be fraught with significant results."

And so it proved. A little later I came back from Mrs. Gage's, where I had been to order supplies for three.

"Mrs. Gage," I announced, "was much interested in Mrs. Poteet, for that was her first husband's mother's name."

"A second coincidence," she replied, and looked me calmly in the eye.

While our larder was to be replenished from the Gage dairy, it was not our intention to rely on that alone. Our idea had been a return to nature, not too literally interpreted; and since the peculiar products of our present surroundings seemed to be chestnuts, apples, cider, and wild grapes, we resolved on foraging.

The very next day we started, Josephine with her paints.

Reservoir Park was particularly adapted to our purpose, for here several orchards have become public property. We had

"THEIR HEADS BENT OVER HER SKETCH"

heard high praise awarded to a kind of apple called sheep nose, which we wanted to see and taste. I should have insisted on wild apples only, but from previous experience I knew that the apple, like man, is not at its best in a state of nature.

At last we found a lonely tree of the sheep nose, which proved to be odd-shaped and of delicious flavor. Near by was a large orchard from which cider-makers were just departing on long carts, piled with barrels of the fruit; but apples still lay under the trees in scattered heaps of red, russet, and yellow, and farther on, the chestnuts pattered down at the road's edge. Side by side, supporting our sack between us, we walked along, pausing now and then to rest on a stone, and

"WHO COULD HE BE?"

gathering from the wayside gorgeous, long festoons of the orange-scarlet bittersweet to carry back.

But where were we? Josephine's bump of locality was no better than mine, and she was entirely absorbed in studying the delicate colors of a charming bit of landscape: just then she was spying it through the circle of her thumb and finger.

"Josephine," I said, "I 'm going to look about and get my bearings, or find some one of whom I can inquire."

She nodded absently, and thinking that I could rely on her being safe for an hour or two at least, I set out to reconnoiter.

My task was no easy one, but at last I recognized the grass causeway which we had crossed that morning, and returned in triumph. There was the same crooked apple-tree, the same lovely vista, but where, where was Josephine?

I am willing to confess that it was more in anger than in sorrow that I lifted the heavy weight of the nuts and fruit, and retraced my steps homeward. "The aberrations of the artistic mind," I was muttering to myself, "don't make up for—" And there on the veranda bench, as dainty and fresh as you please, sat Josephine and a strange man, in a shooting-jacket, side by side, with their heads bent over her sketch. "She is very absent-minded," I heard her saying, "and may forget entirely that we are staying here, and take the car in." Then I strode on the scene.

"Oh, Myra," said Josephine, "I am so relieved! I don't know what I should have done if you had n't come this very minute. This is Mr. Stewart, who kindly brought me home, after I finished painting. He was in my Brother Ned's class at Yale. I could never have found the way alone."

Mr. Stewart took his departure, and Josephine did not notice my brusqueness. For a number of reasons, all of them good, I felt annoyed at the appearance of this stranger.

"I told him about Mrs. Poteet," said Josephine, pensively.

"How strange he must have thought it that she did n't appear when you arrived!"

"Oh, I provided for that, too. I said that Mrs. Poteet was not very strong—not quite herself to-day."

Outwardly calm, I groaned inwardly, scenting trouble ahead.

Just as we were starting out the next day, Jimmy Gage appeared with the morning supply of milk and fresh eggs, which he deposited on the back porch, vouchsafing a remark:

"Maw told me to tell ye that she 's comin' over to see ye this forenoon."

"To see us? That would be nice, if we were going to be in, but we are tempted out by the fine weather."

"That won't make no difference. Mis' Poteet ain't goin' out, is she?"

We started, and looked at each other guiltily.

"She 's comin' to see Mis' Poteet. She ain't never heard of a Poteet round here before, and thought it might be some relation to her fust husband."

"That 's very kind of her,"—Josephine took the helm of the conversation at this point,—"but I 'm sorry to say that Mrs. Poteet will not be able to see any one to-day. She is far from well. She is a frail woman, Jimmy, and you would say so, too, if you could see her. Why, a breath would almost blow her away. But we hope that she will be better in a few days."

The explanation was surprisingly complete and perfect.

"Sho!" said Jimmy, "you ain't goin' off and leave her, be ye, if she 's that sick? Perhaps maw 'll come over and set with her."

"Oh, no, no; that would never do. Mrs. Poteet prefers to be alone. In fact, we are almost afraid of nervous prostration. But this rich milk and cream that you bring, will do her good, I am sure. Tell your mother," she added, "that

we 'll let her know when Mrs. Poteet can see her; and this is for you." Jimmy bounded away, tossing the dime juggler-fashion, and catching it dextrously.

We carried out our plans perfectly that day, and the sun was nearing the horizon's edge before we started for home.

As we left the wood road to follow the path along the side of Reservoir No. 5, I suddenly realized how detached and somber a human figure stands forth in the October splendor; for my attention was suddenly arrested by the sight of a man on the opposite side,—two men rather,—for the still waters gave back his double. Who could he be, and why was he lingering there? Then in a flash my intuition told me that he was the Yale man waiting for us.

He met us with, "It occurred to me, when I saw you coming, to inquire after your friend Mrs. Poteet. I hope that she is rested to-day."

"She remains just about the same," Josephine spoke; "not serious, you understand, or we should n't have left her; but she did not care to be stirring."

"And you did, I take it," he said. "I was afraid that these confusing roads might lead you astray. Can't I be of service, or is it all clear now?"

"Yes," I said, "perfectly plain sailing. I could find the way back with my eyes shut. We are greatly obliged."

"But I am going in the same direction, and may as well walk along with you. I have had rather good luck shooting today, and I want to leave a couple of birds for Mrs. Poteet."

"How kind!" said Josephine. "We thank you in her name. I am sure nothing could be more acceptable to her."

He insisted on lugging the cider which we had brought from the mill, so on the whole I was not sorry for his escort.

"When do you expect Mrs. Brown back?" he asked. "Shall you stay till she comes?"

"We don't know what she has decided," I answered, "but we are to stay only a week."

I was burning to make inquiries about Mrs. Brown, but caution checked my rising questions.

We took the fluffy, light-brown birds which he bestowed upon us, though I am sure that they were all he had.

"If you ever need help,—a man, or anything,—just let me know, will you? I have a shooting-box not very far off, and shall be around this way every day. I mean in case Mrs. Poteet should be worse."

As he disappeared, I remarked: "Who ever saw such solicitude! I can't quite fathom it. The man behaves almost as if he—well, felt a sense of responsibility for us."

I could see that she did not mind it in the least. "These Skull and Bones men are always polite to family connections," she replied.

In the other direction appeared a little figure, the lank arms weighted down on each side with a can.

"Why, Jimmy, we did n't order milk for nights, only for mornings," I said.

"I know it; but maw sent this over for a present to Mis' Poteet. It 's some of our extra best cream. Say, she 's orful still, ain't she? I 've been here before, waitin' for ye a long time, and she ain't made a sound. I did n't dast to leave the cans, on account of that dog."

"'WHY, JIMMY, WE DID N'T ORDER MILK FOR NIGHTS'"

"Mrs. Poteet must be asleep, Jimmy. Thank you very much."

"I don't see how she could sleep with them guns poppin'. Gee! how they 've been goin' to-day!"

"What, around here, Jimmy? It 's against the law."

"Oh, mebbe not right in the park, where they 'd get took up, but round the edges. Thank you, ma'am," and executing a hand-spring, he disappeared.

"I don't like that child; he 's too sharp. He has such a preternaturally inquiring mind," said I.

The next day, after a somewhat epicurean breakfast of creamed partridge, we felt strong enough for another expedition.

"We will take Reservoir No. 6 to-day," I said casually; "that is the farthest off."

Before we could get out of sight, Jimmy came with another offering to the weakness of Mrs. Poteet. We would have proceeded, but he called us back, for a dog was hanging about the veranda; so we disposed the articles in the back porch cupboard.

"Which cow gives the extra best cream, Jimmy?" asked Josephine, with idle curiosity.

"Oh, the old red cow. Why, she gives most clear cream. We don't put that on the milk-cart. I guess not."

"Well, here 's a present for you." This time it was a quarter, for I was too proud to ask Jo whether she could break it. Jimmy accepted the coin with round eyes.

"Wish I 'd thought to bring ye some thoroughwort for Mis' Poteet," he said. "Maw always brews it for me when I 'm sick—thoroughwort and lobelia bitters. My! how it tastes! But it 's orful good for ye. We don't never need no doctors at our house. I 'll bring some to-night, sha'n't I?"

"Oh, no, Jimmy; Mrs. Poteet would never take it. And she 's getting along as well as we could expect."

Our day in the woods above No. 6 was a complete success. Josephine painted, and was, so to speak, not present. On the way back I could see that she was wondering where we would meet him.

It was late when we arrived at the bungalow, but not too dark to discern at our door, as tribute to Mrs. Poteet, more cream from the old red cow, and three large birds. I certainly hoped that there would soon be a change in her condition.

It is only your rural liver who feasts on the fat of the land. We had quail enough and to spare, while the extra best cream, in spite of our extra best efforts, lasted remarkably well. There was still enough left for another day, to say nothing of what we had bought and paid for.

But the third day was too much; the bungalow was fairly overflowing, while Mrs. Poteet's appetite remained about the same. Ours, I regret to say, if anything, began to decline.

I looked at Josephine. She was round and rosy. I looked in the glass. The effect was as good, possibly a grain better, than I could have expected. "Why," I said to her, "could not this superior air and fare be as improving to Sarah Poteet as it has been to us?"

"You know," she replied, smiling, "we spend our whole day off tramping, painting, picking gentians, or sitting on Cathedral Rock. These are very stimulating occupations. If she could only be braced up sufficiently to make a start that would be the—the—"

"*Sine qua non,*" I suggested.

"Yes, thank you," she said; "and look at that jar over there—the one with the cedar. Is n't it charming? Mrs. Brown is a woman of uncommonly exquisite taste. I have seldom seen a jar with such good lines."

The cedar did look well, with its bright blue berries against the green. We were perfectly happy, in spite of our cares, and very well fed.

Mr. Stewart paid a morning call. He made a couple of partridges his excuse, but there was no doubt of his genuine anxiety about us and Mrs. Poteet. "Don't you think," he said, "that you 'd better let me send out a physician? It would be no trouble at all,—a pleasure, I assure you,—and it seems to me that it would relieve you of care—homeopath, allopath, anything you say." There was a touch of curiosity as well as of solicitude. He was plainly seeking some new community of interest.

"No, I think not. But thank you, very much," said Josephine. "As a matter of fact, Mrs. Poteet herself would n't hear to such a thing."

"She does n't believe in *materia medica* at all," I put in.

"No; mental science is what she favors," said Josephine.

A little wave of incredulity and horror went over his face like a flash.

"And you, too?" He looked at her.

"Oh, not for myself, naturally, for I am never ill. But I don't disbelieve in it. It seems to me largely a matter of—well, taste. Now, I feel very sure that mental science is exactly suited to a temperament like that of Mrs. Poteet."

He choked down his antagonism almost imperceptibly. "Then could n't I send you out a—healer?" he said.

"That would n't be at all necessary. She is taking absent treatment."

He bit his lip under his mustache, and went away.

"What am I to do with all this truck?" I queried in dismay.

"Throw it away."

"But I can't. In the first place, it is positively wicked to be so wasteful; and in the second place, where could I throw birds and cream?"

"Dig a grave and bury them."

"No, Jimmy would be sure to appear with a how, why, and wherefore, and I am positive that we cannot for many days longer fend off Mrs. Gage from seeking out her first husband's mother's namesake."

We went for our tramp that day as usual, but Josephine did not take her paints, and once or twice appeared to be distinctly nervous.

As we shut the bungalow door that night, almost shutting in a dog's nose, I said:

"I propose that we both give five minutes by the watch to serious consideration of what is to be done. Use your visualizing imagination, if you like, and I will apply to the dilemma such common sense as I have."

Time was up.

"We must adopt a dog," I said.

"My own idea exactly."

We had no difficulty in settling upon a particular dog; for toe-nails could be heard scratching at the door, and the rhythmic thump of a tail. We listened with newly awakened interest.

"He 's not handsome," she said.

My observation had been very general, but I had retained one or two impressions.

"Don't you think that he has a fascinating awkwardness?" I asked. "And I 'll wager that his appetite is colossal."

From a canine point of view, as we conceived, the position awaiting was a highly desirable one. There were no rivals for our favor. He was the sole aspirant.

"You may name him," Josephine volunteered generously.

"Van," I said, without hesitation, for I intended to do so.

I flung open the door, and he stood for a moment facing me with as appealing a look as I ever saw in human eyes. He was only waiting for an invitation. That being given, he stepped in daintily, and came toward us, wagging joy.

I can scarcely classify his strain, but I should say that he might belong to the hound family. At any rate, he was a dog of rangy build, with large, pendent ears and dewlaps, an extremely open countenance, and a full-length tail.

We scanned the points of our candidate with satisfaction. He was certainly a dog of parts. I stroked his beautiful forehead, and lifted his head, putting my hand under his chin. The brown eyes looked squarely into mine. It was as if I had pledged to him the affection of the household, and he to me his loyal and devoted service in saving our lives and the valued life of Mrs. Poteet.

We took him into the kitchen for a few moments, and he speedily convinced us that our touching and beautiful confidence in him was not misplaced.

Up to this time we had been so absorbed in our own private affairs as to give but scant thought to the benefactor who had made such a life possible. However, a rainy day brought us to a realizing sense of our absent hostess. We discussed her freely, if with kindness, and bent our minds to the engaging task of constructing that lady's personality from the *disjecta membra* at hand, with something of the same pleasure that a scientist may experience in building up a dinosaur from rib or hoof.

If the furnishing of her house was an expression of her mental equipment, we agreed that she was generous, just, unostentatious, a woman of great solidity and simplicity of character. But the initial

act of our observation had proved her to be all that and more. This was our unbiased judgment of Mrs. Brown.

Under some circumstances a rainy day may be depressing, but we did not find it so. Even the smell of the wet leaves outside was a sweet savor to our nostrils. Mrs. Brown had laid in a supply of excellent fuel, and would, we felt certain, wish us to make ourselves thoroughly comfortable. As usual, our wish coincided with hers, and we did so.

Van appreciated the fire as much as we, and drew himself so near that we feared for his nose and paws. His tastes were much like our own, and we considered him a very congenial member of our little household, which was now such a happy circle, with not a care in the world—save one.

But casting all anxiety aside, we gave ourselves up to the enjoyment of the hour. It was so cozy and warm there in the firelight, beside Mrs. Brown's red lamp, that the occasion demanded a little good cheer. I brought out a pitcher of amber cider, with a couple of glasses, and a third for Mrs. Poteet. On a shingle in front of the blaze I had placed some sheep-nose apples and a handful of the largest chestnuts.

The apples were soon sputtering with a most alluring odor, and the chestnuts began to pop. Josephine, in her white gown, was a picture, and I had just poured her a glass of cider, which I was offering with the words, "To the health of Mrs. Poteet," when Van tore to the door and began to bark furiously.

Before we had time to stir, the door opened without a sound of warning, and in walked a man.

A crisis had come. There was no time for concerted action, and however Josephine may have felt, I was at my wits' end. But I had the presence of mind,—or was it merely mechanical, for I still held the toast in my hand?—to offer him the glass of cider.

He looked as astonished as we felt; and no wonder, for Van was almost devouring him.

"Van! Van!" I called to no purpose.

"Down!" said the stranger, and the beast obeyed instantly.

Again I extended the glass of cider to him. He accepted it with an inclination of the head, and I saw him to be a refined-looking man in spectacles and a raincoat. Somehow my fears vanished. He was neither insane, imbecile, nor inebriate, whatever else he might be.

"VAN TORE TO THE DOOR AND BEGAN TO BARK"

I indicated a seat by the fire, and throwing off his raincoat, he said: "With your permission, I will dry this."

He offered no explanation, but looked at us as if he expected one.

Josephine spoke: "I am sorry that Mrs. Poteet has retired, but perhaps it was Mrs. Brown whom you wanted to see."

"Mrs. Brown? I know no Mrs. Brown. What Mrs. Brown?"

"Why, the Mrs. Brown who has just gone away."

"Your apples smell good," he remarked irrelevantly. Was the man mad, after all? "Like roasted potatoes, they must be eaten at the proper instant, and I think

that it has now arrived. May I help you?"

And before we knew it, all three of us were eating roasted apples and chestnuts about the hearth in the most domestic manner. As he rose to go, our visitor remarked: "I hope that I did n't alarm you by coming in so unceremoniously. I am absent-minded at times, and this is one of them," and he bowed his departure. Van followed at his heels.

"Come back, Van! come back!" we cried in chorus, and Van did so, finding the door shut in his face.

"Myra," remarked Josephine, "I 've seen that man somewhere, I am positive."

"Van," I said severely, for I was out of patience with him, "you are a bad brute. Oh, Van!"

Truth to tell, both Josephine and I were playing about the mere fringe and aura of the situation. The presence of that live, breathing man in the room, drinking cider by our hearth and eating hot apples and chestnuts with us, had wrought an electrical change in the atmosphere. To me at least Mrs. Brown no longer appeared to possess an actual or essential existence. Mrs. Poteet had become a being less corporeal.

Alas! for that secret doubt! Already it had done its fatal work, and we both knew it without a word.

The melancholy moment had come. Josephine interrogated me with her eyes. I breathed the words:

"Mrs. Poteet was."

In the morning nothing was changed, yet even a picture takes on a new aspect by a different light. Though we had resolved to leave by the first car, we decided to delay our going and give to Sarah Poteet the honors of decent burial.

Josephine, and I, too, entered thoroughly into the spirit of the occasion, whether out of respect to that lady's virtues, or because each of us felt a lingering reluctance to be off with the old life and on with the new, which is always in its way a personal demise. At any rate, we waited over one car to bury Mrs. Poteet.

Van was the chief mourner, and he had every reason to be. No longer could he expect to be regaled on extra best cream and the choice bits of partridge. He was generally present at the grave-digging, which began with a mixing-spoon, but ended with the hatchet, and his eyes grew big with astonishment as he watched the earth close over her nothingness. He seemed to be distinctly relieved when that ceremony was over, and I had propped into place the flat bit of trap rock which was to serve as headstone.

The spot we had chosen was wholly appropriate, being a retired place in the rear of the bungalow, under the boughs of a somber cedar.

Josephine had just declared, "I now wash my hands of her, and may she never trouble my peace of mind any more," and I replied: "But what will Mrs. Brown think? She may have chosen that one and only spot for herself."

"What will Mrs. Brown think of what?" said a masculine voice that I recognized only too well, and from around the bungalow, escorted by Van, appeared the tall figure of our uninvited guest.

"Pardon me," I said, "but we were about to leave, and as we have to catch the car, we will not detain you."

That was a stroke which might have saved us, but at that moment Van, our keen, intelligent Van, with brute stupidity and obtuseness, ran plump to Mrs. Poteet's grave, and went sniffing at the headstone, whereon with an artistic zeal that outran discretion Josephine had penciled an inscription. There he stood wagging his tail with the most abounding enthusiasm.

The man came nearer, and, bending down, read aloud:

"HERE LIES THE ASTRAL BODY OF SARAH POTEET."

I heard the car coming, but for the life of me I could not have stirred.

"What 's that—Mrs. Poteet dead?" It was the voice of Mr. Stewart, with inflections of surprise and sympathy; and he appeared around the other corner with a gun slung over one shoulder, and a bunch of neatly dressed birds dangling from his hand.

"Dead and buried," I replied solemnly, pointing toward the grave where the stranger knelt.

"Oh, Walker," he said, "when did you arrive?" and that "oh" ran through a whole gamut of emotions, ranging from recognition to discomfort. This was Mr. Walker's moment.

"Ned, may I ask you the question that has just been raised by these two young ladies: 'What will Mrs. Brown think?' "

This innocent question had a disturbing effect on Mr. Stewart. He coughed and hesitated.

"I fear that I am detaining them," he said. "They appear to be starting." On the contrary, we seemed to be rooted to the spot.

"But he knows Mrs. Brown, because he has mentioned her several times," I urged.

"I insist on an answer. Who is this Mrs. Brown, and have you any good reason for not giving your testimony?" said Mr. Walker.

Mr. Stewart began to show signs of amusement. "Yes," he replied, looking at Josephine, and his eyes twinkled; "the best of reasons—because it might incriminate me. I think," he added, "if I now understand correctly, that Mrs. Brown belongs to the same class as Mrs. Poteet. There was n't any Mrs. Brown."

This was Josephine's turn:

"So it was you, who put that sign on the door to ensnare innocent, unsuspecting folk!"

"What sign?" said Mr. Walker. And taking Josephine's sketch-book from the back porch, where she had laid it, I turned the leaves to find the notice, which I read aloud:

"NOTICE

"Mrs. Brown will be gone for two weeks. The bungalow is at your service, rent-free. The key will be found under the mat. Immediate possession."

Mr. Walker strode up to the other man. "Ned, I know I started this practical joking, but I acknowledge that you have beaten me. Now, let 's give it up. Don't you think that you carried it a bit too far?"

Josephine and I had an illuminating moment simultaneously.

"So it was your house, all the time," said she.

"And your dog," said I. Then I gave way, and laughed till I cried; so did every one else but Josephine.

"And who was Mrs. Poteet?" gasped Mr. Walker.

"The lady who took my aunt's place," Josephine replied. "But your friend and Mrs. Gage between them have killed her with kindness."

"Come," said Mr. Stewart, "let 's bury the astral body of Mrs. Brown." I gave him the hatchet, and Josephine went after her pencils, while Mr. Walker selected another headstone for the inscription. In fact, we all assisted except Van, who was suspiciously silent. But we could hear a cracking of bones behind the cedar, and knew that for the last time he was feasting on the fruits of the chase.

I fear that we hurried Mrs. Brown into her grave, for we heard the car coming. Mr. Walker caught up my suit-case, and Josephine and Mr. Stewart, who still carried the hatchet, followed in silence.

I certainly thought we should miss the car, Mr. Walker staggered so with laughter. But at last he found breath to say:

"Surely you found my fireside pleasant. I could swear to that; and some day you will come back again to see where we buried Mrs. Poteet and Mrs. Brown—"

Behind me, Mr. Stewart added in an undertone to Josephine:

"And bury the hatchet."

Happening to glance back that instant, I caught sight of two figures moving toward the bungalow from the opposite direction—that of Jimmy, who stood open-mouthed, letting fall to the ground what was evidently a basket of new-laid eggs, and Mrs. Gage herself, throwing up her fat hands full of thoroughwort and lobelia for the delicate Mrs. Poteet.

Drawn by Clifford W. Ashley

A WHALER AT ANCHOR IN A HARBOR OF THE CAPE VERD ISLANDS

THE NEAREST RELATIVE

BY WATSON DYKE

WHEN Mrs. Thomas Wetherall of High Ings, Upper Enderdale, was nearly dying, she thought it time to send for the doctor. He came. It was Mudd, from the town of Simonscrope.

Rosannah, the maid, seeing him walking up the flagged fields that led to the sheltered farm, ran to the front door and unbolted it. It unbolted slowly and stiffly, because it had never been opened since Mr. Thomas Wetherall's funeral day, when there was such a large gathering of relatives that the kitchen and the sitting-room did not hold them all, and they overflowed into the garden and sat on the garden walls. And yet Thomas and his wife had no sons and daughters! These were nieces and nephews, cousins, brothers, and sisters, second cousins, third cousins, relatives by marriage, and relatives unknown, who came out of distant dales and took a quarter of an hour to explain where they came in on the family tree; but they did come in, as they said themselves, or they would not have ventured to Thomas's funeral.

So Rosannah unbolted the door, with the tears trickling down her rosy cheeks, and faced Dr. Mudd.

"Don't cry, Rosie," said Dr. Mudd. "Is she gone?"

"Nay, sir; but she 's suffering, and I can do nowt to ease her."

"She 'll be nearly dying," said Dr. Mudd, "or she would not have sent for me. Has she had her lawyer?"

He asked this question as he was going up the creaking stairs, passing the staircase window, with its wealth of geranium and cactus and old-fashioned fuchsias.

"Nay, sir, she hes n't. She 's not decided to send for thee yet; I took it on mysel'."

"Oh—then I 'll expect a storm. Never mind, Rosie; you did right."

He stooped his head to enter a room the wooden beams of which had been whitewashed. There, sitting in the middle of a huge four-post oak bedstead, was Mrs. Thomas Wetherall. She was rubbing her withered hands together, and now and again pulling the quilt about her as though to gather warmth from it. The window was shut, though it was a July day, and a wasp was buzzing on the panes.

"Hello!" said the doctor. "What can I do for you?"

"Ease t' pain," said Mrs. Thomas. "Tha can't cure me."

The doctor came up to the bed, flung his riding-whip upon an oaken chest of drawers, and took her withered hand in his.

"Why did n't you send before?" he asked almost curiously.

"Thar 's nae gude to be done to the death-struck; and why waste t' brass that I 's saved?"

"You 've got no children," said the doctor, with an amused smile, and he sat down on a chair by the bed and began drawing letters in the dust which covered the little table in the window.

"That 's what I telled her," said Rosannah, staring at the doctor with her large, blue eyes. "She may as well spend it on hersel' as let some wastrels abuse 't. I oft telled t' maister t' same thing."

"Aye, she did; but he 'd niver listen," said Mrs. Thomas, sniffling at the thought. "Saving was his nature to his grave, and I was always a faithful wife that lived by her husband's side in ivery sense o' t' word. What 's that tha 's putting in my wrist, Doctor?"

"Something to ease the pain," said the doctor, fastening up the case again. "Now, do you feel easier?"

"Aye, a bit," said the old woman, after

a long, quivering sigh. "I 's a bit cawd and shiversome. Thar 's a terrible cawd wind blows somewhars."

The doctor raised his eyebrows and looked out on the bit of garden below. The summer roses were blowing, and butterflies floated above them. A tortoise-shell cat sunned itself on a low wall, and the air of the bedroom seemed breathless.

"Rosannah," he said, "go and get your mistress a cup of tea."

"Nay, nay; it is n't tea-time," said Mrs. Thomas. "Thomas niver believed in snacks between meals, and even in his last illness he lived up to his faith. Aye, he did that. I 'll hev nae sups o' tea made o' purpose."

"Then I 'll have a cup," said the doctor.

"Then we 'll hev tea early, and mak' yan brewing," said Mrs. Thomas; "and mak' it gude wi'oot being strong, Rosannah."

When the servant had gone, almost running down-stairs in her anxiety to feed her mistress, the doctor pulled his chair away from the window and looked at the old woman.

"Have you made your will?" he said.

"Nay," she said; "I 's not clear how to leave 't, and I 's nae wiser the longer I wait. Thomas niver clearly knew what he 'd like doing wi' his fortune, and I think I 's worse. How long has I got to live?"

The doctor looked out of the window at the tortoise-shell cat, which was stretching herself in the sun.

"Well," he said, "you might go at any time, Mrs. Wetherall. A doctor can't say to a minute."

"Aye, the Lord only knaws it," said Mrs. Thomas; "but I can tell it is near. Eh, bairns! Life wears a small cap when it comes to be done."

"A nightcap," said the doctor, pulling a pocket-book from his breast pocket, and looking through some papers.

"Aye, for it 's a peaceful sleep, Dr. Mudd, and folks lie a' still in t' kirk garth. Thomas has niver been disturbed wi' t' great concourse o' black crows that crowded aboot us when he went to his long home."

"I would n't say so much," said Mudd; "Thomas Wetherall was a man who would have been very much disturbed, had he seen that big crowd."

"It 's well he did n't," said Mrs. Wetherall. "It disturbs me to think that though I sha'n't see it, it 'll be thar all t' same. They 'll be flocking up in shoals now that tha 's been to see me. They 'll get wind t' doctor 's been up, and they 'll hope I 'm going this time."

"I 'd make their hopes wither in their breasts," said the doctor, putting the book away, and looking at his patient.

"But I can't live, Doctor?" she asked eagerly.

"No; you 're going," said the doctor. "But I 'd make that will in favor of the one good creature you have about you—the one who does not want your money."

"Thar 's not yan o' them that does n't love my wardrobe hangings better than my whole sel'."

"There is *one,*" said the doctor.

"A hint for theesel', eh?"

"Well," said the doctor, "it was not a hint for myself this time, though the tea was. It was for the maker of the tea."

"Rosannah?"

"Yes."

"T' sarvint?"

"Yes."

"A li'le wench wi' nowt but a print frock and calicky clothes?"

"Yes."

The doctor was excited enough to rise from his seat.

"Leave everything to Rosannah!" he said.

"She is n't a relative," said the old woman, astonished.

"I don't know what human beings count as a relative. If she is n't related to you, I 'm not related to my own mother. She 's as innocent of hopes as the babe unborn, and she 's waited on you better than most of the mother's daughters I come across on my rounds; and though that is n't saying much for her, you 'll know how much she 's done for you yourself. Leave every stick about the place to Rosannah, and that nightcap 'll fit you well. You 'll sleep easy."

"What wad Thomas say?" Mrs. Thomas asked in a strange whisper.

"Thomas would say, 'Hear, hear!'" said the doctor. "Now, make up your

mind, Mrs. Wetherall. That 's what you 've got to do."

"T' pain 's vara bad. Stick that pencil in my wrist again!"

"Not until you 've made your will, Mrs. Wetherall. If I could write to heaven, I 'd send you a long letter describing how your relatives took it."

"Then tha thinks that I 's bound for t' right place?"

"If you do the right thing—yes," said the doctor.

"But I 's not been much of a churchgoer; I 's always put off spiritual things," said Mrs. Thomas, doubtfully.

Her eyes looked widely open and misty. The eyebrows hung over like a crag. The face was the color of wax.

"I 'm no priest," said the doctor; "but if you 've neglected spiritual things, don't let them say you neglected the temporal. Make that will, and be just to Rosannah; she 's the only creature that loves you."

"The cat does," said Mrs. Thomas.

The doctor looked into the garden. The cat was blinking and stretching itself. He heard Rosannah, with her shoes off, stepping gently between the dairy and the kitchen.

He knew she would be crying, in her own patient way, expecting consolation from nothing.

"Mrs. Wetherall," he said, "I sent for Mr. Craddock. He is coming up the fields now."

Mrs. Thomas pulled at her chintz curtains and looked out at the blazing sunshine.

"I can't see owt," she said in a tremulous voice; "my eyesight 's bad, and the pain 's back again. Rosannah 's a gude lass—I telled her so last night, and I telled her I was leaving her nowt. She said she wanted nowt but me,—aye, she said that! And she meant it, power lass! I 'll leave all to Rosannah!"

"That nightcap 'll fit easy," said the doctor. "Now, here 's Craddock. Don't listen to his arguments. Make him listen to you."

The doctor stepped to the window and called down: "Craddock, come straight in! Be quick!"

He then took a flask of brandy from his pocket and gave Mrs. Thomas a teaspoonful. She had been getting sleepy and very cold, but she was immediately aroused.

"All to Rosannah!" whispered the doctor, and then Craddock entered.

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Wetherall. You sent for me."

The doctor gave the lawyer his own seat.

"There is not much time. She has her will to make."

"And I leave all to Rosannah," said Mrs. Wetherall.

The lawyer would have expostulated, but the old lady eagerly continued:

"To my gude and faithful servant, Rosannah Scratchit. I 's vara bad—a drop o' brandy, doctor, to keep me up while I sets t' words down! I 's in full possession o' my senses, as the doctor can testify."

When Rosannah came in with the tea-tray, she saw her mistress panting on the pillows, and the doctor standing by her with the brandy by him. The lawyer was looking out of the window. He had it open, and was talking to two men down below.

"Come straight up-stairs," Craddock called out, "and be quick about it!"

"Rosannah," said the doctor, "go down-stairs and fetch another cup for Mr. Craddock."

And the girl went off with a doubtful look backward at the bed.

The two men were tramping up the staircase.

"Is she worse, Rosie?" said one.

"Mebbe it 's a will they 're on makin'?" suggested the other.

But Rosannah's heart was too full, and she went away for the cup. Getting back again, she met the men returning slowly down the staircase, as men do when in strange houses.

"She 's passing away," said one.

"She wants you, Rosie," said the other. And Rosannah hurried into the bedroom with these words on her lips:

"She 's not to be bothered ony more wi' them nasty papers!" and the girl turned first to Mudd and then to Craddock. "Will or no will, she 's not to write against the grain. I 's boss on that score. Tak' some tea—a sup o' tea, mistress darling! I 'll none leave ye wi' these tiresome men."

The old woman gave the doctor a

strange, weird look, which would have been a beautiful smile if she had been young and well.

"Coom hither, Rosa," she said. "If iver tha gets to be wealthy, spend it better than me."

"Nowt o' t' sort!" said the girl. "Tha 's done well wi' 't. I only wish that tha could tak' 't all wi' thee. See, mistress darling, hev a sup o' tea."

The mistress smiled, put her hand to her throat as though her night-dress fitted too tightly, and then her head fell back.

"She 's gone!" said the doctor.

His voice was almost triumphant, and the lawyer immediately turned from the window and gazed at her.

Rosannah dropped the tea-tray, and it fell crashing to the ground.

"My darling mistress, my darling mistress!" she said. "She was all that I had, doctor—all that I had! I 's a beggar in truth, now; for I 'll niver get another mistress like Mrs. Wetherall. I 's been wi' her sin' I left the workhouse at nine years old, and she 's been t' kindest woman that iver breathed. Mistress! Mistress! Mistress! Put some brandy down her throat, Doctor!"

"Come here, Rosannah!" said the doctor. Rosannah had her arms about her mistress, and she slowly withdrew them. When she turned she saw that the doctor was holding out his hand to her. The lawyer had placed his back to the empty fire-grate, and there was a smile on his face as he looked at the servant.

"You are a good girl," said the doctor, "and your mistress said so before she died. You are mistress now. Shall I send some one to help you?"

"I 'd rather do all mysel'," said Rosannah, with trembling lips; "but I 'd wish to be alone, sirs."

The doctor looked at the lawyer. "Our work is done," he said.

The lawyer walked out of the bedroom, and was followed by the doctor, and they never spoke a word to each other as they left the house; but the lawyer said to himself as he journeyed home: "The will has gone awry, and the old woman must have been in her dotage. It is not just. Her relatives are the heirs. What can this ignorant servant do with all the land and money?"

Rosannah had scarcely done her last duties to the sacred dead, when visitors began to arrive. She heard a loud knock at the front door.

She went down and opened it. Mr. and Mrs. John Wetherall of Gray's Foot stepped over the mat and walked straight into the kitchen. Mr. Wetherall took the easy-chair; Mrs. Wetherall sat down on the rocking-chair and began undoing her boots.

"Fetch my slippers out of the portmanty, John. When did she die, Rosannah?"

"This afternoon."

"What time, though?"

"I don't knaw."

"Then tha s'u'd knaw! Was t' doctor wi' her?"

"We were all wi' her," said Rosannah in a very low voice.

"Who do you mean by 'all'?" John said sharply.

"Mysel', doctor, and Mr. Craddock."

"Craddock!" said the two in one breath.

"Aye," said Rosannah, wincing over their eagerness.

"Was t' lawyer here long?" inquired Mrs. John, vigorously pushing her big heel into her shoe.

"I don't knaw," said Rosannah.

"Then tha s'u'd knaw!" said Mrs. John, sharply; "and I don't knaw what tha 's been thinking aboot, Rosannah."

Rosannah said nothing. She sat by the chair that stood close to the oak chest of drawers, with her eyes cast down. Her face was very pale.

Mrs. John rose up energetically, and put her dusty shoes in the back kitchen.

"Now, John, tha 'd better get off at once to Simonscrope and order t' cards and mourning; so, Rosannah, be sharp, and mak' a cup o' tea."

To Rosannah, remembering the last cup of tea, this was a terrible task. She did it slowly.

"Is thar plenty o' butter in t' house?" said Mrs. John, suddenly.

"Yan pund," said Rosannah.

"Then fetch twa pund more, John," said his energetic wife. "Thar 'll be t' funeral cake to mak', and I 'll do it tomorrow. We 'll hae t' funeral on Thursday; and tha can see Talberts aboot t' hearse. And John, on tha way to Simonscrope, tha 'd better call at t' vicar's

and see aboot t' grave. She 'll be laid again' our power brother Thomas, and tha mun get it as cheap as thee can. Thar 's no reason to be cheated cos thar 's t' brass thar!"

Mrs. John opened the top drawer in the big oaken chest and pulled out one of Mrs. Thomas's lace caps, which she examined with care.

"Thar 's a deal o' wear in this, though it is old-fashioned; but I 'll be bound thar 'll be for iver o' women folk turning up to-morrow. How many caps had thee mistress, Rosannah?"

"I don't knaw," said Rosannah, slowly setting out the cups.

"Then tha s'u'd knaw, and tha s'u'd be ashamed to say that tha does n't. Thar 's t' door-knob! Who 's that? See, John; open t' door, and if it 's relatives, say that *we 're* here, and thar 's nae necessity for more. You are Thomas's only brother, and it 's right and proper that thee and me s'u'd tak' car' on t' house. We want nae more o' that sort o' trash—the kind that hankers after what they can git."

Mrs. John remained beside the chest of drawers with the cap poised in her right hand, the left in the second drawer, which she had just opened. John, gingerly putting down his boots on the back kitchen door-mat, and slipping on a pair of carpet slippers which he always wore over tea, went to the door and opened it.

A thin woman in shabby black, with a black-beaded bonnet and mantle, stepped inside. A tall girl of fifteen followed her.

"Who is 't?" said John.

"Mrs. Wetherall's own sister Sarah," said the thin woman, "and her niece Sabina—*my* daughter. I 's nae idea what kin *tha* is, but tha 's gotten here early."

"I 's Thomas's brother."

"Aye; but Thomas is dead and buried," said the woman. "It is Mrs. Thomas now that we 's to bury. I 's fairly upset wi' t' sad news. I mun see my sister. Whar does she lie?"

"Nay, I don't knaw," said John. "Me and my wife hev nobbut just coom; we 're lookin' into things."

"Then I 'll save ye both trouble," said Sarah. "I ought to hev been here before, but I 's so far to coom. I was nobbut warned this morning by letter; though there was a knock on the kitchen door last night which was past all explanation, and which now tells for itself. So this is Mrs. John! I 's heerd tell on Mrs. John. Well, I 's invite ye both to stop tea."

"We 'd coom here to stop ower t' funeral, Mrs. Sidesaddle," said Mrs. John in a dry voice, and with an ominous downward curve of the lower lip.

"But I 's save' ye both that trouble," said Sarah. "Sabina, unfasten that hamper; and Rosannah, Rosannah—whar 's t' sarvint lass?"

Rosannah appeared from the back kitchen.

"Rosannah, tha can stop in t' house until t' day after t' funeral, and then tha 's at liberty to find theesel' a situation; so tha can't complain tha hes n't gotten thee notice."

Rosannah returned to the back kitchen without answering. The words of these people were as the passing of midges and gnats. She was too sad at heart to care what they said.

"Mrs. Sidesaddle," said Mrs. John, firmly, "into this house I coom when all the trouble had just befallen, and I 's not going to be turned out now—now, when the blow 's lost its first heaviness. I 's here till after t' funeral."

"Aye," said John, "that 's right."

"And I shall stay by my dead sister till she 's under t' sod," said Sarah, making her lips look like a sharp knife. "And Sabina stops and all."

Sabina immediately sat down on the sofa and clasped her hands. Every five minutes she took out a neatly folded pocket-handkerchief, and without undoing it, wiped her eyes, putting it back in her pocket and reclasping her hands.

Rosannah brewed the tea, and then, leaving them to get it as best they could, she went up to her mistress's bedroom, and shut the door.

She knelt down by the bed and lifted the white sheet she had so reverently laid over the face of her old mistress. A smile was on the old woman's face, and the wrinkles seemed less than usual.

Rosannah kissed the cold forehead, put the sheet back in its place, and climbing into the window-seat, wept for an hour or more.

When she was calmer, she looked up.

It was growing dusk, stars were coming out, and John was returning by the fields from his walk to Simonscrope.

There was a sick feeling in Rosannah's heart, for John had brought a Simonscrope joiner with him, that the measuring might be done immediately, and without a morning's delay.

"Dear mistress," said little Rosannah, turning to the body of her only woman friend, "thy relatives is all clamboring aboot thee, and thar 's no peace in t' hoose. It 's sickening. I 'd like to hev gotten away, but I can't leave thee wi' them. Nay, I 'll stop wi' thee to t' end."

And Rosannah came out to meet John and the joiner.

"She lies here," said the maid in a low voice, pointing to the chintz-covered bed; and roughly stumbling in, the two men went about their work.

Rosannah walked into the kitchen, and was immediately accosted by Mrs. John's ill-tempered voice: "Here she is at last."

"Whar has tha been all t' night, Rosannah?" said Sarah, severely.

"In t' mistress's room," said Rosannah.

"Then tha s'u'd n't," said Mrs. John. "I wonder tha was n't ashamed to tell us, Rosannah—stealing aboot ither folks' hooses in that sly fashion. Tha 's not to tak thee box away wi'oot it being looked at."

"That 's wise o' thee," said Sarah to Mrs. John; but Rosannah's face did not even betray scorn. She went into the kitchen to wash up after the family party, and presently Sabina joined her.

"I 'll dry t' pots for thee," said Mrs. Thomas's niece.

"Thee mother 'll be vexed," said Rosannah; "and I does n't car' how long I works."

"Let me dry," said Sabina. "I 's nowt to do, and I 's frightened o' t' silence. I was frightened of my aunt when she lived; but I 's more so now she 's dead. What will ye do after t' funeral?"

Rosannah laid a cup down and looked surprised. "I niver thought o' 't: I 'll want a new place."

"Did n't my aunt think o' 't?"

"Why s'u'd she?" asked Rosannah.

"What wages was ye getting?"

"Ten pund in t' year."

"Are ye paid up?"

"Nay," said Rosannah, with quivering lip; "she was to hev paid me on Saturday."

"Niver mind; don't fret. Ye 'll hev to ask for 't, that 's all. Ask that lawyer on t' day t' will 's read."

" 'T was n't that I was thinking on, Sabina," said Rosannah; "I was thinking that I wad n't like a new mistress."

"Mebbe aunt 'll leave a trifle for ye."

"Nay," said Rosannah; "why s'u'd she?"

"But why s'u'd n't she?" Sabina put in. "She 'll hev left a heap o' money—that 's why folks is all in sike a hurry to get her buried."

"They 're worse than dogs!" said Rosannah, bitterly. "Dogs wad be faithful, but relatives is like dirty toads and nasty weasels."

"I 's a relative," said Sabina

"Aye," said Rosannah.

Sabina pulled out the folded pocket-handkerchief and rubbed her eyes.

"Tha 's meaning nae mischief, I knaw," said Rosannah, suddenly looking at her. "Tha 's dragged into it against thee wishes. Hark! thar 's t' door-knocker!"

It was ten o'clock at night, but young Simon Webster from Skelmordale stood on the door-step.

"Is it true my aunt 's dead?" he said sharply, taking a pipe out of his mouth.

"Yes," said Rosannah.

"Why did n't you let us know at Alderedge?" he asked peremptorily. "Who 's in the house?"

Rosannah told him.

"When did she die?"

"This afternoon."

"Has Craddock been here?"

"Yes."

"Why did n't you tell us she was poorly? Mother would have been here long ago. What do you mean by letting half the dale into the kitchen? Take my coat. Don't hang it there. It 's raining now. Hang it in the kitchen, where it will dry."

Rosannah had scarcely done this, when the young man ordered his supper. It was two o'clock when the tired servant laid down on the kitchen sofa to seek a little rest. She slept until five.

That afternoon there were many more visitors, some of them cousins, and the doctor came out of curiosity.

The relatives crowded him into the parlor and kept him talking. There was the heavy scent of Mrs. John's funeral cake on its way out of the oven, and poor Rosannah was kept in attendance, washing and greasing tins; but the doctor came into the kitchen expressly for her.

"How 's my Rosannah?" he said in a kindly voice to the white-faced maid who was carrying tins into the back kitchen

"Is that t' sarvint tha 's speakin' of?" said Mrs. John. "She 's as slow and clumsy as she can well be; and I, full o' my trouble and sorrow, scarce knaw how to get her to work."

The doctor was looking at Rosannah. "Rosie," he said, "what are you going to do afterward?"

She burst into tears.

"Thar she is!" cried Mrs. John, indignantly. "Is n't our cups a deal fuller nor hers? It is n't her blood relation as it is ours. What nonsense! She cries to outdo us all, and to mak' hersel' chief mourner."

Mrs. John's temper was getting very bad, because there were so many more relatives than she had ever expected. But the doctor asked Rosannah again. "I 'll gang whar I can git," she said.

"Then she 'd better go back to Morecambe wi' me," said Sarah, who had already found out Rosannah's worth. "We 've a boarding-house, and we keep one girl and a charwoman, and our last ran away."

Rosannah said nothing, in silence accepting her fate. She thought of her mistress's grave, and wished she might have lived near it.

The funeral was at two on Thursday, and an hour before that time the front and back doors were thrown wide open, and seats were ranged in long rows. The villagers came in groups, and their conversation was as follows:

"She 's gone at last, power body!"

"What age was she, thinks tha?"

"She 'd be ower seventy?"

"Wad she, really? She did n't look 't."

"She was, for I was schuled at t' same time, and she was yan at t' older end and in t' foremost class."

"She 'll hev left a lot?"

"Aye; but who to? That 's t' main question."

"Thar 's a deal 'll be thinkin' on 't all through t' funeral, I 's afeared."

"Eh, bairns, thar will," said a man. "They say 'at Simon Webster 's been ravin' aboot that Sarah coomin' down from Morecambe and gettin' into t' house."

"Well, she 's nearer than Simon."

"Nay; ye see t' main o' t' brass came by Thomas himsel', so that side feels themselves nearer."

"Aye; but Thomas left all to his wife, and she 'll hev t' leavin' o' 't hersel'," said a woman; "and folks all like their own side t' best."

"Aye, they do," said an old woman who was walking slowly, pressing on her umbrella. "If she went by what she loved, Rosannah would hev reason to do t' best."

"But folks niver does," said a younger woman; "and Rosannah 's nobbut a sarvint."

"Aye; and schuled in t' workhouse," said the woman with the fossilized face. "I wonder who 's t' eldest body at this funeral. It 'll be me, I fancy."

"Whist! Thar 's some o' t' relatives, and they 'll hearken to us."

They had all reached the yard. The hearse was standing, shafts down, by the barn door. The brown horse was inside. Two chairs were on the flags in the garden. The doorway was crowded with black figures, some sitting on chairs, and some standing.

Rosannah held a large tray, filled with cups, all saucerless, and beside them a pile of funeral cards. Fragrant coffee scented the air. The old folks hurried up to this neighborhood. The younger folks, shyer, and less used to it, stood about the gate. The funeral card had a big band of black round it, and water-lilies in the center of the outside leaf. These were in silver. Inside, it said:

In affectionate remembrance of Martha Wetherall of High Ings; widow of the late Thomas Wetherall, and daughter of the late Joseph Sidesaddle of Carthylbusk. Who departed this life July 3, 1904, in her 77th year. Her end was peace.

Then on the other side of the card:

Mourn not for me, relations dear.
Your grief is far too much, I fear!
My lot is heaven, while yours is not;
So let your sorrow be forgot!

"Beautiful!" said Sarah, wiping her eyes with a large white handkerchief. "It is a wonderful composition of verses. So suitable! Who 's that tall woman with the crape veilings down the back?"

Mrs. John, who was wearing a bonnet, with crape about two inches high standing round her head-gear like a fence, immediately put on her glasses and bent forward.

"She has a look o' t' family," she said suspiciously.

"Our side?" asked Sarah, sharply.

"Nay, Thomas's. She stands her ground and keeps close to t' hearse, does n't she?"

"Aye; thar 's a deal o' that sort about, Mrs. John," said Sarah. "I 's fairly disgusted wi' the way the relatives hev poured in this morning. They can't *all* think they 'll get something, can they? Howiver, thar 'll be a lot disappointed, I 'm thinking."

"Aye, thar will," said Mrs. John, with great zest. "We 'll soon get to t' right side o' t' will, howiver. It 's my opinion things will be done vara fair—all t' brothers and sister, and whar they 're dead, t' nevvies and nieces."

"Aye; I 's been thinking that mysel'," said Sarah. "Power Martha! She wad 'a' been vexed if she 'd seen the crowds. She did n't like sae mony at Thomas's funeral, and thar 's far more at hers. That woman 's sticking close to t' front. See, she 's talking to t' mon in t' pot-hat."

"What relative is he, then?"

"He 's nobbut a cousin. He 's a first cousin of our mother's, so he 's nobbut second cousin to Martha and me. Power Martha!" And both the women put white handkerchiefs to their eyes, and then held them over their mouths, as they looked sadly at Sabina, who, with another big tray, brought round funeral cakes tied with white ribbon.

"Hev some cake, mother?"

"Nay, I 's not hungry. I 's ower sad to eat. Ask Mrs. John."

"I c'u'd n't eat a bite," said Mrs. John, who had taken two pieces before. "But, Sabina, speak to that grand widow body makkin' sike a show of her dead husband, and get her name for us."

Sabina looked in the direction indicated, and then carried the tray that way. She came back, saying: "It is Mrs. Saidie Wetherall, from Dublin."

"Well, I niver heerd like on 't!" said Mrs. John. "Her, who 's as rich as a Jew, coomin' all this way in t' hopes o' more! Why, her husband was the luckiest man in t' Wetherall family, and made a fortune in Africa!"

"She does n't look as if she missed him much," said Sarah, tartly.

"Widdies with long veils are not t' sort as frets—they 're t' kind as is advertising for another. Whar 's John? Tell him he 's to keep her behind. She 's not to mak' a chief mourner of hersel'. Coom; git up, Sarah, and we 'll be takkin' our places. Rosannah 's gone to get her hat and jacket, so they 'll be cooming."

Rosannah, the only mourner, now appeared in the open doorway, her lips quivering, her eyelids red.

The doctor, who had stood in the background, talking about haytime with some farmers, came forward.

"Rosannah," he said, "you must walk behind your mistress."

"It is hardly her place," whispered Sarah to Mrs. John. "I think it should be me. I 'm in t' deepest black, being own sister."

But as the doctor was important and determined, it came to pass that when the hearse moved slowly from the yard, Rosannah came step by step behind it—a true picture of the mourner. She had no handkerchief to show. She had forgotten it in her distraction and hurry, but the tears chased one another down her cheeks.

"Her mistress was vara kind to her, no doubt," said Sarah; "and she 's nobbut workhouse born, and would feel the condescension."

The vicar met them at the churchyard gate. He was surprised, but rather pleased to face the sad-hearted Rosannah. He felt very sorry for her, and soon after the solemn words had been spoken, the body of Mrs. Thomas Wetherall was laid in the dust.

Rosannah, with a gasp or two, leaned over the edge and took a last look. She threw some pink roses on the coffin. They were wild ones which she had gathered for herself, and could call her own. No one could say she had stolen them.

Craddock was eying the crowd with a peculiar and impressive interest. People tried to see whom he marked with his eye, but he seemed to mark every one, and they were obliged to wait and tingle with impatience.

The doctor was close by Rosannah, and took her arm when she swayed rather on leaving the grave-side. As they came away, he said to her:

"Don't fret so, Rosie!"

"I can't help 't!" she answered.

"But you must face your life. You must n't keep your mind behind you like that. Your mistress died bravely, and she liked every one to live bravely. You 've got an important life before you, and when you leave the grave you must face it."

But poor little Rosie shuddered.

As people neared the house, their steps quickened. It was known that the lawyer was to read the will at four o'clock—before the tea of cold ham and beef and cheesecakes and homemade bread.

The doctor released Rosannah when they got to the house, and she crept upstairs to her mistress's bedroom. All the family (and it was a huge one) crowded into the best sitting-room. Now that the funeral was over, people disguised their feelings with less carefulness. Handkerchiefs were stowed into pockets, and trains were discussed. Every one was asking "who was who," and looking suspiciously at the person nearest.

The lawyer, unfolding the will, made a peculiar remark:

"Where is Rosannah Scratchit?"

The doctor jumped up, and every one saw him smile. He went into the lobby and called the girl:

"Rosannah! You 're wanted! Come this minute!"

"Rosie 's been left a trifle, I 'll be bound!" whispered Sarah to Mrs. John.

"No need; it 's only spoiling sike trash as that," whispered Mrs. John; and Simon Webster gave a vicious cough, full of irritation, while all the cousins, feeling that their ground had been poached upon, began whispering in a frenzied, disturbed way, and shuffling their feet, and rubbing their hands.

Rosannah came down, and stood in the doorway, a pale, frightened little servant, gazing at the crowd of stern-looking, black-robed figures.

"Take that buffet," said Craddock, pointing to the only available seat for a servant girl.

But the doctor gave up his chair, and stood in the doorway, all anticipation. He would not have missed this scene for a pension.

"The will is very simple and very short," said Craddock. "It was made five minutes before the death of the testator."

A murmur like a breeze passed through the main body of the relatives; separate shivers occurred where the grouping was divided into twos and threes.

"The testator, I may say, was of perfectly sound mind at the time," continued Craddock. "Dr. Mudd was present, and two men, John Failes and Joshua Ewbank, witnessed the will." And he began to read in a deathly silence:

" 'This is the last will of me, Martha Wetherall, High Ings, Enderdale, in the County of York. I revoke all former wills and other testamentary dispositions, and I give, devise, and bequeath all my real and personal estate, whatsoever and wheresoever, unto my servant, Rosannah Scratchit, for her own use and benefit absolutely. And whereas the said Rosannah Scratchit is still under the age of twenty-one, I appoint Doctor John Mudd of Cam House, Simonscrope, Enderdale, sole trustee of the said estate until Rosannah Scratchit shall reach the age of twenty-one years In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand this third day of July, 1904.

" 'Witnesses: John Failes, Ivy Cottage, Enderdale; Joshua Ewbank, Cottage Row, Enderdale.' "

Craddock doubled up the paper in his left hand, and looked over his eyeglasses at Rosannah. She did not understand it. She thought that they were still referring to the fact that she had been servant to her mistress, and she was wondering at the fearful silence.

There was something violent in it—like the violence in a child's face when it has opened its mouth to cry, and the sound has yet to come.

The doctor wasted no time on Rosannah, whose character he knew. He first looked at Sarah, who was half out of her seat, and whose eyes were nearly starting from her head; then at Mrs. John, who

was going a deeper crimson every moment; then at John Wetherall, who was struggling to the table and to the lawyer's side, also purple, his eyes set, like two marbles; then at the crowds of cousins, who were all waiting for some one to speak, and who looked as if they could not believe their ears.

Only the little heiress sat on, blindly indifferent to the words, thinking of the good mistress whose chattels were causing so much excitement.

It was Simon Webster whose tongue first found invectives.

"What do you mean?" he roared out. "Do you think that I 'll believe that will? I 'll dispute it with all the money I 'm worth. She was in her dotage, was aunt!"

"Dotage!" shrieked Sarah. "She 's been in her dotage for the past five years, and I 'm her own sister that says it!"

Mrs. John Wetherall went across to Rosannah, and shook her fiercely by the arm. "Speak, tha wicked lass, and say how tha forced her to do it!"

Rosannah's face was horror-stricken, and no wonder. This was the spirit that was roused while still her mistress's coffin lay uncovered. Instinctively she turned to the doctor. He was by her side in a minute.

"What is it?" she said, with white lips.

"Don't you understand the reading of a will, Rosie?"

"What are they vexed at?"

"Your mistress loved you most, and has given you all. You are a rich lady, Rosannah."

She drew back, and her finger went into her mouth. She withdrew it, and looked at the quarreling crowd who were wrangling all round her.

"I see," she said. "Them faces! That 's it!"

Craddock came across to her. "It is all right, Miss Scratchit. Simon Webster may shout himself hoarse, for the property is yours."

Rosannah looked appealingly at the doctor and then at the host of relatives.

"Can I go and get washed up, sir?" she said timidly.

"In your own house—yes," said the doctor.

And it was washing up, and remembering that Sarah need not claim her services, that gave Rosannah her first thrill of happiness.

THE LITTLE FRUIT-SHOP

BY FLORENCE WILKINSON

THE little Broadway fruit-shop bursts and glows
Like a stained-glass window rioting through the gloom
Of a grim façade; a garden over-seas;
A Syracusan idyl; a lilt that flows
In chords of dusk-red color; emerald bloom
Loved by the nightingale, voice of the voiceless trees;
Ripe orchards mellow with innumerable bees.

A dark Greek boy counts up with supple hands
Lucent rotundities—the Bacchic grape
In luscious pyramids, pears like a lute
Most musically curved, nuts from sweet lands
Demeter lost, oh, many a sculptured shape!
Had he his panther skin, the thyrsus, and the flute,
Lo, a swart faun-god 'mid his votive fruit!

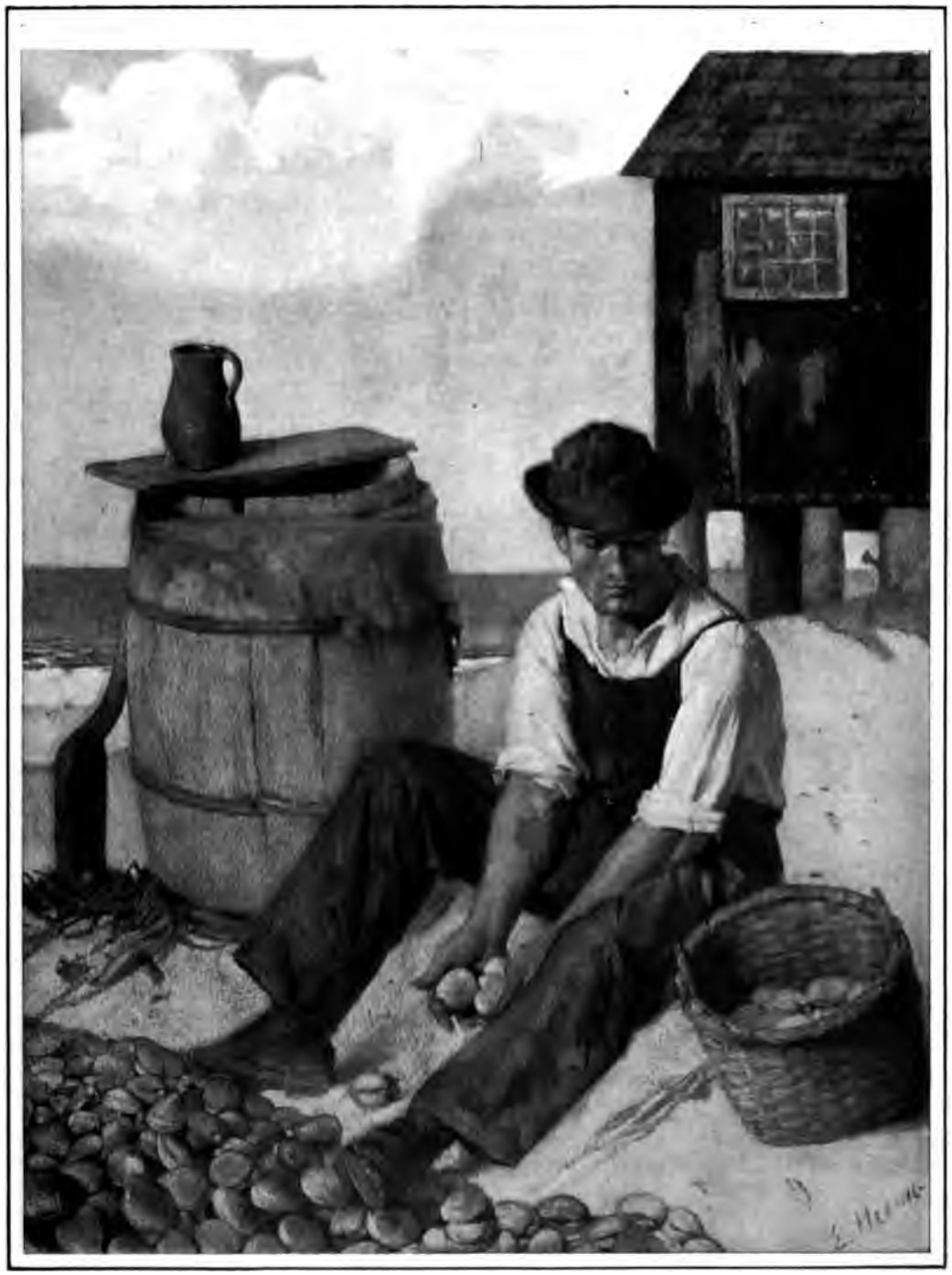
HARVESTERS of the SEA

Pictures by
EMIL HERING

THE LOBSTERMAN
THE COD-FISHERMAN
THE CLAM-DIGGER
THE CRABBER

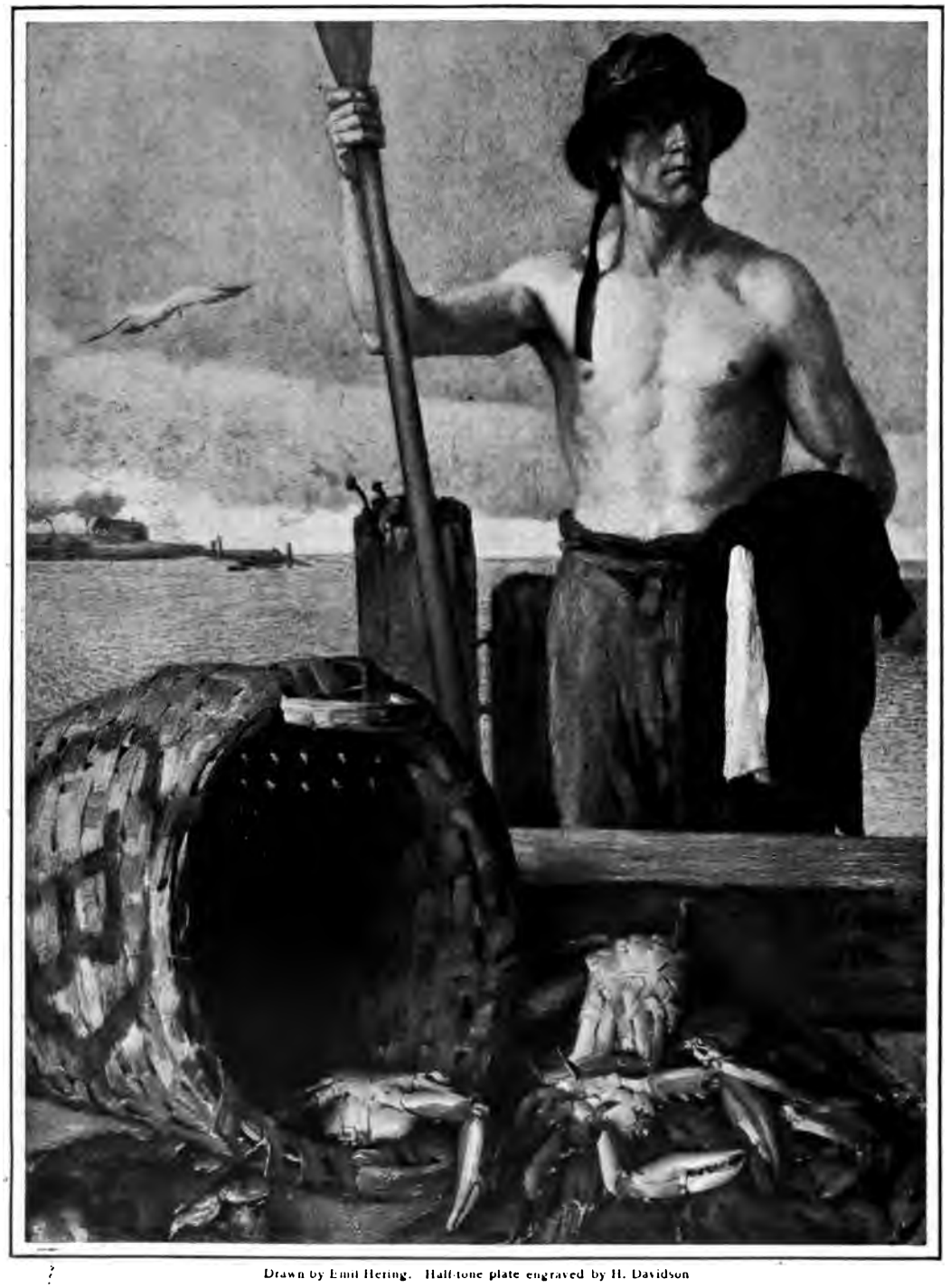
Drawn by Emil Hering. Half tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

THE COD-FISHERMAN



Drawn by Emil Henning. Halftone plate engraved by H. Davidson

THE CLAM-DIGGER



Drawn by Emil Hering. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

THE CRABBER

ON THE BUSINESS MORALS OF JAPAN

BY GEORGE TRUMBULL LADD

IN the summer of 1906, Professor Ladd went to Japan for the third time to lecture. With the exception of two months spent as the guest of Prince Ito in Korea, he remained in Japan until the autumn of 1907. He lectured in both the government universities, and in several of the private universities, on education, ethics, and the philosophy of religion. He gave courses on education to thousands of teachers under the auspices of the Imperial and Provincial Educational Associations, and other addresses to large audiences on questions of national policy and success as connected with education and public morality. His gratuitous services were gratefully recognized, and since his return he has striven to counteract the misunderstandings and hostile feelings with respect to Japan which have been manifested in parts of the United States.—THE EDITOR.

THE one charge against the Japanese which is most loudly and frequently made, and which the friends who respect and admire them have most difficulty in answering, involves their conduct in commercial relations with other nations. Now that, having twice triumphed in foreign wars, they are entering in a larger way upon the rivalries of trade with foreigners, this charge has become more than ever emphatic and impressive. It is claimed that they do not keep promises; that they have scanty regard for the sacredness of the contract; that their commodities are not up to the sample; that engagements with them to furnish labor or its products are lightly regarded; and that the pledged word is *not* in their case, as it is in the case of other nations of first-class commercial standing, equal to a bond. Especially are they deficient in the nobility which swears to its own hurt and changes not. In brief, at the very time that this gifted and ambitious people is eager to turn all its energies in the direction of economical development, it finds itself handicapped with the reputation of being deficient in the most essential economical virtues.

More than anywhere else, perhaps, in the civilized world this charge is aggressive, insistent, and bitter in spirit, on our own Pacific Coast. It is just now the custom there, moreover, to accentuate it by contrasting the commercial virtues and excellencies of the Chinese with the vices and failures in business morals of the Japanese. To this particular example of the general complaint there is indeed a comic as well as a serious side. The voice, clamorous and depreciative of everything from China, which rose to the heavens from San Francisco as its center has scarcely died out of our ears; the tales of insulting and brutal treatment of the "pig-tailed" Oriental have only of late failed to enliven the papers of the entire Pacific coast. And these things were contemporaneous with words of respect and admiration for those wonderful neighbors of the Chinese, who were ready to cut their hair and their clothes, and to change their habits in business and in art, to adapt them to Western notions of what is civilized and respectable. But now the tables, in this part of the world at least, seem turned with a vengeance. What profound change in racial characteristics has so quickly taken place? Has the ancient and hitherto slow-moving dragon of China all at once taken wings and soared aloft toward heights scarcely yet attained by those of us who have a longer

and more varied experience in the arts of "high-fliers" in trade; while the Rising Sun has suffered a decline to the horizon above which the honesty, truthfulness, and fair dealing of Great Britain, Germany, and the United States are still so plainly to be seen? This is a question which deserves investigation as to facts, and, if possible, their explanation in case the facts can be discovered.

How much of truth, then, is there in the charge that the business morals of the Japanese are of a relatively low order not only when compared with the greater commercial nations of the Western world, but even with their neighbor in the Orient, the Chinese?

That there is much truth in this charge would be at once confessed not only by the most faithful and admiring friends of Japan, but also by the more intelligent, fair-minded, and patriotic of the Japanese themselves. By the latter it would be deplored as well as confessed. The case is by no means, however, as it is ordinarily represented by the complainants, who in general are as lacking in wide and profound experience as they are in ability to take an impersonal and unselfish, not to say sympathetic, point of view. For example: I have recently heard it affirmed, and this on the authority of first-hand information, that every bank, even in Japan, is manned by Chinese in all its more responsible positions, the inference being that the Japanese do not dare to trust their own countrymen in any such positions. But I have never seen or heard of a Chinese employee in any responsible position in a Japanese bank. On talking the matter over recently with a friend who has spent his life in Japan, knows the language and the people as few foreigners know them, he confidently avowed the same experience. How such a foolish and absolutely false statement could arise from impressions honestly taken on the ground, it is indeed difficult to imagine. Probably, the traveler or commercial agent having business with banks really owned and managed chiefly by British or other foreign capital—like the "Hong Kong and Shanghai Banking Corporation"—has drawn the entirely unwarranted conclusion from them to the properly Japanese institutions. The latter, however,—the assets of some of which run well up into millions of *yen*,—are financed, managed, and manned, almost entirely from native sources. And the recent testing given to such business concerns throughout the world has shown the banks of Tokio to be quite as honestly and skilfully managed as the banks of New York City, although their aggregate capital is, of course, much less.

In accounting for this evil reputation, something—in certain cases much—is to be allowed for failure on both sides to understand each other's language and methods of doing business. Moreover, if China and Japan were to exchange compliments with the Western World in regard to the conduct of business intercourse, they could tell tales of exaction, fraud, debased goods, and "junk" of varied kinds palmed off upon the "heathen" which would quite outmatch the most extravagant stories of the same kind told by the San Francisco and Seattle dealer, or the Chicago and New York importer of Oriental wares. That the cheating fell somehow within the lines of a contract—shrewdly worded to fit the case, and in a foreign language—naturally fails altogether to appease the anger or to apologize for the wrong. Besides, business dealings, carried on and consummated usually through foreign agents in the treaty or other ports, are by no means a sure and complete test, or perfect revelation, of the spirit of honesty, truthfulness, and fair-dealing which characterizes a nation at large. Neither is the jinrikisha-man or the keeper of a bazaar where foreigners buy cheap truck in Yokohama, more worthy to defame an entire nation than the "cabby," or the shopkeeper on the Strand or Fifth Avenue, in London or New York.

After all just apologies are made, however, we are forced back to the confession that the Japanese commercial classes, with whom foreigners have hitherto come into contact, have not the same high standard of business honor which characterizes the same classes in the United States or in northern Europe, or even in the treaty ports of China. What, now, is the explanation of this difference? The first and most profound reason is historical. It was during the Tokugawa

period, for two hundred and fifty years previous to the expedition of Commodore Perry, that Japan was consolidating those social factors and aptitudes which have made possible its remarkable and unique career of development during the last half-century. During this period the "man of honor" would not, and could not, engage in business. There were, indeed, many honorable men in all the different trades and forms of business life. And the history of the period shows a little known but surprisingly skilful and elaborate organization of such affairs in "Old Japan." Still, it is true that until very recently "men of honor," men who had the ideal of knightly character before them and who thought, above everything else, of attaining and maintaining this ideal, would not stoop to make their motive or main business in life the gaining of wealth. They despised rather than sought the making of money. The shopkeeper, with the innkeeper, the maker of saké, the Buddhist monk, and the peasant, belonged to a lower order—not so low, indeed, as the actor, but still quite distinctly apart from the samurai, or knightly gentlemen, whose rule of life was the *bushidō*. To this day the more old-fashioned of the upper-class families in Japan, even where they are not able to disregard, not to say despise, the business classes, feel grieved and somewhat degraded by the intermarriage with them of a son or daughter.

It has been these samurai, and their sons and now their grandsons, who have chiefly made the "New Japan." From them have come the great statesmen and warriors—and the modern world has not known greater—who went abroad to observe, investigate, and study; and who returned to fill all the important and responsible government positions in education, in the army and navy, and in the most exacting forms of civil service. Of late years, but only of late years, they have turned themselves to business and to the economical development of their country. So that now the men of honor are going into those pursuits and forms of service their very title formerly forbade their undertaking; and not only so, but the sons of the classes formerly counted of the lower, and lowest, are being carefully educated in the ways, and in the accepted morals, of the modern business world. All this is rapidly changing, and has indeed already profoundly modified, the character of the business morals of Japan.

There is one particular, however, which demands a special consideration, if we would understand the Far East; and this is the standing and the value of the *contract* in modern business morals. Before instruction and experience, the Oriental does not appreciate, as do we, this business device. And, indeed, why should he? The Confucian ethic, as it reached its development in Japan,—and in Japan it was that it produced a higher type of manhood than in Korea or in China, —emphasized the principle of loyalty, or personal fidelity, as the leading principle of morality. Get, then, a true Japanese, high or low, old-fashioned or new-fashioned, committed to you loyally, in friendship or under a pledge of personal fidelity, and there is no other man on the face of the earth whom you may trust more implicitly, and to the death if need be, than him. But, as I have already said, it requires education and experience to make the same man understand why he should be faithful to a form of words which he has perhaps not thoroughly comprehended at the beginning; or when circumstances, known, it may be, by the other contracting party as likely to occur, but not possibly or easily foreseen by him, have quite unexpectedly rendered the keeping of the contract greatly to his hurt.

With our long and wide experience in business affairs, we see the absolute necessity, and the high value, of a strict construction for the principle of the sacredness of the business contract. And yet we know that no little injustice is done, and even much rascality enforced, by the application of this principle. I shall not soon forget the shock which came to me when, some years ago, I took to a Judge of the Supreme Court of Connecticut a contract which I had signed with a Western real-estate agent and listened to this legal authority as he said: "The man who drew up that contract is a rascal." *A fortiori*, where the laws and the legal judgment have not been definitely shaped by experience with this device, it is not strange if the individual

conscience plays pranks, not altogether commendable, with the sacredness of the business contract.

There are doubtless also Japanese who, in their dealings with men of other nationalities, consider it not altogether immoral, but perhaps even savoring of a commendable smartness, with a touch of patriotism, to despoil "the foreigner." On the other hand, there are Japanese who are more sensitive and careful, having their country's honor in mind, in their dealings with foreigners. Nor are the investors in real-estate securities in our own country few in number who have not altogether escaped being treated as foreigners; and that, too, by the public officials themselves, in their effort to collect their salaries chiefly from "capitalists residing in other States."

It should also be explained that, in the petty transactions of trade, the traditional method of the Orient is different from that which has established itself in much of the Western World. Diplomatic procedure, shrewdly conducted and long-drawn-out, is the correct mode of bargaining in the Far East. The well-to-do tourist should pay twenty *sen* for the tea and cakes which his coolie gets for two. One price for all seems absurd. Buyer and seller begin at a notable distance from each other, as respects the terms of sale, and courteously manœuver until they succeed in meeting on some middle ground. Thus neither thinks of the transaction as tainted with dishonesty or falsehood, although the scale of prices is not merely double, but quadruple or manifold, for the same thing to different purchasers, and although numerous fibs are told as to ability to pay, or to sell, by both parties in the complex transaction. "One-price" stores are, however, multiplying in Japan; and, curiously enough, they are more annoying to the foreign tourist, who wishes to carry off something of the cheapness of which he can boast when he has smuggled it into the home-land, than to any other class of customers. At any time, those who wish can find in Japan dealers in almost every kind of article who may be trusted as confidingly as the best in England or in America.

Nor is it any detraction from the *praiseworthiness* of the Chinese business men in the treaty ports of the Far East to explain why they have a reputation superior to the Japanese for business honesty. These men are, for the most part, the carefully selected and trained agents of long-established companies, in which the capital and the supreme control are chiefly, or partly, in foreign hands. These Chinese have, unlike the Japanese, for several generations been regarded as men of honor; they are trustworthy, because sensible of the dignity of their position and proud of the confidence reposed in them. Moreover, they are members of "companies," or guilds, which, like the somewhat similar institutions of the Middle Ages in Europe, and unlike the trade-unions of modern America, insure the honesty and competency of their members rather than encourage and support them in scamping their work, breaking their word, and in general infidelity, as is too often the case elsewhere. If, however, we consider the piracy and brigandage, the official corruption and all-prevalent "squeezes," the universal distrust of one another among the common people, and the perpetual quarreling in the villages, clans, and families over petty stealings and frauds, it is quite impossible to regard the Chinese as superior in native honesty and truthfulness to the Japanese.

The important inquiry with regard to Japan in a large way is—is it not?—as to the direction in which the nation is now moving. And in answer to this inquiry I am able to give a most unequivocal and quite satisfactory answer. Never before in the history of the country, and at the present time in the history of no other country, do we find the same intelligent, deliberate and widely prevalent purpose to do away with the nation's reproach and to rise in the scale of national business morality. In saying this I speak what I know to be true.

In all the government business colleges and schools of commerce the study of ethics now forms one of the principal topics of the required course. Indeed, from the primary grades of the public school to the graduate classes of the university, morals is one of the subjects most insisted upon in the national system of education; and it was drill in morals that constituted one of the chief fac-

tors of the success of Japan's army and navy during the recent war with Russia.

While spending the year of 1906–07 lecturing in Japan, the writer was invited to give a course of instruction in business ethics to the one thousand pupils of the Higher Commercial College in Tokio. The stenographic report in English of these talks was published for use as a text-book; a translation into Japanese was prepared for distribution among the tradespeople of Japan and Korea. On being asked to speak at the Government Fisheries Institute, and inquiring, "About what shall I speak?" the answer was returned, "About practical morals." These boys, the principal went on to say, "come from homes low down in the social and moral scale; but we want them to be instructed to be good men,—honest, diligent, truthful, and upright,—in the business they have chosen to follow." At the close of the address, the school pledged itself to practise what they had been taught as the best way of returning appreciative thanks to the speaker.

Nor is this interest and this solicitude in the moral improvement of the national life confined at the present time to any one class of the leaders of the New Japan. In an address before the "Economics Club" of Seoul (Korea), Prince Ito dwelt with great earnestness on the need that the Japanese should "set before the Koreans an example of honesty and fairness in their economic relations." The one hundred and seventy of his countrymen who were present, and who represented the principal Japanese business interest in Korea, should "show how the Japanese national policy is based upon the principle of unselfishness; and how Japan has declared for, and means to stand for, the 'open door.'" In Sendai (Japan), the general in charge of some twenty-five thousand or more recruits, himself a brave and locally beloved veteran of the Russo-Japanese War, thanked the writer not only in the name of the nation, but also in his own behalf, because the moral awakening and instruction imparted by him to the teachers would, through them, be handed on to their pupils; and thus his own work in the "spiritual" training of the soldier would be made the more easily and surely successful. In Tokio, Baron Shibusawa, one of Japan's principal "promoters" and organizers of corporations, with his leading coadjutors, spent an entire afternoon in discussing with me how the aggregations of small capital which were necessary for the business development of the country at the present time could be handled by the few competent business men so as to secure the economic advantages and avoid the moral evils, and disgraceful failures to promote the public good, of the modern trusts.

I have seldom listened to more grateful words than those which were spoken at a banquet given on the evening of February 11, 1907, in the city of Osaka by the "Asahi Shimbun" (a daily paper) to some one hundred and fifty guests. After an exchange of compliments between the representative of the hosts and the chief guest, an elderly gentleman, one of the leading physicians of the city, rose and spoke as follows: He had been much impressed by what had been said that afternoon as to the necessity of morality for a true national prosperity. "But this is what our great Oriental teacher, Confucius, taught us centuries ago. Now, in these modern times, comes a teacher of morals from the Western World, and tells us the same thing. Why do the ancient Oriental teacher and the modern Western teacher say the same thing—that nations must be righteous, if they would have and keep a true prosperity? They say this because it is true. And it is time for us, here in Osaka, whose reputation for business morals has hitherto been so low, to recognize this truth and to govern our conduct accordingly." Then followed a younger man, the vice-mayor of the city, and he, after confirming the truth of what the previous speaker had said, added this: "There are enough of us, leading citizens of Osaka, about this table to change the moral conditions of the whole city of Osaka, if only we will to have it so."

It has hitherto been uniquely characteristic of the New Japan that, where experience at home or criticism from abroad has revealed deficiences and difficulties, it has gone intelligently and deliberately about the work of supplying the deficiencies and of overcoming the difficulties. The fear of the wisest and best of her statesmen at the present time is not

so much that Japan will not hold her own, business-wise, in the rivalries of commerce and trade; it is rather that she will be overwhelmed and degraded by absorbing the influences of the commercial spirit now rife in Great Britain, America, and Germany. To safeguard, expand, elevate, and extend to the whole nation, with its varied classes, that spirit which has characterized in the past their own best types of manhood, is with them their chief concern.

And is it not perhaps time, my countrymen, for us to inquire whether we may not learn something, even in respect to our guiding ethical principles, from those to whom we claim to have taught so much? Is it not time for certain rather searching questions to be asked? After all, does the successful business man furnish the highest type of manhood; and is success in business the noblest ideal of human life? Is real success, even in business, to be measured by the acquisition of wealth? Are the business virtues the solely valuable or chiefly desirable virtues? Are nations great, and their people prosperous and happy, according to the volumes of their commerce, or the sums-total of imporc and export? It is barely possible that our own moral development as a nation may be tending downward along some such lines of argument as the following: The great merchant, banker, manufacturer, railroad magnate, *is* the truly great man; to be great in this way is the most desirable success; to attain this success certain virtues are indispensable; therefore, these are the supremely noble and desirable of the virtues. After which comes, it may be, the practical conclusion: To be esteemed a virtuous, while at the same time actually to become a successful, business man, it is necessary somehow to combine getting rich with a character truthful, honest, and prudent enough at least to keep out of jail!

If Japan can show how, under modern conditions, to comply with the demands of commercial morality, attain a fair measure of success, and also preserve the spirit of knighthood, she will teach us the more excellent way. For it is the full-orbed morality we seek, and this is something much more than is demanded by modern business morals.

THE INEVITABLE RECKONING

BY THEODORE J. GRAYSON

I

HAD one traversed the narrow street in the early days, and peeped into "Kohler's" uninviting door, with the knowledge that one was gazing at a rough stage on which life's many dramas were played, one would have seen little but clouds of heavy, beer-ladened smoke which enfolded the actors in mantles of misty gray, and heard nothing but the clanking whine of near-by street orchestrions.

The actors were there, however, and by degrees would have become visible. There was "Pop" Kohler behind the bar, red of face, and professionally genial; there were "the boys," a curious cosmopolitan gathering of all races and colors, for "Kohler's" was frequented by men of the sea; finally, back of the bare and dirty bar-room, were the members of the Court of Sin and Shame.

Said Court was constituted as follows: Tracewell Carden, of "The Advertiser," Judge and Recorder; T. Morris Sheffield, Esq., Examining Attorney; and Captain "Jim," formerly of the schooner *Black Cloud,* the jury.

This tribunal was unique both as to

its character and its jurisdiction. It sprang into being from "Trace" Carden's brain, as he waited for an assignment one morning in "The Advertiser's" local room.

For three momentous years it sat at regular intervals, and its "docket" showed cases from the uttermost lands, crowded cheek by jowl. Here was the record of the expiation of Jan Heden, within two inches of the just revenge of Kali Borai, the Calcutta bumboatman.

It was perhaps fortunate that these records were a closed book to nearly every one; they did not tend to strengthen one's faith in human nature. Carden's solicitude for the safety of the Court's docket became at last a dominating passion. After every session he carefully, even tenderly, shrouded it in a padded, green table-cover, and moved it into the farthest corner of the room. Curiosity as to the form of such a book is quite pardonable, and therefore let us state at once that the docket was spread upon the top of an old deal table in cabalistic characters belonging to a peculiar brand of stenography beloved of Carden for these many years.

In a subtle and unassuming way "Carden's freak," as the newspaper boys called it, became a power in the community. Several causes contributed to this result. Perhaps the most potent was the uniform superstition of the suitors. Before a twelvemonth had passed since its inception, its decrees were known and feared on the Brazilian pampas and among the Pacific's sunny isles. Knowledge of it had compassed the world by means of that strange invisible communication which passes over no wires or rails, but travels through countless souls that touch in life's turmoil.

Carden, be it said, was master of the Underworld. He was intimately acquainted with those strange beings who form the substratum of the social fabric. Tall, dark, ascetic in appearance, he flitted silently through the evil places of the great city, always seeking, seeking. The object of his search was news. He had been born and reared within hearing of the mighty whirring presses through which pass each day the joys and sorrows of a nation.

Ever since his cubhood he had been specially drawn to the so-called criminal classes. At first he was received with unbounded suspicion, but little by little the shy creatures learned that Carden was their friend, and the confidence they should have reposed in many was centered in him.

It was whispered among the tenements how he had paid for the "keep" of Healy's children when Healy's star as an expert second-story operator suffered a temporary eclipse, thus preventing the dire disgrace of sending the "kids" to an "institootion." When Kleinert was hanged for numerous brutal murders, the dives resounded with the tale of how Carden sat through the night beside the silent, suffering little mother of the involuntary decedent.

It was from such experiences, and others like them, that Carden obtained the idea of establishing a new court in a city already too plentifully provided with such instruments of justice.

"If they must loot and slay, and I believe they must," he said to Sheffield, "why, then, in Heaven's name, let it be for cause, and not for mere wantonness, or in mistaken rage. We 've never done much for the world, Sheff, and here 's our chance. Let 's establish a court for the authorization and regulation of crime."

Sheffield did not answer immediately. He elevated his glass and through half-closed eyes watched the glowing liquor within it. Just so had his brethren of the bar watched that glass for years. "What a pity!" they said.

"I don't know, Trace," he finally drawled; "they 'll do that sort of thing anyway. What 's the use of our meddling?"

But Carden's enthusiasm was infectious, and quickly overcame the lawyer's inertia. When once aroused, Sheffield's naturally keen brain grasped the plan with avidity, and the atmosphere of pseudo-legality which surrounded this absolutely extra-legal tribunal was entirely due to him.

At first Carden and Sheffield simply sat every Sunday evening in the rear of Kohler's saloon, and listened to the grievances presented by the horde of strange, shy beings who flitted before them.

It was wonderful how they crowded forward after Carden in his brief way had explained the Court and its purposes to a motley group, most of whom had been officially photographed long before.

By degrees, however, the originators felt the need of assistance. Besides, they saw clearly that there must be a more regular form observed in the hearings, and, to a certain extent, a division of labor. It was then that they retained the services of Captain Jim. Short, swarthy, low-browed, and reticent to the point of surliness, the Captain was a strong, if repellent, personage. His attachment for Carden was deep and sincere, dating from some opportune testimony which Carden, then a "cub," had proffered when the Captain was arrested on a venomous charge of "assault" in an affair in which he had actually figured merely as the assaulted.

Often in their subsequent talks the newspaper man had marveled at the quick comprehension, broad common sense, and human sympathy of the old seafarer. So one day it seemed quite natural to explain the Court to the Captain and ask him to serve as one of its members. A long silence ensued while he turned the matter over in his mind between pulls at his old cutty pipe. At length he said shortly, "I 'll do my best," and the bench was filled.

It was not long, indeed, before Captain Jim was the most important member of the lawless judiciary. He it was who listened in silence to the vehement words of the complainants, the halting stories of the witnesses, prodded and jostled by Sheffield's eager, knife-like questions, and aided by Carden's quiet explanatory sentences, and then, when everything was "in," and his coadjutors fixed expectant eyes upon him, delivered in the fewest words the Court's verdict, or, if he had any doubt as to their concurrence, motioned them to a conference in the rear of the room.

They were in the midst of such a consultation one night, endeavoring to agree upon a disputed question of fact in an important case, when a peculiar knock was heard at the door, and, as Carden opened it, "George," Kohler's barkeeper, thrust in his head and said apologetically, "Say, gents, there 's an old woman an' a kid here, an' she says she must see yer, an' see yer right away."

"What 's her name, George?" inquired Carden.

"I dunno; she won't give it."

"Well, tell her to wait a little while, and we 'll see her."

"She says to tell yer"—the man hesitated—"that she 'll faint if she does. An' I think she will," he concluded.

Carden cast an interrogatory glance at the others; the Captain nodded slightly.

"Oh, all right, then; show her in. Tanner,"—turning toward an ugly-looking fellow sitting against the wall,—"I 'll send for you to-morrow and let you know how we decide. You can go."

"All right," the man muttered, and shambled out.

Hardly had Tanner's heavy boots ceased to clatter in the passage, when George ushered in a small woman in rusty black, who was trembling violently. Beside her, clasping her thin hand tightly with chubby fingers, there trotted a handsome, bright-eyed lad of five.

"I heared o' ye in the strate beyant," she began without prelude. " 'T is your help I 'm wantin'. Ay, and the word from ye ag'in' him,"—turning and shaking her fist at the door,—"ag'in' him as has done the wrong!" Her voice, pitched in an unnaturally high key, broke suddenly with a weird, ridiculous effect, and she paused, sweeping the semicircle with a haunted, quivering gaze.

"Won't you sit down," said Carden, quietly, "Mrs. ——"

"Smith," croaked the old woman, suspiciously; " 't is good as any other."

"Mrs. ——" repeated Carden, in precisely the same tone.

"McGann," she responded, taking his measure with her eyes as she did so.

"Do sit down, Mrs. McGann," said Carden, softly.

"Thank you," said Mrs. McGann.

For a space she sat in silence, a forlorn, somber figure, rocking to and fro, the boy standing beside her and gazing in innocent wonder at the three men.

The Court waited patiently. Experience had taught that it was better to let

suitors of this character tell their stories when and how they pleased.

Of a sudden, without warning, the old woman dropped to her knees, tossed her ragged skirt over her head, and began a low moaning, which increased in volume till it filled the room with waves of tortured sound, rose to a shrill, eery shriek, and then sank abruptly to a low, heart-breaking wail.

Carden and Sheffield, frankly startled, rose; but the Captain, his face white and grave, waved them back. "Hush!" he whispered. " 'T is the keen!"

In an instant Carden realized the significance of his words. Often he had heard of the weird, awe-inspiring death-cry of the Irish peasantry, but never before had it assailed his ears.

Again and again the cry rose and fell, and at last ceased as suddenly as it had begun, and the slight figure knelt on the floor, covered and still. Sheffield advanced, and quietly touched her on the shoulder. "Have you forgotten us?" he queried. Slowly the skirt was pulled away, revealing a face too sad for tears.

"Your pardon," she whispered, rising slowly with Sheffield's aid, and seating herself on the chair. "I did clean forget ye. 'T is me poor gurl that has crazed me—her and her trouble. This is Gerald her son. She starved to save him, an' I never knew." She paused, shaken by dry, tearless sobs. " 'T is the old story —heaps o' promises, but no keepin' 'em. She was lovin' an' trustful an' weak; but as there 's a God in heaven, she was true to his father to her dyin' day." She rose and faced them in proud defiance, swept every instant by waves of emotion, as a stranded wreck is buffeted by the great combers of a stormy sea. "Deceived, played with, cast off, and starved!" she screamed. Then her voice broke suddenly, and she moaned in utter misery: "Ah, me gurl, me darlint, so sweet, so tender, an' so young! She died last night," she said, addressing Carden, "with never a hard word, an' left me the boy. But the man must suffer; he must know some o' the pain she felt. If I can't bring that about, I want to die." She paused for a second, exhausted by her passion. Carden instantly seized the opportunity.

"Who is the man?" he quietly asked.

The old woman looked about her fearfully, then beckoned them nearer, and, catching Carden's lapel, whispered something in his ear.

"Who?" he asked sharply.

The woman repeated it. A look of simple incredulity spread over his face.

"What proof have you?" he demanded.

A grim smile touched her lips, and reaching in her bosom, she drew out a little packet, which she undid and spread out on top of the table-docket, while the Court crowded eagerly around.

"He never wrote but twice," she said. "The old fox was too wise, an' then he was in liquor; but here they are, them letters, an' on his club paper, too!"

Carden straightened up with a jerk. "That settles it," he said; "I know his handwriting."

"What do you propose to do?" queried practical Captain Jim.

"I don't know," she answered dully. "I want ye to show some way—to help me."

"We never do that," interrupted Sheffield. "We merely listen to your complaint, tell you whether you have a moral right to act, and advise you how to do so with the least danger from the law."

The woman stared at him as he spoke, and then, covering her face with her hands, began to sob piteously.

"Alanna!" she cried, "they won't help me; an' I 'm so weak an' old, what can the likes o' me do ag'in' him!"

Carden laid his hand gently on her shoulder. "Do not cry, Mrs. McGann," he said soothingly; "we have never had a case like yours, and it may be, though I don't promise it, that we shall be able to assist you to punish this fellow as he deserves. You had better take the boy home now, and I will see you to-morrow and let you know what we can do. You live where? Yes; Staley Court. I know the place. Good night. Good-by, Gerald." And with the same courtesy that he would have shown to royalty he led the piteous couple to the door.

II

THE next afternoon Carden walked rapidly up the steps of the Collegiate Club, and, merely stopping at the desk to purchase a cigar, kept on till he reached the common room.

He stood in the doorway for a moment looking about him, and as he did so, a gentleman arose, and came forward to meet him with extended hand.

Carden quietly ignored the hand. "Will you come with me to a private room?" he said. "I have something of a confidential nature to say to you."

The other bowed silently, his face showing the greatest surprise.

"I do not understand—" he began.

"Please wait," said Carden. "Shall we take the elevator?"

As they entered a small, little-used dining-room, Carden carefully closed the door and faced his companion.

"My business," he said, speaking slowly and controlling himself with some difficulty, "is of an intimate, personal character. Through some letters which have come to me—not improperly—I have learned of a great wrong which you have done to those who loved and trusted you. You may say that your actions are no concern of mine. Well, that is true enough in my personal capacity; but I am an official of a certain tribunal of which you have never heard, nor is it necessary that you should know its name. This Court is the refuge of the hopeless and the oppressed; before it you have had a fair hearing, and have been convicted upon your written admissions. It now remains for me as an officer of this body to carry out its decree."

Carden paused and gazed intently at the man's face to note the effect of his words.

Not a muscle twitched, but in the depths of the eyes there was a fluttering and trembling like the struggles of a caged bird.

So they stood for a second, and not a word passed between them; then Carden drew a crumpled letter from his breast pocket, and silently held it so that the other could scan every accusing line.

When Carden spoke at last, his voice was passionless, but weighted with determination. "It is no forgery. Do you know that she is dead?"

His auditor made no reply, but walked quietly to the door and placed a finger on the electric call. "I shall send for a doctor, my friend," he said; "you are out of your mind."

Carden stepped quickly forward, and stood close beside him, his eyes blazing. "Will you?" he queried. "Will you? I have the other letter, to which you signed your full name."

Not for a moment did Carden's man lose his nerve. He was the older by twenty years, but for a second one could see that he contemplated a physical struggle, for his eyes shifted and his hands twitched. Carden divined this. "If you strike me, I 'll very nearly kill you," he said without emotion.

The older man smiled contemptuously, and then placing his hand on Carden's chest, pushed him back, saying as he did so: "You must be hard up, Carden, to resort to blackmail. I 'd rather eat dirt myself. How much do you want for those letters?"

It was now Carden's turn to look surprised, but only for a moment; then he laughed. "They are not for sale," he said.

"Nonsense!" responded the other, with evident annoyance. "You 'll gain nothing by elaborate chaffering. Name your price."

"I repeat it, sir, they are not for sale." It was evident that Carden was in earnest.

"What is the object of this conversation, then, Mr. Carden? Surely you don't find melodrama amusing?"

For a moment Carden did not answer; he seemed to be considering; then he said:

"Mr. Roeloffs, I am not the blackmailer you think me, neither am I an officious meddler. The only thing I ask you is that you accompany me on a little trip through the city whenever I request you to do so. I shall not trespass much upon your time, and I shall endeavor to interfere as little as possible with your social or business engagements."

Roeloffs heard this speech in utter amazement, and at its conclusion his face betrayed his feelings. It was a strong face, with high forehead and deep-set eyes; the hair was iron-gray, and the mustache crisp and closely cropped. The head, which was large, was set on a well-knit, if somewhat portly, body, and the whole man was fairly representative of the American business type.

Slowly he recovered from his first

Drawn by Oliver Kemp. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"'HUSH!' HE WHISPERED. "T IS THE KEEN!'"

shock of surprise at Carden's unusual request, and said curtly, "And if I refuse?"

"I hate to threaten," murmured Carden, softly, "but it is for you to say whether or not this correspondence shall become public property. Besides, certain legal action might be taken to enforce duties you have hitherto neglected to perform."

"What if I prove these letters to be, as they are, clever forgeries?" Roeloffs broke in, wetting his dry lips with his tongue in order to enunciate more clearly.

Carden smiled. "You might buy an outfit of experts," he said, "but you know human nature. Had you not better remain in the estimable position of Cæsar's wife—and come with me?"

The man beside him pondered a moment, and then, looking directly at him, said sharply:

"Will you give me your word that these trips mask no plan to do me physical injury?"

"I pledge my honor they do not," answered Carden.

"Very well, then," said Roeloffs; "whenever you are ready, I will go."

"Thank you," Carden replied; "I 'll not detain you any longer." And they left the room.

That evening Gregory Roeloffs, once more beneath the roof of the Collegiate Club, sat among a laughing group at a table in the brilliantly illuminated café. He was apparently the most jovial of the party, and men said afterward that never had his wit cut so keenly, never had he shown to such advantage as a polished and entertaining raconteur. A close observer, however, would have noticed that the man's eyes wandered frequently from his companions in the direction of a tall young fellow with a serious face who sat quite alone at a near-by table.

At length Carden looked up quickly, caught and held Roeloffs's vagrant gaze, and, bowing slightly, made an almost imperceptible motion toward the door. For a second his man hesitated, and Carden repeated the motion, rising as he did so and stepping toward him. Instantly Roeloffs rose, and murmuring excuses, shook off gently the many hands stretched out to detain him, and, followed by a volley of astonishment at his sudden defection, made his way quickly to the hall, where the reporter awaited him. "Where to, Mr. Carden?" said he.

"I have a cab below, Mr. Roeloffs," Carden answered, and the two men descended the steps in silence.

Carden held open the cab door for the older man, and then whispering the address to the driver, sprang in, and slammed the door after him.

"Where are we going?" Roeloffs inquired.

"Pardon me," replied Carden; "but I must refuse to hold any conversation with you on the expeditions. As to our destination, you will readily recognize it," and he relapsed into a silence which his companion found impossible to break.

For a quarter of an hour they rattled through the business part of the city, and finally halted abruptly in front of a big department store. Carden looked out, and then opened the door and motioned to Roeloffs. Without a word they descended, and Carden led the way to a certain spot just to the left of one of the large entrances. Here he halted, and drew out his watch. "We 'll stay here five minutes," he said briefly. Roeloffs smiled contemptuously, but said nothing.

Slowly the seconds ticked themselves away, and at the end of the period they were in the cab once more, driving fast to their next destination. "It seems I am the victim of a childish freak," sneered Roeloffs. Carden made no reply. On, on they drove, and through the cab windows they could see that they were passing into the poorer residence district; for the myriad electric globes glowing in golden splendor against the night gave way to straggling gas-lamps burning fitfully with a dirty-yellow glare. They stopped at length as abruptly as before. This time the spot where they got out was one of the small parks which form welcome oases to a great city's poor. Again Roeloffs followed Carden some hundred feet through the underbrush to a small iron bench which stood quite secluded in a dense clump of shrubbery. Again Carden had recourse to his watch. "Eight minutes this time," said he.

It was easy to see that, in spite of an undeniably firm will, this strange journey was beginning to have a marked effect upon Carden's fellow-traveler. While his face retained its accustomed

impassivity, his fingers twitched nervously, and he cast furtive glances about him in the darkness. Without a word the man waited the appointed time, and then drove off once more through the enveloping night.

This time they went only a few blocks, and then halted before a row of small, two-story brick dwellings, most of which were evidently occupied by prosperous mechanics. Carden alighted just opposite an empty house. "Get out," he commanded, and Roeloffs followed him. For the first time the man's every movement betrayed extreme reluctance; he shivered as though with the ague when he glanced at the desolate and deserted dwelling.

"Ten," said Carden, and for an instant Roeloffs opened his lips as though to speak; but with an effort he controlled himself, and in profound silence the leaden moments trailed along.

Off once more they rolled, two silent figures in the black interior of the lumbering cab. Now and then a stray street-lamp would throw a flickering ray athwart their pale faces, and ever Carden's watch ticked off the relentless moments with measured blows, which dominated the scarcely heard noises of the street.

Years it seemed to Roeloffs, though in reality it was not long, before they next paused in this uncanny flight through the sleeping city. His brain was seething now like a caldron beneath which freshly lighted fagots have begun fiercely to burn. Memories long repressed came hurrying in troops to harass him, and years long sealed unrolled the cruel record of the past.

As he stumbled out at still another stopping-place he noted with relief that it meant nothing to him; he had never seen it before.

It was a huge and forbidding tenement, a vast ant-heap sheltering a human swarm of insectivorous life. The dull, bare front was mottled by splotches of glaring light, where some toiler had not yet sought economical recreation in sleep's temporary oblivion.

Carden pointed to a dingy, slatternly stairway that pitched its crazy way aloft just within the open door. "Come up," he muttered, and began to ascend, Roeloffs following.

Up they went, and yet up, and up, and up, till their breath came in thick gasps, and their bodies were bent low to ease the strain. At length they stopped just under the roof, before a cracked door of rough and dirty deal. Carden produced a key, and fumbled with the lock; the door opened of a sudden, and they entered a little, unlighted room holding to each other, and groping in the blackness.

"Have you a match?" Carden asked.

Roeloffs handed him his silver box with a hand that trembled slightly. "For God's sake!" he rasped out, "where are we?"

Without reply Carden struck a match, and lighted a candle which he carried; then facing Roeloffs, he whispered in a tense voice, "Where she died."

With a moaning cry Roeloffs crossed his arms over his face and stumbled toward the door. In an instant Carden had seized his arm in a vice-like grip, and pulled him back into the center of the room. "Look around," he commanded; "we spend fifteen minutes here."

Shaking as though palsied, his face as white as his linen, and in an hour's time grown pinched and old, Roeloffs clung to his guide, and with an awful fascination gazed at every detail of that tiny attic room: the narrow cot, without other covering than a moth-eaten blanket; the two broken chairs; the plain deal table that was still pathetically littered with a few sewing materials; and on the wall an old dress and some scanty articles of a woman's apparel.

Several times the man essayed to speak, but no sound came from his writhing lips. At last Carden broke silence with a few brief words: "I have rented this room, as your agent, for a year," he said quietly. "That and the cab-hire are the only expenses you will incur in this matter."

At this Roeloffs found his voice and laughed—at least the sound that he made might have been styled a laugh by courtesy. "A year!" he exclaimed. "A year?"

"Yes," said Carden, in response to his shrill question; "you will come here frequently." But Roeloffs's nerves, already tingling with agony, now fairly gave way, and eluding Carden by a swift movement he fled down the rickety stairs and rushed wild-eyed and panting

through the night, he knew and cared not whither.

Carden leaped after him and followed him closely, the two dark figures springing from step to step only a few feet apart. Once outside, Carden took to the cab, and a strange race ensued, the lurching vehicle, with Carden leaning from the window, pursuing the dark, fleeing figure through the starless night.

The race was of short duration, and soon Carden had his man, too exhausted to resist, in the cab with him once more.

Again they rumbled off in another direction, and all one could hear was Roeloffs's laboring, gasping breathing, and the *click, click* of the hurrying wheels. After a while he began to speak, not as heretofore in the proud, contemptuous tone of a man of affairs, but in a low, broken voice, through which ran a persistent quaver of mortal fear. "Take me home!" he moaned. "For God's sake, take me home! This is horrible, horrible! It is killing me. I shall die here on your hands. You are a murderer, do you know it? Do you want me to die?"

"Hush!" said Carden. "This is the last." And the carriage stopped once more.

Carden alighted, and half-dragged, half-assisted, his companion to follow him. The moon, just breaking through the heavy cloud banks which had until now obscured the sky, illuminated the cemetery in which they were standing, and threw into bold relief the bright-red loam of a new-made grave at their feet. There was no need for words. Never to his dying day will Carden forget that frightful face—livid, glaring, every feature once made in God's image twisted into a hellish caricature, with drooping jaw and clacking tongue from which no sound came.

Slowly the figure sank on its knees, swaying from side to side the while, and buried the awful face in the loose earth of the freshly heaped mound.

Silently, even gently, Carden raised the wretched man to his feet, and supported him to the waiting carriage.

"It is over," he assured him—"for tonight."

Back they drove at a rapid pace through the quiet, slumbering thousands, back through the peaceful streets and well-ordered scheme of things. None who saw them bowling quietly along dreamed of their tragic errand; all was as decorous and unimpassioned as the twentieth century generally is—superficially.

They halted finally before Roeloffs's great stone house. He had not uttered a sound since they left the grave, and Carden touched him on the shoulder. As a man, a very old man, in a stupor, Roeloffs raised himself and stumbled out to the sidewalk. Carden stepped close to him, and said in a low, firm voice: "This is the end of our first trip—our first, you understand. How many we shall make I cannot tell; but they will be many, and always the same. Sometimes I shall go with you, sometimes one of my two friends, and you will never know when; so be prepared for us at all hours of the day or night. Now for the present good-by!" He drove swiftly away, leaving a bent figure fumbling at the door.

The city, the State, and indeed the nation, were astounded during the week following the events above narrated by the sudden and inexplicable disappearance of Gregory Roeloffs, churchman, capitalist, and man of affairs. Kidnapping was suggested, and his distracted family squandered a fortune in unavailing efforts to discover his whereabouts. Detectives, professional and amateur, ranged the land, with every faculty sharpened by the rich reward sure to attend success.

Prayers were offered in churches for the safety of this good man. Clubdom resounded with a fanfare of theories, and in a hundred drawing-rooms society talked of little else. Meanwhile in the back room of Kohler's saloon reposed the key to the mystery. "No, Mrs. McGann," said Carden, gravely, "we don't know what has become of him. We may find out in the spring, when the ice melts, or we may never know. But we do know why he has fled, and no one else even guesses it; but rest assured that, alive or dead, he carries his hell with him to the uttermost end of time."

But the little boy did n't understand the strange, hard words, and he began to weep. "Grandma," he cried, "I want my mama! Can't you make them bring her back?"

From the painting in the Louvre

See "Open Letters"

TIMOTHY COLE'S WOOD ENGRAVINGS OF FRENCH MASTERS

SHEPHERDS OF ARCADIA

BY

NICOLAS POUSSIN

GENERAL GRANT'S LAST DAYS

BY GEORGE F. SHRADY, M.D.

One of his Consulting Surgeons

CONCLUDING PAPER

GENERAL GRANT'S voice was soft, deep, and distinct, and his speech deliberate, quiet, and even-toned. In conversation he was inclined to use short sentences, with few if any qualifications. It was an effort to get at the point in the surest and most direct way. He was always ready to hear the views of others. His apparently indifferent manner and abstracted air were apt to impress the speaker as lack of attention. But this seemed to be his method of absorbing things. Then would come a string of pertinent questions, which proved conclusively that he had not lost a point. He was by no means inclined to long argument, and much less to disputation. Having once made up his mind on a subject, he was silent, stubborn, and determined.

His temper was under such complete control that no one could believe he had any. Never openly demonstrative in any direction, he appeared the same under all conditions. When he was depressed, he was simply silent; when he was cheerful, he merely smiled. Even in his best moods I never heard him laugh outright. Thus he was in no sense emotionally demonstrative, and in his natural composure he exemplified the highest type of cultivated gentility. His little mannerisms were in no way eccentric or peculiar. These were only interesting as giving casual expression to his individuality.

Not long before he was taken ill, he was lamed by a fall on his hip, and was obliged to walk with a cane. Although many ornamental walking-sticks had been presented to him by fairs, military societies, ladies, and his many personal friends, he preferred to use a plain hickory one with ordinary curved handle. This was in constant use wherever he went, even in going from one room to another.

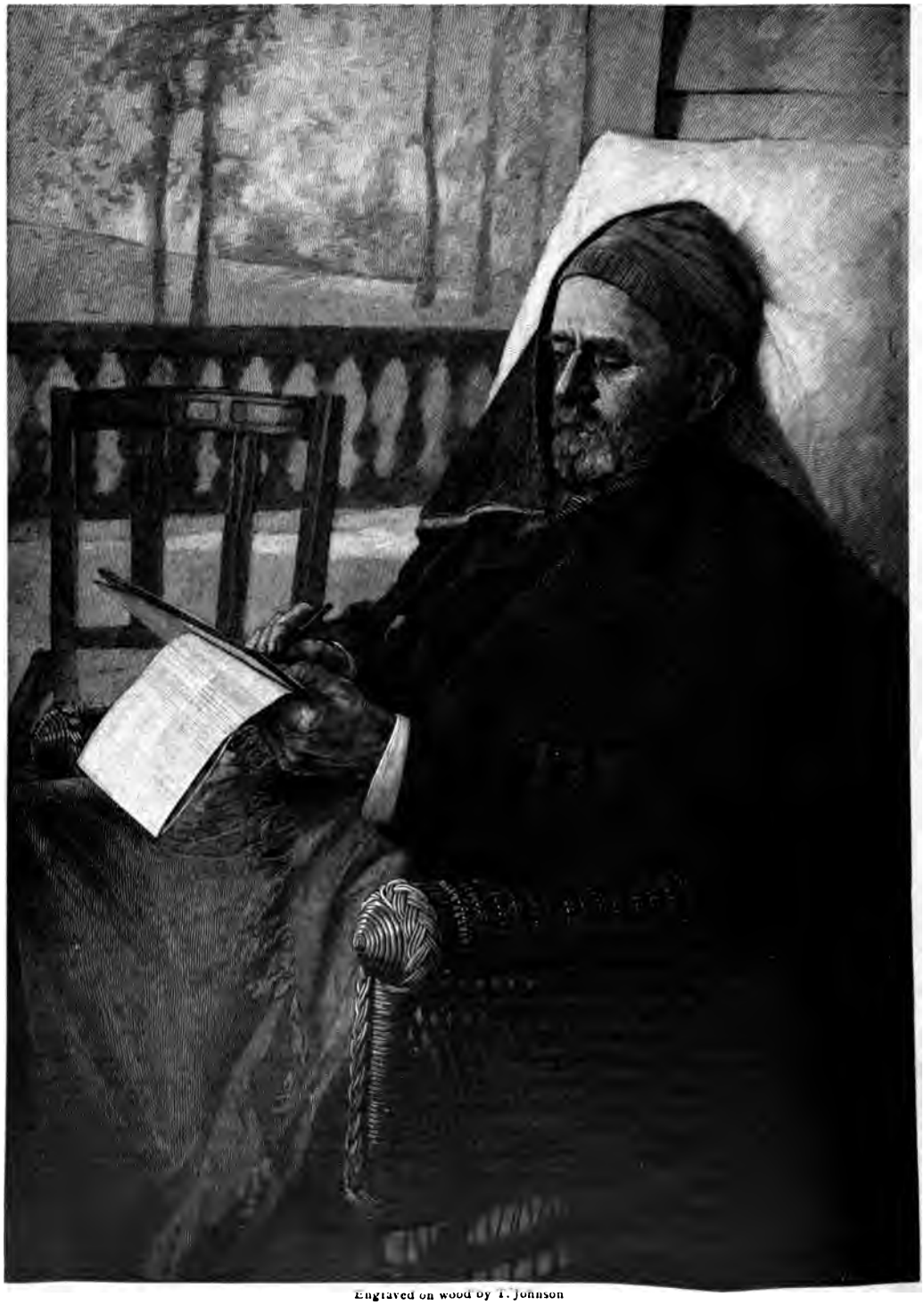
When he dozed in a sitting position, his hands would be crossed in his lap, his head would be bowed, and his feet would rest on the chair opposite him. When lying in bed or on a lounge, he still retained the soldier fashion of merely covering the lower portion of his body, and seemed to prefer resting squarely on his back.

In his various movements there was no approach to awkwardness. His hands were always easily composed, were seldom used in gesture, and were supple and firm in their grasp. His tread was also firm, and his step had an easy stride, notwithstanding his temporary limp.

A slow and careful reader, he appeared to weigh every word, and would often keep the place in the line by his pointed finger, and look away as if to fix more firmly in his mind the idea conveyed.

His sleep was often disturbed by dreams, but they were the reflex of his physical conditions. At one time an extra pain in his throat gave him the impression of having been hit in the neck with a cannon-ball. On another occasion he dreamed of being choked by a footpad on a lonely road.

His eyesight was remarkably clear for distant objects, as was often demonstrated in the broad outlooks from Mount McGregor. This was evidently due, in part at least, to his military training in that respect. In using a field-glass, one hand was sufficient, the focal adjustment



Engraved on wood by T. Johnson

GENERAL GRANT WRITING HIS "MEMOIRS" AT MOUNT McGREGOR

being made by his forefinger and thumb. This, too, was plainly the unconscious outcome of long practice. Glasses were always necessary for reading or writing, his preference being for ordinary horn-rimmed spectacles with large, round eye-pieces.

When rumors were current of the impending death of the General, no efforts were spared by the press of the country to obtain accurate information of his actual condition. For a time it was reported that he was merely suffering from a chronic throat affection that promised soon to be relieved. But it was not until the formal consultation was held in his case, months after his first symptoms appeared, that the public was officially informed of the grave and fatal character of his malady. From that time every symptom as given in the bulletin was freely discussed. After a period of private life as an ordinary citizen, he was again an object of absorbing interest. So long accustomed to be in the public eye, he viewed the situation as a matter of course, and resignedly submitted to the elaborate, fulsome, and often exaggerated accounts of his behavior in the sick-room. To meet this urgent demand for details, he was forced to consent to the issue of bulletins to the general public. It was only by such means that the truth could be told and curiosity satisfied.

The proper preparation of the press-notices was a matter of great moment with the medical staff. Bearing in mind the many mistakes made in the case of President Garfield, in which contradictory and misleading bulletins were published, it was deemed imperative to state exact facts, with the full sanction of the medical men in attendance and also that of the family. The arrangements for the distribution of these despatches were elaborate and systematic. Three bulletin-boys were in constant attendance in the main hall, representing respectively the Western Union telegraph and cable service, the Associated Press, and the United Press. Each message, appropriately directed, was passed to the proper messenger, who would run with it to the nearest office of his company.

The general clearing-house for news was in the basement of a small house on the east side of Madison Avenue south of Sixty-sixth Street, and there were assembled the representatives of the Associated Press and the different leading dailies of the city. All the newspapers also had special wires to their central downtown offices. Reporters "covering the case" were so constantly on guard in the street that it seemed impossible for anything of importance to occur in the house without their knowledge. At the end of every consultation there was a group of anxious interviewers, who plied the medical men with questions. As there was never any other disposition than to tell the plain truth of the situation, all necessary satisfaction regarding the true import of the bulletins was easily obtained. Each journalist was constantly on the alert for new facts, his aim being to use them exclusively, and thus, in press parlance, to "beat" his confrères. To that end all sorts of devices were used. The doctors were specially besieged even in their homes; more than once inside facts were obtained by sending "dummy" patients, who, pretending to fear a similar disease to that of Grant, would ask many pertinent questions as to the nature of such a malady and its usual ending. Then, to the astonishment and dismay of the doctor, the conversation would appear as a formal newspaper interview.

There was scarcely a limit to the endeavors of such enterprising news-gatherers. One of them, in order to gain a vantage-ground over his fellows, ventured affectionate advances to a chambermaid in one of the houses opposite, so that while calling upon his new acquaintance, he might have a better opportunity of watching from a commanding window. Another bribed one of the servants of the Grant domicile in order to gain access to the back yard and signal to a mounted confederate who was watching on Fifth Avenue across the then vacant lot on the corner.

As at that time, although for no obvious reason, the death of the General was momentarily expected, it was considered a matter of the greatest importance to get the earliest possible news of the sad event. For this purpose relays were constantly posted to keep watch. In stormy weather these men would take shelter in the areaways under the stoops, and would dodge out when a carriage approached

the house or a visitor mounted the doorsteps. The lighting of any room but the sick chamber would call together a group of sentinels on the opposite side of the street, who would pace up and down the sidewalk often during the entire night, awaiting some new development.

For obvious reasons no unfavorable change in symptoms was discussed in the presence of the General, and it was only after the official bulletins were published that he had knowledge of the fact. As he insisted on reading his favorite papers, there was no way of keeping him in desirable ignorance of his actual condition. He would study the accounts with great care, and put his own interpretation on their significance. This disposition was in keeping with that of his habit of noting his pulse-beat by his watch while a consultation was in progress.

He was often much amused by the stories told of him, of his habits, plans, and moods, but was always willing to forgive the newsmongers for what they did not know. At other times he appeared to be much saddened by the gloomy prognostications that were ventured in the various papers. After reading one of the bulletins he was constrained to remark: "Doctor, you did not give a very favorable account of me yesterday." This was in spite of the fact that every care was taken to prevent alarm on his account as to his actual condition.

With a slowly progressing disease it was natural to expect that the bulletins would have a certain sameness of description and a monotony of weary hopefulness. Many of the newspapers were constantly straining a point to infuse a sensational element into their reports. The plain truth did not offer enough for varied and spicy reading. Then came the reaction of the disappointment, with a suspicion that the doctors had given false reports and that there had been a grave mistake in the diagnosis of the original disease. This was made probable by the fact that many of the distressing symptoms had disappeared for a time, and also by the anxious but ill-founded expectation that the General would ultimately recover, in spite of previous predictions. Although it was a matter for congratulation that such a temporary relief from suffering had been gained, there was never any change of opinion with the staff regarding the true nature of the malady. Once the difficulty in swallowing had so far disappeared that the patient ventured to indulge in solid food. He was so delighted with such an opportunity that while lunching on a mutton chop in his dining-room, he felicitated himself on being able to surprise the reporters with his ability to perform what he considered a remarkable feat. But, alas! this ability was short-lived, and was a mere chance occasion in the long struggle with overstrained expectations.

The General was too firmly settled in the belief of the real nature of his malady to be influenced by the critical tone of the press regarding the alleged incompetence of his physicians. These attacks were not only abusive in the extreme, but oftentimes they were positively libelous. One morning after one of these articles had appeared in an editorial in one of the New York dailies, the General, who was an attentive student of the discussion, asked me how I felt after such a virulent attack on my professional character. When I answered to the effect that the staff was right despite the criticism, he so far acquiesced as to say that he was perfectly satisfied with the medical treatment of his case, and that he was the person who most naturally was interested in the course taken.

This comment led to a question as to how he had treated the many newspaper criticisms to which he had been subjected in his long public career. He remarked simply that he never read the papers containing them, and was always too busy with more important matters to notice the vaporings of scribblers who were willing to give free and valueless lessons on matters of which they knew little or nothing. "If a man assumes the responsibility of doing a thing," continued he, "he naturally does it his own way, and the result is the only proof, after all, that he may be right or wrong. One does the work, and the other does the guessing."

When the tables were turned against the doctors, ridiculing bulletins were printed, to give new point to the situation. In violation of all principles of good taste, the relations of medical attendant and patient were reversed, and Grant

was represented as resenting the officiousness of the doctors by a promise to aid in restoring their weak mental and physical conditions. From the first the staff was accused of magnifying the situation, and much felicitation was manifested by many newspaper writers that the trick had at last been discovered. Outside friends of the family covertly advised a change of medical consultants, and numerous applications to such an end came from influential politicians throughout the country. So annoying were these importunities, that the General became personally interested in declaring his confidence in the men whom he himself had selected. He appeared to be particularly indignant at the charge that there had been an error in diagnosis, and asked that the true state of facts be explained to the public in a long bulletin, which was published after receiving his approval.

The publication of this document had the desired effect of silencing further criticism on the subject. It seemed then impossible to start a quarrel among the physicians in attendance, and the usual medical scandal in a case of such national interest was thus most happily averted. This result was also in great part due to the care to state only the exact truth in all the bulletins, and to obtain a unanimity of opinion from the entire staff before publication was permitted. Whatever misconception by the public might have existed of the true condition of affairs in the sick-room was due to the statements of visitors to the house who would give their personal views concerning the condition of the patient to the crowd of interviewers who awaited them on the sidewalk. The absurd story that the General was at one time suffering merely from an ordinary inflammation of the throat gained currency in this way, and gave the first impression that the physicians had unduly alarmed the public. The General himself always took a resigned and philosophical view of the situation. His simple wishes were to be free from constant pain, to be able to swallow his food without strangling, and to make the most of the time that was left him to finish his work. He was virtually in the position of one who was settling his affairs before starting on a forced journey. His habit of mind made such resignation possible. Long accustomed to take his life in his hands and to face death in the emergencies of battle, he was not one to manifest fear when the end seemed inevitable. He would often speak of it with a calmness that could not be shaken. He was simply living each day by itself in the hope that there would be no distressful struggle at the last. His apprehensions in this regard were reasonably well founded, as in his inquiring way he reasoned that the progress of the ailment would either arrest his breathing or prevent his taking proper nourishment.

It was fortunate under the circumstances that his thought was centered on his "Memoirs," inasmuch as when he forced himself to write or dictate he was thus able to distract his attention from his condition. Hence every encouragement was given him to do as he pleased in such regard. He often remarked that his book was destined to be his own salvation as well as that of his family. Thus he would sit and write when most men would have been abed and under the influence of an anodyne.

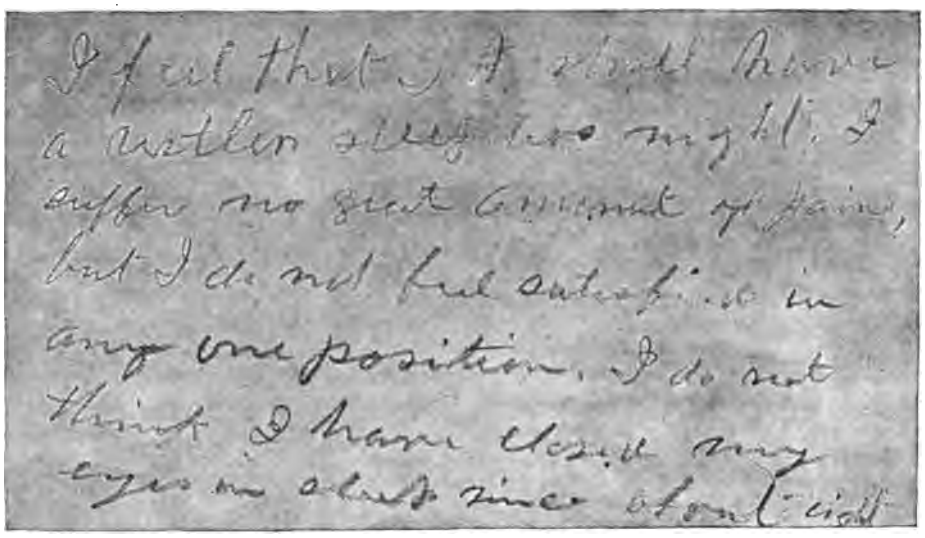
The General's concern for help, when his time should come for needing it, was often manifested in what might otherwise have appeared to be casual conversations. In an impressive talk with me on one occasion, he obtained a promise that I would be with him without fail at the last. So anxious was he that nothing should interfere with such an understanding, that he questioned me concerning my whereabouts and future plans in my necessary absences from Mount McGregor. On learning that my summer home was at my farm on the Hudson, near Kingston, he was particular to learn how long it would take me to reach him in response to an urgent message. After crossing the river, the railroad starting point would be Barrytown. He wished to know the distance from that point to Poughkeepsie, where a special locomotive could be obtained. Then, in order to master every detail of the trip, he indicated the route on a piece of wrapping-paper, and smilingly styled it "a working plan of battle." Alas! he had planned many such before, but none in which he could have been more personally interested. I was quite surprised at his knowledge of the topography of the country and his

appreciation of relative distances. A line was made across the river to Barrytown, a spur to Poughkeepsie, a straight course northward through Hudson, Albany, and Saratoga, and a slight detour to McGregor. The probable time between these places was duly indicated at proper points, and the total added at the bottom of the sheet. What became of this paper, which was evidently Grant's last "plan of battle," I did not ascertain. He simply folded it, and placed it in a side pocket, and there was no subsequent occasion for referring to the subject in my presence.

With the first formal consultation of the surgical staff, the advisability of an operation was thoroughly discussed, and arguments were made against any such efforts to relieve him. Thus the treatment of the case was narrowed to such efforts as might be necessary to guard against possible complications and to make him as comfortable as possible by assuaging his pain and keeping his throat clear of an accidental accumulation of secretions. The wisdom of such a decision was manifested in sparing him unnecessary mutilation and allowing him to pass the remainder of his days in comparative comfort. Relatively, however, it meant suffering for him until the end. His great apprehension was that he might be suddenly choked during his sleep. After a severe spell of threatened suffocation during the night of March 29, this became a fixed conviction. Although quickly relieved at the time, he became so much demoralized concerning a possible recurrence of such troubles, that he passed his days and nights thereafter in a sitting position, with his feet resting on a chair.

The hurried call for Dr. Douglas and myself at the time of his first choking spell so alarmed the reporters on watch in the street that they gave currency to the probability that the General was in a very critical condition and that his death might be expected at any hour. Later, a similar announcement was made, based upon the occurrence of an accidental hemorrhage from the throat due to the separation of an inflammatory exudation that for days had clogged his breathing. The bleeding was quickly arrested by simple means, and he then felt so much relieved in his breathing and his increased ability to swallow that many of his friends believed that he might actually conquer the original disease. The press was also eager to adopt this optimistic view, and it required no little persuasion on the part of the staff to assure the public that, in spite of the temporary change for the better, all the symptoms were progressing slowly to the inevitable end.

Only on one occasion had there been any danger of sudden collapse, and this was on the night of April 5, when the General, believing he was dying, summoned his family to his chair and asked that Dr. Newman, his faithful minister and friend, should baptize him. The sinking spell occurred about three o'clock in the morning. There was warning of this possible condition during the previous day, and it was deemed best that I should remain at the house in case any threatened change for the worse should show itself. While Dr. Douglas was watching the patient, I was hastily summoned from an adjoining bedroom by the startling announcement that the General was dying. The sufferer was evidently in an extremely weak condition. He was sitting in his chair as usual, with head bowed on chest, and was breathing in a labored way, feebly bidding farewell to his family, and striving to leave final directions regarding the completion of the second volume of his "Memoirs." His voice was scarcely audible, and his sentences were interrupted by painful gaspings for breath. The Rev. Dr. Newman was standing behind the chair with a small silver bowl in hand, repeating in solemn tones: "Ulysses Simpson Grant, I baptize thee in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost." The General feebly responded, "I thank you," and was evidently becomingly impressed with the solemnity of the proceeding. During this affecting scene hypodermics of brandy were repeatedly administered, and to the bystanders it appeared as if the sufferer had been almost miraculously snatched from death. In fact, it was so reported to the press, and much was made of a very ordinary method of treatment in such cases. Dr. Newman was especially astonished at the sudden change for the better, and emphatically remarked that it was due to the prayer that had just been offered. With a similar gratification in the physi-


I feel that I should have a restless sleepless night. I suffer no great amount of pain, but I do not feel satisfied in any one position. I do not think I have closed my eyes in sleep since about eight

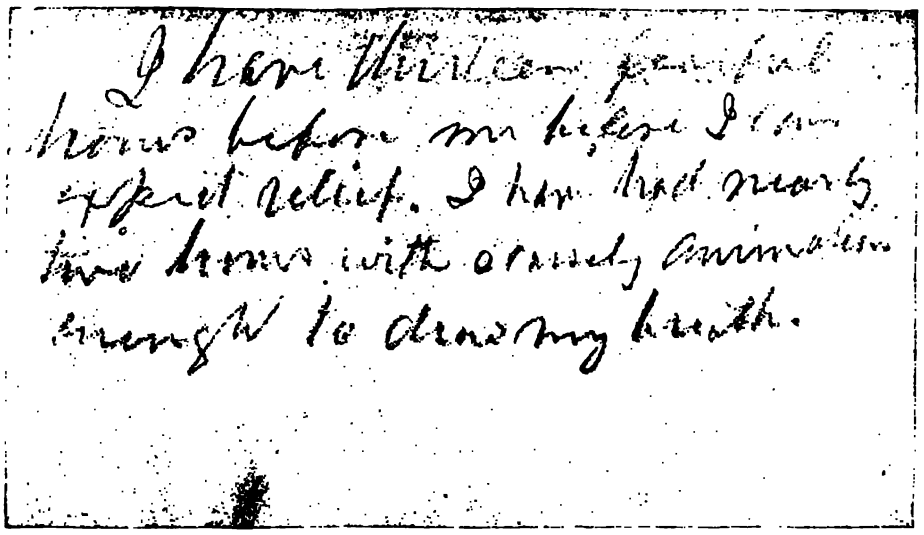
FACSIMILE OF A CONVERSATIONAL NOTE FROM GENERAL GRANT TO DR. SHRADY. (SEE PAGE 423)

cal responsiveness of the patient, I was inclined to attribute the result to the brandy. This circumstance afforded the press a fine opportunity for discussing the relative merits of prayer and brandy, and for a long time many opposite views on the question were freely ventilated.

Virtually confined to his room during his stay in Sixty-sixth Street, General Grant would sometimes realize the irksomeness of his condition, and strive to amuse himself by walking from one apartment to the other, playing solitaire by his open fire, viewing the watching crowds on the street below, or welcoming some of the many friends who came to sympathize with him. Occasionally a parading regiment would halt opposite the house and present arms, whereupon he would appear at his window and modestly and sadly acknowledge the salute.

On his last Easter Sunday there was more than the usual gathering on the street and opposite sidewalk. The General was much impressed by this evidence of good feeling toward himself. For a while he stood silent at the window, and after walking back and forth through the room, sat by the fire, absorbed in deep thought. Only the Wednesday previous he had fallen almost into a state of collapse, and had reason to realize how near he had come to death. Although he had fully rallied, he was still in that state of mind in which he was keenly alive to every evidence of sympathy. Also, only the day before, he had received a very friendly and condolatory letter from Jefferson Davis, which gratified and touched him deeply. After a while, feeling tired, he slept in his chair. During that time there was a slight shower, and the numerous gatherings of people scattered in different directions. When he awoke, the rain had ceased, and the street became more crowded than ever, the police being kept busy in clearing the roadway for passing vehicles and for the carriages of visitors to the house.

When he awoke, I told him what had occurred, and referred to the interest that was manifested by all classes of citizens. He walked to the window, looked upon the crowd below, and sadly remarked: "Yes, I am very grateful for their sympathy." Then taking his seat by the fire, he was quiet again. As I was preparing to write the usual afternoon bulletin, I suggested that the opportunity would be a good one for him to express his gratitude to the people of the country, especially on Easter Sunday, when all the churches had been offering prayers on his account. I urged that the bulletin be dictated in the first person, and signed by General Grant, as in such form it would appear as coming more directly from him. To this suggestion, however, he objected,


I have thirteen painful
hours before me before I can
expect relief. I have had nearly
two hours with scarcely animation
enough to draw my breath.

FACSIMILE OF A CONVERSATIONAL NOTE FROM GENERAL GRANT TO DR. SHRADY (SEE PAGE 424)

saying that it would be better coming from him indirectly. In order to comply with such a wish, and give the document somewhat the character of a message from the sick-room, I began by saying that General Grant had just awakened from a short nap and had expressed himself as feeling comfortable. He then dictated the following: "He wishes it stated that he is very much touched by, and very grateful for, the sympathy and interest manifested for him by his friends,"—here he hesitated for a while and continued,—"and by those who have not been regarded as such."

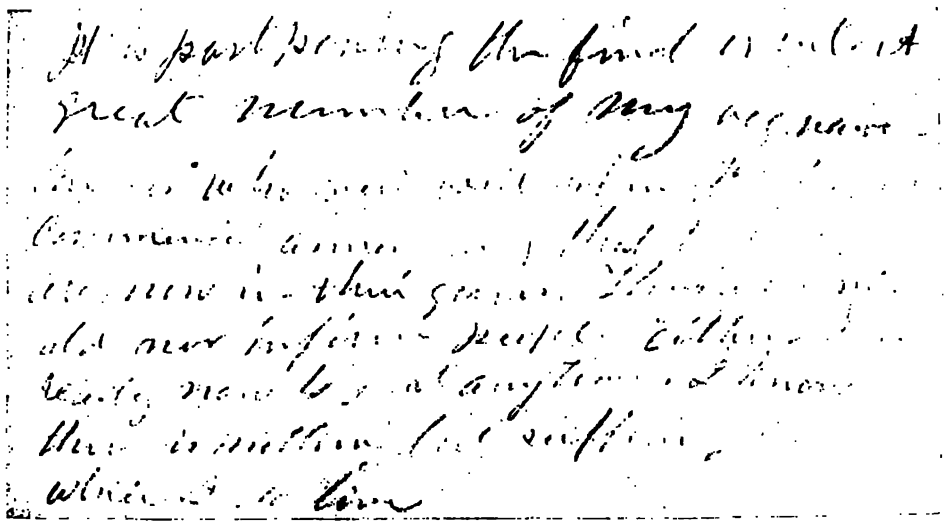
Impressed with the great significance of the message, I still urged that he should say something in the first person. "Well," remarked he, "you might say for me, I desire the good will of all, whether heretofore friends or not." In a moment he added, "I suppose that will do," and I accordingly signed the bulletin, giving the hour as 5:15 P. M. The despatch was immediately sent to the press-bureau on Madison Avenue, and quickly put upon the wires. As this bulletin really came from the General himself, and was duly approved by him, no family or staff consultation on its contents was deemed necessary. It happened, however, that a different course would have avoided a subsequent complication which gave the Associated Press some trouble to overcome. A few minutes after the bulletin had been sent, Mrs. Grant came into the room, and she was told what had been done, and the message was read to her. She then very much deplored the omission of any reference to the numerous prayers that had been offered for the General on that day, and insisted that the bulletin be recalled, in order that the necessary correction might be made. This, for the time being, seriously complicated the situation. The message was already in the hands of the telegraph and cable operators, and was being rapidly transmitted to the numerous bulletin stations. To reconstruct it, and retain its full meaning, would have altered its original purpose. Besides, any attempt in such a direction would not be understood by the public, and would give a false impression of the original intention of the sender. It was then a question of altering the bulletin as little as possible, and thus avoiding unnecessary complications. Mrs. Grant was very insistent, however, in regard to the propriety of her proposition. At this juncture I suggested that the difficulty might be overcome by inserting the word "prayerful" before sympathy. This being agreed to, I, at the General's suggestion, communicated at once with the press-bureau on Madison Avenue, and the required word was added to the various despatches that had already been transmitted.

Meanwhile, the press-agents had been much exercised regarding the reason for recalling a bulletin that contained so much of "news interest." Mr. Frank W. Mack, who had charge of the Associated Press agency, was greatly alarmed, supposing that some extraordinary calamity had occurred. He hurried to the house, thinking that the General had died suddenly after the message had been dictated. "What can be done?" said he. "The bulletin is now in San Francisco—in fact, all over the country and in Europe!" When I told him of the mere addition of an extra word to the context, he was much relieved, and hastened to comply with the request of the General.

As was anticipated, the bulletin attracted more than ordinary attention. The Southern papers particularly had many kind comments on the motives actuating the message, and more than ever sympathized with the stricken man, who could so feelingly voice the sentiments of a kind and noble heart. Repeated references were made by them to the General's magnanimous proposals when accepting Lee's surrender at Appomattox, and to other actions of his in keeping with the sentiments of a high-minded and generous victor. With him war had a different definition from mere enmity. It meant fidelity to a principle, not mere death, destruction, and humiliation for the opponent. The hand that had so valiantly held the sword was then open to all, "whether heretofore friends or not." The dying man had said, "Let us have peace," and posterity was destined to cherish the sentiment as the best of all inscriptions for the tomb at Riverside.

With the approach of warm weather there were many suggestions concerning the advisability of benefiting the patient by change of air and a temporary sojourn in a more salubrious climate. Then came offers from various country-hotel proprietors to care for the General and his family free of expense. Most of these were actuated by sincere motives, but not a few were made for advertising purposes. It was finally decided to accept the invitation of Mr. Drexel to occupy his cottage on Mount McGregor, a few miles north of Saratoga. The patient expressed no particular preference in the matter, and as usual acceded to the wishes of his medical staff. Accordingly, on June 17, a special car was placed at his service, and he left his city home, never again to enter it. He was resigned to the situation, and gave no indication of any misgiving as to the ultimate outcome of the venture. Only once did he seem to realize that he was leaving his home forever, when, after being seated in the carriage, he gave a sad look at the house, while he waved a solemn adieu to a few bystanders on the sidewalk.

On his arrival at Mount McGregor, he



FACSIMILE OF A CONVERSATIONAL NOTE FROM GENERAL GRANT TO DR. SHRADY. (SEE PAGE 426)

was much pleased with his quarters, and was confident that the change would, in a measure at least, restore his wasting strength. Only shortly before, he had so nearly lost his voice that it was painful for him to converse. This new phase of the disease was a great discouragement to him, and his main hope was that the balsamic air of the mountains might possibly have a soothing and healing effect upon his throat. Such, however, did not prove to be the case; on the contrary, the difficulty of articulation progressed to such an extent that he was forced to answer questions in writing. In fact, most of the conversations I had with him on my visits to Mount McGregor were carried on by means of the pencil and pad that he always carried with him. These written accounts of his feelings during his last days have been carefully preserved by me, and are of inestimable value as showing the manner in which he realized and faced his end.

His life at Mount McGregor was necessarily very monotonous. When he was not engaged on his "Memoirs" in his little office adjoining his bedroom, he would sit for hours on the porch, reading the newspapers or watching the crowds of sight-seers who were constantly about the cottage. By an unwritten law of instinctive courtesy it was understood by the visitors that they should not approach too near or in other ways manifest any unseemly curiosity. The General became very appreciative of this display of good feeling and respect for him, and often regretted that he could not make a suitable return. Many as they passed the porch would lift their hats in salutation, whereupon the General would quietly and feelingly acknowledge the attention. These salutations, however, became so frequent that it was impossible to respond to them, it being generally understood that to do so would tire him unnecessarily. On one occasion a lady removed her bonnet and waved it in a most deferential manner. This action so appealed to the natural gallantry of the General that he duly acknowledged the courtesy by rising from his chair and lifting his own hat by way of graceful recognition.

When out-of-doors, he always wore a high "stove-pipe" hat, being particular in this way to prevent neuralgic attacks, to which he seemed at the time to be specially liable. For the same reason, also, a light silk scarf was wrapped around his neck, and sometimes, when in a draft, he would tuck one corner of the covering under the rim of his hat, in order to protect himself more effectually. His steadily increasing weakness did not allow him to walk much. He ventured only short distances, and then always with an attendant. One time in strolling to a summer-house on the edge of the mountain to enjoy the fine view, he became so much exhausted that fears were entertained of a serious collapse. This experience had a very depressing effect upon his spirits, and necessitated the use of a so-called Bath-chair, in which afterward he was wheeled about the grounds. On one occasion while his colored servant Harrison was propelling him, he humorously remarked that often before he had had a much faster horse, but probably no safer one, as he was certain that the animal could not run away uphill.

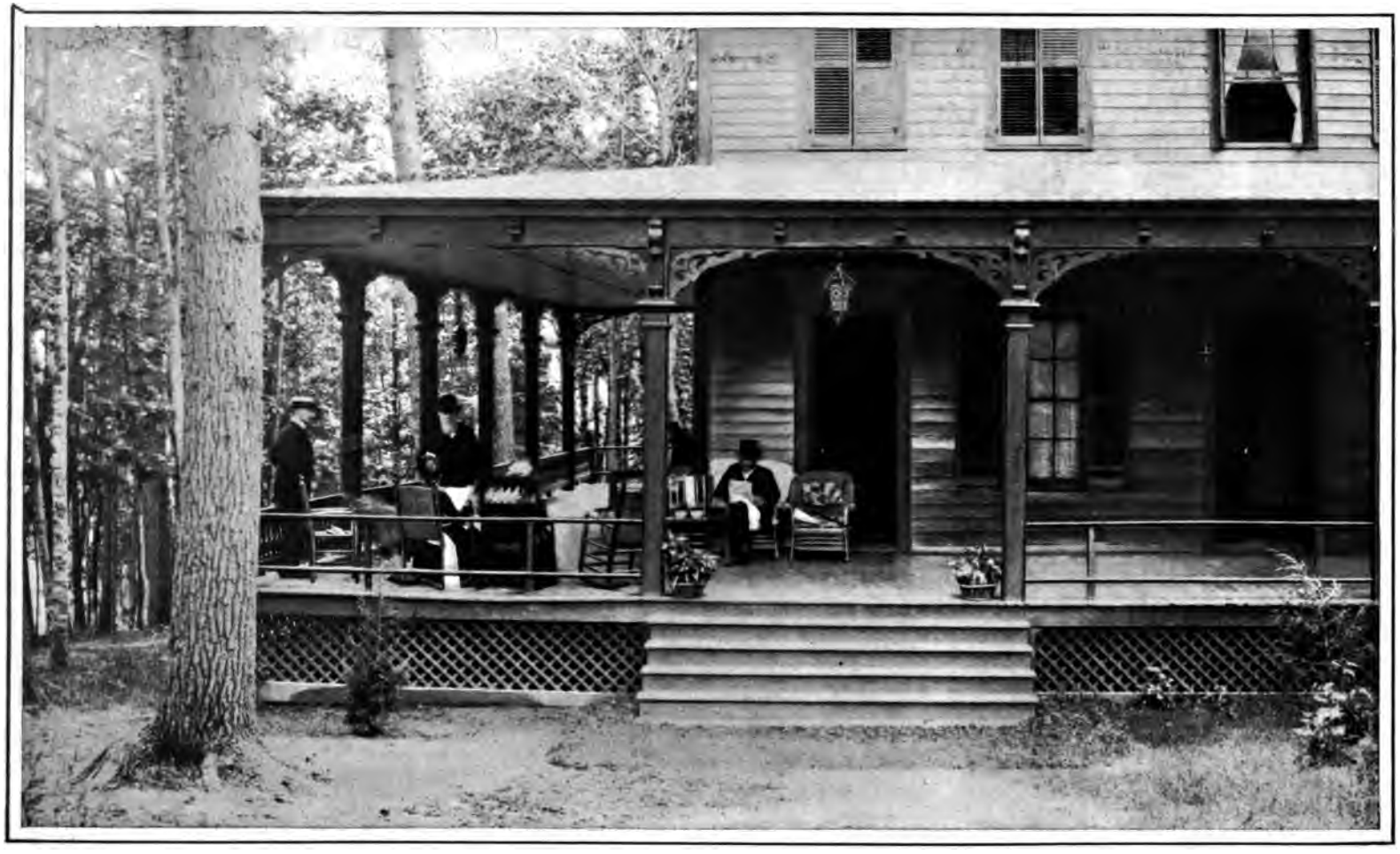
When I visited the General for the first time at Mount McGregor, it was quite evident that he had grown weaker and that he had lost considerably in weight. This was in part due to his difficulty in swallowing even the liquid food which, for obvious reasons, was his only form of nourishment.

His voice at this time, although not entirely gone, was guttural, of harsh tone, and very indistinct, except when he used it in a deliberate and studied whisper. Even then he could not always make himself understood. He became much worried over this affliction, and was constantly hoping that it would grow less under the influence of the changed climate. In order to give every opportunity for improvement in such direction, he carefully avoided speaking as much as possible, and would often write on his pad in answering questions rather than otherwise run risk of a set-back. This practice made his remarks necessarily short, but always to the point. This was particularly evident in his replies to my questions, and showed his anxiety on many points and his desire to obtain all the necessary information regarding his physical condition at the time. His written answers, however, giving as they do his exact expressions, now add a pathos

From a photograph by Gilman. Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

GENERAL GRANT AND FAMILY ON THE PIAZZA OF THE DREXEL COTTAGE AT MOUNT McGREGOR

Mrs. Nellie Grant Sartoris stands between Mrs. Grant and General Grant, who are seated; Colonel (now General) Frederick D. Grant, stands by his father's chair; Jesse Grant, the General's third son, stands by the post. The persons seated on the steps, from left to right, are Ulysses S. Grant, Jr.; Colonel Grant's daughter Julia (now Princess Michael Cantacuzene); Mrs. F. D. Grant, her son Ulysses (now Lieutenant Grant), and Mrs. Jesse Grant and her little daughter.



From a photograph by Gilman

A GROUP ON THE PIAZZA OF THE DREXEL COTTAGE AT MOUNT McGREGOR

From right to left: General Grant, reading a newspaper; the Rev. Dr. Newman, Mrs. Grant, Mrs. Newman, Dr. Douglas, and Dr. Shrady.

to the situation which no recollection of conversations could make possible. In no better way can this be illustrated than by the reproduction of my notes taken when fresh in mind and by the transcription of his own comments from his still-preserved handwriting:

"How have you been doing, General?"

"I am having a pretty tough time, Doctor, although I do not suffer so much actual pain."

"What is the special difficulty?"

"My trouble is in getting my breath."

"How do you sleep?"

"Pretty well, although rarely more than an hour at a time."

In order to give him some encouragement, I remarked that he looked stronger, notwithstanding his suffering.

To this he made answer: "I am growing lighter every day, although I have increased the amount of food. I have gained a little in strength since I came here."

"The air is doing you good, then?"

"I cannot at this moment get a breath through my nostrils."

"By and by I hope you will improve in that respect. What you need is restful sleep in this quiet place."

From a photograph by Gilman

EXTERIOR OF THE DREXEL COTTAGE, MOUNT McGREGOR, NEW YORK

"For a few nights past, indeed ever since we have been here, the Doctor [Douglas] has given me five minims [meaning a small dose of a solution of morphine] on retiring, and as much more an hour or two later. Last night, however, he reduced the second dose to three, and I slept well."

Then, to turn the subject somewhat, I asked him how he was progressing with his book.

"I have dictated only twenty pages since we have been here, and written out with my own hand about as much more. I have no connected account now to write. Occasionally I see something that suggests a few remarks."

Thus learning that he had been tempted to use his voice beyond its strength, I protested accordingly, assuring him that absolute rest gave him a chance in the future.

To this he significantly and pathetically replied: "I do not suppose I will ever have my voice back again at all strong." Alas! this sad prediction was more than verified as he progressed toward the end.

The following day, June 24, although he had passed a weary and restless night in his chair, he appeared for a time at least more cheerful, and was even inclined to be playfully humorous during the examination and treatment of his throat. Finding some difficulty with the insufficient light in his room, and desiring a larger spatula for depressing his tongue, I asked if such an instrument was at hand. He then took his pad, after vainly attempting to speak, and with a faint smile wrote the following:

"I said if you want anything larger in the way of a spatula,—is that what you call it?—I saw a man behind the house here a few days ago filling a ditch with a hoe, and I think it can be borrowed."

The long, sleepless nights were his special dread. There remained only one way to secure rest, and that was by morphine. He fully appreciated the danger of becoming addicted to the use of the drug, and fought manfully against any apparent necessity for increasing the dose. At one time, on assuring him that there was no special danger in that direction, he wrote: "I have such a horror of becoming addicted to it that I suppose that serves as a protection." He was certainly consistent in his determination, and never suggested the use of the drug on his own behalf. In fact, he very willingly at times submitted to a decreased dose when he felt more than ordinarily comfortable on retiring. He could usually anticipate a bad night, and seldom failed to prove that he had been right in so doing.

At one time he wrote: "I feel that I shall have a restless, sleepless night. I suffer no great amount of pain, but I do not feel satisfied in any one position. I do not think I have closed my eyes in sleep since about eight." It was then

From a photograph by Gilman

THE SICK-ROOM IN THE DREXEL COTTAGE, MOUNT McGREGOR

The two large chairs were General Grant's bed. The cabinet in the corner contained linen, medicine, and other articles used by the General.

midnight. Still, he was at that time willing to brave the discomfort rather than take an anodyne when not compelled to do so by actual pain.

On another occasion, after having a sleepless night without morphine, he became much exhausted, and during my call on him in the morning he thus expressed himself: "I have thirteen fearful hours before me before I can expect relief. I have had nearly two hours with scarcely animation enough to draw my breath."

His mental and physical suffering at such times could scarcely be imagined, and his fortitude in enduring the infliction could hardly be over-estimated. The difficulty was due partly to general weakness, but mostly to the mechanical impediment of the persistent accumulation of mucus secretion in his obstructed throat, and his inability to relieve himself by unaided efforts.

During the mornings, he preferred to rest in his room and recover from his sleepless nights. Often, to make up for lost hours during the night, he would remain dozing by spells in his chair until near lunch-time. The afternoon, however, would be spent in his wicker chair on the porch. His chief occupation at such times was the perusal of the papers that had arrived by the afternoon express, and so absorbed did he become in this occupation that he would scarcely raise his eyes for an hour at a time.

On one occasion when a larger crowd than usual had assembled, he appeared quite responsive to their sympathy, and taking his ever-ready pad he wrote: "The people are very considerate. But to pass my time pleasantly, I should like to be able to talk to them."

While handing the slip to me, his attention was directed to a little three-year-old girl who was standing in front of the crowd, and quite near the porch. The child smiled and waved her hand toward the General, whereupon he beckoned her to come to him. When lifted on the platform of the porch, she appeared to be be-

wildered, but soon recovered her smile when the General very tenderly shook her hand and lovingly smoothed her curly head.

In marked contrast to many evidences of a kind interest toward him, was the forced visit of an entire stranger, who insisted upon making a public exhibition of his rudeness. The intruder appeared to dodge from the file of people near the porch, and hastily running up the steps, seized the General's hand as it was resting on the arm of his chair, and shaking it violently, prepared to enter into conversation, as if he were an old friend. The General was more than surprised at this uninvited familiarity, and gazing at him with marked sternness, wrote: "My physicians positively forbid me to converse." Such a rebuke, however, had no effect upon the stranger, who smilingly said that he would do all the talking himself, and the General could merely be the listener. Thereupon the General quietly withdrew within-doors, leaving his discomfited visitor to bear the brunt of a well-deserved snub. It was an extreme case, treated in a direct and severe manner. The intrusion was certainly keenly felt by the victim, else such a measure would not have been adopted; for the General was always careful to treat kindly, courteously, and considerately all with whom he came in contact.

When his personal friends visited him, he always received them with marked cordiality, and then more than ever regretted the loss of his voice. When deputations arrived to pay him respect and to express their condolence, he willingly received them, though under other circumstances his physical disability would have been an argument against any over-exertion. This was the case when a party of Mexicans called to assure him of their kind wishes and their hope of his ultimate recovery. Although much in need of rest at the time, he insisted upon receiving them, and wrote an elaborate response to their address.

Some of his callers were odd-looking personages. One of these wore very long hair, and in other respects was somewhat eccentric in his appearance. In response to a question, the General wrote:

"Mr. N. is a Texan, but before he went to Texas, in 1844, he was a great admirer of Mr. Clay. In the contest of '44 between Clay and Polk, he took a vow

From a photograph by Gilman

THE ROOM IN WHICH GENERAL GRANT DIED

This room was the "parlor" of the Drexel cottage, Mount McGregor. The bed in the corner was placed there only a short time before General Grant's death, as he had been sleeping in a sitting posture in the chairs shown on the previous page.

THE FUNERAL PROCESSION UP FIFTH AVENUE

The catafalque bearing the body of General Grant is shown nearing Thirty-fourth Street, in front of the Astor residences

never to cut his hair until Mr. Clay was elected President. He made up his mind long ago never to cut his hair again."

In one of my conversations, while sitting beside him on the porch, I suggested that music might afford him some diversion; but, to my surprise, he shook his head, and wrote:

"I do not know one tune from another. One time in traveling, when there were brass bands everywhere, and all playing the same tune, 'Hail to the Chief,' I remarked at last, with greatest innocence, that I thought I had heard that tune before."

This frank admission did not imply a personal dislike of music, but rather a lack of appreciation of its beauties; for on a previous occasion I recollect his saying that the playing of spirited and patriotic airs had a very marked effect upon men both before and after a battle.

Apparently, also, he had no special liking for flowers, as he never cared to have them in his room, especially objecting to *their odor.*

Notwithstanding his show of almost cheerfulness at times, he seemingly never lost sight of the final outcome of his disease. It was merely a question of time. In spite of every encouragement to the contrary, the idea was too firmly fixed to be shaken. After one of the many references to the subject, he significantly wrote his own sad comment:

"It is postponing the final event. A great number of my acquaintances, who were well when the papers commenced announcing that I was dying, are now in their graves. They were neither old nor infirm people either. I am ready now to go at any time. I know there is nothing but suffering for me while I do live."

"But," remarked I, "the newspapers should not be the highest authorities for such a prognostication." To this he wrote:

"The —— has been killing me off for a year and a half. If it does not change, it will get right in time. The bulletins do not pretend to discuss the point. The —— does it; it is the work of the correspondent with The ——."

This paper, however, was not the only one to blame in this regard, as on the slightest provocation all of the dailies vied with one another in predicting his condition as most alarming; while not a few would repeatedly announce that he was dying when there was no possible occasion for such reports. He referred to the particular paper in question as it was the one he always read, and was published at the time by one of his personal friends.

As my visits to Mount McGregor were limited to such occasions when consultations with Dr. Douglas appeared necessary, I made the most of such opportunities by being with the patient as much as possible and by giving him all the comfort in my power. There was every evidence that he appreciated such a motive, and would look forward to my coming with evident pleasure. Just before I took the train on July 18, he seemed quite anxious to know when I would come again, expressing the desire that I should certainly be with him "at the last," as he expressed it. I assured him as unconcernedly as I could that I would surely be within call, little thinking at the time that the final summons would come so soon afterward.

On shaking his hand as he sat in his usual position in his room, he pleasantly asked me in writing if he could do anything for me. I at once bethought myself to obtain his autograph. On his attempting to write with a pencil on his pad, I suggested that it be done with pen and ink, and brought an inkstand, pen, and blank visiting-card to his chair. He then wrote his name and handed me the card. This was probably his last signature [see page 429], as thereafter he evidently became too ill to make any attempt in that direction.

The day after I left Mount McGregor was a cooler and more refreshing one for the patient than many of the preceding ones, and he was consequently in relatively better condition. He took his favorite position on the porch, and read the morning papers as usual. In the latter part of the afternoon he expressed a desire to be wheeled in his Bath-chair to the eastern lookout, which commanded a sweeping view of the valley from Saratoga Lake far northward between the Adirondacks and the Green Mountains. He was drawn thither by Harrison, his faithful colored valet, and was accompanied by Dr. Douglas, his son "Fred," and the "old guard" Willetts. The trip was an enjoyable one at first, but the patient had evidently miscalculated his strength.

It must be recalled that although stimulated in spirit by the fresh air and the inspiring surroundings, he was in reality in a very weak condition. The nourishment, such as it was, had been insufficient to minister to his wants. From being a

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THE TEMPORARY TOMB ON RIVERSIDE DRIVE IN WHICH THE BODY OF GENERAL GRANT WAS PLACED UNTIL IT WAS TRANSFERRED TO THE MAUSOLEUM

From a photograph by Pach Bros.

SCENE AT THE DEDICATION OF THE GRANT MAUSOLEUM, APRIL 27, 1897

man who before his illness weighed nearly 200 pounds, he was eventually reduced to almost half that weight. Still, on this occasion the General enjoyed the scene to his heart's content. It was his favorite site for observation. There was a sweep to the scene that gave due appreciation of his love for the broad view in this as well as in other matters. It was noticed that on the return trip his general feebleness became strikingly manifest. He was anxious to get home as soon as possible. From being animated, he became suddenly limp and listless. The return was a short cut by another path, involving the necessity of the General's alighting and mounting four or five steps, up which the chair was lifted after him. When he arrived at the cottage, he took to his sleeping-chair for the night, and had his usual restless endeavor to compose himself. At 10 P. M. he fell into a sleep of exhaustion, and fortunately remained at rest for fully eight hours. Although this rest would have been amply recuperative for a person in health who might have been ever so much fatigued, it failed to produce such effect upon the General. On awakening in the morning, he appeared weaker than ever, and exhausted nature lapsed into listless dozing for most of the day.

The weather also was very uncomfortable. During the day the atmosphere was sultry, inert, and depressing, the thermometer ranging as high as 85° F. Although the condition of the patient was the occasion of grave anxiety to the family, the General himself was apparently unaware of it. He at one time insisted on tremblingly walking from one room to the other during the readjustment of the pillows on his chair, and even minutely directed that all his manuscripts and literary effects should be duly cared for and safely packed, as all his work was finished in such directions. Alas! all work was soon to be done forever! If he realized

this, at least no one must know it. He was the silent man even under the gaze of death.

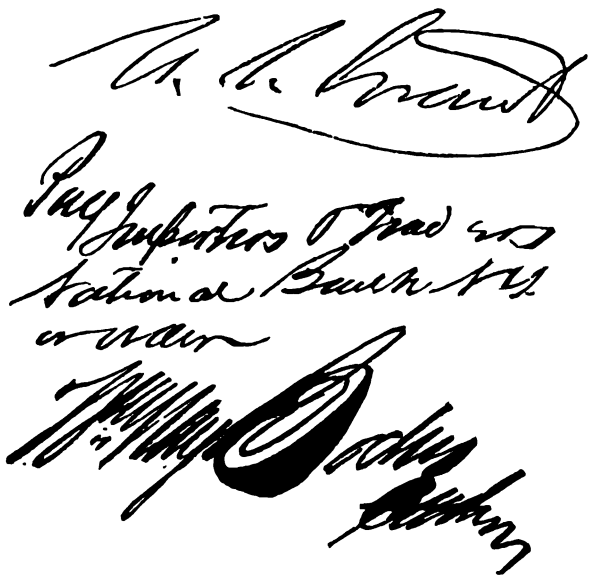
AUTOGRAPH WRITTEN FOR DR. SHRADY
(SEE PAGE 427)

As dusk gave way to darkness, a sinking spell appeared as the result of increasing weakness. A temporary unconsciousness showed itself, and then a troubled, fretful sleep. During one of his wakeful spells, Mrs. Grant asked the Rev. Dr. Newman to offer a prayer. The General looked appreciatively at the preacher, and apparently in his mute way understood the solemn significance of the ceremony. It was the last prayer to fall on the ears of the one for whom the earnest supplication was being made. The clergyman knelt beside the sick chair, and the family stood around it with bowed heads. When it was over, the General looked with a kindly smile to his friend and feebly and feelingly returned the gentle hand-grasp.

The remainder of the night was one of grave anxiety. Dr. Douglas, always hopeful before, was at last convinced that the inevitable end was near. Accordingly, telegrams were hastily sent for the consultants to come at once to Mount McGregor by the first morning train.

It was thus, with Professor Sands, I was next to meet our patient. We arrived by special train on the afternoon of July 22 [1885]. At that time the General was still conscious, and was seated in the cushioned chair he had occupied continuously, night and day, for months. However, at his own request he was soon removed to his bed, and the following morning he quietly passed away. The peace that he had so often wished for others came to him at last in the truer and more enduring sense.

It was the calm death he had hoped for, a gentle and gradual falling to sleep. The weary, anxious night had passed, the rays of the morning sun stole quietly into the death-chamber; but at last there was another morning for him, another light, glorious, infinite, immortal.



INDORSEMENT ON THE BACK OF A CHECK DRAWN BY THE CENTURY CO. TO THE ORDER OF GENERAL GRANT

The check was dated July 13, 1885, ten days before General Grant's death. General Frederick D. Grant remembers that this was the last signature his father wrote with ink. Obviously it is not so firm as the autograph (above) written for Dr. Shrady.

ENGLISH AS A WORLD-LANGUAGE

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS

FIVE hundred years ago, a thousand years ago, fifteen hundred years ago, every man of education could talk freely and easily with every other man of education in Latin. It was perhaps his native speech, or he might have had to learn it; but he was not held to be an educated man until he had acquired it. Even after Latin had ceased to be a mother-tongue, and when it was spoken only by those who had achieved it by hard labor, it was still the language used in diplomacy, in the church, by men of letters, and by philosophers and scientific investigators. Out of the fragments of the Roman Empire new nations had compacted themselves slowly, each with its own tongue: they asserted their independence; they warred with one another; and yet the Latin language, no longer native to any one of them, was the sole means by which they communicated with one another. Latin long sufficed even for their men of letters; as Lowell reminds us, "Till Dante's time the Italian poets thought no language good enough to put their nothings into but Latin,—and indeed a dead tongue was the best for dead thoughts,—but Dante found the common speech of Florence, in which men bargained and scolded and made love, good enough for him, and out of the world around him made a poem such as no Roman ever sang." A little later, Chaucer chose the common speech of London for the telling of his tales. And yet after Dante had descended into Hell, and after the Canterbury pilgrims had gone forth, Bacon put his great book into Latin, and Milton wrote not a few poems in that dead tongue. For a century after "Paradise Lost," Latin was still held to be the only fit and proper vehicle for the systems of the philosophers and for the discoveries of the scientists. The language of Cicero lingered as the most convenient means of communication for the educated men of all countries; and yet at last the forces of nationality and race were too strong for it; and now for more than two centuries men of letters have expressed themselves in their mother-tongue, and men of science have used each his native language to set forth his contributions to the sum of human knowledge. For more than fifteen centuries Latin had been truly a world-language, only in the end to surrender its supremacy, through no fault of its own, but by sheer force of circumstance.

Then for a century there seemed to be a likelihood that the place of Latin might be taken by French. Chappuzeau, a strolling hack-writer of Paris, recorded in 1674 that in his travels in all parts of Christendom it had been easy for him to remark "that a prince then, with the sole French language, which has spread everywhere, has the same advantages as had Mithridates with twenty-two different tongues." Voltaire, in the dedicatory letter prefixed to his "Age of Louis XIV," asserted that "the French language had become almost the universal tongue"; and for this he gave credit to the Grand Monarch. Even in Germany the great Frederick preferred the more polished speech of his French enemies to his own ruder mother-tongue; and he even wrote his needless verses in French. Gibbon, whose earliest book had been composed in French, hesitated whether to choose that foreign idiom or his own native speech as the language in which to write his history of Rome, the first volume of which appeared in the very year when those who had English for a mother-tongue were separated into two nations. As late as 1783 the Academy of Berlin proposed as

a subject for a prize essay, "The Universality of the French Language"; and the reward was won by the brilliant Rivarol, who discussed first the reasons why his own language was generally accepted, and then inquired whether the language merited this, and whether it would preserve its dominant position.

There is no doubt that the French language is well adapted for general use. It has exceeding clarity and precision and point; it has inherited many of the best qualities of the Latin it bade fair to supersede. But it has failed to retain its apparent universality. Within a century after Voltaire and Frederick, after Gibbon and Rivarol, French had lost a large part of its preëminence. This was through no failing of the language itself, since its merits remained what they had been. The spread of a language and its general acceptance depend very little upon its own qualities, and very largely upon the qualities of the race that has it for a mother-tongue, and upon the commanding position this race holds in the struggle for economic mastery.

Before the first quarter of the nineteenth century was past, it began to be seen that the French nation did not bulk as big in the eyes of the other peoples as it had done a hundred years earlier; and by the end of the last quarter it was obvious that the French had ceased to expand, and that the German Empire was more powerful,—the Russian Empire also,—while the greatest development had taken place in the two branches of the English-speaking race, the British Empire and the United States. The facility and the felicity of the French language, the range and the weight of French literature, might for a little postpone the inevitable; but the universality of the French language had ceased to be a fact. Even while Voltaire and Frederick, Gibbon and Rivarol, were still alive, the French had let India and Canada slip from their hands; and thereafter their language could no longer make good its claim to universal acceptance. For a brief space only—for perhaps a century—French had seemed about to take the place of Latin as a world-language. This hope has now long since departed. French may still be the second language of most educated men in the United States and in Great Britain, and for a little longer it may retain this position, because the rich treasury of French literature amply rewards every one for the labor needed to acquire the key that unlocks it. Yet even in the English-speaking world French is being hard-pushed by German, which is more valuable commercially, and in Italy there are beginning to be signs that French is barely holding its own against English.

Beyond all question this failure of French to establish itself as a world-language in succession to Latin is a misfortune. It is a misfortune not only to the French themselves, but also to the Germans, and to us who speak English. The advantages of a world-language are indisputable. Without it every man must be content to express himself in his own tongue; and every man who needs to know what has been said upon the subject in which he is specially interested must of necessity master half a dozen other languages. And this is the disadvantage of the individual only; even more far-reaching and significant are the disadvantages of the several communities each of which has only the speech of its own stock. In the absence of a common tongue they may fail to understand one another; and misunderstandings may lead to bickerings, and bickerings may bring them to open strife. When we see how much easier it is for the British and the Americans to understand each other than it is for the French and the Germans, we perceive at once how much the existence of a world-language would make for peace. So long as French held its vogue, even if that vogue was not complete, it served as a national speech for the French themselves, and it was also the second language of all educated men, in which they could communicate without constraint, although each of them reserved his own mother-tongue for all the ordinary uses of life and for self-expression in literature.

There is no longer any probability that any one of the leading languages will drive out any of the others. Is there any possibility that any one of them can succeed to the position of French as the second language of all educated men? Or is there any possibility of the world-wide acceptance of some artificial language

which will arouse no international jealousy and which all races will acquire as the best medium for communication with one another?

Of these artificial languages there is no lack; Volapük had a fleeting vogue a few years ago, and Esperanto to-day has many advocates. These hand-made idioms appeal strongly to many who feel the need of a world-language, and who fear the impossibility of the general adoption of any one of the national tongues. Many there are who find themselves forced to consider the practicability of one or another of the artificial languages. So urgent is the question in their minds that they have established a "Delegation for the Choice of an International Language." Adhesions to this delegation have been received from two or three hundred organizations of one kind or another—academies, chambers of commerce, scientific societies, and the like. The delegation has been hailed as "a perfectly practical solution of something about which many have dreamed to no purpose."

A student of history may be permitted to doubt whether the recommendation of any delegation will really bring us nearer to a practical solution. Hitherto large bodies of men have never been willing to take the trouble to acquire a language merely for its own sake. A language without a literature is sadly handicapped, and no artificial language is ever likely to have a literature of its own. Poetry especially must be sustained by emotion; and genuine emotion expresses itself inevitably in the mother-tongue. The Latin poems of Petrarch and Milton are pitifully inferior in all that takes poetry home to the hearts of men. Even a great poet is not likely to write great poetry in any language in which he has not "bargained and scolded and made love"; and the greatest poetry is likely to be very close to the common speech, and to choose for its use the words of the hearth and of the market-place. Will anybody ever use any invented dialect by the fireside and when he goes courting? Will children baby-talk in any book-made vocabulary? Will any mother croon a lullaby over her cradled child in Esperanto or in any of its rivals? Will schoolmasters throughout the world combine to instruct youth in a language without a past and with only a doubtful future? And can any language made to order in the study ever possess the vigor and the variety of a language which has been evolved slowly through the ages in response to the needs of men —a tool shaping itself slowly to the hand that wields it?

It needs to be said also that even if any artificial language had all the merits claimed for it by its inventors, we should be justified in doubting whether it had any real prospect of expansion and adoption. For not by its own merits does a language prosper and extend its domain, but by the merits of the stock that speaks it. The swords of the Roman legions and the prowess of the Roman proconsuls carried Latin from the Pillars of Hercules to the cataracts of the Nile, and not the noble dignity of the Ciceronian syntax. The swift courage of great generals and the wily intrigues of adroit diplomatists pushed French into the foremost place, and not the ease and clarity of Molière's sentences. The fate of French, like the fate of Latin, was wholly independent of the specific qualities of that speech.

"A language cannot be made either to improve or degenerate of itself," said Professor Lounsbury at the Congress of Arts and Sciences held at St. Louis to commemorate the centenary of the yielding up by the French of that Mississippi valley they had once taken for their own. A language is "nothing but the reflex of the spirit and aims of the men who employ it, and it will rise or fall in accordance with their intellectual and moral condition. Its continued existence, therefore, depends solely upon the fact whether the men to whom it is an inheritance are cultivated enough to enrich its literature, virtuous enough to elevate and maintain its character, and strong enough to uphold and extend its sway." And Professor Lounsbury adds a further suggestion of high significance: "It is a question whether under modern conditions any language can be sure of continued existence which does not have behind it the support of a great nationality." If this may be said about a living speech, born on the lips of men, a mother-tongue first lisped at a mother's knee,

what chance is there for an artificial language, put together in a library, bare of all literature, and borne up by no nationality whatever?

In Du Bellay's "Defence and Illustration of the French Language," the poet declared loftily that "the same natural law which commands each of us to defend the place of his birth, obliges us also to guard the dignity of our tongue." But who will ever care to guard the dignity of any of these machine-made languages? Who will ever feel the words of these manufactured vocabularies rising to his lips involuntarily in the hour of need? When the laws of a powerful nation begin to be written in one of these contrived dialects, when its dictionary and its grammar serve satisfactorily for the customary ritual of marriages and of funerals, when countless children cry aloud in the night and use its words to call their mothers, when the thousands of sailors of a mighty fleet and the hundreds of thousands of soldiers in a mighty army speak it in the heat of battle, then and then only may the advocates of that artificial language begin to take hope. Then and then only may they feel justified in looking forward with confidence. And until then the rest of us can go about our daily duties disregarding their assertions and their appeals. To say this is not to deny that one or another of these artificial tongues might not serve certain of the humbler purposes of commerce, and that some men may use it for bargaining, even if they do not feel it fit for lovemaking.

But the need for a world-language is as obvious as ever, even if the futility of any artificial tongue is equally evident. And if the coming world-language cannot be made artificially, it must be one of the existing tongues already spoken by millions of people. A world-language may be only a dream; but it may be a reality of the future. And if the coming generations are to be possessed of this inestimable boon, which of the living tongues will achieve this general acceptance? It is easy to put the question; and it is impossible to give the answer. Yet it is not difficult to point out certain probabilities. We may dismiss French at the start; it has had its chance, and lost it. We may regret the fact, but we cannot deny it. The French have been beaten in the race for expansion by those who speak German, and by us who speak English. There soon will be twice as many men and women having German for a mother-tongue as now have French for their native speech. There are already almost three times as many who have English for a mother-tongue as now have French for their native speech.

The possibilities of growth and expansion still lie boundless before the English tongue. It has already the support not of one great nationality only, but of two. It is spoken by more people than speak its two chief rivals; and its rate of increase is more rapid than either of theirs. The two nations who claim English as their birthright are at least as abundant in energy, in enterprise, and in determination as the members of any other race. It possesses a splendid literature, holding its own in comparison with Greek and with French, lacking certain of their characteristics, no doubt, but making up for these by qualities of its own with which they are less richly endowed. This literature reveals no hint of decay or decadence. In the nineteenth century the British branch of it can withstand comparison with the French literature of the same period, while the American branch can hardly be held inferior to the German literature contemporary with it. Already is English appealing to certain authors of the smaller races,—for example, Maarten Maartens, the Dutchman; and Joseph Conrad, the Pole,—who have chosen it as the vehicle of their literature in preference to their own native idioms of narrower appeal, just as Antony Hamilton and Grimm and Galiani formerly preferred French. It seems to be about to enter on the favored fortune predicted for it early in the nineteenth century by Jacob Grimm, who declared that English has "a just claim to be called a language of the world; and it appears to be destined, like the English race, to a higher and broader sway in all quarters of the earth."

Jacob Grimm was a large-hearted and open-minded man. He stands in marked contrast to another German who is now domiciled in New England, and who seems to fear that the acceptance of a world-language would crowd out the na-

tional tongues and force an abandonment of the native speech, such as the Russians have attempted in Poland and in Finland. He has been moved to assert that "the acceptance of any language, were it English or French or Spanish, German or Dutch, Russian or Japanese, would immediately not only crush the pride of the other nations, but would give to the favored people such an enormous advantage in the control of the political world, and such immeasurable preference in the world's markets, that no healthy nation would consent to it before its downfall." This might be an important statement if, by the acceptance of one tongue as a world-language, we mean only the enforced or recognized adoption of that speech. But no one has been so foolish as to suggest anything of the sort.

A century ago French was almost accepted as a world-language because it had become the second language of every educated man, and because a book in French was accessible to all men of education everywhere. To predict the possible acceptance of English as a world-language means no more than this: that English may in time become the second language of all educated men everywhere, whether their native speech is French or German, Spanish or Italian, Russian or Japanese.

If this shall come to pass, it will need no national edict; it will not have to be registered by any national decree; and it can be delayed by no national pride, for it will have been brought about by sheer force of circumstances, by the march of events, against which emperors are powerless even to protest. Whether any one of the living tongues is ever to win acceptance as the second language of educated men, as the highly desirable world-language of international communication, can be decided only by time, and no man may lift the veil of the future. But if any one of the living tongues is to achieve this distinction and to serve this useful purpose, that tongue is most likely to be English. We who speak English may be eager to help in bringing this about and to hasten it; but we can do little or nothing. Those who speak rival tongues may be determined to prevent the spread of our speech; but they will have little ability even to delay it. If it should come to pass, this will be only because the acceptance of English is inevitable.

If English should take this commanding position, it would not be because of the merits of the language itself; and yet the language happens to be well fitted for the duties which seem to lie before it. Indeed, English is quite as well qualified to serve as a world-language as Latin or French. Of course it lacks certain of the special advantages of each of these two vigorous tongues; but it has also special advantages of its own. Perhaps the most obvious of these advantages is the surpassing wealth of its double vocabulary. To quote again from Jacob Grimm, the perfected development of English "issued from a marvelous union of the two noblest tongues of Europe, the Germanic and the Romanic." And Grimm also asserted that "in richness, in compact adjustment of parts, and in pure intelligence, none of the living languages can be compared with it,—not even our own German, which must cast off many imperfections before it can boldly enter on its career."

It must be noted also that the varied vocabulary of English, partly Teutonic and partly Romance, is likely to be nourished and refreshed in the future, in consequence of the scattering of the English-speaking race on all the shores of all the seven seas, whereby new and expressive words, as well as terse vernacular phrases, are constantly called into existence to meet unexpected needs, the best of these being sooner or later lifted into the statelier speech of literature. It is not a danger to the future of the English language, but a positive gain that there are in existence hosts of Americanisms and Briticisms, even of Canadianisms and Australianisms, serving temporary and local uses in current speech, but all of them ready for a larger utility whenever the loftier English of the library has need for just these sturdy terms. The outposts of Anglo-Saxon peoples are proving-grounds for the seedlings of English speech. And English has thus an advantage denied, so far at least, to any other language.

Yet another advantage English has over all its rivals modern and ancient. It has shed the primitive complexities of syntax, which still cumber most of the

other living languages, and more especially German. English is almost a grammarless tongue. The genders of English nouns are the natural genders of the things they name, whereas in French, for example, the sun is masculine and the moon feminine, while in German the sun is feminine and the moon masculine. In German a maiden is absurdly neuter. Moreover, nouns in English are not declined, and adjectives do not have to shift their terminations to accord with case and gender. And in English, once more, verbs are conjugated in the simplest fashion by means of uniform auxiliaries. Although scholars of an older generation, like Professor Goldwin Smith, may lament this "lack of the power of declension and conjugation," linguistic students of the younger school —Professor Jespersen of Copenhagen for one—see a long step forward in this simplification of the machinery of communication. They declare that English is thus revealed as the most advanced of all languages. Probably it was this characteristic of our speech that Grimm had in mind when he declared English to be unrivaled "in compact adjustment of parts and in pure intelligence." Just as the steam-engine of to-day has been simplified by the omission of useless parts, and just as all other machines have been reduced to their necessary elements, so the English language, the verbal machine of a practical race, has got rid of the manifold grammatical intricacies it found it could do without.

In one respect, and in one respect only, is English inferior to the other modern languages. Its spelling is still barbarously complex. Its orthography is illogical and chaotic. It is the easiest of languages to learn by word of mouth; and it is the hardest of languages to acquire from the printed page. The spelling of Italian and the spelling of Spanish present no difficulties to the child or to the foreigner. The spelling of French and the spelling of German cannot be so highly commended; but their condition is far better than the condition of English; and both in France and in Germany action has already been taken to improve the national orthography, to reduce it to rule, to increase the analogies and to omit the useless letters which merely distend certain words. The two peoples who speak English like to regard themselves as eminently practical; and now that the example has been set by their two chief commercial rivals, perhaps they may be aroused from their inertia. There are welcome signs of late that the question is beginning to awaken public interest. It is satisfactory to know that almost all of those whose special studies have qualified them for judgment are united in believing that there is need for prompt action if our noble tongue is to be kept fit for service in the splendid future which seems now to lie open before it.

But the simplifying of English spelling in the future, like the simplifying of English syntax in the past, will not suffice to bring about the acceptance of our speech as the second language of every educated man. That can be accomplished only by forces other than those affecting the language itself. In fact, it will come, if ever it is to come, simply because it had to be in the inevitable march of events.

A PROPHET IN HIS COUNTRY

BY EDNA KENTON

Author of "Clem"

IT was even as the neighbors and their neighbors and the ever-widening circle of Doverton inhabitants surmised: Katie Cameron had found the old Cameron home "unendurable," and had sent on to New York for her own furniture. She herself confirmed it, one week after she had taken up her quarters at the Grand Hotel, and she added that she hoped the storage people would quickly send it out, as she found the hotel "unendurable." It was hardly wise of Katie Cameron, and it was ignorant erring, for she had honestly intended to combine the cunning of the serpent with the tact of Mephisto and the general sweetness of the cooing dove, hoping thereby to escape further addition to the stigma which she was well aware had attached to her in Doverton ever since her first book was published, and which had increased in weight and shadow from the time of her eastward flight. For she should have remembered that the Grand Hotel was the accepted scene for the revels of the Thackeray Dancing Club and the Monday Night Dancing Club, and was in other ways a source of innocent pride to the town's residents.

But, for a full week after her return to her native town, Katie Cameron was singularly obtuse. Obtuse, that is, for a young woman who had spent the first eighteen years of her life there, and who had been away from its somewhat restrictive environment for only ten years. For instance, it was a full week before she discovered that she had offended mortally some dozen old family friends by not having gone direct to their homes, after her one uncomfortable night passed under the "unendurable" Cameron roof.

"But, Mrs. Unseld," she cried in dismayed defense against the tall, severe woman who, with her daughter Elsie, had called, and was sitting opposite her, surveying the extravagance of a sitting-room with cold eyes. "It really is n't much, out here. It never *occurred* to me to bother any one. I really don't indulge in second-floor suites in New York and Washington; but the bedrooms here are so stuffy, and I came away from town and out here primarily for air, you know."

"I never thought your mother's daughter would ever feel it necessary to go to a hotel as long as I am here," Mrs. Unseld remarked for the fourth time. "And as for Elsie, I 'm sure she won't get over it very soon."

"No, indeed," Elsie murmured, and Katie Cameron reflected that cattiness was still Elsie's predominating trait. "And I 'm very sure that all the traveling gentlemen say the Grand Hotel is *fine,* Katie." At Miss Cameron's involuntary uplift of brow, Elsie glanced deprecatingly at her mother. "I forgot," she murmured hurriedly. "I told mama before you came in that we must remember to call you Catherine now—you sign all your books that way. It seems *very* queer that you write, especially when I remember how you used to fail so many times in our English work at college."

"I remember," said Catherine Cameron, lightly. "I always gave up when Miss Meakes gave us our choice between themes on 'Life's Sacrifice' and 'Grant's Generalship.' How is the old college getting along, Elsie?"

"Very nicely," Elsie's mother answered for her. "Almost all the old professors are still here, which will make it seem very homelike for you, Katie. Elsie

will come by for you some morning, and you must go with her to chapel. She goes very often; she is secretary of the Dover Alumni Association now, you know. Yes, I remember very well when Elsie used to get 9.8 in her English theme work, and you would get only 6.5 or 7.2. It does seem, if *grades* count for anything, that Elsie should have been the writer. But Elsie never cared for *fame*. And I should never consent to her having her pictures in the papers and the magazines."

"I should think it would seem *very* queer—to see yourself in the magazines—your pictures, I mean. I don't think I could *ever* get used to it," Elsie murmured. "Yes, I 'll be glad to come by for you Thursday morning, Katie, and take you to chapel exercises. They give half an hour to the services Thursdays, you remember, and I 'm sure Miss Meakes and Dr. Thorne, and Professor Arnold, and all the rest, will be *very* glad to see you."

"I hope so," laughed Miss Cameron. "I remember they were glad enough to see me go."

Mrs. Unseld straightened her flat figure involuntarily. "Well, Katie,—I hope you don't *mind* being called Katie, because I can never call you anything else, and it does seem queer that Kate is n't good enough for a writer's name,—I must say, since you mention it, that Dover College will *never* get over your taking a degree from Smith, with just two years' work there, when with just one year more you could have taken your Dover degree, *if* you would. And never to *mention* Dover, as long as the papers were really writing about you, and to give all the credit to Smith, when most of your English training you must have got at Dover—of course they *felt* it. Elsie did her best for you, trying to explain; but even Elsie's friendship could hardly explain *everything*—especially when Elsie herself is the *soul* of loyalty."

Catherine Cameron laughed. "Of course degrees are n't everything in life," she said carelessly; "but it 's an undebatable statement that a Smith degree means more than a Dover parchment, and none of it matters now, any way. I 'll go with you Thursday, Elsie, and you 'd better come by here for me. I 'm quite sure my furniture won't have come by then."

"Then you *have* sent for your furniture?" Mrs. Unseld asked with heavy emphasis, and received fateful confirmation of the rumor which had been flying. "And that means that you will make your home for the future in Doverton? No? Only six or eight months! Well, doubtless you know your own affairs, Katie, but one would think that you might put up with your aunt's furniture that long. Why, a great deal of Doverton furniture is horse-hair; and if you don't like it, it can be covered. Mrs. McDavid tacked on some red rep herself—her lounge looks very cheerful. Oh, I dare say you 've grown notionate; but if you need any help that I can give, Katie, I shall take it very hard if you don't let me know. Of course it 's been a good many years since your mother died, but I want to do anything I can for her daughter."

"That is so good of you," said Catherine, with quick appreciation. "And I promise you I shall."

As they were making their final adieus, Mrs. Unseld turned back with a touch of embarrassment. "I suppose you 'll—write, Katie," she said jerkily, "while you 're here?"

"Oh, yes," Catherine replied carelessly. "I 've been a city-dweller so long that I need another atmosphere. I can see clearer both ways then."

As the two callers went down the violently crimson hall, Elsie commented complacently to her mother.

"It sounds *dreadfully* affected in Katie Cameron to be talking about *atmosphere*. They say all artists and literary people talk that way now. I suppose she thinks she is one. You did n't say a word about her last book, mother!"

Mrs. Unseld replied vigorously: "I know I did n't, but I shall. I want to be alone with her when I tell her what I think about it. I think it is a *shame* for Kate Cameron's daughter to write such a thing—a young girl, and *unmarried!* She can't have any idea of what she writes about. But, then, her mother died when she was sixteen, and she would n't stay with her aunt after she was of age; so the poor child is to be pitied."

"I saw her type-writer on a table, right out for everybody to see. It seemed so—

ostentatious," Elsie said. "I wonder if she really *does* write everything on it, or just copies. Blanche McDavid said she heard she uses a type-writer as fast as a real type-writer-girl. It seems awfully —queer."

"Anybody would think, her being a writer, that she 'd use pen and ink," agreed her mother. "It certainly sounds more ladylike. But Katie looks at a great many things very differently now; one can see that plainly."

"Do you remember that expression she used," asked Elsie, delicately, speaking with a tongue all but gloved—" 'as green as absinthe'? Of course she may have just picked it up from Marie Corelli's 'Wormwood,' but it *sounded* as if she *knew!* Why, I should be frightened to death to taste it, even, after that book. It reads as if one could get the habit *instantly.*"

Meantime "Katie" Cameron, in her sitting-room, wrestled with mixed emotions; and of these, bewilderment was uppermost. Was this Doverton, where one's most casual remarks were picked bare for hidden meanings, and where people were sensitive-plants, becoming really "hurt" over trivial ignorings! Where one felt almost apologetic over deeds out of the Doverton ordinary, and found one's self explaining involuntarily the sources of one's actions! But it was good of Mrs. Unseld, with all her peculiarities, to remember her mother so loyally. At the word, Catherine remembered Elsie—the soul of loyalty, indeed! A little cat, rather. She could imagine precisely the sort of defense Elsie would put up for her, "Katie" Cameron, at any time! Then she laughed at some memories of the call, and went down Main Street to Foster & Smith's for some burlap. The walls of the old home were impossible, but burlap was easily put on, and stenciling was always fun. It would serve to while away the time until her furniture came.

And so it came about that it was at the old Cameron home where Elsie Unseld found her on Thursday morning. Catherine had left word with the hotel clerk to send Miss Unseld on down College Avenue, and, once absorbed in measurements and cuttings, promptly forgot all about chapel, and was sitting on a sea of burlap when Elsie walked in upon her.

"Whatever *are* you doing, Katie?" The tone was politely curious and disapproving. Catherine explained joyously.

"And so I got *yards,*" she finished exultantly, "ridiculously cheap! Enough to do the hall and these two rooms. I 'm going to turn the back parlor into a dining-room, and make the hall my reception-room, and do over one room upstairs, and live in the four rooms and the kitchen."

"But common burlap!" Elsie italicized beyond her usual degree. "Reeves Brothers do *very* reasonable papering, Katie. I would have told you, if you 'd only asked me, and they have *beautiful* new flower designs. I know you 'd be better pleased. This color 's *horrid!"*

"Why, it 's beautiful!" Catherine cried. "A perfect grayish, greenish brown—the greatest piece of luck I ever happened on. Up and down New York I 've gone for this tone—and find it here in Doverton, going to seed. Must we go? Do sit down and help me plan it out, and put in the morning. There 'll be plenty of other Thursdays."

"Oh, but, Katie," Elsie protested primly, "everybody is expecting you. They 've all heard you 're coming, and I 'm sure it will be very much better, for your own sake, to go."

"Oh, well," sighed Catherine, rolling down her shirtwaist sleeves resignedly—sleeves which Elsie regarded with some dubiousness.

"They 're cut just like a boy's shirt, are n't they?" she remarked.

Catherine nodded. "I paid a frightful price to Le Compte & Rogette for my first one," she confided; "but they are the only people in New York who make these shirtwaists just right. Then I put in two days ripping it up, and getting a pattern from it for my pet sewing-woman, and she 's made me dozens since. This happens to be the old original."

"Do you mind how much—" Elsie hesitated. *"Thirty-five dollars!* Why, *Katie Cameron!* For *that* pattern!"

"Oh, it paid," Catherine rejoined lightly. "For all my others are just right, and Miss Reed can get them up for me for just a few dollars. By the way,

Elsie," she added quickly, a memory of old-time chapels coming back to her, when homing alumni perched again upon the old rostrum roost, "I never make speeches; and if there 's any sort of arrangement—" She stopped at Elsie's delicate flush. "What is it?" she demanded sharply.

"I suppose it 's my duty to tell you," Elsie began primly, "but I 'm very sure Dr. Thorne won't ask you for a speech, considering—well, I 'm sorry to be the first to tell you, but Miss Meakes forbade any of the dorm girls to read your last book, Katie,—I 'm awfully sorry,—and would n't have it in the hall or the library. I don't know what she would have done if it had been published serially in any of the magazines the college takes; but, you see—"

She stopped as Catherine's laugh pealed out,—a laugh restrained for one long week,—and she looked almost anxiously upon the figure rocking on the floor, with an anxiety which turned speedily into offended dignity.

"All Doverton says it is perfectly terrible, Katie," she persisted, with stiffness and appalling frankness. "Mother was intending to speak to you about it—alone—the next time she saw you. People here can't possibly *understand* how you can write about—such things, when you come of such a nice family. I don't care, Katie, you may shriek all you wish, but the woman in that book was *disreputable,* and your very best friends were perfectly shocked, especially as you make her out a really nice woman, after all."

"She is, she is!" Catherine protested weakly. "Oh, Elsie, Elsie, she is! I know her."

"You know her!" Elsie whispered. "A woman who sinned!"

"Yes; why not?" Catherine demanded crisply. Laughter still lurked in her eyes and about her lips, but the paroxysm was over. "Oh, it 's not her story; but she was the direct inspiration, and she 's really a nice woman, I give you my word of honor, Elsie. Oh, this is humiliating! Why, Elsie, that book made me, brought me my greatest honors, my editorial position, has established me definitely. You little innocent, you don't know a thing about it; so what 's the use of talking! But, Elsie, don't you call this a college going back on a student?"

"Well, of course," said Elsie, a little stiffly, "you had been disloyal first."

"I see," said Catherine, and laughed again. "Well, come along. We 'll go down."

She sat again under the familiar gallery, facing the familiar rostrum. The ten years were as if they were not. Dr. Thorne was unchanged. Professor Arnold was, indeed, some seventy pounds heavier; but the familiar coldness of his eye, its stationary gray, and its mackerel-like fixity, wiped out the difference his increased avoirdupois might have made. The number of the hymn startled her,—383,—why she did not know until the hands of the head of the musical conservatory dropped heavily on the piano in the opening chords of "Holy, Holy, Holy," as they had dropped ten thousand times ten years before.

After the services they straggled up to her, with formality and uncertainty apparent in every eye and hand. The formality denoted strictly their attitude toward her, fixed as the North Star; the uncertainty rose solely from an apprehension that such attitude was unknown to her. Atmospherically it amounted to excommunication.

Catherine refused Elsie's invitation for dinner,—Doverton dined at noon,—and left her on the Chestnut Street corner, aware that Elsie was torn between two horns, one a legitimate apprehension against being classed as the intimate friend of the author of "The Path of Dalliance," and the other a swelling pride at being the official escort of Doverton's only writer—"Doverton's product," as the Doverton "Times-Herald" had named her in calling local attention to a serial tale of hers which was just beginning in the current number of the "Millennial Magazine." Instead, she went back to the old Cameron home, where she lunched on crackers and cheese purchased at a corner grocery, and worked all afternoon on her burlapped walls.

"I am really almost a famous woman," she mused frankly over her tacks and hammer. "For a woman under thirty I 've really accomplished a lot of work. There is n't an editor or a magazine publisher or a book firm in all the East who

does n't know me. I 'm on all the lists of prominent authors, and on the editorial staff of the 'Millennial.' And I come back here to Doverton, a town with a college in it and a public library and ten woman's clubs, and I 'm no longer Catherine Cameron, but only little 'Katie' to the whole town, simply because they all knew me when I was stubbing my bare toes on loose planks, and had n't a front tooth to my name. An object of awed commiseration to the whole town because I 'm on Dover's Expurgatorius list! And in two days, thanks to Elsie Unseld, I 'll be an object of unholy suspicion because I know a woman who is like 'Sara' in 'The Path of Dalliance'! And be looked on as a possible lunatic because I paid thirty-five dollars for this shirtwaist! Well, in the circumstances, at the time I bought it, I 'd be willing to grant that freely. 'Katie' Cameron, you must hold your tongue, if you can. And I came down here to be free as the air, because I was honestly sort of homesick for 'home'!"

During the next three weeks, effusively, primly, dutifully, inquisitively, all Doverton called on her, and all Doverton virtually she received in a torn-up hall, or the living-room, as she persisted in calling the erstwhile Cameron best parlor, without apology, and almost always in the now famous thirty-five dollar shirtwaist or its replicas.

"I 'm taking my time," she explained cheerily to all callers. "Yes, that 's my furniture. Yes, on the order of 'mission'; crafts furniture I call it, though. I had it sent on from my Long Island place. Yes, a tiny little place I got ridiculously cheap, and took as an investment, only to get so fond of it that I think I 'll keep it forever. No, not all my furniture is this sort. Yes, all my farm furniture is; but my New York furniture is Sheraton that I 've been picking up for five years. I 'm going to take a piece or two back with me from here, but most of this is walnut in the most hideous sort of style, marble-topped and all that. Yes, burlap. Don't you! Oh, you can't get the effect now—it takes time to settle. Yes, I expect to write some during the next six months." And so on and on and on!

Once fairly in order, she disposed for the nonce of calls by inviting all her old friends to afternoon tea in her two one-time parlors, now living-room and dining-room, and in her hall, which was her reception-room without having been in any Doverton home but the Unseld residence, depriving herself thereby of any comprehension whatever of the sensations of Doverton society as it stepped gingerly within her burlapped, strikingly stenciled, crafts-furnished rooms. Against the walls of her living-room were hung two or three Japanese prints, and as few pen-and-ink drawings adorned the dining-room, while four sepia affairs were placed in the hall. The articles of furniture comprised the needful things, and the rest was generous spacings. It was all very simple and in perfect taste, but Doverton came and looked, and saw not the inner message, but only the outer seeming, and departed for intimate converse. And the text thereof was one of Katie Cameron's remarks: "I can't endure to live in rooms that are unbeautiful." Doverton honestly wondered, and openly scoffed.

Only when she made her round of return calls did she gain a faint idea of what Doverton was thinking, and that was purely by reasoning from the general to the particular. On every afternoon of the four afternoons it took to complete them she returned to her own restful abode and sat down to sigh. It seemed to her that every parlor ran to red paper, heavily embossed and largely patterned, or to greens equally unquiet. A sprawling grape-arbor design in purples and greens and buffs seemed the Doverton ideal for a tasteful dining-room. Dropsical sofa-pillows in painted bolting-cloth over satins seemed as near as Doverton approached to William Morris's ideals. Mrs. McDavid had forty-one framed pictures on one side wall. She counted them one afternoon while she waited for Mrs. McDavid to make an elaborate toilet, that thirty minutes of delay being her first light on the social crime she must have committed in receiving people as she was. "Well, it cost thirty-five dollars, anyway," she said in self-justification, counting the pictures mechanically, while the other side of her brain grasped her social sin, and she grinned joyously as Elsie's comment came back to her: "For *that* pattern!"

It was Blanche McDavid who excelled in confused apology for not having read "The Path of Dalliance." "Mama says I must not; but I intend to, Katie," she said bravely. "Because I always did like you at school, and I 'm sure it is n't nearly so bad as they say it is. I would have read it before, but Annie Morrison promised me her copy; only she promised it to so many that I 've had to wait. Did you know that your book had a very good sale here, considering that Mr. Fulton said he would n't keep it in his stock? He thinks it 's very immoral, and being a deacon, you know, of course he felt that he ought not. But he simply had to order seven copies,—he told mama so himself,—and of course people have lent, so that a good many have read it, and I intend to." And Catherine, reflecting that Blanche was all of thirty years of age, could not but be flattered at the courage the blonde little friend of her school days displayed.

She sat down one evening, six months after her arrival in Doverton, resolved to achieve "Chapter X" before she slept. But ideas lagged sluggishly, and finally she pushed her pile of virgin paper away. "It 's making me humble," she said. "This town is so firmly convinced that I have no sense that I 'm beginning to believe it. This whole town—all but Blanche."

She twisted her large chrysoprase ring about her slim, brown finger, and smiled down at it. Elsie Unseld considered it very cheap-looking; it was so *queer* to have it set in silver instead of gold, and such tarnished, dirty-looking silver at that. Had Katie ever tried Dimnot Polish? It was very good for silver stains. Elsie also disapproved of Katie's silver combs, set with chrysoprases. Gold would be, of course, much more expensive, but it did seem worth it, *if* one really liked such queer green stones.

She was thinking gratefully of Blanche, who had come in only that afternoon, with cheeks which alternately flushed and paled. "I hope you 'll forgive me, Katie, beforehand," she said earnestly, "but Elsie Unseld is telling it about that you know—that you are really a personal friend of a woman who—well, is like 'Sara' in your book."

"Yes," said Catherine, and Blanche gasped with the cold-douche shock of definite affirmation; but rallied courageously.

"You *do*!" she breathed. "Then, Katie, would you mind—telling me honestly what you really think—of her? Because I want to know. And I promise you solemnly that, whatever you say, I shall not betray you."

Catherine had smiled, and then had sobered repentantly. However gropingly uncomprehending it might be, this was the first note of real sympathy she had heard since she came to Doverton, and she found that she was hungry for it. Of them all, Blanche McDavid, little feather-head that she had been at school, and sweet little nonentity which her masterful mother had kept her all her life—of them all Blanche had not condemned unheard.

"I intend now to tell mama that I have read it," Blanche had said firmly, at the close of the afternoon. "And I shall insist on her reading it, and I shall explain some of it to her, and make her understand some things better."

Although Catherine smiled to-night over the memories of the afternoon, she felt depressed, nevertheless; so much so that, after half an hour of restless musing, she fairly welcomed the advent of Elsie Unseld, close wrapped against the March wind.

"I just ran in," Elsie began explanatorily, "to tell you, Katie, that I am very glad I was able to persuade Dr. Thorne that you should have an invitation to the seventy-fifth anniversary of the founding of Dover College. Of course the tickets to the banquet are limited, and you are not really a graduate, and have never paid any attention to requests for gifts to the gymnasium or science funds; but I made it a personal matter, and finally Dr. Thorne said yes."

"But I don't know anything about this, Elsie," said Catherine. Elsie opened her eyes.

"Now, that is just like you, Katie. You seem to read no newspapers but those New York ones. The Doverton papers have told all about it. There are to be a great many famous men and women here, and I knew you 'd enjoy meeting them, and I made up my mind you should. In a sense we feel, mother and I, that you

are our guest, even though you act so strangely about things; and I put it that way at last to Dr. Thorne and Miss Meakes—the committee."

Catherine glanced over the invitation; then she laid it down. "I can't go, Elsie. That is grand-opera week in Chicago, and I am faint for want of some music; and since grand opera lasts one week in Chicago, it 's then or never. No, I can't go."

"Now, Katie!" Elsie protested. "The banquet is Tuesday night, and you can very well get grand opera enough during the rest of the week. And I want you very much to go to the banquet, and I want you to wear publicly that lace dress of yours, *very* much. I suppose I ought not to tell you, but people are talking a good deal. Of course you have told about your Long Island place, and of course I know how really expensive these shirtwaists you wear all the time are. But you won't mind my saying they don't really look it, and here people do dress a good deal. I have heard a great many people wonder if you really do make as much money as some things sound like. Nothing really *looks* it, though you speak of this sort of furniture costing a good deal, and the Japanese prints. But that lace dress *does,* and I want you very much to wear it for your own sake, for that way a great many people will see it."

"Who are coming?" Catherine asked idly, and listened with steadily growing wonder to the list of celebrities, some of them greater than Elsie knew. At the last name she exploded.

"Not Eliot Macey, the *poet!*"

"Yes," replied Elsie, placidly. "Why should n't he come? He 's a great friend of Dr. Marshall, who 's given $100,000 to Dover. It 's really Dr. Marshall who got so many of these people to come."

"Yes," mused Catherine. "I knew the explanation lay somewhere, if we could find it."

"And Eliot Macey gives the banquet address," Elsie purred on. "Do you know him?"

"No," said Catherine, to the almost anxious query; "I don't."

"I did n't think you would," Elsie remarked, with maddening certainty in her voice. "He is such a very great man."

Catherine put down a murderous impulse to fling a book at her guest. Certainly her nerves were getting on edge in this simple life she was leading. She rose almost rudely.

"I 'll let you know within a week," she said. "I 'll send to Chicago for the list of operas and singers. Forgive my seeming lack of eagerness to accept, Elsie."

With composure she showed her ruffled guest out, and then went back to her fireside chair, picking up a thin, dull blue volume, Eliot Macey's latest bit of flame—his play in five acts, "The Saxons." She smiled as she turned to her favorite passage—favorite already, though the damp of the presses was hardly off the volume. She could not miss this odd chance of meeting Eliot Macey, of hearing him, at least. She was hardly eager to meet him. So few geniuses wore well from the personal standpoint. But she must hear him.

During the next few days she collected a few back issues of the Doverton "Times-Herald," and discovered that the seventy-fifth anniversary celebration was going to be an amusingly great event. How great, no one in Doverton realized, she was convinced. This Dr. Marshall, the "angel" millionaire, and Eliot Macey together must be responsible for the distinction which was to attend the event. Yale was to be officially represented, and Harvard; Princeton, Columbia, and Pennsylvania; Chicago University was to send an actual delegation. Smith and Vassar and Wellesley were to have their representatives there. It was an amazing aggregation of names, considering Dover's status. Yet it was an old college in the new West, and it was going to be the happy occasion of a great affair, an interesting one.

For the next three weeks Doverton talked and read and dreamed Eliot Macey, and Catherine discovered that she, with all her opportunities for ascertaining his proper place in the literary gamut, had never known before how exceeding great he was. To Doverton he alone was great, and there was none beside him. The few copies of his poems in town were entirely inadequate for the demand, and so there were special meetings of the various clubs, when selections from the "Poems," or "Parnassus," or "The Queen of Sheba," or "The Saxons," were read amid low, rapt murmurs. It is a safe venture that not even the immortal

bard of Avon—and there were three Shakspere clubs in Doverton—was ever so faithfully studied through his immortal works as was Eliot Macey. His pictures, clipped from the various literary magazines, adorned many a dressing- and center-table, and "rhythm" and "iambics," and all which pertains to the art of poesy, burdened the verbal aura of Doverton's best people.

On the night of the banquet, unheralded and unsung, Catherine Cameron meekly became "among those present." She gowned herself in the lace dress, clasping her chrysoprase necklace of tarnished silver about her throat, and her chrysoprase bracelet of tarnished silver on her arm. It was the dress which she had worn, for the first and only time until to-night, at a dinner given for a famous English litterateur visiting for a brief space "the States," and she smiled irrepressibly as she recalled the fact that on that night she had sat at the great man's right hand. To-night she was an unhonored unknown. Never before had she been so grateful to the godmothers about her cradle for their gifts bestowed of a finely humorous sense. As the hour of the great fête drew nigh, she folded about her a dull-green velvet evening coat, and traversed alone, in the early shadows of the spring night, the short distance which lay between the old Cameron place and Dover College.

In the dressing-room she met Elsie and Blanche, and Elsie drew her deprecatingly aside.

"I hope you won't mind, Katie," she began, maddeningly explanatory as usual, "but though I tried to get you a seat at the speaker's table, I *could n't*. Miss Meakes would n't *hear* to it. I tried to explain to her that you *were* a writer; but I 'm sorry to say that your last book killed you *here*, Katie. So you must n't blame *me*. What an extravagant thing this evening coat! You can't ever wear it out, can you? But it 's *very* pretty."

Catherine threw it off, and touched her dark hair to smoothness, not at all disturbed by Elsie's revelations of friendliness which proved abortive. She was not sure yet that she wished to meet Eliot Macey; she often preferred to know her favorites through their works alone.

The sparseness of first arrivals forced her into an introduction to the guest of honor, when she went down to the parlors, but though he repeated "Miss Cameron" distinctly, she saw that it meant nothing to him; and, indeed, why should it? But she instantly discovered that he was likable, and she was very glad. When personal charm and genius could go together, she was always delighted to know it. Then, for the next miserable half-hour, she was enmeshed in a stiff little group of faculty people, and knew no more until, above the hum of the now-crowded rooms, Blanche McDavid's clear, childish voice rose distinctly:

"Oh, I 'm so glad that I happened to say it—that Catherine Cameron was here to-night. You must have met her, but names are mumbled so. Here she is—Catherine!" It was Blanche's first evidence of extreme, inherent social tact, her voluntary omission of "Katie."

Catherine turned to behold the guest of greatest honor before her, his hands stretched out to hers. "Catherine Cameron!" he was saying. "Catherine Cameron! Twice I 've written you sickeningly impotent letters, trying to tell you what 'The Path of Dalliance' means to me. Once I almost met you, and then ran away from you, too fearful that you could n't be as good as your books. To-night, thank Heaven! I stopped not to reason why, but came, to talk about 'The Path of Dalliance' face to face with you, Catherine Cameron!"

He stopped a moment to laugh with her while the various friends of "Katie" Cameron's youth looked on appalled, and then his words ran tumultuously on:

"Why has n't your name been on the lists of attending celebrities at this feast —you who top us all! No one has said a word about you to me, Catherine Cameron!"

"Did you never," she murmured softly, "go back to the small Maine village which sheltered your unhallowed and unhaloed youth—to be called 'El' Macey? I am nothing more than 'Katie' here, and never shall be."

"A child of Doverton!" exclaimed the poet, delightedly. "A prophet in his country! Yes, I know it all. This accounts, then, for meeting you here, and the incognita. Got out of the city's hurly-burly to go yourself one better, eh?

Oh, I *was* leaving to-night, but I shall put up at your Grand Hotel, and stay over, in the hope of being asked out to the ancestral home to-morrow morning early—thanks, ten thousand times. Indeed, I shall take luncheon with you, since you are so good to suggest it. As for to-night, it is n't possible that I am *not* to take you out to dinner, since my Vassar lady professor missed her train, and is not present. It is n't possible?" he questioned, turning to the amazed and uncertain president of Dover, and there remained nothing for the dignified Dr. Thorne to do but to acquiesce in the twice-expressed desire of the speaker of the evening, and then to hurry away to break it gently to Miss Meakes that the king of the feast had personally selected his queen. And this is the true and authentic story of how Catherine Cameron, at the seventy-fifth anniversary banquet of Dover's founding, shared the seat of honor.

That fact in itself, let pass the sight of Miss Cameron's poise and superlative brilliancy, and the shock of Mr. Macey's stepping aside from his chosen subject to laud Catherine Cameron and "The Path of Dalliance" in terms which reddened her cheeks and paled Doverton's, was food enough for converse. But on the morrow it became noised about that Eliot Macey had indeed stayed over; that as early as nine-thirty in the morning he pushed open the gate of the old Cameron place. In a later neighborhood bulletin Mrs. McDavid announced that he did not emerge therefrom till late in the afternoon, and then it was only to lift his hostess into her saddle, and, swinging on to his own livery animal, to canter off with her toward the west-end pike. "Probably out to see Martin's Cave," was Mrs. McDavid's acid comment. "I wonder if he 'll be back there for supper."

And later that evening, having observed, in her casual moonlight stroll past the Cameron place, the restful figure of Mr. Macey besides Catherine's fireplace, she said to her daughter:

"I wish you 'd speak to Annie Morrison about lending me Katie's last book, without delay. Mrs. Unseld always goes too far. Oh, you have it up-stairs? Bring it down."

Mr. Macey remained, though inaccessible to Doverton's clubs, through the entire week of Chicago grand opera, which Catherine missed, a fact which Elsie Unseld pointed out faithfully, after her manner. Then he departed, and awed Doverton settled down to a lynx-like wait, relieved with spasmodic attempts to lionize the angel it had ignorantly visited, who pleasantly frustrated the most intricate plots therefore. In June it was rewarded, for in June he came again for a brief, unheralded week, and again departed. And Catherine lived serenely on in the old Cameron home, "writing," so Doverton surmised, in lieu of any light.

Doverton has not yet recovered from the "queerness" of the wedding in September, every detail of which has been told and retold a thousand times. At ten o'clock on the third morning of his third visit to Doverton, Mr. Macey was seen to enter the Presbyterian parsonage, and, in company with the Presbyterian minister, to stroll down College Avenue to the court house, where he took out a license to wed. About that same hour Catherine personally called up a few old family friends by telephone, who gasped, and accepted without exception for noon, at which hour Mr. Macey and the clergyman came together up the walk of the Cameron homestead. In defiance of all rules known to Doverton for the proper conduct of brides and weddings, Catherine met them in person at the door, and the reading of the marriage service was a matter of the next few minutes. There was some simple punch, which Doverton tasted tentatively, and then a quiet departure on the two o'clock train for the poet's summer home in Canada. The farewells were many, and, on the whole, heartfelt; but Elsie Unseld, as might have been looked for, had the last word.

"I suppose it was quite a change, Katie," she said smugly, "coming out here from New York. But since you 'll always have this to remember, that this was the only way you met Mr. Macey, you won't think any the less of Doverton. And I 'm sure,"—patronage leaped out unrestrained,—"you must have found lots of what you literary people call 'material' here, to use some time." At Catherine's laugh she brindled. "I 'm sure that 's what you call it," she said.

But Catherine's eyes, resting on Mrs.

Unseld, self-appointed but faithful representative of Kate Cameron, dead these twelve years, at Kate's daughter's wedding, softened. Her laugh, as she turned back to Elsie, was of different note.

"Plenty of material, Elsie," she said lightly; "but not a thing that I can use."

No one spoke until Doverton's best carriage turned down Chestnut Street toward the station. Then, as Mrs. Unseld bustled into the house to begin her self-demanded task of packing the crafts furniture for Eastern shipment, Elsie elucidated.

"Of course," she remarked somewhat tartly, "I should have known that there 's not, in the whole length and breadth of Doverton, anybody *queer* enough to be put into Katie Cameron's books. That is why."

THE REMINISCENCES OF LADY RANDOLPH CHURCHILL

BY MRS. GEORGE CORNWALLIS-WEST

EIGHTH PAPER: LORD RANDOLPH'S CANDIDATURE FOR BIRMINGHAM—RELATIONS WITH LORD AND LADY SALISBURY—THE SHAH'S VISIT TO LONDON—LADY DE GREY'S SALON—COLONEL NORTH, THE "NITRATE KING"—BARON HIRSCH—MURDER AND ROBBERY IN PARIS—VISIT TO BAYREUTH—ANECDOTES OF MUSICIANS

AT this period (1889), although Lord Randolph Churchill was out of office, his interest in politics was as great as ever, and he made some of his best speeches. His followers in Birmingham had never ceased working in his behalf since he stood for the constituency in 1885, and at the death of John Bright their greatest desire was that he should represent them in Parliament. Randolph himself was very keen about it, and at this time would probably have won the seat had he not listened to the over-scrupulous advice of the Unionist Party. Great were the pourparlers and controversies in their councils as to whether he ought or ought not to stand. The decision was finally left to Lord Hartington and Mr. Chamberlain, who, very naturally from their point of view, persuaded him to withdraw his candidature.

It was a great blow to his friends and supporters in Birmingham, who felt that they had been offered up on the altar of Mr. Chamberlain's ambitions. Bearing in mind the political campaign of 1885 and the hard work in which I had taken part, and which now seemed a waste of energy and time, I was very incensed. One evening when Randolph returned from the House of Commons and informed me of the pressure brought to bear on him, and how he had given in, I accused him of having shown the white feather for the first time in his life. He had, he said, "made up his mind to abide by the opinion of the leaders of the party." "But not when those leaders are your political enemies!" I cried. Arguments, however, were useless. If he was right, he got no thanks for it, and a great opportunity was lost for him to show his strength and power.

From a photograph by Valentine & Son, Dundee

HATFIELD HOUSE, SEAT OF THE MARQUIS OF SALISBURY

After Randolph had left the Government, our relations with Lord and Lady Salisbury became gradually more and more strained. Outward appearances were kept up, and we were still invited to the political parties given in Arlington Street,

From a photograph by Valentine & Son, Dundee

THE GRAND DINING-HALL, HATFIELD HOUSE

but all real cordiality had ceased. Friends, however, tried to bring about a *rapprochement*, and eventually we were asked to dine. Much against his inclination, Randolph was persuaded to accept. The dinner, which was a large one, was a fiasco so far as the object of our being there was concerned; for, beyond a bare greeting, neither Lord nor Lady Salisbury exchanged a word with Randolph. This he resented very much, and regretted having gone. I do not think it was intended as a slight, for shortly afterward I received the following letter from Lady Salisbury:

April 24th, *Hatfield House, Hatfield.*

MY DEAR LADY RANDOLPH:

Will you and Lord Randolph come here to dine and sleep on Sunday the 22d, and help us to receive the Irish Delegates on Monday? We shall be much pleased if you will come. No Sunday trains are good, but the best leave King's X at 1 P.M. or 6:30 P.M. We will meet either.

Yours very truly,

G. Salisbury.

There was to be a garden party on Monday, at which political speeches were to be made, and Mr. Chamberlain and Randolph were advertised as the principal speakers. Great was to be the gathering of Unionists, and a united appearance was much desired. At the last moment, however, Randolph flatly refused to go. No arguments moved him; but he insisted that I should keep the engagement alone. As I drove up to the picturesque and historical Elizabethan house, the ideal residence for the Prime Minister of England, my feelings were anything but enviable. I shall never forget the look of blank dismay and the ominous silence with which my feeble excuses for Randolph's absence were greeted. That night at dinner in the splendid banqueting-hall, I sat next to Lord Salisbury. Courteous as ever, he talked pleasantly to me, but made no reference to the subject uppermost in my mind. The next day was fine, and crowds of people came by special trains from London, and filled the beautiful gardens, crowding around the various speakers. Cries for Randolph were heard on every side. Many had come expressly to hear him, and bitter was the disappointment when they realized that he was not there. No adequate reason could be given for his absence, and the "rift within the lute" was made more apparent than ever. I confess I was very glad when I could slip away, for rarely had I felt so uncomfortable or experienced anything more disagreeable.

London rejoiced that year in Jubilee

From a photograph by W. & D. Downey, London

NASR-ED-DIN, LATE SHAH OF PERSIA

functions and was very animated. A diversion was created by the arrival of the Shah of Persia, whose vagaries kept society amused and interested. A real barbarian, it was with difficulty that he could be induced to conform to Western habits. Many were the stories circulated about him. One night at a banquet at Buckingham Palace he was asked to give his arm to the late Queen Victoria. He refused flatly, having made up his mind to take in a lady whose voluminous proportions had attracted his attention. Much

pressure had to be brought to bear before he was prevailed upon to change his mind. With reluctance and a cross face, it is said that he dragged the Queen along as he strode into the dining-room. Another night at the opera, to the despair of his suite, he sat with a glum countenance, evidently much bored, until the orchestra during the entr'acte began to tune their instruments. At these discordant sounds the Persian monarch brightened up, and, applauding vigorously, asked for an encore. At one of the court balls at which he was present, much to Randolph's and my embarrassment, and the Lord Chamberlain's annoyance, as it was against all royal etiquette, we were commanded to go to the dais and be presented to the Shah. Sir Henry Wolff, who was then Ambassador at Teheran, had often spoken to him about Randolph; hence, I suppose, his desire to know him. Muttering something which sounded like "Lady Churchillias," he grasped my hand with terrific force, and then with a peremptory gesture waved me away, to make room for Randolph, who understood no more than I one word that the fierce old man said.

I remember having on a daffodil-colored velvet, and as I went down the two or three steps of the dais, feeling miserably conscious, the Prince of Wales, with his usual kindness, came forward and shook hands, saying: "This presentation is against all precedent, but the Shah insisted." He added laughingly: "You had better go quickly, as I see you are getting black looks from the duchesses' bench."

Strangers flocked to London that season, attracted by the unwonted sights and festivities. I met many at the house of Lady de Grey, who has always been one of the most cosmopolitan of hostesses. Her well-known artistic and musical appreciation made her house then, as now, the rendezvous of all the gifted artists and intellectual foreigners who come to London. Indeed, she is the Mecca to which they journey, and many of the former class owe their success to her timely aid and good advice. As, in addition to personal charm and beauty, she has a thorough knowledge of the world and of the difficult art of receiving, it is not surprising that invitations to her small and delightful entertainments are highly prized.

Taking into consideration the abnormal size of London society as it is at present, to be a popular hostess is no easy matter. As for "salons," they were nearly extinct twenty years ago. It goes without saying that no salon is possible without selection, which naturally leads to the exclusion of those not possessing wit or talent. The passport to the famous Parisian salons of the eighteenth century—those of Mme. du Deffand, Mme. Geoffrin, Mlle. de Lespinasse, and others—was brains: no other credentials were necessary. If the rooms of these celebrated women were crowded, it was with the genius and talent of Europe, and the new-comer was admitted only after searching inquiry. To be admitted was in itself a guarantee of excellence, and was as eagerly sought for as Academic honors. Conversation ranged over a vast number of subjects, from framing a new policy for the Government to the latest sonnet or the spiciest new scandal, and on the decision of these arbiters of merit success depended. How remote seem these brilliant *causeries* from the caravansaries of the Mrs. Leo Hunters of to-day, where crowds jostle one another on the staircase, often not getting any farther, and bridge replaces conversation! Happily there are exceptions, and now, as it was then, it is possible to find people who like something else.

It was about this time that I made the acquaintance of two financiers who had come prominently to the front. One was Colonel North, the "Nitrate King," as he was called, and the other was Baron Hirsch, who made many friends in England. Colonel North was what might be called a "rough diamond." He had a large place near London, which was furnished regardless of expense, and where he kept open house and entertained in a most lavish manner the hordes of hangers-on and sycophants by which rich men of that type are generally surrounded. Once when dining with us, he greatly amused me by the description he gave of his picture-gallery. That very day he had bought a "grand picture" for which he had given the large sum of £8000. I asked who was the painter; but he could not remember the painter nor even the subject. "But," he added,

BARON MAURICE VON HIRSCH

"it is *twelve feet by eight!*" He was a kindly man and very charitable.

Baron Hirsch, whose name will live long through his generosity to his co-religionists, was one of the few millionaires I have met who knew how thoroughly to enjoy himself. He had the real *joie de vivre*, and delighted in seeing people amusing themselves. His shooting-parties in England and in Austria were most pleasant. No mean sportsman himself, he had the knack of getting together congenial people and the best of shots. On one occasion, at his place in Hungary,—St. Johan,—when the Prince of Wales, Lord de Grey, Mr. H. Stonor, and Lord Ashburton were of the party, the total bag of partridges for one day reached 3000.

Life at St. Johan was simple and healthy. Shortly after breakfast, eight or ten victorias would appear at the door, the horses in gay harness and the postilions in hussar-looking black jackets, Hessian boots, and shiny, high-crowned hats. We would then drive to the rendezvous, where an array of beaters, six hundred or more, were ready. Drawn up in line, we waited for the sound of a bugle, and the cry of "*Vorwärts!*" and then advancing, still in line, we would walk for miles over the sandy plains, dotted about with tufts of stubble, which afforded cover for the enormous blue hares common in that part of the country. Now and then we came across woods in which were found roe-deer, blackcock, and pheasants. Luncheon took place out of doors, no matter what the weather. Some days only partridges would be driven. I remember once laughing heartily at one of their guns, in whose butt I was. As the huge coveys flew over him, seemingly from every point of the compass, he kept calling out to them in his excitement: "For Heaven's sake, stop! Oh, do wait one moment!"

On my way back from one of these parties, I stopped in Vienna for a few days. The late Colonel Kodolitch, who was well known in London, invited me to go and see his Hungarian regiment. He procured me a charger of sorts, and on this prancing steed I galloped down the line after him, witnessing afterward the different manœuvers, and the taking en masse hurdles and fences, a very pretty and unusual sight. As I was leaving, escorted to the station by Colonel Kodolitch and some of his officers, he said to me, "Please say 'Ich danke sehr' to the officers." This I did, much to their amusement, discovering later that this

COLONEL NORTH

was the customary remark of a general after inspecting a regiment. I was much chaffed over the joke perpetrated on me.

Once in passing through Paris, I had a strange and unpleasant experience. I was going by the midday train, and while standing in one of the archways of the Gare du Nord, which presented its usual busy and animated scene, I suddenly heard a shot fired, followed by two or three more in rapid succession. A man with his hand to his hip, and with an agonized expression on his face, ran, or rather hobbled, past me from behind one of the pillars forming the archway. He was closely followed by another man, who held a revolver, which he again fired, this time so close to me that I fled in terror, but seeing as I ran the victim fall to the ground, the murderer still firing at him. The crowd, which had scattered in every direction at the first shots, now rushed to the spot. Meanwhile, fearing that the man was running amuck, and that I might be the next victim of his wild firing, I ran down the platform as fast as a heavy fur coat and various incumbrances permitted me. Unfortunately, I dropped my muff, which happened to be a sable one adorned with tails, and containing my purse and ticket. Before I could pick it up, a man pounced on it, and made off at top speed toward the swinging glass doors leading out of the station. As I followed, calling out, I saw him vanish through one of the doors, and reappear by another, like a clown in a pantomime. Calm and unconcerned, he was swinging a cane, and no muff was visible. While I stared at him in utter amazement, I spied sticking out from his coat, which with one hand he was endeavoring to keep closed, one of the tails of the muff. At that moment the bell which announced the departure of the train began to ring. There was no time for words; it was a case of "Do or die." I rushed at the thief, seized the tail of the muff, and jumped upon the train, which I just managed to catch, leaving the man, with his mouth wide open, still staring as the train crawled out of the station. As to the wretched victim who had been shot, I heard afterward that the murderer, before he was overpowered, fired seven times into him, and then tried to beat out his brains with the butt-end of his revolver, so great was his determination to kill him. A passenger received a stray shot in his leg, and altogether it was a scene of great excitement and confusion. From the paper which gave an account of the fray, it appeared that both men were Americans, the murderer having stalked his prey for more than a year, and caught him as he was leaving France for America. It was proved at the trial that love and money were the motives of the crime. With the usual procrastination of French justice, the case dragged on for so many months that I lost sight of it in the newspapers.

From a photograph by W. & D. Downey, London

LADY DE GREY

In 1891 I paid my first and, to me, a memorable visit to Bayreuth. Wagner's music was not as popular then as it is now—at least not in England. "Der Ring des Nibelungen," which has been given for years with the greatest success in New York, had not then been produced in London. The ordinary opera-goer

thought himself very advanced if he could sit through "Lohengrin"; as to "Die Meistersinger" or "Tristan und Isolde,"—to most they were a concatenation of discordant sounds. Vast was the ignorance displayed by the public. At a performance of "Tristan," I heard a couple sitting behind me sympathize (in the third act) with *Isolde* for her "long wait" for *Tristan*. Van Dyck as *Tristan* had been singing for more than half an hour, and, although by a stretch of the imagination he might have been mistaken for a woman lying there covered with a rug, still these two could not distinguish between a tenor and a soprano. On the other hand, even would-be Wagnerians were sometimes led astray. A friend of mine who is anything but musical was persuaded by an embryo-Wagnerian to go with him to hear "Lohengrin."

"But I don't think I care about music," said the poor martyr, "and I know I shall not understand a thing."

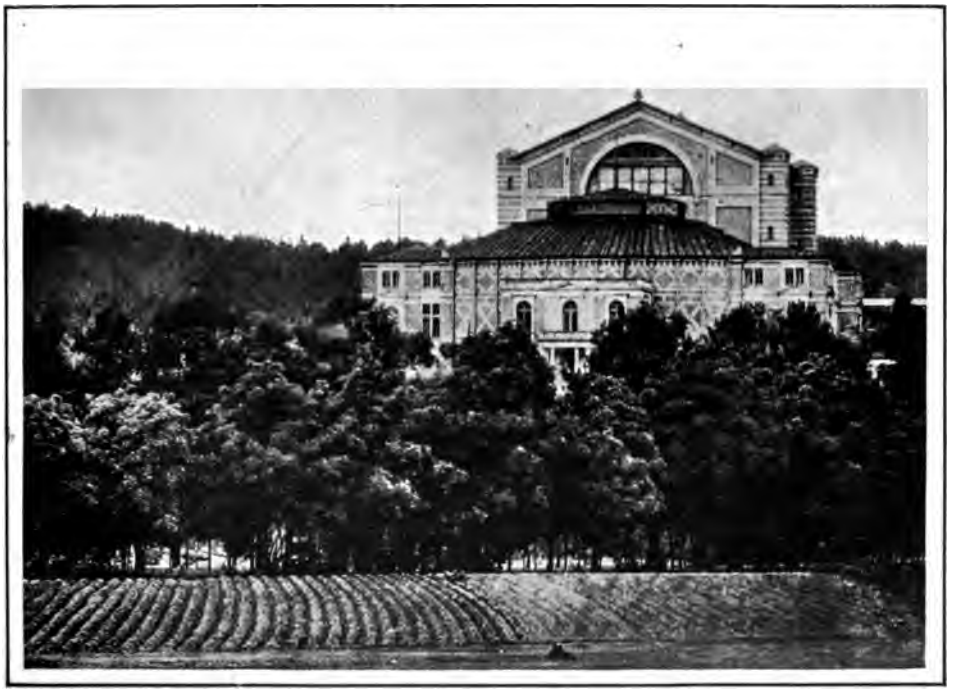
"Nonsense! Of course you will," replied the other; and accordingly they went.

As the violins attacked the long-sustained note which marks the opening of the overture, the two friends looked uneasily at each other.

"What is that noise?" asked the unmusical one.

"I can't think," said the other, as the note was still being held, "unless it is the gas escaping."

My sister, Mrs. Leslie, who intended to go with me to Bayreuth, had the happy idea of arranging at her house some lectures on the "Ring," in order to familiarize ourselves with it. A German musician, a well-known exponent of Wagner, was pressed into service, and he brought with him a lady who was to sing the different motifs. The lectures became a great success, and were crowded with all our musical friends. The professor's knowledge of English was as slight as his accent was strong, and this added an unexpected hilarity to the proceedings. As there were young ladies present, he was at times greatly exercised how to explain the story of the "Ring." "Siegfried" in particular worried him much. "Dee ladees mus not mind dis bad business of *Sigmund* und *Sieglinde*. It is *schrecklich*, but it is only zee lofes of zee gods, vich do not count. Und here we have zee lofe motif—illustrated by triolets, or triplets, as you say in English." And amid smothered laughter, the pro-



THE WAGNER THEATER AT BAYREUTH

From photographs by Benque & Co.

JEAN DE RESZKE EDOUARD DE RESZKE

fessor would play the motif, and the lady would warble.

A few years have increased Wagner's popularity in England to an astounding degree. Now no concert can be given without one or more Wagner selections, and at the Covent Garden Opera House the "Cycle" is given two or three times every season to huge audiences. Not content with this, the public this winter (1907–08) largely supported a very creditable performance given in English by an English company. It must be added that Dr. Richter conducted, which may account in a large degree for its excellence. Contemporary music seems imbued with a Wagnerian spirit, and no doubt orchestration has gained what originality has lost. This reminds me of a musical critic who had a place next to mine during the Leeds Festival of this year. He was an ardent admirer of Sir Edward Elgar, whose "Kingdom" was being given. Observing that I was making notes on my score, he asked at the end of the performance if he might inquire what I was recording.

"Only my recollections of 'Tristan' and 'Parsifal' as they seem to come across my memory in this work," I answered mischievously.

He looked at me with a dubious expression. "Oh, yes; quite so," he murmured. "I do not deny that Wagner came first, but,"—with a comprehensive wave of his hand—"Elgar has gone on." Such enthusiasm is refreshing.

Speaking of the Leeds Festival, it is curious that these musical orgies flourish in this country better than in any other, considering that the English nation is not thought to be musical. Perhaps it is owing to the excellence of the Leeds, Birmingham, and Huddersfield choirs, which, according to Dr. Richter, are the finest in the world. Be it as it may, it is only an English audience that will stand a week of oratorios.

The opera even is taken much more seriously than it used to be. What with "All lights out" and "No talking," it is a solemn affair, not to be treated lightly. In Paris it is just the contrary. You are invited to go to the opera to "see So-and-so dance," and it is generally treated as a place for social intercourse and conversation. One night at a dinner in London I sat next to the Duc de G——, who had just arrived from Paris.

"Délicieuse soirée à l'Opéra hier," said he; "il y avait foule."

"What was given?" I asked.

"Oh, je n'en sais rien; mais nous avons reçus cinquante-quatre visites dans notre

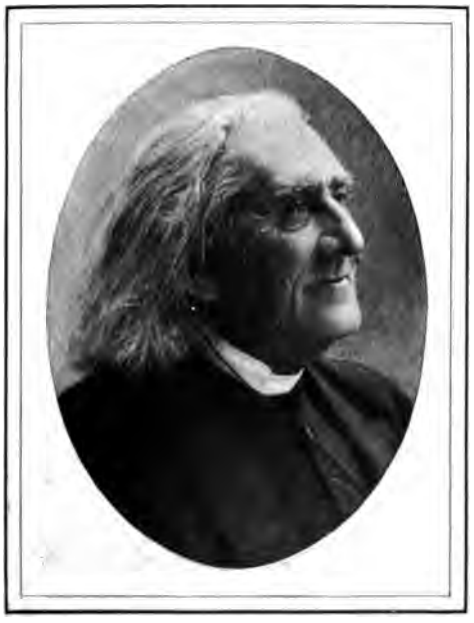
loge!" That is one way of treating the opera; but the person who insists on explaining everything, or hums the melodies which are being sung, is equally exasperating. A story is told of the late Lord L——, who was a frequenter of the opera, and, it is said, had this bad habit. One night in the omnibus box he began whistling and humming as usual.

"What a bore that Jean de Reszke is!" said a wag who was in the box.

"Why?" asked Lord L—— in astonishment.

"Because the fellow is preventing me from hearing you properly."

But this digression has led me far from Bayreuth. Our party consisted of Lady de Grey; my sister, Mrs. Leslie; Mr. Evan Charteris; and one or two others. Bayreuth was not as luxurious in those days as it has since become. It was frequented only by the real lovers of music, who for the sake of it were prepared to be as uncomfortable as German ideas of comfort could make them. We were all billeted on different people, who in some cases could have only one lodger. My sister and I were fortunate enough to secure rooms at a banker's, where, compared with some, we fared sumptuously. We gave ourselves up entirely to the object of the moment, and took it "au grand sérieux," only thinking of what we were going to hear or had heard.



From a photograph by Nadar

FRANZ LISZT

My first impression of "Parsifal" was, as the Teutons say, "colossal." The pilgrimage to Bayreuth, the "plain living and high thinking," combined with the musical atmosphere in which we were living, no doubt contributed to the rapture one felt; but that it existed, was undeniable. Our little party had settled to meet between the acts and exchange opinions, but so great were our emotions that we all fled in different directions, avoiding one another until the performance was over, when we could feel more calmly. So serious was the audience that they were not even disturbed by the fact that *Parsifal's* wig came off in the third act, during the *Flower Maidens'* song. Not a titter was heard.

We spent a delightful week, although personally I was suffering agonies with toothache, which continued until I found an unexpected Good Samaritan in the lady who sat behind me, and who produced cocaine. This lady was no less a person than Mrs. Sam Lewis, wife of the well-known money-lender. An excellent musician, she was a godsend to innumerable artists, and at her death, out of the huge fortune received from her husband, left many legacies to them, besides £10,000 a year to a hospital for consumptives. Mr. Lewis, unlike his wife, was not artistic. It is told of him that having once made a fortnight's stay in Rome, he was asked how he liked it. "You can 'ave Rome," was his laconic answer.

We varied our pleasures by excursions on the off days of the all-important performances, and by attending Mme. Cosima Wagner's receptions, which were charming and unconventional. Later, in London, I met her son Siegfried Wagner. I remember that at a dinner given in his honor the question arose as to which composers one would choose if limited to two. We were twelve at the table, and I was the only one who did not name Wagner as one of the two. Partly out of contradiction, and partly because I think so, I mentioned Bach and Beethoven. "My father would also have chosen them," said Siegfried, to the confusion of the flatterers. I met him once or twice afterward in Paris at Countess de Wolkenstein

Drawn by Irving Wiles

IGNACE JAN PADEREWSKI

stein's, whose husband was then the Austrian Ambassador. This distinguished lady, who as Countess Stieglitz had a salon in Berlin, was supposed to be the only woman whose influence Bismarck feared. A life-long friend and patron of Wagner, she stood by him in his dark days, and later assisted at his triumphs. Mme. de Wolkenstein never misses her yearly visit to Bayreuth, where she usually stays with Mme. Wagner. When in Paris, we often went sight-seeing together, accompanied by Widor, the celebrated organist of St. Sulpice, a wonderful pianist. Mme. de Wolkenstein was rather hypercritical, and positively feared hearing indifferent music. I asked her to dine one night to meet a young and talented amateur, who was also very amusing. "Est-ce qu'il pratique?" she inquired hesitatingly. On being assured that he would not play, she accepted. In the end, however, he did play, much to my delight and her appreciation.

The nervousness one feels in playing before the public is one that I have never been able to surmount, whether it be in concerted pieces or alone. What musical performer, good, bad, or indifferent, has not at some time or other felt his nerve giving way as he approached a difficult passage? Only to think of it is fatal. *Once at a* concert for charity I was playing a classical piece the first movement of which had a few bars for the *da capo* of some difficulty. The first time I got over it all right; but to lead to the next movement, it had to be repeated with variations in another key. To my consternation, I found myself embarking on the same one, which of course led me to repeat the first movement. Again, as I came to the fatal bars, I trembled, and did the same thing. Three times did I repeat *that* movement, until the audience were becoming sadly familiar with the tune. As for me, I felt in a hideous nightmare and was on the verge of jumping up from the piano and rushing off the stage, when, oh, joy! the fourth time I mechanically played the right bars, and was able eventually to bring the piece to its conclusion. Hans von Bülow is supposed to have done the same thing once with a sonata of Beethoven, until in desperation he had to send for the music.

On another occasion I was brought to confusion, but this time not through my own fault. It was at a concert in the City, given at the Mansion House before a large audience. Mlle. —— and I were to play a polonaise of Chopin on two pianos. As our turn came, Mademoiselle, who

Drawn by Eric Pape from a photograph

ANTON RUBINSTEIN

was a professional of some experience and execution, said hurriedly to me: "At the eleventh bar on the sixth page, when I make you a sign, stop, as I mean to put in a little cadenza of my own." Before I could remonstrate or point out that it would be an unnecessary addition to one of Chopin's masterpieces, the lady had seated herself at her piano, and perforce I had to follow suit. When she arrived at the eleventh bar of the sixth page, she nodded violently to me, and then proceeded to dazzle the company with arpeggios, runs, and trills, until I began to wonder if I should ever find the propitious moment to reënter. I finally did, and as I went out, I had the pleasure of hearing from the occupants of the front row: "Poor Lady Randolph! What a pity she lost her place for so long!"

To be able to read music well and to accompany is all that should be required of amateurs. It is an age of virtuosi and mechanical instruments, and the poorest judge is becoming hypercritical. There is no doubt that the day has passed when people will listen patiently after dinner to the playing of the "Moonlight Sonata" or the "Prière d'une Vierge," as played by the daughter of the house. Formerly in England every girl was taught to sing whether she had a voice or not; but the intelligent mother of to-day realizes that her daughters are better employed in listening to good music than in performing bad.

At the Russian Embassy in London, when Mr. de Staal was Ambassador, I was once asked to meet the Abbé Liszt. I sat next the great man, whose strong and characteristic face, so often delineated both with brush and chisel, seemed strangely familiar. He was so blind that he ate his asparagus by the wrong end until I pointed out his error. "Ah!" he exclaimed. "Merci bien; il me semblait tout de même que cela n'était pas très bon." After luncheon, notwithstanding his gouty fingers, he was prevailed upon to play. "Hélas!" he said, "le moindre de mes élèves jouent mieux que moi maintenant!" It was pathetically true. I had never heard him at his best. Rubinstein I recollect well, his long hair tossed about, perspiration pouring down his face as his big hands tore up and down the piano. Full of tricks (to which in time so many artists become addicted), when

From a photograph by Chancellor, Dublin

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN

he reached the culminating fortissimo, wild with excitement, he would hit with his palms or with his forearm as many notes as he possibly could, until he seemed positively to get to the end of the instrument, the chords snapping and the wood sounding.

When I was in Russia, I was told that the head teacher of a well-known ladies' school in St. Petersburg asked him how many hours a day her pupils should practice the piano. "None," said Rubinstein.

Many musicians have honored me by playing or singing at my house, and apart from the pleasure they have given me, I have always felt great sympathy for them in their arduous and precarious careers. So many are called, and so few are chosen, and on what slender foundations their success rests! A cold, an illness, and voice and fortune may vanish. And think of the grinding slavery that instruments mean! Planté the pianist, that past-master in technic, told me that if for any reason he should be incapacitated from practising for three months, he would never have the courage to take it up again. Then, again, the empty concert-rooms and the adverse criticism of the struggling days must try the hearts of the stoutest.

When Paderewski first came to London,

he brought me a letter from a friend. To meet him, I invited an eclectic few whom I knew were capable of appreciating and judging him. Needless to say, their admiration and enthusiasm were unbounded. A few days later he gave his first concert in St. James's Hall. The place was only half-full, and behind me were two musical critics taking notes for their various papers. "There 's not much in this fellow," said one.

"He would be all right," said the other, "if he would leave Chopin alone, whose music he plays against all traditions."

Stephen Heller, one of Chopin's friends and my first music professor, told me that the great composer never played his works twice in the same way. So much for the musical critics! The following year Paderewski, having had a gigantic success in Paris and elsewhere, returned to London, where he received an ovation from an excited and enthusiastic audience who stormed the platform to kiss his hands!

I think I may fitly end this chapter, which somehow has drifted into one on music, by speaking of the late Sir Arthur Sullivan, who was one of the kindest and most genial of men, and a great friend of mine. It was my good fortune to be present at most of the first nights of his productions, and no one who did not assist at them can realize the unbounded enthusiasm with which they were received or the excitement with which a new one was looked forward to by the public. It was a national event.

It has become a trite saying that such a felicitous combination as "Gilbert and Sullivan" has never been seen. Gilbert's delicate and subtle humor, and Sullivan's ear-haunting melodies and exquisite orchestration, must ever live. And I cannot think that Time will stale their infinite variety.

At the outbreak of the South African War, Sullivan wrote the music of the "Absent-Minded Beggar" to Rudyard Kipling's words. The sale of this song realized over £75,000, which went to the war fund. Happening to visit Sir Arthur one day, just as he had finished it, I begged him to play it, which he did. I confess I did not like it.

"Well, what is your opinion?" he asked.

I answered guardedly: "I 'm afraid I think the words are rather vulgar—'Cook's son, duke's son, son of a belted earl.' "

"And so is the music," said he.

(To be continued)

AWAKENINGS

BY ETHEL M. COLEMAN

WHAT do we know, in truth, about our sleep?
Only that dreams sometimes, pursuing, creep
Over the unseen bound we call awaking;
Know that we gained refreshment or unrest,
Whether the dream or waking more was blest,
And that there came a change when day was breaking.

What do we know about our little life—
Its toil and pleasure, misery and strife?
What shall we know when we have passed its portal?
Perhaps we shall remember that we dreamed,
That time with sweet or troubled visions teemed,
When we are wide-awake, alive, immortal.

SETTING A SEINE FOR SPOON-BILLED-STURGEON

OUR NEW CAVIAR FISHERIES

BY CHARLES R. STOCKARD

STRANGE stories are told of many queer fish, but few fish are queerer in appearance or stranger in their habits than the new caviar-producer of the lower Mississippi. It has as many names as a confidence man, and few thieves ever eluded justice as persistently as this species has concealed its development from the naturalist. In Louisiana it is known as billfish, billdom, and paddle-fish; in Mississippi, spoon-billed-cat or spooney; and in Arkansas as the spoonbill or spoon-billed-sturgeon. The lakes and rivers of these three States supply at present much of the caviar and "dried sturgeon" of the markets. "Polyodon spatula" is the dignified title by which the spoonbill is known to naturalists, though the word "polyodon" signifies many-toothed, while the fish has no teeth.

This fish reaches a maximum of about one hundred and forty pounds in weight, is slightly less than six feet in length, and furnishes the caviar market with sixteen pounds of roe. The average, however, falls much below this in size, and from eight to ten pounds is the usual caviar yield per fish. I believe no aquarium has ever exhibited a living polyodon.

A paddle or spatula-like rostrum extends for one third the length of the body in front of the small, black eyes, which seem almost hidden under the sides of its base. The mouth is so spacious that one may insert his head into it, while the throat will scarcely admit a man's finger. We shall later see that this enormous mouth and narrow throat coöperate well. The gills are supported on large arches, which are fringed on the anterior

Drawn by Charles R. Knight. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

A SPOON-BILLED STURGEON SHOOTING INTO THE AIR

side with horny needles about one and a half inches in length. The entire gill structures are covered by a brocaded flap that reaches back along the fish's sides for more than a foot. The appearance of the fins and the tail is shark-like; the skin is entirely unprotected by scales, and, like the catfish, secretes a slime; hence the popular name—spoon-billed-cat. The color of the back and sides is a steely slate, while the lower border of the sides and the belly are a spotless china white; the fins are tinged a delicate pink.

The polyodon is a very near relative of the true sturgeon, and both are members of a group which naturalists believe thrived long before such modern fish as the bass and the perch came into existence. Ganoid is the name applied to this class, owing to the presence of a hard enamel substance, ganoin, found on the armor of many of them. The ganoids, like most ancient forms, are becoming less abundant, and will probably disappear long before modern fishes become extinct.

The spoonbill has been little studied, and to learn something of its habits and study its embryonic development, I visited the lakes of Louisiana in the interest of the department of zoölogy of Columbia University. These lakes are beautiful, horseshoe-shaped bodies of water which at various times have been cut off from the Mississippi River. At one, located in Catahoula Parish, thirty miles from the Mississippi, I found Mr. R. H. Harris, a most accommodating fisherman, engaged in catching polyodon for the caviar and sturgeon markets of New York and Chicago. He stated that this business had sprung up in the State since 1896. A fisherman with a good crew and outfit often cleared many thousand dollars on polyodon meat and roe in the six-months' season. I had arrived in March, 1904, a month too early for the spawning season; but with the coming of April there was also a rise in the Mississippi, and the water began to back in through the bayou connection of our lake, making it too deep for seining. Other small lakes more remote from the river were visited, but here we either found no polyodon or were soon overtaken by the water, and were finally forced to give up the quest.

During the following winter I decided that the locality which promised most for my study of polyodon was Lake Washington, Mississippi. On the first of April, 1905, when I arrived at the lake, I found the fish present in large numbers. I was located with the most progressive caviar-fisherman on the river, Mr. I. E. McGehee, and, with his excellent equipment of two gasolene launches, two large seining-barges, and a dozen rowboats with which to handle his seines, each more than a mile in length, I was enabled to get a thorough idea of this new industry of the South.

Lake Washington is another old river "cut-off," and is by far the most beautiful that I have seen. It is about twelve miles in length and in many places more than a mile wide, and connected with the river very indirectly by a chain of small lakes and bayous seventy miles long.

The long seine is wound upon a huge reel securely built on the seining-barge, and, to "lay out" for the prize, the barge is pulled around in an oval course one mile long, the seine being unwound into the water as the boat proceeds. Thus a net fence through which they are unable to escape is placed around the fish as they feed thirty feet below the surface. The barge is then anchored securely, and a crew of seven men wind the seine back upon the reel, while an eighth man stays in a skiff at the head post, piloting the seine between two poles, thus guarding the only possible outlet. In this manner they wind for about four hours, until the mile of net thirty-three feet wide is again upon the reel and the fish are driven into the "round-up" box, which is set at the head posts. The boats are then brought to the box, which is lifted by pulling up the stakes that hold it in place, and the large fish are thrown into a flatboat, to be carried to the "docks" and there "dressed" for market. In this lake as many as one hundred and fifty barrels of fish have been taken at a single haul, though now ten barrels is considered a fairly good catch.

The process of "dressing" polyodon is simple, as they have no scales, and not a bone in their trunk skeleton. This is also true of the sturgeon. The head is supplied with membrane—or scale—bones, which protect the cartilaginous box containing the very small brain; but these

are about the only bones possessed by polyodon. After the head and viscera have been removed, the bodies are packed in barrels and shipped to Northern markets, where the meat is dried or smoked, and sold to the consumer as the familiar smoked sturgeon of commerce. The redeeming feature of the entire transaction is that, except for an assumed name, the substitute is as good in every way as the genuine sturgeon.

Caviar is prepared from the roe, or eggs, of the female fish. The eggs, in two large masses, are held together by membranes, which must be separated before the eggs are fitted for caviar. This is accomplished by straining the masses of roe through wire screens of small mesh, which allow the eggs to pass through into a tub, leaving the membranes behind. The separate eggs now resemble a mass of number-five shot, being about the same size and color. At this stage a liberal amount of a very pure German salt, called by the fishermen "Russian Salt," is sifted over them, and, water being poured on, the mixture is stirred thoroughly, and then placed in strainers, and set aside for twelve hours to drain. The caviar has now received its full course of treatment from the fisherman, and is packed in air-tight kegs and shipped to the markets, to bring him about seventy-five cents per pound. This, with the American sturgeon roe, is sold as "Russian caviar," with no other excuse for the name than having been preserved with "Russian Salt." But, again, there is no reason why the substituted article should not be as pure and palatable as the genuine.

AN ALLIGATOR-GAR, THE CAVIAR FISHERMAN'S ENEMY

There always seem to be enemies or hindrances to every art and trade, and the caviar-fisherman of the South has no little trouble to contend with in the person of polyodon's cousin, the short-nosed or alligator-gar. This large ganoid, often nearly eight feet long and weighing more than two hundred pounds, is apparently the most thrifty fish of the lakes, preying upon many other forms. When one of these monsters finds himself surrounded by a net, he is apt to give an unusually vigorous lunge, and, with little delay, cut his way out, leaving as a token of his contempt a large hole through which many other fish often escape. In the coldest part of winter, however, these gars become very stupid and sluggish, and, when lifted from the net, show little sign of life. They do no harm at this time beyond the inconvenience of handling so many useless beasts.

In one season thirty thousand gar, by careful record, have been removed from Lake Washington and largely devoured by vultures. This has resulted in a great improvement to the lake as a home for other fish. Up to this time no use has been found for these gar, as few people desire them for food; but at present Mr. McGehee has a scheme in progress to tan their skins the scales of which take a high

polish, for hand-bags, pocket-books, leggings, and like uses.

It is one of the common desires of pure science and commerce to have the development and habits of polyodon thoroughly studied. The naturalist desires the story of its development from the egg so as to be better able to understand its relationships in the class of fishes; while the dealers and fishermen, realizing the rapid diminution in the caviar supply, are anxious to rear these valuable fish artificially. Naturally the eggs and young fish are subjected to such dangers that a conservative estimate would probably show that only one fish reaches maturity from thousands of eggs; but if it were possible for the fisherman to supervise the early stages in the life of these valuable animals, the mortality of the young could be decreased many-fold.

Although living for the most part in rather deep water, they have, during the warmer months of the year, a peculiar custom of darting to the surface with such force that they rise into the air, and turning almost completely over, enter the water again head first. Before the polyodon was hunted so assiduously for caviar, one might see in these lakes on a summer evening as many as a dozen or more fish in the air at one time, as if they were engaging in a vigorous jumping contest. What the object of this violent leaping may be one can only surmise.

Polyodon feeds along the soft and mucky lake bottoms, using its large snout probably to agitate the light bottom material. As it rises into the water, the fish, with its huge mouth open, glides along, taking in the agitated substance, and straining it with its gill-needles, or rakers. Some whales, though mammals, strain their food in a similar manner by means of the whalebone. The tiny masses of food are thus collected in the mouth, to be finally swallowed when a sufficient quantity has accumulated. Thus we see the relation between the huge mouth for collecting and the narrow gullet for swallowing the very small food material.

These food particles are little "water fleas," animals belonging to the same general class as the lobster and crab, but so minute as to be seen with the naked eye only with difficulty. They are members of a group called Copepods, and possess rather classical names, such as Cyclops and Daphnia. Naturalists usually collect these little animals by towing near the surface, but polyodon evidently obtains a good share of them in deep water, for the fish are often brought up with masses of unswallowed Copepods clinging to the gill-rakers and sides of the mouth. The queer bill very probably assists in procuring this food, but it is not entirely essential, as I have seen three specimens of polyodon nearly five feet in length, with only a stump of a bill left.

There is a puzzling feature connected with the breeding habits of these fish: although they thrive in the lakes, they seem unable to spawn there, for, as observed in many instances, when the spawning season approaches, the eggs begin to degenerate and become useless for caviar, being too soft and milky to strain. I found this to be the case in four different landlocked lakes. Furthermore, although many fine males were taken, none was seen to be in a milting condition. On this account one may understand the fact that when these lakes are partly exhausted by seining, they never recover until the river has flooded and restocked them with polyodon. Therefore the lake season for caviar is over about the middle of April.

Polyodon, therefore, must spawn in the running streams and rivers. Fishermen state that in those lakes closely connected with the Mississippi, all the mature fish leave in the spring as soon as the water rises sufficiently to give an outlet. The river fish differ very much in appearance from those in the lakes, being slenderer, and never in such good condition. The lake fish are very fat, and move much less rapidly than the river ones, which are known in the markets as "skates." The spawning season comes in the first half of April, and very probably lasts for only a short while. The spawning parties swim up the bayous and other streams which empty into the Mississippi.

After the eggs had begun to soften in the lake fish, we left for a trip through a long chain of lakes and bayous, to locate a place where more desirable fish for embryological study could be had. On our second day we came into a bayou where polyodon were capering in lively style in all directions. This was the

only time that I had seen them swimming near the surface. We arranged one mile of net in a zigzag fashion along the bayou, and before the seine was completely laid, big fish were striking it from all sides. On slightly raising this "gill-net," polyodon from three to five and one half feet in length were taken out, until one hundred and thirty-three fine specimens had been captured in a little more than three hours.

The following items of interest may be added from the commercial point of view. The trade, after having tried other fish eggs as a caviar substitute, have found none acceptable. The gar pike's eggs have often been unsuccessfully tried for caviar. It is said by dealers that the American supply of caviar is now largely domestic. But the supply of polyodon is rapidly diminishing, and about the only solution is some protective regulation by the Government. During a recent season, one fisherman shipped from Mississippi 63,500 pounds of polyodon flesh and 5940 pounds of the caviar.

THE SOUTH AND THE SALOON

BY WILLIAM GARROTT BROWN

Author of "The Lower South in American History," "The Foe of Compromise," etc.

THE South is perpetually interesting. So much, at least, its severest critics concede. It used to be interesting because it was unlike the rest of the country, and insisted on remaining so. It is interesting still; academic and other students of institutions continue to discover and explore it, and seem to find readers for their reports. But the reason is different. Although still measurably peculiar, it now attracts the philosophically minded because it is changing. No other part of the country, in fact, presents to-day quite such a spectacle of transitions. Five or six years ago, traversing it from Virginia to Texas, I marveled that it had grown so unlike what it had been fifteen years earlier. Revisiting it now, I seem to find it departing even more widely from the state and ways in which I found it then.

If, however, one looks a little more carefully into these changes, they cease to seem so surprisingly sudden. So much, in fact, is almost axiomatic concerning all civilizations. The apparent quiescence which precedes a striking *événement* in politics or social usage is usually only a surface calm, a mere stiffness of the crust, beneath which change has in fact been ceaseless; and this is particularly true of those alterations in the life of a community which accomplish themselves, and become overt, by sweeping legislation, swiftly enacted.

Within a year or two, the South has surprised the rest of the country with the culmination of two such processes. Several States have suddenly and violently asserted the right to regulate railroads. Three have as suddenly prohibited the traffic in intoxicating liquors. Perhaps Oklahoma, which has come into the Union with prohibition in her Constitution, is sufficiently Southern to be added to this list. The North Carolina legislature, in special session, has submitted a prohibition statute to popular vote, in the full expectation that it will carry. In other States, a fervid and confessedly potent agitation looks to the same result.

Of course, neither of these two kinds of legislation is confined to the South. Northern and Western States also have tried them, and still try them. But that might once have almost seemed a reason why one should not expect to find them

prevailing in the South at all. What now is most surprising, and food for philosophizing, is that the South is not only becoming like the rest of the country, but "more so." The facts suggest, and not altogether misleadingly, that some social force or forces, long potent elsewhere, but in the South atrophied or baffled, may now be at work there with the proverbial energy of things new or newly freed. It would not be a very bad generalization to say that the South has recently come into that phase of democracy in which government stretches its authority to the uttermost in the endeavor to enforce absolute moralities. Government is for the time being well-nigh puritanized.

This has come about elsewhere, and at other periods. But why should it come about "down South," and now? To explain that, we should have to go rather deep into Southern life. To explain it fully, we should also have to go rather far back in Southern history. If we should go deep enough and far enough, we should find, I think, that the South's present attitude toward the railroads and its uprising against the saloon are not entirely unconnected.

Of the earlier changes in Southern life since the war, none compares in importance with the political revolution of some twenty years ago, when politics ceased to be "qualitics" in South Carolina, and "Ben" Tillman succeeded a long line of aristocratic governors; when in State after State,—though less violently than in South Carolina, because in no other State had the old ruling class monopolized political power so jealously or set social standards so imperiously, —the "common" white man awoke to a sense of his power in the body politic. I call that particular change a revolution, and would use a stronger term if there were one; for no other political movement—not that of 1776, nor that of 1860–1861—ever altered Southern life so profoundly.

It is true that the South never was such an aristocracy as too many writers about the slavery régime, tempted into picturesqueness, would have us think. Always, even in the "blackest" counties, in all the States, men who had little land and few slaves counted in politics. Many of the foremost public characters rose from that class. But neither the interests nor the ideals of the plain man dominated Southern civilization. Government for the most part responded to the demands of wealth invested in land and slaves, and the prevailing social tradition gave to birth, breeding, superiority, greater weight than they had elsewhere in America. Cities being few, it was near the outbreak of the Civil War before a commercial class developed which could challenge that tradition.

Nor did the plain white man come into his birthright at once on the fall of slavery. For a generation or more, the impoverishment of the whole region operated to withhold from him the opportunities which slavery had so long denied. His real enfranchisement came only with the gradual dawn of prosperity, and the accompanying changes in the South's industries. Those changes have brought him much the same chance in life which he has in the North. And with that there has come to him the new sense of independence and power.

In politics, as he quickly discovered, the sense of power was all he needed in order to possess the reality. More gradually, and not even yet completely, he has come into his own in all those subtler ways in which democratic usages and ideals supplant the aristocratic. The disfranchisement of the blacks has in this respect hastened the process begun by their emancipation. It has weakened the prestige of the old slave-owning class, —of the men who, living in those quarters where negroes are most numerous, not only represented them, so long as they voted or were supposed to vote, in legislatures and democratic conventions, but could usually, by appealing to the fear of negro domination, dictate party policies. The negro eliminated, majority rule seems now to prevail as generally among Southern whites as in the North. And in the South, as in the North, the great majority of the majority are plain, or "common" men.

But not quite the same kind of "common" men as in the North; else history were negligible. For one difference, the plain man in the South seems to feel a rather deeper distrust of capital, a rather angrier hostility to every privilege of wealth, than one finds in the plain man

of the North who is not a socialist or aggressively a "workingman." Were we to follow that lead, and consider carefully the industrial past and the economic outlook of the plain Southerner, we should, I think, discover why Southern legislatures have been dealing so drastically with the railroads. But for the moment what challenges inquiry is the South's fierce awakening to an old moral issue, and one naturally turns therefore to the moral training and standards of the now dominant class.

The word "class" is usually misleading in America. One must employ it cautiously. By the plain or "common" men of the South I do not mean a sort of people that can be clearly separated from the rest. I do not mean the vaguely imagined class which is usually called "poor whites" in books about the South by writers who do not live there. Those pathetically backward dwellers in the mountain regions are still a comparatively negligible factor, save as they have come down, attracted by the town and the factory, and joined the greater mass that is both poor and white, but without inverted commas. The really common sort of common people have always dwelt in the lowlands and the Piedmont region. We need not distinguish between the small farmers, on the one hand, and the artisans and small shopkeepers of the towns, on the other. It is enough if we merely exclude all who have a tradition of wealth and of political and social ascendancy before the war. That means excluding the very attractive people of Mr. Thomas Nelson Page's stories. It means excluding, I fear, all such people as the Southerners one meets in the North lead one to believe that they and theirs have always been.

Now, in the class which we thus deliberately neglect as a no longer controlling minority, the Episcopal church has always had its main strength in the South. The Southerner of "quality" is usually of that religious fold. When he is not, he is most likely Scotch-Irish and Presbyterian. In South Carolina he might be a French Huguenot; in Louisiana and Maryland, a Roman Catholic. The far greater mass of plain people to whom we turn are nearly all Methodists or Baptists.

They take their moral and religious guidance, therefore, from a ministry whose methods and whose power constitute an important neglected fact of Southern life. In both these denominations, the proportion of college-bred or otherwise cultivated men and women is comparatively small. Both inculcate a strict and narrow adherence to the scriptural code of morals. Both, for instance, frown upon dancing and amateur theatricals. Neither requires its ministers to be educated. In both, the preaching is for the most part highly emotional. Both are given to revivals.

Mr. Walter H. Page and other progressive Southerners have spoken bitterly of the Southern pulpit as an influence constantly operating to arrest intellectual development; and that is not the only ground on which the Methodist and Baptist preachers in particular are open to criticism. But on the score of zeal, industry, devotion, these men need not fear comparison with any priesthood in the world. None too well equipped intellectually, and deriving no aid from any superiority in birth or breeding or culture to the people whom they serve, they are also generally ill-paid. Many of them must maintain families on salaries of four or five hundred dollars a year. Yet they rarely incur a charge of loitering in the vineyard. They preach incessantly; they make daily rounds of visits to the homes of their communicants; they act as unpaid canvassers for their denominational schools and colleges; they keep in touch with one another, and study their people as closely as the most observant politician; they do not neglect the ever-widening influence of women. So great is the power which they thus collectively exercise that if one were to call the plain people of the South "priest-ridden," the strongest objection to the phrase would be, that Methodist and Baptist ministers do not consider themselves priests.

It is these men in the South who have taken the lead in the now almost world-wide movement for prohibition. Episcopal clergymen hardly ever take an active part in the movement; not infrequently, they actually oppose it, as not a wise or proper method to promote temperance. The Catholic clergy, not a great power

in the South outside of a few large cities, take the same general attitude. Presbyterian ministers, although they may favor prohibition, rarely feel free to advocate it from the pulpit. But the Baptist and Methodist preachers commit themselves to it unreservedly, inside and outside the pulpit. They are for prohibition by local option as against high license and dispensaries, but for State prohibition as against local option. Temperance they have virtually ceased to preach, demanding instead that government compel all men to become teetotalers.

And it is their congregations which supply the readiest converts to this policy. To the small farmer or shopkeeper or artisan of the South, the drink-habit presents itself in its crudest, least-defensible form. Among people of this class, the custom of taking wine with food is virtually unknown. Of wines, in fact, the common people of the South know so little that they use the word "wine" as if there were only one kind of wine in the world. Beer, while of course a not uncommon beverage in the cities, does not find its way into the country. Accordingly, to drink means ordinarily to drink whisky, and not at table or in the restraining company of women, but in surroundings the least conducive to moderation and decency. It means, therefore, deplorably often, not merely drunkenness, but rowdyism. The greed of the liquor-dealers and the brewers behind them, and their amazing contempt of public sentiment, have contributed to render the drinking habits of the South as unlike as possible to those of Southern Europe, where wine-drinking is general, even among the peasants, and drunkenness extremely rare. Nowhere does the prohibitionist agitator, with his terrifying figures and highly charged oratory, find a better opening.

Once the Democratic party, dominant everywhere in the South, had committed itself to local option, prohibition made rapid gains in the rural counties and the smaller towns. Two years ago, when the movement for State prohibition won its first victory (in Georgia), the greater part of the South was already under prohibition laws. A year ago, the leader in the local-option movement in North Carolina[1] pointed out that nine tenths of the people of that State were living in prohibition territory, and that there were within its limits only one fifth as many open saloons as in Kansas, which has had State prohibition for a quarter of a century.

The same authority also declares that the South, having turned from the local-option plan to State prohibition, is now "in full cry on the coldest trail in its history." That is an opinion which gets much support from the report, ably summarized by President Eliot, of the subcommittee on legislation appointed by the Committee of Fifty, which, several years ago, secured for us the most authoritative data we have on the liquor problem. But the men and women now fighting the saloon in the South do not make use of such material as the Committee supplies. In a city where, after an absorbing campaign, prohibition recently won, the copy of "The Liquor Problem" in the public library—quite probably the only copy in town—does not seem to have been consulted at all. The chairman of the "dry" committee had not even heard of the Prohibition Year-Book. The fight was won, in fact, mainly by the devices of a Methodist revival or "protracted meeting": by terrifying and rather coarsely emotional oratory from pulpit and platform, interspersed with singing and praying; by parades of women and children, drilled for the purpose; by a sort of persecution, not stopping short of an actual boycott, of prominent citizens inclined to vote "wet"; by the Anti-Saloon League's very effective short method with politicians, whom it convinces that they have more to lose by offending the league than by deserting the saloon-keepers; and finally, by fairly mobbing the polls with women and children, singing, praying, and doing everything conceivable to embarrass and frighten every voter who appeared without a white ribbon in his lapel.

It is these methods, gradually perfected in campaign after campaign, that have won for prohibition so many victories in the towns and counties. It is the politicians' absolute helplessness against such methods, and the success of the Anti-Saloon League in its determination to teach them that "the most dangerous

[1] Mr. J. W. Bailey of Raleigh, President of the North Carolina Anti-Saloon League, 1903–07.

thing for a politician to tamper with is the saloon vote," which has suddenly won over to State prohibition legislatures full of men who never before gave any help to the temperance cause.

And it is the dislike of such methods, however moral the cause, which must inspire in thoughtful, unexcited minds a grave distrust of the permanence of the good results of the movement. The depth and sincerity of the present feeling against the saloon are beyond question. There is in it a moral and religious fervor which reminds one of the way the Piagnoni—the white-ribboners of Savonarola's time in Florence—drove vice and even vanity out of the city by the Arno; of the Puritan revolution in England; of countless lesser social purifications. But one cannot recall the achievement of the Piagnoni, as George Eliot has portrayed it in "Romola," without recalling also the reaction that followed—Dolfo Spini and his brutal Compagnacci, Savonarola in the flames, the Medici returned. One cannot think of Puritan England without remembering also the England of the Restoration—the profligate King and brazen court, the playhouses, which had been closed to Shakspere, reopened to the indecencies of Wycherley and Etherege, the shameful tribute to France, the persecuted Milton. One is moved to question whether any moral cause is ever permanently advanced otherwise than by fair appeals to a deliberate public opinion and an uninflamed public conscience.

But to admit that reactions always follow violent gains, that a penalty is always paid for bigotry and intemperate zeal—is not this merely to admit that moral progress is wave-like? As civilization advances, the reactions may well be less and less in proportion to the gains. Moreover, unless long study of Southern history has utterly misled me, it has always been a mistake to infer fickleness, instability of purpose, from the Southern people's almost Latin responsiveness to emotional appeals. On the contrary, they have often displayed an extraordinary steadfastness in courses hastily entered upon. No doubt it is too much to expect that prohibition will hold all the ground it has won and may yet win in the South, or that prohibition laws will not, there as elsewhere, often fail of enforcement. But the saloon can never be again in the South what it has been in the past. That the politicians will ever again serve it as they once did is not believable. They have been too thoroughly, too ludicrously frightened. One may even hope that in the long run the open saloon is bound to go entirely; that with the opening up of the South to all kinds of educating and softening and refining influences, the indefensible drinking customs of most Southerners—as of most Americans, indeed—will gradually be changed; and that thus, without any countervailing sacrifice of moral independence or personal liberty, drunkenness will grow rare enough to be well-nigh negligible.

That is a great deal to hope. But there is one feature of this temperance movement peculiarly conducive to hopefulness for Southern civilization. I cannot better indicate what that feature is than by pointing out that I have hardly mentioned the negro at all. It is quite probable that his presence in the South has influenced some white voters. It has doubtless been remembered that in race riots whisky usually plays a part. But this argument has not in fact been generally employed. On the temperance question, no race line has been drawn. Whites and blacks have divided on it with little or no reference to its bearing on their racial relations. For once, it would seem as if the South had actually been able to put aside the race issue altogether. One is tempted to declare that, if it can do that, it can do anything.

THE WESTERN SPIRIT OF RESTLESSNESS

BY RAY STANNARD BAKER

ONE of the most fascinating characters of the West, at least from a picturesque point of view, is the Floater. Somehow he always affords unbounded satisfaction to the Eastern visitor, for he is one of the Western types the stranger fully expects to see. His picture was in the old school geography. I can see him now perched in front of his doming white-topped wagon, flourishing his long snake whip. His six-horse team was creeping across what seemed an endless, desolate plain toward faint and distant mountains. A herd of buffalo and an Indian, if I am not mistaken, were charging across the corner of the picture. And the title, "Westward Ho!" carried its own thrill of adventure.

But the buffalo are gone now, and most of the Indians have followed them; the driver and his six-horse team have crossed at last the distant mountains. A hundred years he has been on his way westward, always toward the setting sun, always hopeful, even though hungry—and you will find him to-day beyond the mountains, the same stoop in his shoulders, and the same creaky axles. The same dusty children peer from the puckered canvas hole at the wagon-back. Towns have sprung up by magic, valleys once desert have grown green with fields, railroads have everywhere penetrated the land; the Floater might now, if he chose, make his destination in a week, but somehow he prefers the long, dry months of the gipsy-trail. In parts of the Northwest to-day you will hear him called a Sage-Brusher, sometimes a Sage-Brush tourist. For at night he camps anywhere at the side of the road where water can be obtained, hobbles his horses, and turns them out on the hills, and later, if you pass that way, you will smell the never-to-be-forgotten odor of his sage-brush fire. He and his family presently take on the likeness of the desert—all gray like the sage and the sand, and lean and silent. One sees them everywhere along the trails in Wyoming, Idaho, Montana, eastern Washington, and Oregon, the men dusty, slow-moving, dried out, the women limp-skirted, gray-hued, weary, and always accompanied by an extraordinary number of children with sun-yellowed hair, bare red legs, and the merest excuse for clothing. Sometimes they camp for weeks in the outskirts of a desert town, sometimes for months and even years, living always in their tents or wagons, but always expecting to move on again. Talk with them, and you will find that in most cases they have been on the road for years. They tell you that they are emigrants; but rarely have they any definite objective point. It is "over there," generally west. For they are the genuine Floaters, a type now peculiar to the West, and very different from the business-like farmer-emigrant whom you sometimes see—a smug Mormon, perhaps, with a train of wagons, a blood bull, and several cows, and a score of horses trekking north or east from the parent Utah to settle new valleys for the glory of the Faith. But the real emigrant, nowadays, usually takes the railroad, while the Floater remains true to the open road.

I recall one family in particular camped in the outskirts of a desert town in Idaho. I found the "old man" sprawling languidly in front of the home tent—a large double tent, much weather-worn. From inside came the pounding noises of a loom; a gray, worked-out, indescribably limp-looking woman was weaving rag

carpet. Near the tent door a girl some sixteen years old was ironing a shirt-waist and chewing gum vigorously; she was going to a dance, she said. Three or four children were playing in the covered wagon which stood near at hand. The man told of his ill luck with singular placidity, as though he were talking of some one else. He had been "raised" in Illinois, and migrated to Kansas, where he had been "dried out," as he said; then to South Dakota, where he had succumbed to a mortgage; then to Wyoming, where he had "rheumatiz"; and now he was in Idaho, getting old. Somewhere on the road he had picked up a wife, who, by good fortune, could weave rag carpet; and here he was with five children, and the eldest going to dances! I wish I could convey the inimitable resignation and philosophy with which he drawled out his story, and the joy which he showed when a neighbor appeared who could lend him a "chaw."

"Paw always wants to be movin'," explained the gum-chewing girl; "he 's terrible fond of the road."

"We 're goin' to take up land some'ers out in the Palouse country," said the wife.

"I s'pose most everything good 'll be gone when we get there," volunteered the man.

"I s'pose," responded the wife.

Several Floaters whom I met had already reached the far West, and were traveling back again, strangely undisheartened in not finding what they sought, and sure that their fortune lay somewhere at the end of the road—a pot of fairy gold. For the West has been a seductive beckoner to the dreamer and the idealist. Hard realities at home, toil for low wages, long hours, no future: over there opportunity lies golden, all the stream bottoms are rich with treasure, all the land is fertile and free, in every town there is a chance of quick wealth. And so they fly to escape realities, and find only rougher, harder realities, a more strenuous struggle. To-morrow, they say, perhaps we shall be better off; a few miles more and we shall find the treasure. So they keep to the road, and one day death overtakes them. On a bare, sandy knoll once in Arizona I saw two wooden headboards surrounded by a rude board fence. They bore the names of two men, with the simple inscription:

DIED ON THE TRAIL

The Sage-Brusher is the extreme manifestation of the Western spirit of restlessness, the love of moving about, the conviction that more money is to be made more easily somewhere else. For years, indeed, the West, with its opening opportunities, has been the lodestone for the restless spirits of the entire country. The Kansas and Nebraska boom of the eighties, which crowded the semi-arid lands of those States with hopeful settlers and built up mushroom towns soon to succumb to a few disastrous crop failures, was one of the great incentives to far Western immigration. A large proportion of the settlers in many irrigated valleys have their memories of Kansas failures, rainless summers, and consuming mortgages, and weaklings often become Floaters.

The prospector of the mountains and the cow-boy of the plains are each a sort of Bedouin, with no permanent abiding-place,—here to-day, there to-morrow,—usually with a long story of experiences in different places—going to Alaska and coming back, rushing to new mining-camps, trying new ranches, but always moving. Indeed, the laboring class of the West, as a whole, is as unstable as water, with the very microbe of travel in its blood. I talked with a carpenter in Tacoma, a man of family, too, who had worked in every important city on the Pacific Coast, and was then planning to go to Butte City, where he had heard that wages were specially high.

The blanket-roll is the sign of the Western workman. In the East the employer, be he farmer or logger, expects to furnish bedclothes for his hired men; but the typical Western worker carries his bed on his back. Where he drops his blanket-roll, there is his home.

This unstability of population, of course, is a passing phase incident to the new life. In the farming communities, especially, the settlers have struck their roots deep in the soil, have come to make permanent homes. And sometimes

one wonders, on stopping at the little, lonely back-country ranches, planted in the wilderness, miles from railroad or town, how the women especially are contented to remain; for here are all the hardships and trials of real pioneering, and it requires grit and determination to meet them. I recall one woman I met in a little gravel-roof log-house in the dry hills of Idaho, eighty miles from the railroad. She had a singularly attractive face, and her home, though poor, was as neat as a pin. She probably did not see a visitor once a week, and during the day, while the men were at work, she was entirely alone except for her two small children. I asked her if she did not grow lonely.

"Oh, no," she replied; "there are the Peterses over there"—a speck on the sage-covered hills—"and the Warrens over there,"—and she shaded her eyes, and looked off across the sun-blinding plain to another speck on the horizon—"and nearly every day some team passes on the way to the Basin."

The nearest school was twenty-six miles away, so she had to teach her own children; the nearest doctor was eighty miles. She told me with a catch in her voice how one of her children, a little girl, had been down with scarlet fever the winter before. The snow lay deep on the hills, so that even the mail-carrier, who usually came through twice a week, could not break a road. Her husband, however, saddled his horse and started, leaving her alone with the child. He was gone four days, and when he came back, half-dead with fatigue, having walked the last twenty-five miles, for his horse was utterly worn out, he brought only the word that the doctor would not come. And so they watched at the baby's bed until the little thing was out of danger.

It is difficult for people in an old, settled country to realize what pioneering in the West, even to-day, really means. For though the country is rapidly settling up, the distances are enormous, the roads often rough, and communication with the outside world is uncertain. Some of the counties of the Northwest are as large as the smaller Eastern States. From a place where I once stopped in Wyoming it required five days' hard traveling to reach the county-seat, a distance, by the only road, of over one hundred and fifty miles. I was told of a sheriff in Harney County, Oregon, who traveled one hundred and seventy miles to summon a juror. One can imagine the cost of litigation under such conditions, and the temptation to resort to the easy and speedy court of the six-shooter.

But it is by these hardships of the trail and of the pioneer home that the West is coming to greatness and power. The Floater is one of the most evident signs, himself somewhat a failure, of the invading army of civilization. He is the spume which the inundating wave of humanity throws up; the wave itself will soon lie deep and lasting over all the West.

THE TENDER HEART

BY JOSEPHINE H. NICHOLLS

"O TENDER heart," we used to say,
"The world will serve thee ill some day;
So pure and glad, so frank and free,
Time holds a cruel dart for thee!"

O heart of joy, our fears were vain;
E'er life had stabbed thee with its pain,
Thy spirit soared to heights above,
Still dreaming that the world was Love!

EMPLOYMENT FOR THE UNEMPLOYED

BY EDMOND KELLY

NEW YORK contributes more to private charity than any other city in the Union. Its sympathy for distress, therefore, cannot be questioned. And yet it has allowed the normal 30,000 unemployables, increased by an abnormal 200,000 unemployed, to suffer and to burden the community all the winter without virtually doing anything by way of exceptional relief.

Such a condition of things is not due to inhumanity, but to two currents of opinion that are equally false: one that wants to do too much for the unemployed, and the other that does not want to do anything at all for them.

The last of these two theories is based upon the undoubted danger lest by offering work in New York, the metropolis should become at once the Mecca of every tramp and jail-bird in the country. Those who know history will bolster this argument against giving work to the unemployed by reference to the Ateliers Nationaux of 1848, or, as they have been erroneously called, "Louis Blanc Workshops." It may be well, therefore, at once to remove this lion from the path.

THE SO-CALLED LOUIS BLANC WORKSHOPS

IT was an unknown and an unnamed unemployed who was the author of the words which are inseparably connected in the mind of every Frenchman with the revolution of 1848. Clothed in rags, he stopped a delegate to the conference that was being held at the Luxembourg on the organization of labor, and asked what was being done there. The delegate entered upon a long explanation, but the unemployed stopped him, and said: "Say to your provisional government that we have three months more of misery to put at the disposal of the republic if it will only do something for us."

Such was the confidence of the French citizen in his young republic at that time!

The provisional government of 1848 did try to do something for them; but the unwisdom of its efforts not only contributed to restore a reactionary government at that time, but has been quoted as a reason for not doing anything for them ever since.

No committee has met this winter to discuss the subject, but the Ateliers Nationaux have been cited as a reason why relief for unemployment was impossible. The idea entertained by some extreme Socialists that the remedy for every evil is to put it at once in the hands of the government, is just as false as the objection that because the government of 1848 was guilty of folly in its treatment of this question, therefore no government must ever again be intrusted with the task.

The true story of the Ateliers Nationaux has often been told, and the errors that surrounded them dispersed. Nevertheless, these errors are regularly resurrected and marshaled out every time the question of unemployment is forced upon us. It seems impossible to slay error in political philosophy. As in the days of Macbeth:

> The time has been,
> That when the brains were out the man would die,
> And there an end; but now they rise again,
> With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
> And push us from our stools.

Let us therefore resignedly set ourselves to lay once more the ghosts of these Ateliers Nationaux.

In the first place, the Ateliers Nationaux were not the work of Louis Blanc, nor was Louis Blanc in any way responsible for them. On the contrary, Louis Blanc being much feared by the other members of the provisional government on account of his advanced socialistic theories, with a view to putting him in a place where he could do no harm, was appointed president of a commission to prepare a scheme on "organization of labor," this being a hobby upon which it was supposed Louis Blanc would most easily ride, having been the author of a book with those words for title. As soon as Louis Blanc was removed from active political work by the appointment of this commission, the conservative element in the government, in order to break down the popularity of Louis Blanc in Paris, conceived the idea of giving employment to the unemployed. It was a political scheme, neither invented by Socialists nor executed by them, but invented by reactionaries for the purpose of putting a check to Socialism. On this subject there can to-day be no doubt whatever. Lamartine, who was the most conspicuous figure of the first days of the revolution of 1848, describes these ateliers as follows:[1]

> Directed and sustained by the anti-socialist members of the government, the ateliers counterbalanced the sectarians of the Luxembourg until the arrival of the National Assembly. Far from having been the creatures of Louis Blanc, as has been stated, they were suggested by his adversaries.

Here in a word is the history of this unfortunate experiment: On February 25, 1848, the provisional government rendered a decree by which it guaranteed work to the workingmen. This was followed on the 27th by a decree providing for Ateliers Nationaux. On the 28th, the Minister of Public Works stated that all the unemployed, which then numbered in Paris not more than seven or eight thousand, would find work at designated points, and that the mayors of the twelve arrondissements of Paris were intrusted with the duty of receiving applications for work and directing the work.

But the work on hand was insufficient even for the workingmen then in Paris. And as the government had committed the folly of posting on the roads the decree insuring work to the unemployed, Paris became inundated by applicants; on the 2d of March there were 17,000 applicants; on the 15th this figure was raised to 40,000, and on the 29th of June to over 107,000, and among these 107,000 it was afterward discovered were many persons of means, and some of them property-owners; 2000 of them were ex-convicts. As soon as it became clear that there was not enough public work for these men to do, the insufficiency of the work created enormous dissatisfaction. The applicants were sent dragging their tools from one *mairie* to another, and the discontent became such that the government committed the further folly of paying all those to whom they could not give work one and a half francs a day, those who worked receiving two and a half francs. Needless to say, under these circumstances the applications increased beyond all proportion. Such would be the inevitable consequence in New York of giving aid directly, as proposed by Mr. Bryan.

These were the conditions under which Emile Thomas was made Director of the Ateliers Nationaux. He undertook to organize the unemployed upon a military basis, upon the theory that by a perfected administration he could supply the defects arising from the obvious insufficiency of work. Read in the light of the present, the details of this elaborate administration seem childish. Paris was divided into fourteen divisions, corresponding to the fourteen arrondissements, and there were four further districts created to include the suburbs. Eight special commissioners were appointed to maintain order; forty-eight census-agents revised the lists; twelve inspectors, under the orders of an inspector-general, supervised each an arrondissement. The artists, sculptors, comedians, draughtsmen, who were deemed unable to work, were organized in a squad of paying-tellers, and received four francs a day. The workmen themselves were divided into squads of eleven, each under a chief appointed by themselves. Five of these squads composed a brigade of fifty-six men, which was itself under a chief elected by themselves. Four brigades formed a lieu-

(1) Histoire de la Révolution de Février, Vol. II, p. 120.

tenancy; four lieutenants constituted a company, amounting to 900 men; three companies constituted a *service,* composed of 2700 men under a *chef de service.* Every "service" had its standard; every company its flag; every brigade its pennant: and all this machinery was established for the purpose of furnishing work to these men when there was no work for them to do.

The question having been brought before the Assembly, the Minister of Public Works on the 18th of May admitted that the work was nothing but a disguised charity; and that an enormous crowd, composed in part of property-owners, was endeavoring to avail itself of this charity. On the 22d of June the unemployed crowded the streets, singing the Marsellaise, and cheering Napoleon, and the history of the Ateliers Nationaux came to an end with the riots of June and the dictatorship of General Cavaignac.

It seems pitiful to think that such a story of political intrigue and administrative incompetence as this should be cited seriously as a reason for refusing to give work to the unemployed in New York when we have examples, furnished by the farm colonies of Holland, Belgium, and Switzerland, of how this work can be furnished effectually.

It is perfectly true that these farm colonies, organized as they would be to deal with the normal three or four per cent. of unemployed, would be unable, unless special provision were made therefor, to furnish work for such an army of unemployed as exists to-day. Holland, Belgium, and Switzerland are not exposed to such panics and such degrees of unemployment as regularly take place in our country. We cannot, therefore, go to them for a complete solution of our problem.

It can be stated, however, without fear of contradiction, that the farm-colony plan would have the following advantages: It would dispose of the permanent army of 500,000 tramps which now infest our railroads, streets, and highways. It would furnish regular occupation for the normal three or four per cent. of the unemployed. By removing the tramp from the community,—that is to say, the unemployable,—it would relieve the veritable unemployed of the suspicion of being tramps; and if organized in America with a view to such crises as this, these colonies could readily be modified so as to furnish employment in such case. For example, land is limited in Holland, Belgium, and Switzerland, but it may be said to be virtually unlimited in America. The question is not, Shall the Government undertake to furnish work for the unemployed as foolishly as did the provisional government in France in 1848? but, Shall it undertake to furnish work to the unemployed as intelligently as is now being done in Holland, Belgium, and Switzerland? A few words summing up the Swiss system will be of interest here.

SWISS FARM COLONIES

THE success of the Swiss farm colonies depends upon a few simple propositions: That although it is difficult to make money out of land, it is easy to secure a living from land; that everybody who is not infirm can, under direction, soon be fitted to do remunerative work on land; that, thanks to recent improvements in agriculture, many more men can be supported per acre of land to-day, than a few years ago; that work on land is physically and morally regenerating.

It is a pity that students of this subject generally confine their examination of farm colonies to those of Holland, and, above all, to that of Merxplas in Belgium. This last can hardly be said to be a farm colony at all. It is, on the contrary, a large industrial village with a population of from five to six thousand, chiefly devoted to industry, with a relatively small farm attached thereto, the farm contributing an insignificant part of its productive capacity. Merxplas is valuable as a demonstration of the admirable work that can be obtained from the refuse of population, but its large numbers make it impossible for the director to give to its inmates the individual care needed for reformation; and the military discipline that it is necessary to maintain there is equally inconsistent therewith.

The Swiss, on the contrary, have adopted a system of small farms, each farm occupying no more than 300 men, thus making it possible for the director to be acquainted individually with every one of them. The industries on these farms are

relatively insignificant, and are only there for the purpose of giving employment to those who are unfitted for agricultural work, and during those months of the year where little work can be done in the field. The surveillance, instead of being confided to an expensive soldiery, is confided to farm-hands, who not only exercise a sound and moral influence over the inmates, but incidentally earn their wages by the work they do on the land.

Moreover, the Swiss have discovered how indispensable it is that by the side of every forced-labor colony for tramps there be also a free-labor colony for the unemployed. Nothing interferes more with the discipline of a tramp colony than the presence there of innocent unemployed, who tend to relax the discipline necessary for the tramp, and nothing is more unjust to the unemployed than to put them in daily and hourly contact with the tramp. Also, the character of the discipline necessary in the one case is totally different from that needed in the other. The tramp needs some severity and even coercion; the unemployed, on the contrary, needs only just such regulation as is indispensable in every factory or farm. In Switzerland, therefore, the colonies where discipline and coercion are used are confined to tramps and misdemeanants, and the free-labor colonies are open to the unemployed, who, in lieu of discipline and coercion, find ordinary factory regulations and encouragement. At Witzwyl, too, a very interesting experiment has been tried. Around the forced-labor colonies is a collection of farms to which the inmates of the forced colonies are encouraged to go when their term has expired. At these farms a fair wage is paid; and, being removed from the temptations of town-life, the inmates of the forced colonies have an opportunity of doing work under virtually free conditions, and thus completing the self-discipline necessary to fit them for restoration to the community at large. The forced-labor colonies have in some cantons been so adroitly managed as to be self-supporting. This cannot be claimed for the free-labor colonies, which contain too large a proportion of infirm to permit of their paying expenses; but the expense of the free colonies is relatively small.

Inasmuch as coercion is indispensable to the operation of the forced-labor colonies, and as private institutions cannot exercise coercion, forced-labor colonies can be instituted only by the state. And as there ought to be a system by means of which inmates of the forced colonies who no longer need the discipline of the forced colony can easily be transferred to the free colony, and a corresponding system under which inmates of the free colonies who are not fit for freedom, can be easily transferred to the forced-labor colonies; inasmuch, too, as it would be advisable to have in connection with every free-labor colony a department where certain inmates open to suspicion might be held under a sort of surveillance during a probationary period, it seems advisable that the free-colony system should also be instituted by the state as part of a compendious system for dealing with the whole question.

As a full year must elapse before farm colonies could be instituted by the legislature, it is quite possible for private persons, or a corporation organized by private persons, to purchase tracts of land to which the unemployed could at once be put to the work of cultivating the soil. During the summer they could live in tents, and before winter they could construct buildings to protect them from the cold. The land so developed could either be sold to private individuals, or to the state as soon as a state farm bill was enacted.

Meanwhile, the rescue work now being performed by such organizations as the "Christian Herald," the Industrial Alliance, and the Salvation Army not only serve to lighten the task of the free-farm colony, but also demonstrates the feasibleness of giving work to the unemployed, if the effort is only made with resolution and courage. The "Christian Herald" is actually now placing the unemployed at work on farms, to the great satisfaction not only of the unemployed, but of the farmers to whom they are sent. The Industrial Alliance has for years been giving employment in this city under such efficient administration that with the exception of rent, which is paid by voluntary subscription, the proceeds of the work pay the cost of maintenance. And if this can be accomplished in the heart of the

city, how much more easily can it be done upon a farm?

Twelve years ago a farm-colony bill was drawn by a committee appointed by all the charitable societies in New York; but it did not secure at Albany a moment's serious attention. We were told by our legislators that poverty is not a crime. When we answered that our bill did not make of it more of a crime than the penal code, but only purposed to substitute for the expensive and degenerating system of the misnamed workhouse, inexpensive and regenerating work on a State farm, and that the plan had operated effectually in Holland and Belgium for over a hundred years, we were told that the plan might do in Holland, but it would not do here. So also in the archives of the French senate may still be read the report made by Thiers, when appointed by Louis Philippe on a committee to investigate the first railroad ever built, which concludes as follows: "Railroads may serve a purpose in England, but they are not suited to France."

A similar bill, improved by borrowing from late experience in Switzerland, has been drawn once more by a similar committee, to which was added our Commissioner of Charities, Mr. Hebberd. This bill is likely to receive a better reception at Albany than the previous one because it will be introduced and supported by the great railroads of New York State; for the railroads have discovered that the tramp is an intolerable nuisance. Colonel Pangborn of the Baltimore and Ohio has lately estimated that the damage occasioned by tramps to railroads in the United States amounts in a single year to twenty-five million dollars. For the tramp in America does not tramp; he rides on railroads; he sets fire to freight-cars and freight-stations; he obstructs the lines, wrecks trains, and is a fruitful cause of action for damages. The measure, therefore, which was thrown out by the Assembly when proposed from motives of humanity, will be passed as a measure of self-defense. And self-defense thus constitutes an element of the power always at work on the side of progress that neither ignorance nor interest will be able to resist. Just as cholera forced from the British Parliament in 1830 hygienic measures which up to that time the landlords had been able successfully to resist, so every evil carries within itself the agent of its own destruction, and the very men who now resist progress will one day awake to the fact that they themselves, even in their moments of bitterest resistance, have all along been the unconscious instruments of this very power which some of them to-day affect to despise.

TOPICS OF THE TIME

PATRIOTISM THAT COUNTS

THE SUCCESSFUL CONFERENCE AT THE WHITE HOUSE ON THE CONSERVATION OF OUR NATURAL RESOURCES

THE Conference of the Governors of the States and other distinguished persons held in the White House May 13–15, on the invitation of President Roosevelt, to consider the waste of our resources of forests, minerals, soil, and water, realized the most sanguine expectations of its usefulness. Nearly all the Governors were present, and those who were unavoidably absent sent representatives, and there were guests, specially invited, besides delegates from a number of universities, and from many scientific and other public bodies. It is difficult to see how it would be possible to secure a more authoritative, more competent, or more national assembly. The President and his able lieutenant, Mr. Pinchot, head of the Forestry Bureau, are entitled to the greatest credit for working out successfully on a comprehensive plan the idea of a meeting of Governors to consider our failing resources. Even had the Conference not been the unqualified success it was, the President's imaginative grasp of its possibilities and his generalship in arranging it would

stamp him a constructive statesman of the first order. As Governor Hanly said, "The President, in calling this conference, planted a milestone in American history." We believe its success will be accounted the crowning achievement of his career.

That the crying need of systematic co-operation to arrest the depreciation of our natural wealth has not been overstated was manifest in every address. The President, speaking of "the awful momentum of modern life," declared that the Conference was called "to consider the weightiest problem now before the nation"; and exclaimed, "Foresight is necessary, and we are not showing it." Mr. Carnegie, in an address of large significance, referring to iron, said: "It is staggering to learn that our once-supposed ample supply of rich ores can hardly outlast the generation now appearing," while another authority spoke of the "incredible waste of metallic wealth." (In stating our first duty to be conservation of forests Mr. Carnegie tersely said, "No forests, no long navigable rivers; no rivers, no cheap transportation," and added: "Less soil, less crops; less crops, less commerce, less wealth.") Mr. James J. Hill, President of the Great Northern Railway, in a memorable paper, speaking of the mistreatment of the soil in methods of farming, said: "It is fortunate for us that Nature is slow to anger." He quoted with approval the late Professor Shaler's saying, "Of all the sinful wasters of man's inheritance on earth—and all are in this regard sinners—the worst are the people of America," and said, "The forests of this country, the product of centuries of growth, are fast disappearing." Of coal he said, "We still think nothing of consuming this priceless resource with the greatest possible speed"; and added, "The iron industry tells a similar story." Another speaker referred to the "insane riot of destruction and waste of our fuel resources." The Conference took on from time to time the aspect of a confessional. Not a single speaker took issue with the alarming facts presented in regard to every field of our natural wealth. Floods, erosion, change of climate, waste of natural gas, diminution of sea food, and the impairment of great scenic beauty, were topics touched upon more lightly but not less significantly.

But if a pessimist might have found in these statements occasion for complacency, the same could not be said of the cynic, who would have been distressed by the unfailing response which greeted every note of altruism. The deep impression of the peril was not more marked than the conviction that a remedy must speedily be found. The serious and devoted spirit—as of men administering a solemn trust—was inspiring, and at times electric in its manifestation. Dr. Edward Everett Hale struck the keynote in the passage which preceded his invocation, and the fervor with which the whole assembly joined him in the Lord's Prayer was most impressive. *The patriotism of making things better* was the bugle-call that aroused every one to enthusiasm, whether it was sounded by Mr. John Mitchell, setting forth the needs of stronger safeguards for the lives of miners, or by Mr. Horace MacFarland in his plea for the protection of beautiful scenery as a valuable, and the most generally distributed, natural asset of the country—a form of wealth to be left unimpaired to our children's children. It would not have surprised any one if the Conference had closed its session with the singing of "My country, 't is of Thee."

Another noteworthy aspect was the brotherly feeling of all sections, shown in the speeches of the Governors themselves. Henry T. Tuckerman, in his "America and her Commentators," records the reproach of a foreigner that our country was composed of discordant and heterogeneous elements. Heterogeneous we still are and must long continue to be, but if this assembly was a representative one, the harmony of the nation is complete. Governor Glenn of North Carolina brought the Conference to its feet by an impassioned and patriotic reference to the Civil War, and this note found echo in other speeches. Governor Hoch of Kansas was warmly greeted when he said, "This Conference has cemented the Union as no other influence has ever done before." The governors of some of the Northwestern States, who recorded respectful protest in a matter of administrative policy, showed a broad and creditable spirit of loyalty to the general cause of conservation, by which locally as well as nationally they have so much to gain.

In practical action much has been accomplished. The Governors are to meet again under their own ægis and, if desired, by the invitation of the present or future President. Although no specific measure of legislation was indorsed, it was easy to see that the Conference warmly favored the bill for the White Mountain and Appalachian Park, and that it would approve of the removal of the tariff on lumber. States which are yet without a Forest Commission will doubtless provide them soon.

The greatest achievement of the Conference was in deepening the conviction of the necessity for immediate action, for, as Mr. Bryan said, "Nothing that is necessary is impossible." *One great purpose to keep in view is the saving of the upper altitudes of all the Eastern mountains.* The declaration of principles adopted insures general and permanent attention to the large problems of the Conference, which bids fair to realize the destiny foreshadowed in the eloquent closing words of Mr. Hill:

> Reviewing the spirit of the days that created our Constitution, the days that carried us through civil conflict, the spirit by which all our enduring work in the world has been wrought, taking thought as Washington and Lincoln took thought, only for the highest good of all the people, we may, as a result of the deliberations held and the conclusions reached here to-day, give new meaning to our future and new luster to the ideal of a Republic of living federated States; shape anew the fortunes of this country, and enlarge the borders of hope for all mankind.

THE CAMPAIGN: SHALL IT GIVE US HEAT OR LIGHT?

IT was George Eliot, we believe, who said that "iteration, like friction, produces more heat than light," a bit of wisdom which is recalled to mind by the recurrence of a Presidential campaign, with its concomitants of violent speech and turbulent action. These very ebullitions of feeling, however skilfully manufactured, are thought by some to be evidences of the vitality of the body politic, much as a popular belief considers boils to be an evidence of general physical health. The aim of the party leader is apt to be concentrated upon the "hurrah" side of the campaign, the flaunting of the danger-signal, the rousing of indignation to the boiling-point, and in general to blinding the voter, if we may coin a phrase, by the dust of noise. To such political promoters, the prime necessity is to create a crisis: a real one is preferable, but an imaginary one will answer. If the opposing candidate can be trapped into an offense to the prejudices of a large class of voters, much can be made of it with the ignorant or unthinking, and the trembling scales may turn in favor of the man who can "save the country."

It strikes us that the situation this year is not so favorable to this sort of campaign. A period of financial distress is a great provoker of ratiocination. The mind sometimes works even more actively when the stomach is not so full. The business of government in times of profound peace being primarily the collection and expenditure of taxes, it is more and more necessary this year that economic features should receive attention. And, now that a general revision of the tariff is confessedly desirable, it is worth while reminding the managers of both parties that it will be perilous to endeavor to direct public attention from that question. What is needed is light, not heat. The country is hard at work and hard at thought, and the reaction against flags and drums and hired paraders is a sign that we have emerged from our period of adolescence. What is needed this year is a campaign of facts, not fireworks.

Now that many of the States have laws controlling the publication of campaign expenditures or making contributions by corporations unlawful, there would seem to be good reason for an agreement by rival managers, such as has been made in local campaigns, to dispense with many of the costly spectacular outlays which "confuse the judgment for the hour" and virtually nullify one another. The candidates themselves could do much to discourage the intemperate and often hypocritical abuse which vulgarizes politics and distracts the attention of the people from the real issues. A word from each of the Presidential candidates to his campaign manager might place the contest on a higher plane than it has ever occupied, and help us to a more rational solution of public questions.

OPEN LETTERS

Gari Melchers's Portrait of President Roosevelt

(THE CENTURY'S AMERICAN ARTISTS SERIES)

It is essentially fitting that a native artist of the caliber of Gari Melchers should have been chosen to paint the portrait of our Chief Executive for the new National Gallery recently established in Washington. That a better selection could not have been made is eloquently proved by the standing likeness of Mr. Roosevelt which serves as the frontispiece of this number, and which was painted entirely from special sittings at the White House. Obviously it is a sound, forcible presentment, free from exaggeration, and replete with that virile self-reliance which is alike characteristic of subject and of artist.

Mr. Roosevelt is a difficult theme for the painter. It takes not only a fine technical equipment, but broad sympathies, and single, direct vision to achieve in portraiture that permanency to which it should be heir; and in the present instance none of these qualities would seem to be lacking. THE CENTURY is fortunate in offering herewith the first reproduction of this admirably unconventional and veracious work, the existence of which is due to the liberality and foresight of Mr. Charles L. Freer, whose efforts toward the formation of a National Gallery of American art are already well known to our readers.

On account of his name, and his protracted residence abroad, it has often been assumed, even by his countrymen, that Gari Melchers must be a foreigner. In point of fact, however, he was born in Detroit, and has never had the slightest intention of expatriating himself. The son of a father who had formerly been a pupil of Carpeaux and Etex in Paris, Melchers early felt within him the desire for artistic expression, and at the age of seventeen found himself a student at the Düsseldorf Academy. After three years at Düsseldorf he left for Paris, where he completed his training at the Académie Julian under Boulanger and Lefebvre, and also at the Beaux-Arts. While still a student, Melchers began painting and exhibiting those clear-toned, sturdily seen transcriptions of nature and character which have since become identified with his name the world over. He settled first in Brittany, but later moved to northern Holland, where he found, perhaps, his most congenial field, and where he has painted numerous phases of Dutch life.

From the very outset, Melchers's success was assured, and no American artist, not even excepting Whistler or Sargent, has been the recipient of more or higher distinctions at the hands of foreign juries or governments. Among the honors which have fallen to his lot during the course of a few industrious years are: the Gold Medal, Paris Salon, 1886; Grand Medal of Honor, Paris Salon, 1889; Grand Gold Medals in Amsterdam, Munich, Vienna, and Dresden, and Grand Medals of Honor in Antwerp and in Berlin. Canvases by him are in the Luxembourg, the Royal Gallery of Dresden, the Royal Gallery of Munich, the National Gallery of Berlin, the National Gallery of Modern Art in Rome, and in numerous important private collections abroad, notably that of the Krupp family in Essen. Mr. Melchers is an Officer of the Royal Bavarian Order of St. Michael; a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor of France; a member of the Royal Academy of Berlin, the Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts, Paris, the Royal Society of Austrian Painters, etc., and last year received from the German Emperor the Order of the Red Eagle.

Christian Brinton.

The Powdering-Room

(SEE PICTURE ON PAGE 342)

THE "powdering-room" as an institution in the Virginia home grew out of the wide hospitality of colonial days and the great distances that separated the stately homes that bordered the Potomac, the Rappahannock, and the James from one another and from Williamsburg, the political and social center. In Williamsburg itself, the white pediments of the Peytons, the Randolphs, and the Wythes, encircled the House of Burgesses, and night after night saw the gleam of many candles fall across the intervening green and heard the scraping of merry fiddles, which did not cease till daybreak.

Many of the guests came from afar, and the dearth of good roads obliged the ladies to make the journey on horseback. Enveloped in an ample pelisse, which served to protect the furbelows beneath from the dust of the highway and from the showers of powder which every jog of her trotting jennet dislodged from her monumental coiffure, my lady, arriving at the scene of the evening's

entertainment, stepped from the saddle into the powdering-room, where the French coiffeur transformed the dusty chrysalis into the full-winged butterfly eager to dance all night after her long day on horseback. In this narrow closet, hidden under the stairway, attended by her negro page, she sat before a tiny Chippendale table, with drawers for the patches, and shelves for the cosmetics, besides the mirror above.

The coiffeur, an artist in his way, with a diploma from the school of Versailles, made the powdering-room a clearing-house for all the affairs of the country-side; and as my lady sat with the cone that temporarily protected her face, he dispensed powder and gossip with equal facility.

H. S. Potter.

Nicolas Poussin's "Shepherds of Arcadia"

WOOD ENGRAVINGS OF FRENCH MASTERS

(SEE PAGE 409)

NICOLAS POUSSIN, the culmination and chief glory of the early French school of painting, and one of the greatest painters that France has produced, was born near Le Grand Andelys, in Normandy, in 1594. This was at a time when the Italian influence in art matters was paramount in Europe, and the dream and Mecca of all aspiring artists was Italy, and especially Rome. In this direction Poussin early fixed his hopes. When eighteen years old he left his native town, where he had been studying under one Quentin Varin, and made for Paris. Here the turning-point of his career was the fact of his being enabled, through the influence of friends, to gain access to some prints from Raphael and Giulio Romano, which roused him to redouble his efforts to get to Rome. The year 1623 found him still in Paris, about which time, through some pictures he had painted for the college of the Jesuits, he attracted the attention of the Italian poet Marino, who became his patron, and took him to Rome the following year. He continued at Rome the remainder of his life, save for a short sojourn at Paris in 1641–42, and based his style on the study of the antique. He died in Rome in 1665 at the age of seventy-one, and was buried in the church of San Lorenzo in Lucina.

He is likened to Rubens and Murillo for the extraordinary fertility and variety of his genius. The Louvre possesses forty of his canvases, among which, in Salle XIV, is the engraved subject, "Shepherds of Arcadia," esteemed by many his masterpiece. It belongs to his most matured period, and displays to the full those characteristics that give his works distinction and style, namely, a noble elevation of thought embodied in classic forms, having for its end some moral from history or lesson from philosophy. We see in the "Arcadia" three shepherds and a shepherdess in the bloom of youth and health arrested suddenly by a tomb upon which they read the inscription "Et in Arcadia ego" ("I, too, once lived in Arcadia"). Reminded thus of the brevity of life, the youth leaning upon his staff points to the epitaph and bids his mate reflect.

The canvas is steeped in a fine golden tone,—the light of late afternoon,—and is clear in color and refined throughout. The flesh tones are reddish in the waning sunlight, and the draperies are of various shades of blue, yellow, and red. The picture measures two feet, ten inches high, by four feet wide.

T. Cole.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

Half-Truths

EVERY time a man consults his watch he is bowing to his taskmaster.

Fame is that small circle of light that an ardent mind casts about itself.

A madman is he who, unable to accept current hallucinations, creates them for himself.

Detraction is a form of subtraction—the less taking from the greater.

The man who loves dogs better than men craves adulation, and takes it where he can get it.

Bores, like poets, are not made: they are borne.

Thomas Carlyle could not say a profoundly truthful thing without lying about it.

Louise Herrick Wall.

His Little Sub

THERE was a little Boston child
Of ways controlled, of temper mild,
For all that psychic thought extends
He used for therapeutic ends.

He did not have the stomach-ache,
The whooping-cough he did not take;
"No functional disorders act,"
Said he, "on my subconscious tract."

Nor did this little fellow fret
If what he wished he did not get;
His mental poise he'd quickly find
By treating his subconscious mind.

And when his mother cried, "I am
Displeased to find you stealing jam,"
He answered from the pantry shelf,
"Mama, 't was my subconscious self."

No matter what his mother said
(She was a woman Boston-bred),
Still, for his irritating prank
That child received a conscious spank.

Elizabeth Bennett.

The Mythological Zoo

BY OLIVER HERFORD

With pictures by the Author

Drawn by Oliver Herford

V—The Phœnix

THE Phœnix was, as you might say,
The burning question of his day:
The more he burned, the more he grew
Splendiferous in feathers new.
And from his ashes rising bland,
Did business at the same old stand.
But though good people went about
And talked, they could not put him out.
A wond'rous bird — indeed, they say
He is not quite extinct to-day.

Drawn by Oliver Herford

VI—The Harpy

THEY certainly contrived to raise
Queer ladies in the olden days.
Either the type had not been fixed,
Or else zoölogy got mixed.
I envy not primeval man
This female on the feathered plan.
We only have, I 'm glad to say,
Two kinds of human bird to-day —
Women and warriors, who still
Wear feathers when dressed up to kill.

Adam's Library

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

IN Adam's library no books were found
In manuscript or printed, sheets or bound.
No magazine had he, or daily print,
With all the latest information in 't.
There were no "six best sellers" in his day,
And ne'er a foot-sore agent came his way
To sell his cyclopedias and tomes
That lie on center-tables in our homes.

And yet what letters had he in his time!
The hills and dales gave him his meed of rhyme.
The rivers, rushing onward to the sea,
Provided him with hints of mystery.
What sweet romance, his leisure to beguile,
He found in gentle Eve's resplendent smile!
If history he wished, he sought no shelf,
But buckled down and made it all himself.
His humor, that was fresh; his jokes were new,
E'en with a spreading chestnut-tree in view.
No time on "nature fakes" was wastrel spent,
For he was it, and what he stated, went.

Dear Father of the Human Kind, I think
You fared right well, for all your lack of ink;
And while I 'd greatly miss my treasured store
Of modern books and ancient printed lore,
For you, I vow, 't was ordered well indeed,
Especially as you ne'er learned to read.

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THE NEW NOVEL IN THE FORTIES

COLOR DRAWING BY ELIZABETH HOWELL INGHAM

MIDSUMMER HOLIDAY NUMBER

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WHEN WE WERE TRAMPS

BY FRANCES WILSON HUARD

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLES HUARD

WE really had no intention of becoming tramps, and up to the time of our adventure, nothing in our lives would have led one to suppose we ever would be such.

We had just finished our first season at the Beaux-Arts, and for our vacation Gerald and I decided to take a trip into Normandy. So we bought a circular ticket and set forth, stopping regularly at every station indicated on our itinerary. For nearly a fortnight we visited churches and cathedrals, listened religiously to explanations recited by the guides (without understanding a quarter of what was said), came back to the various hotels just at meal-time, to find chicken, ever chicken, served up with the same chicory salad, and, what became more annoying, the same faces of fellow-students and travelers following the same route. It seemed to us as though all the Americans we had known in Paris had arranged to spend their vacation in Normandy.

We consulted together, and decided we were "doing the thing too well"; so, in hopes of finding more amusement, we began frequenting cheaper hotels and lodgings. But it was useless; for in trying to escape our compatriots, we fell into the society of other tourists of the regulation sort.

Things became more and more monotonous. We thought of other holidays, spent under other conditions, but for some reason we were bashful about mentioning them to each other. At length one day, on coming out of the *table d'hôte*, Gerald spoke of a cruise he had made one summer on Long Island Sound. That broke the ice, and a perfect torrent of recollections poured forth.

"Have you ever been big-game shooting in northern Maine?"

"Rather!"

"Trout-fishing or camping in Canada?"

In less than no time we decided that vacations at home most decidedly had their charms.

As soon as the first enthusiastic moments of joyous reminiscence were over, we felt bluer than ever, and wandered up and down the winding streets of old Avranches, wishing for even the mildest adventure, something that would put a little spice into the insipidity of our lives.

As we came out upon a public square, a

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gathering crowd attracted our attention. Hastening to the scene of action, we discovered that an auction-sale was being held in the doorway of a fine old Louis XVI mansion, and questioning a fellow-onlooker, we learned that the heirs of a very old lady, recently deceased, were selling the contents of her house. Pressing farther into the crowd, we were able to get a peek inside, where we caught sight of an elderly man in a frock-coat mounted on a stool. Two men in blue blouses passed him the articles to be sold, and this person, who looked as though he had just stepped out of a Balzac novel, was rapidly disposing of the goods.

The buyers, chiefly women, were grouped about the entrance, their wrinkled, knotted faces betokening the second-hand dealer in all its picturesque horror.

Unfortunately, we were a little late, for there remained only a few kitchen and garden utensils to be sold, and every one was fast making ready to go when the auctioneer, coming to the door, shouted:

"Be not so hasty, ladies and gentlemen! It is not over yet. We have a surprise in store for you. We are now going to put up Sidi and Beefsteak."

Everybody laughed.

"Let Sidi and Beefsteak come forth!"

A youngster explained that these were no other than the donkey that the old lady used to carry her to market, and her pet dog, which followed behind.

Sidi and her carriage were now brought forward. She was a dear, little, dark-gray donkey, with long, velvety ears, and from time to time would turn her head and cast a frightened glance at her companion, a ridiculous dog, which was not much less timid than she. In the midst of the general hilarity, the auctioneer called out:

"Now 's your chance, ladies and gentlemen. Don't miss it. The cart, the harness, the whip, the donkey, and the dog, all together in one lot, offered for one hundred and fifty francs. Who bids? What do I hear?"

Not a mouth was opened.

"It is for nothing—like giving it away," screeched the old fellow. "The donkey is still young, and the carriage is in good condition. With a single coat of paint it would be as good as new."

Not a sound came from the crowd.

"One hundred francs, then!"

The silence was leaden.

"Come, come! Shall I be obliged to say ninety?"

"Ninety-one!"

The voice that came from behind me sounded strangely like Gerald's. The auctioneer knew his assembly, and without further ado he let fall the hammer, crying:

"Sold!"

There was a general murmur, and then:

"Step up, sir, if you please."

A passage was opened, and to the amazement of all present, who wondered what on earth a young stranger could want with such a sad-looking equipage, Gerald came forward and took possession of Sidi and Beefsteak.

"Are you mad, old man?" I hissed in his ear. "What the deuce are you going to do with them?"

"Never mind," was his cool reply. "Here, you look after Beefsteak while I see to Sidi; and before I 've finished, you 'll bless them both."

I obeyed in silence, awaiting the development of his plan. We started down the road, and presently he turned toward me and asked:

"What was it we were sighing for a few moments ago? A little variety in this monotonous trip, was it not? Well, now we 've got it. If I am not very much mistaken, there is no coast-line railroad between here and Cherbourg. The country all through that region must be lovely, I know. Just think! There 's the beautiful abbey at Hambye that we never should have been able to visit without Sidi. We 'll pile our luggage upon the cart, and take a walking-trip, stopping to sketch and paint wherever we please. You 're willing, old boy, are n't you?" said Gerald, addressing the dog.

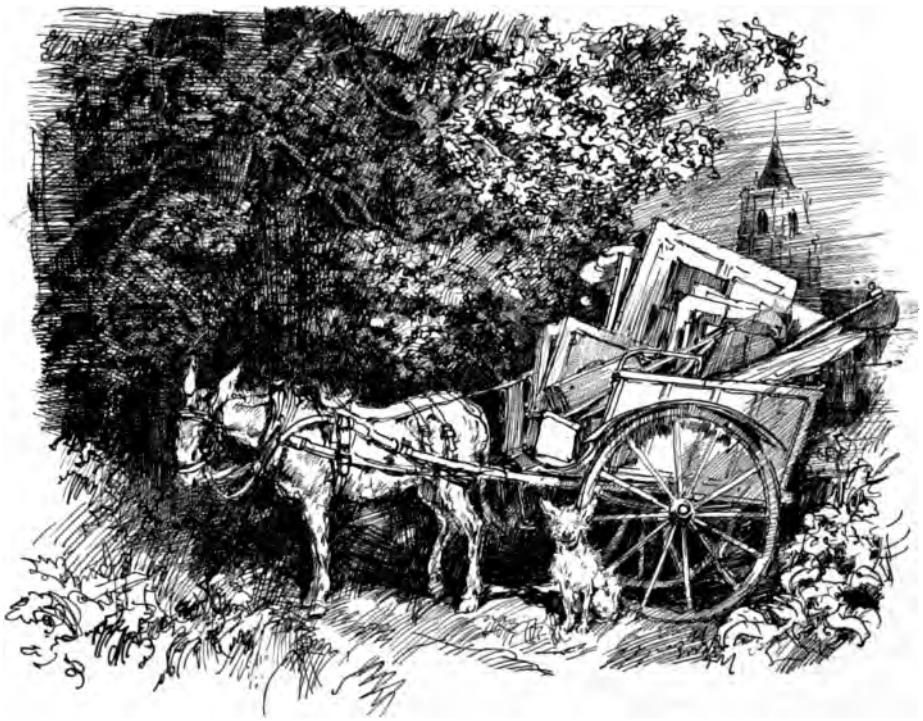
Beefsteak barked his acquiescence.

As to myself, perhaps I was the most enthusiastic member of the party, and I became so demonstrative that I must have jerked too hard on the cord attached to Beefsteak's antique collar, for the thing gave way, and I came near being precipitated into the ditch. This highly amused a number of small urchins, who followed us all the way to the hotel, making fun of our queer little turn-out.

Once our suit-cases, color-boxes, and

Drawn by Charles Huard

THE AUCTION



Drawn by Charles Huard

"SIDI" AND "BEEFSTEAK"

easels were on the cart, we set out to buy the articles necessary for our impromptu camping-party. A couple of blankets, a basket containing two cups, two plates, a pound of tea, and an alcohol lamp, completed our outfit; so by four o'clock in the afternoon we were well out on the highroad, faithfully followed by Beefsteak, whose sudden attachment for his new masters proved that if he were not one of its most brilliant samples, he was at least one of the most affectionate representatives of the whole canine race.

Leaving Avranches in the distance, we followed the road in hopes of reaching Ste. Piance by nightfall. Our inexperience as pedestrian travelers prevented us from being capable judges of distance, so we may have walked five miles, we may have walked ten, when, in spite of our enthusiasm, we began to feel weary. It was just after sunset, and we were fast gaining the summit of a very tiresome hill. Imagine, then, our delight when, arriving at the top, we saw a fresh, green valley, watered by a silvery river, and a little village sheltered beneath the rocks, like a beehive in the crotch of a willow.

We spent the night at a little tavern pompously called "Les Trois Rois et le Soleil Levant," and slept the sleep of the just.

Next morning we arose at dawn and started on our way with renewed enthusiasm. Our "Travels with a Donkey" had begun in earnest, and we tramped along, stopping every now and then to sketch an ideal bit. At ten o'clock we made a halt and liberally partook of a cold joint and some preserves with which our innkeeper's wife had stocked our basket. As to the tea, which we made over our alcohol stove, it was the best I ever tasted. Even Beefsteak liked it, for I surprised him lapping in my cup, which I put down for a moment when Gerald called my attention to a delightful bit of landscape.

We reached Fleury early in the afternoon, and found it to be a little hamlet composed of a few small houses clustered about a picturesque church. We

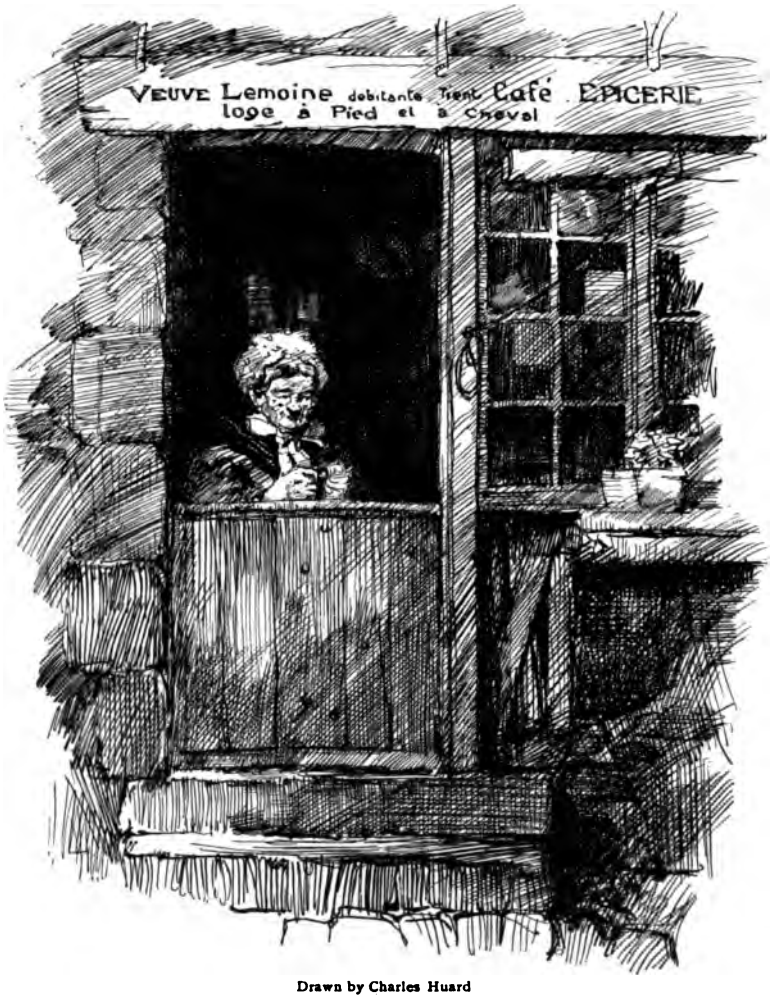
questioned an old road-mender as to a hotel.

"Oh, you 'll find no hotel in these parts," he replied. "Go to Madame Lemoine's, though. She has good food and beds."

We soon found Widow Lemoine, thanks to her amusing sign, which announced that she lodged "on foot or on horse," sold dry groceries, and kept a café. A glance at her narrow little shop showed that the sign made no pretensions to enumerate the wares contained within, for almost every conceivable thing necessary to the comfort of the entire population of the village could be procured there.

Madame Lemoine herself, an elderly, white-capped person, greeted us cordially; and following her directions, we put Sidi into the stable behind the house, and started out to find subjects for painting. We were not long installing ourselves, but we soon discovered that landscape-painters were unknown quantities at Fleury. First of all, some ducks and then a few small children began circling about us. Presently an old woman, who had eyed us at a distance for a long time, approached, and stood with her mouth wide open in astonishment. She was quickly joined by a neighbor, and in a short time we were entirely surrounded by a silent crowd, who nudged one another's elbows, and lifted their eyebrows inquiringly.

"Perhaps you are working for the map



Drawn by Charles Huard

THE WIDOW LEMOINE

Drawn by Charles Huard

"LANDSCAPE-PAINTERS WERE UNKNOWN QUANTITIES AT FLEURY"

of France?" interrogated an old peasant, wearing a cotton bonnet.

"No. For my own pleasure."

They all looked at one another, anxious and astonished, filled with doubt and suspicions.

"And to sell," I added.

"Oh, my boy, you 'll dispose of none of it here. Better go to the city, where there are gentlemen. You 'll stand more chance. What on earth would you expect us to do with such things?" exclaimed old cotton-bonnet, walking away, shrugging his shoulders.

Widow Lemoine was more expansive. She admired our painting, observed that it must require a deal of patience to do such work, and, finally scrutinizing our faces, burst out:

"But think of it! Two great healthy

fellows like you! Could n't you find a more sensible job, instead of wasting your time on such foolishness?"

We promised to think it over.

Dear, brave-hearted Mother Lemoine, who misunderstood our aims, but who cooked such delicious dishes! I shall never forget the trout and the chicken she served us, preceded by a wonderful vegetable soup that we watched her make in the back of her store, bothered every few moments by a customer come to buy a penny candle, or a small boy begging for a bit of string.

Dinner was served within a few paces of where it was cooked, and when we were about to sit down, a big, black-bearded man made his appearance, and took his place beside us. He presented himself, and proved to be the superintendent of road-menders, making his round. He talked at length with us about all the surrounding country, gave us much useful information concerning routes, and finally, after discussing hunting and farming, dropped asleep by the fireside. As nine o'clock sounded from the neighboring church steeple, Madame Lemoine lighted a candle and led the way to our chamber. It was an immense room that occupied the whole upper floor, and the staircase opened into it directly. It contained three beds, and the old lady gave us our choice, saying: "The superintendent does n't care which one he has." We looked at each other in astonishment, but before we had time to utter an objection, the superintendent appeared, wished us "Good night," and turned over to snore. Having shared our dinner, he was going to share our room. But, then, what could we do?

Loath to separate ourselves from Mother Lemoine's savory cuisine, we loitered about Fleury, having for successive companions in our room a traveling grocer and a cobbler. Then on the morning of the third day we took our leave, *en route*

Drawn by Charles Huard

"WE WERE HAILED AS TRAVELING PHOTOGRAPHERS"

for La Bloutière. Here we spent one night, and the next day about noon we discovered the remains of an interesting old abbey. So, having assured ourselves that there was an inn near by, we remained and worked until dusk.

Hambye being only two or three miles distant, we reached it very early the following morning, just at the hour when the weekly market was at its busiest. It was one of those open-air *marché Normand* where every conceivable product was sold on the public square, and as we drew up to watch the interesting details, we created a sensation.

I gathered that we had been taken for song-vendors, then later on as rat-exterminators, and finally, when Gerald got out his kodak and began taking snapshots, we were hailed as traveling photographers. When we started off without producing anything for sale, or without asking any questions, we were followed by many suspicious glances, and more than one threat was hurled after us.

We had intended to take tea at St. Denis Le Ghast, and pushing on to St. Malo de la Lande for the night; but after leaving Hambye, we came across so many interesting landscapes that we unharnessed Sidi, and putting her out in the field to graze, opened our color-boxes. So earnestly did we work that we paid heed neither to time nor to Sidi, the latter going farther and farther away, until, when the chill of evening came on and we were ready to start again, she was nowhere to be seen. Leaving Beefsteak to

Drawn by Charles Huard

"ONE MORE PILGRIM"

guard our things, we began our search. But Sidi was small, and at that season of the year the grain was high. We glanced helplessly about us, but it was almost like hunting for the proverbial needle in the haystack. All at once Gerald spied a high stone wall. We managed to climb up on it, and were able to get a most wonderful view of the surrounding country, which I 'm afraid we did not duly appreciate at the moment. What interested us most of all was a tender gray spot half-way between us and the horizon. Proceeding in its direction, we came upon Sidi feasting in a thistle-field. Evidently unaccustomed to such liberty, and not as yet familiar with her new masters, she resented our approach, and when one of us would try to go near her, she would either take to her heels or make use of them as a means of defense. We spent fully an hour jumping about that field, and by the time Sidi finally consented to be caught, led back to the road, and harnessed, night had closed in.

We hurried along, straining our eyes to see a light in the hamlet we wished to gain; but it was nearer ten than nine when, at the end of a long avenue of shade-trees, we were greeted by the yellow rays of the only street light in St. Denis Le Ghast. Beneath its welcome glimmer we opened our maps and note-books, to discover that the "Star" inn was not far off.

Not a sound stirred the absolute calm save the pitapat of Sidi's hoofs on the cobbled square: the hamlet was sound asleep.

On our arrival, the "Star" presented a very gloomy appearance. Everything was bolted and barred, the proprietors, like all the other inhabitants of St. Denis Le Ghast, were evidently long since in the land of dreams. We looked for a bell. There was none; and to our modest knock there was no response.

At length, after prolonged knocking, a night-capped head appeared at an upper window, and a woman's voice called:

"What do you want?"

"Rooms and a stable for our donkey."

"Who are you?"

"Travelers."

She turned her head toward the interior of her room, and we heard her explaining:

"They are strangers—Bohemians, animal-trainers, without a doubt."

Then a masculine voice roared from within:

"We want no such people here. Go on with you; and without making any noise, or I 'll put some lead into your hides."

We had of course gone on, but shortly, at the side of the road, beneath a clump of trees, we spied a workman's shed, the door of which was open. It did n't take us long to discover that it was empty, and in spite of Beefsteak's growls, we quickly unharnessed Sidi, took her within, and then proceeded to unroll our blankets and stretch out beside her.

I was awakened harshly by a fierce growl and a snap from Beefsteak, and sitting up, I could just distinguish the outline of a human form in the doorway. A voice called:

"Say, comrade, is there room for one more pilgrim?"

"Yes."

"Then call off your dog."

I fumbled in my pocket, found a match, by the light of which I perceived a gray-bearded man.

"Down, Beefsteak!" I commanded.

The old fellow entered, and as he did so, I saw that he carried on his back a heavy load of new brooms, rat-traps, dusters, bird-cages, salt-boxes, and wooden spoons. He looked more like a walking bazaar than a human creature.

"Hello!" he said. "There are two of you. And a cart! That 's luxury. Where are you bound for?"

"Cherbourg."

"North, eh? Humph! Give me the South when the sun begins to turn. Normandy is too cold when your bones get old. I need the heat. Nice, Menton—I 'll be there in a couple of months. But, there, I 'm boring you. Good night, everybody."

It was broad day when we awoke again, and I found our companion sitting up, rubbing his eyes.

"Say, if I were rich enough to own a donkey and a cart, I 'd have a *roulotte* [a sort of prairie-schooner]. Then you 're always at home, and traveling is a pleasure. When my wife was with me, I used to own one, but the old lady went to the hospital, the nag died, and business was

no good. What a rotten government this is, anyhow! Let 's have coffee!"

The old merchant produced a saucepan, and went in search of water while we pulled ourselves together.

When he returned, we were up and dressed. He shot a piercing glance at us, and I have never seen a more astonished man than he as he exclaimed:

"But you 're not tramps; you 're *bourgeois!*"

We confessed to our rank and calling, and then to the aim of our journey.

"Artists, eh? Well, then we 're not such strangers, after all. Oh, I know Monsieur Bonnat, Monsieur Gérôme, and poor old Monsieur Cabanel. I used to be a model; could have had a fine situation now if I 'd stayed, but I liked traveling too well."

It took little or no questioning to draw forth his story, and we learned that he was a small merchant of an adventurous turn of mind, a lover of travel, and not afraid of walking. So in summer he did the North, and in winter he sought the Riviera. Formerly he and his wife went together, but she became ill, and was in an old woman's home near Paris. He visited her every time he reached the capital—that is, twice a year. Sometimes the brooms weighed heavily, but he took his time and ease, sleeping out of doors only in fine weather, paying for a dinner and a bed when circumstances required.

"A REAL FRENCH TRAMP"

"MONSIEUR LE CURÉ"

"One enjoys only the pleasures he pays for," was his remark as he shouldered his burden, and we bid one another "Good-by" and *"Bon voyage."*

At St. Malo de la Lande we had two happy days of work, with good lodgings and excellent food. Then we mused along the route to Hauteville, on our way to which we encountered a typical roulotte, settled in a shady grove. A greasy woman offered to cook us a luncheon, while her husband, a basket-mender, volunteered much information about the present social condition of the working classes. During our meal we were joined by a *cheminéau*, or real French tramp, who, with pick-ax and bundle on his shoulder, sought just enough work to pay for a cup of coffee or a night's lodging.

At the Grande Lande de Lessay an innkeeper tried to hold us over an extra night by telling startling stories about specters and ghosts who dwelt in the "Lande," but, much to his disgust, we braved the *revenants,* and arrived safe and sound at Dielette. From there we wandered on by winding paths and shady lanes to Osmonville, where a delightful old church attracted our attention. With our backs against the wall of the little cemetery that surrounds it, we were busy putting the scene on canvas when a discreet little cough made us turn and look behind us. It was a little, white-haired, gold-spectacled parish priest that was looking down at us from above the wall, his wrinkled face contradicting the youthful sparkle in his eyes.

"Fine weather for your work, my sons."

"Very fine, Monsieur le Curé," replied Gerald.

"I see that you are painters. Perhaps you are traveling this way in search of work?"

"Perhaps so, Monsieur le Curé."

"What would you say if I were to procure some for you?"

"Oh, that depends. We should have to see it first."

"Come with me, then.

We again confided our studies to Beefsteak's care, and followed the curé to the church.

"He 's going to order a mural decoration," whispered Gerald, all enthusiasm on seeing that the interior was whitewashed.

But we were destined to disappointment, for, showing us a statue of the Virgin, the curé said:

"She is the Protector of our little country; but, as you see, the dampness has sadly damaged her garb. I have been obliged to scrape the statue, and now I am looking for some one to paint on a fine azure robe, spangled with golden stars. Do you think you would be capable of the undertaking?"

"It 's difficult, and a delicate job," replied Gerald, without smiling; "but I think we 'll be able to manage it."

"And what will be your price?"

"Oh, I could n't really say, answered Gerald, somewhat taken aback. "We are not used to doing such work. How much did you intend to give?"

"My sons, I shall be frank with you. I cannot exceed ten francs. Five for each of you."

"A TYPICAL ROULOTTE"

"That 's not very much, sir; but we 'll accept."

The good man was delighted; invited us to lunch with him, as our task would require most of the day; and then he left us to apply our most delicate cobalt to the statue.

Luncheon at the rectory was a most palatable meal, served by a jovial, fat servant who responded to the name of Olive. Here I tasted for the first time a real Norman *andouille* and *canetonaux navets*, dishes fit for the gods, which were washed down with sparkling cider that turned our heads a trifle, though our host assured us that it was as "mild as milk, and incapable of intoxicating a baby."

We returned to our work, and by three o'clock we had painted the last yellow-ocher stars upon the Virgin's gorgeous blue robe. Our work was pronounced a success by the curé, who announced that it was the very thing he had always dreamed of, and he could not take his eyes from the statue.

"I 'm going to send you to one of my friends who is curé at Grouville. I 'm sure he has some repairs to be made," he told us as he departed to write the letter.

We were smiling over our amusing situation when he returned, holding in his hand the note and two five-franc pieces.

"Monsieur," said I, "permit us to offer this to your poor," and I pressed the money back into his palm.

He looked at us in astonishment, and was somewhat displeased.

"My sons, it is generous of you to think of my poor,—God bless you for the thought!—but, remember, 'Charity begins at home.' Keep the money"—here he glanced at our weather-beaten hats and suits,—"especially as you seem to be in need."

Up to that moment we had not fully realized that we really looked like tramps.

At the end of two hours' steady walking we observed that ugly-looking clouds were scurrying across the sky, and presently in the distance we heard the roar of thunder. We were tired and foot-sore, and not at all in the mood to be drenched to the skin, so we began to look about us for a place of shelter. Not a sign of a shed or even a hedge presented itself, and we were about to resign ourselves to our fate when we spied an avenue leading to a private residence. We agreed that we would go and ask leave to remain in the barn until the worst was over; and as we drew up beside the house, a pretty child, leaning from one of the upper windows, exclaimed in the purest English:

"Oh, mama, come and look at the donkey!"

We had fallen among compatriots, and what a joy it was to meet them! The next morning when their carriage took us to the train for Cherbourg, we left little Sidi in the tender care of the charming daughter of our hostess.

As to Beefsteak, we drew lots for him, and to-day he is one of the greatest comforts of my life.

ACTÆON

BY FLOYD DELL

I DARE not look into your eyes,
For fear I should find there
The naked soul behind the guise
That earth-born spirits wear.

Lest, gazing on immortal love,
I should go mad, like him
Who found her bathing in a grove—
The Huntress, white and slim.

A GROUP OF ALDRICH LETTERS

BY FERRIS GREENSLET

THE annals of American poetry are a remarkable record of longevity. The poets of our first rank, barring tragic Poe, have lived to an honored and benignant old age. Thomas Bailey Aldrich was no exception in the calendar of years, yet even at three score and ten it was hard to think of age and him together. Blond, erect, ruddy, alert, he seemed at seventy untouched by mortality. More than Lowell even he was the perennial boy. And to his biographer, curiously inquiring into the vanished days of that long and singularly fortunate life, the image that overlays all others is that of "Tom Bailey," the bad boy, who was yet "not such a very bad boy." The exquisite lyric poet, the inimitable story-writer, the accomplished editor, the witty, urbane man of letters, all take in the mind a coloring of sincerity and soundness, of mischief and mirth, from that Portsmouth boyhood which makes his whole life seem not only its fulfilment, but in strange sense its prolongation.

It is, then, with a certain surprise that one becomes aware of the wide segment of American literature that his life touched. And it is precisely in this that one prime interest of his letters lies. Through them, as through the candid eyes of Tom Bailey, we watch the flow and ebb of the literary tides of more than half a century.

The safe full of old letters that has been the center of the writer's daily thought for more than a year echoes with mute voices and teems with ghostly life. These packets of yellowing letters, full of friendship, the casual records of the details of daily living, of work and play, of pleasant and sad times, embody the very form and pressure of periods and manners and opinions that have gone irrevocably into the night. Old Portsmouth, with her parochial personalities, with privateers of 1812 still rotting at her dreamy wharves; literary Bohemia in the black-walnut New York of N. P. Willis and General George P. Morris, of Fanny Fern and Ada Clare; Boston in her Augustan age, when Longfellow and Lowell and Holmes, might be met any night at dinner; the eighties, that prehistoric decade of the woodcut, terra-cotta, and the dawn of the dialect story—all live again in these letters with a life that is made the more convincing as the record comes on down unbroken and veracious almost to the very hour.

More impressive still, perhaps, is the friendship of the letters. The series begins in an age when there was ampler leisure than now, and a greater liking for the cultivation of the ancient art of being friends. In the letters to and from Bayard Taylor, with their bounteous humanity; in those from Edwin Booth, with their undertone of tragic gloom, their pathetic eagerness for affection and mirth; in the long, reciprocal, diverse-faceted correspondence with Lowell, Fields, Stoddard, Stedman, Howells, Clemens, Woodberry, and many more, there is a sincerity of feeling, a richness of interest and ripeness of expression, that make one ashamed for the meager communications that are the contemporaneous type of the friendly letter.

Yet Aldrich was not a born letter-writer: he never, like Lowell or Stevenson, cultivated letter-writing as a fine art; still less did he ever pour out his soul in lyrical effusion, like Lafcadio Hearn. He wrote a letter, when he did write one, chiefly because there was some compelling occasion to do so, but never perfunctorily, never without the magnetic personal touch, the sincere friendly expression, and rarely without some sparkle of his

inextinguishable wit. And in these yellowing, mystically communicative old letters we have a revelation of character that gives a new meaning to his work.

THE earlier years of Aldrich's poetic career, the period of his life in New York as a young beginner in literature, were years of as near approach to storm and stress as was possible for a man of his happy and wholesome temperament. Throughout them he was wistful of joy, and struggling for complete recognition as a poet. Sentimentality in him had not yet been thoroughly refined into sentiment, and it and his humor were often at war. Save in a few memorable pieces, the light and shade in his poetry had not yet attained that perfect commingling which is the characteristic quality of his best work. The letters of this period are very personal, sometimes a little agitated, but with his marriage in his thirtieth year and his removal to Boston as editor of "Every Saturday" in the employ of that famous and kindly publishing house, Ticknor & Fields, his life found its appointed channel, and his letters begin to be most engaging specimens of "the gentlest art." He feels now that he has at last arrived, and has become, as he liked to say, if not "genuine Boston," at least "Boston-plated." Witness this note to Bayard Taylor, to whom he always wrote with a peculiar frankness of affection:

Boston, March 26, 1866.

MY DEAR BAYARD: You are right touching Howells. He is a thoughtful, able, good fellow and I am glad the firm "imported" him. We are of course thrown much together and promise to become the warmest of friends. You speak of the great city drawing us atoms into its literary vortex. I 'm a-Tom that does n't want to come back just at present. I miss my few dear friends in New York — but that is all. There is a finer intellectual atmosphere here than in our city. It is true, a poor literary man could not earn his salt, or more than that, out of pure literary labor in Boston: but then he could n't do it in New York, unless he turned *journalist*. The people of Boston are full-blooded *readers*, appreciative, trained. The humblest man of letters has a position here which he does n't have in N. Y. To be known as an able writer is to have the choicest society opened to you. Just as an officer in the Navy (providing he is a gentleman) is the social equal of anybody — so a knight of the quill here is supposed necessarily to be a gentleman. In N. Y. — he 's a Bohemian! outside of his personal friends he has no standing. I am speaking of a young fellow like myself who has n't kicked up all the dust he intends to. The luckiest day of my professional life was when I came to Boston to stay. My studies and associations are fitting me for higher ends than I ever before cared to struggle for. . . .

Your faithful friend,

T. B. Aldrich.

The hint in the foregoing letters of speedy and pleasant relations of intimacy with the Boston and Cambridge circle gives only a modest indication of its quality. The young poet's charming personal presence and ready wit soon made him a favorite with the older men,—notably with Holmes, Longfellow, and Lowell,—and how momentous this was in the ripening of his work will become apparent to whomsoever reads it attentively and consecutively. Not the least interesting letter in his correspondence with the elder group is the first in a long series to Lowell —a letter of thanks for the gift of a volume of poems.

Boston, Dec. 4, 1868.

MY DEAR MR. LOWELL: I think you must have had a benevolent suspicion that a copy of your book from your own hand would give me no ordinary pleasure. At all events it was very kind of you to send me the volume. I shall treasure it carefully for my boys, who are not the fellows I take them to be if they dispose of it, even at the highest cash price, to that tasteful bibliophile,—born last month perhaps,—who will be going round in the year 1930 let us say, buying up your autograph copies. I sit here chuckling to think how the perplexed collector will stare at my name on the fly-leaf and wonder who the deuce I was to receive such coin from the mint itself. Then, may be, the name on the fly-leaf will take off its hat, so to speak, and address the startled bibliophile as follows:—

"If you please, sir, I am nobody in particular, therefore I am the more proud at being found here, for I think that this volume contains the richest and most varied music of our time. To change the metaphor, we have no such monument, bronze or marble, over our Dead as the 'Commemoration Ode.' You will wonder that the hand which shaped columns so noble and severe could at the same time cut such delicate cameos as 'The First Snow-Fall,' 'The Nightingale in the Study,' and 'The Fountain of Youth.' You well may wonder. Others have done so before you. No, sir; this copy of 'Under the Willows' is not for sale. It is to be kept in

the family; but I should be delighted to lend you the volume, if you will leave a handsome deposit with the twins, here. An old book-monger like you is not to be trusted with 'a first edition.' Is it true that Messrs. What-d'-you-call-'em are printing a 97th edition from this text?" . . .

This is what I would say, in 1930, to the lover of your autograph. If I were to attempt to tell *you* how much I admire these poems, I should make awkward work of it, lacking that coolness which enables a man to praise another to his face. But I am not shut out from thanking you for remembering me, and I do thank you very heartily.

Faithfully yours,
T. B. Aldrich.

The twins referred to in the preceding letter had been born four months previously. In August, 1868, Mr. Howells had telegraphed Aldrich, "Fine boy"; a month later Aldrich had telegraphed Mr. Howells, "Two fine boys." As the boys grew older, the town air was thought not perfectly to agree with them, and when, in 1872, Lowell went abroad for a two-years' rest from his multifarious labor as professor, editor, and poet, the Aldriches went to dwell at Elmwood. Of the many letters written from this rich old house to its absent master, the following is perhaps most characteristic. The reference to "phantoms" at Elmwood is not all a jest. To the end of his life Aldrich nearly half-believed that there were ghostly presences within its walls.

Elmwood, Feb'y 14, 1873.

MY DEAR LOWELL: You will be glad by this time, I take it, to see a note sheet with Elmwood written in one corner. Does not the word up there seem like the photograph of a friend? I don't wonder you love the place. It is a friendly old home, so fond of making people comfortable that it cannot be cold even to strangers. It has taken us to its heart, and sheltered us, and warmed us, and let its chimneys croon its best ditties for us just as if we were its own brood. Still I think the invisible gods about the house have missed you and mourned for you. Strange sounds have been heard at night in the upper rooms, in the laundry especially. On particularly cold nights I believe there is a company of phantoms who keep themselves warm by running each other through the mangle! The spirit who presides in the library has probably had the hardest time of it. It must have gone against *his* grain, at first, to see a fellow writing thin romance and short-breathed lyrics at *your* desk! . . . —I am living *en garçon*, just now, Mrs. Aldrich and the boys—who have become as hardy as oaks — having gone to New York. . . . I shall get about 150 pages of The Great American Novel done before they return. You see, you would n't write it yourself. We have had a happy winter here. At this writing there are twelve or thirteen inches of snow on the ground. It has been snowing since daybreak. I go to the window every ten minutes to look upon the wonderful picture outside — the picture you must have looked upon in how many different moods! As I glance out of the window next the parlor, I find it hard to believe that only a few weeks ago I went down the grassy terrace one morning — the grass kept its color very late this year—to *gather* the unique pear which the boys had left me. (The pear, by the way, had been taken over night.) It does n't look much like fruit down there at present. The youth of Cambridge took every peach, pear, quince, and grape, as it ripened! But next summer I shall be on my guard.

Sitting at the fireside and toasting my toes, these winter nights, I have written you hundreds of letters, in my head. Luckily for you, there are no mail arrangements for the transportation of such airy epistles. Yet the sense of having written to you too often is so strong in me that I feel like apologising for troubling you again! . . .

Ever faithfully yours,
T. B. Aldrich.

"The Marquis of Thompson's Lot," as Lowell liked whimsically to style himself, returned to his home acres on the 4th of July, 1874, and the Aldriches, instead of going back to Boston, settled themselves in a commodious house at Ponkapog, a village nestled on the slope of Blue Hill above the Neponset marshes, twelve miles south of the city. "Every Saturday" had passed into new hands, and was to be discontinued, and Aldrich had resolved to free himself from all routine fetters, and spend some years in country-living, travel, and writing. The five years of his residence at Ponkapog from 1875 to 1880, broken only by two or three visits to Europe, were perhaps the most productive of his literary life in both poetry and prose, and in no other period were his familiar letters so exuberant. In 1871, through a note in "Every Saturday" concerning an alleged plagiarism in a story entitled "Three Aces," Aldrich had been drawn into an animated correspondence with Mark Twain, which presently ri-

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

pened into warm friendship. In December, 1874, Aldrich asked Mr. Clemens for his photograph. The latter put fifty-two different specimens in fifty-two different envelops, and began to mail them Ponkapogward at the rate of one a day, with the following epistolary result:

Ponkapog, Mass., Dec. 22, 1874.

MY DEAR CLEMENS: When I subscribed to *The Weekly Photograph* I had some doubts as to whether I should get the numbers regularly. The police, you know, have a way of swooping down on that kind of publication. The other day they gobbled up an entire edition of *The Life in New York*. I trust that the *Life* of Hartford (or any other place he happens to be in) will not come to grief that way. It is a good portrait. Looks like a man who has just thrown off an Epic in twelve books, for relaxation. I was glad to get the picture of where you live. It is apparently a comfortable little shanty. Cosy, and all that sort of thing. But you ought to see *my* Mansion at Ponkapog. It could n't have cost less than $1500 to build. And then the land. Land at Ponkapog brings $25 per acre; but then real estate has gone up everywhere. The soil there is so light that it would go up of itself, if you let it alone. They have to put manure on it to keep it down. The house is furnished in a style of Oriental splendor. Straw matting everywhere — even in the servants' rooms straw matting. It 's as common with us as Turkey rugs and Wilton carpets in the houses of the poor. Of course you can't have these things, but you are content. I like to see a man living within his means — and content. . . .

Yours always,
T. B. Aldrich.

After a week or two, Aldrich protested still more firmly against the inundation of the photographs. As a result, he received on New Year's Day twenty envelops of all possible sizes containing twenty pictures of Mr. Clemens, his house, and family. He acknowledged them as follows:

Police Headquarters, Ponkapog, Mass.,
Jan. 1, 1875.

SIR: At 4 P.M. this day, the entire Constabulary force of Ponkapog—consisting of two men and a resolute boy—broke camp on the border of Wampumsoagg Pond, and took up its march in four columns to the scene of action — the post-office. There they formed in a hollow square, and moved upon the Postmaster. The mail had already arrived, but the post agent refused to deliver it to the force. The truculent official was twice run through a mince-meat machine before he would disclose the place where he had secreted the mail-bag. The mail-bag was then unstitched with the aid of one of Wheeler & Wilson's sewing-machines, and the contents examined. The bag, as was suspected, contained additional evidence of the dreadful persecution that is going on in our midst. There were found no fewer than 20 (twenty) of those seditious, iniquitous, diabolical and highly objectionable prints, engravings and photographs, which have lately been showered—perhaps hurled would be the better word—upon Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich, a respectable and inoffensive citizen of Ponkapog.

The perpetrator of the outrage is known to the police, and they are on his track — *in your city*. An engraving with a green background, in which was a sprawling yellow figure, leaves us no room to doubt. This figure was at once recognized by several in the crowd as an admirable likeness of one Mark Twain, *alias* "The Jumping Frog," a well-known Californian desperado, formerly the chief of Henry Plumer's Band of Road Agents in Montana, who has recently been "doing" the public not only in the Northern States of America, but in the realm of Queen Victoria. That he will be speedily arrested and brought to Ponkapog to face his victim, is the hope of every one here. If you could slyly entice him to come into the neighborhood, you would be doing a favor to the community. Would n't the inducement of regular meals, and fishing through the ice, fetch him? Do something. In the meanwhile the post-office is closely watched.

Yours respectfully,
T. Bayleigh, Chief of Police,
Ponkapog, Mass.

Samuel Leghorn Clements, Esq.

On the outside of the envelop was written:

It is of no use for that person to send any more letters here. The post-office at this point is to be blown up. Forty-eight hogsheads of nitro-glycyrrhirine have been surreptitiously introduced into the cellar of the building, and more is expected. R. W. E., H. W. L., O. W. H. and other conspirators in masks, have been seen flitting about the town for several days past. The greatest excitement combined with the most intense quietness reigns at Ponkapog.

T. Bayleigh

A more intimate picture of his Arcadian life at Ponkapog is contained in a letter to Bayard Taylor written a year later:

Ponkapog, Mass., April 16, 1876.

MY DEAR BAYARD: It was not my intention to assess you photographically. However, I shall be mighty glad to have the pictures from your hand, and you, as usual, will be glad to do a kindness,— even to a Ponkapogian. You ask me why I bury myself in these wilds. I never was so comfortable. I 've an old farmhouse with five rooms on a floor. I have garnished it with all my city furniture, pictures, books, draperies, etc. I 've 125 chickens! I have butter that would cost you a dollar per pound in New York, and milk that you cannot get at any price. . . . I am more independent than the late A. T. Stewart ever was. When I feel like it, I write; I 've a lot of things in Mss. When I don't care to work, I read, and study Italian. The German language is a foe whom I intend to lay out next summer. I should deserve to be put into a lunatic asylum if I were to give up this life for the sake of going to N. Y. to live in a flat, the rent of which would take half my income. We have had a charming winter here; in summer the place is delightful. I do not know a locality, except Portsmouth, that has so many lovely roads winding about it. Altogether, I don't ask anything better for the next two or three years — I have a lease for five. When my boys are older, I mean to go abroad and remain long enough for them to learn to speak French and German. All this God willing.

. . . I had an odd mail the other day, bringing me letters from Yeddo, London, Florence, Leipzig, Paris, Rome! The postmaster here regards me as a suspicious character. But don't you. . . .

Ever yours,

T. B. A.

This is almost the last of the thick packet of letters to Taylor, who was soon to go abroad with his well-merited ministerial honor, only to meet his untimely death. Save Booth's, no death in his circle touched Aldrich so nearly. His letters are laden with it. "My heart is heavy just now," he wrote to one correspondent, "with the death of Bayard Taylor, my dear friend without a cloud for twenty-five years. It is like losing an arm,—it is worse than that,—it is losing a loyal heart. He was a man without guile."

A downrightness of literary judgment became increasingly characteristic of Aldrich as he grew older. An excellent specimen of the vigor and animation of his views is found in this letter to Mr. Stedman:

Ponkapog, Mass., Nov. 20, 1880.

MY DEAR EDMUND: You seemed to think that I was going to take exception to your paper on Walt Whitman. It was all admirably said, and my own opinion did not run away from yours at any important point. I place less value than you do on the endorsement of Swinburne, Rosetti & Co., inasmuch as they have also endorsed the very poor paper of ——. If Whitman had been able (he was not able, for he tried it and failed) to put his thought into artistic verse, he would have attracted little or no attention perhaps. Where he is fine, he is fine in precisely the way of conventional poets. The greater bulk of his writing is neither prose nor verse, and certainly it is not an improvement on either. A glorious line now and then, and a striking bit of color here and there, do not constitute a poet — especially a poet for the *People*. There never was a poet so calculated to please a very few. As you say, he will probably be hereafter exhumed and anatomized by learned surgeons — who prefer a subject with thin shoulder-blades or some abnormal organ to a well-regulated corpse. But he will never be regarded in the same light as Villon. Villon spoke in the tone and language of his own period: what is quaint or fantastic to us was natural to him. He was a master of versification. Whitman's manner is a hollow affectation, and represents neither the man nor the time. As the voice of the 19th century he will have little significance in the 21st. That he will outlast the majority of his contemporaries, I have n't the faintest doubt — but it will be in a glass case or a quart of spirits in an anatomical museum. While we are on the topic of poetry, and I 've the space to say it, I want to tell you that I thought the poem on Gifford exquisite, particularly the second division. The blank verse was wholly your own, "not Lancelot's nor another's" — as mine always is. . . .

I am curious to see your review of Mrs. Fields's "Under the Olive." Here 's a New England woman blowing very sweet breath through Pandean pipes! What unexpected, antique music to come up from Manchester-on-the-Sea! . . . While we are on marbleized classical subjects, let me beg you to read my sketch of "Smith" in the January number of the "Atlantic." Plutarch beaten on his own ground!

With our love,

T. B. Aldrich.

Stedman seems to have returned to the charge, for a week later we find Aldrich writing him:

. . . I do not see but we agree perfectly on Whitman. My estimate of him was based,

not, as you seem half to suspect, on the recollection of his early "barbaric yawps," but on a careful study of his complete works. Awhile ago I invested ten dollars in two solid volumes which I should be glad to let any enthusiastic Whitmaniac have at a very handsome reduction. I admire his color and epithets and lyrical outbreaks, when I can forget the affectation which underlies it all. There was something large and sunny in Wordsworth's egotism. There is something unutterably despicable in a man writing newspaper puffs of himself. I don't believe a charlatan can be a great poet. I could n't believe it if I were convinced of it!

Early in 1881, Mr. Howells, after fifteen years of distinguished occupancy, resigned the editorial chair of the "Atlantic Monthly," and Aldrich was chosen as his successor. In February he wrote to Mr. Stedman:

I wanted to write to you — but "Good God!" as Mr. Samuel Pepys says. Between the "Atlantic Monthly" business and the storming of my Charles Street house, where an unpaying tenant has entrenched himself and refuses to surrender, I have had my hands full. When I see you, as I hope to do next month in N. Y. I 'll give you the point of the situation. I have a very clear understanding of the responsibilities I have assumed in taking the editorship of the "Atlantic." I accepted the post only after making a thorough examination of my nerve and backbone. I fancy I shall do very little writing in the magazine, at first. I intend to edit it. I am lost in the admiration of Howells, who found time to be a novelist.

He continued in the editorship of the "Atlantic" until 1890, and save for his habitual seasons of summer travel, gave himself very faithfully to editorial assiduities. The mass of correspondence covering these years is very largely professional, showing an admirable editorial conscience in his dealing with his contributors. But with his release from the editorial shop in 1890 began a ten-years' period in which the writing of friendly letters was one of his chief pursuits. These were happy years for him. His life was enriched by prosperity, with its accompanying accretions of books and objects of art, its opportunities for wide-ranging travel and friendly intercourse. His days passed in a mellow afternoon light, not unvisited by the Muse. Of his pursuits and preoccupations in these years this little group of letters to Mr. Woodberry, Mr. Howells, Mr. Gilder, and Mr. Mabie, chosen almost at hazard, present some indication:

Hotel Royal, Constantinople,
22d of July, 1890.

DEAR WOODBERRY: Christian, having thrown off his burden and quitted "the shop" forever, is walking in the streets of the City Beautiful. He unwinds the turban of care from his brow and sits down by the fountains of delight. . . . The bazaars in the early morning, cooling drinks and many-colored ices at noon-day, and afternoon dreams on the Bosphorus, leave his mind smooth for his nightly divan. The life and color of the streets, — the grand vizier riding by on his milk-white mare and only just not stepping on the curled-up toes of the professional cripple on the curb-stone — the mosques, the markets and the minarets — all this Orient business goes straight to the heart of your friend, who will return to his own uncivilized land in October loaded to the muzzle with magazine papers of the most delightful novelty at the very highest prices. Meanwhile he has begged his friend Jacob, the seller of sweet waters, to drop this missive into the post across the street in order that you may be assured that you still live in the memory of

Your faithful
Thomas Ben-Aldrich.

Milton, May 14, 1892.

DEAR WOODBERRY: This little realm — bounded on the north by "Tamerlane," and on the south, east and west by preparations for Europe — must seem to you a very contracted realm indeed, compared to the great wallowing sphere in which you live, move and have your — salary. Nevertheless I drop you a line from this dim spot of earth called Boston. A bloated bond-holder with $1850 snatched that copy of "Tamerlane" away from me, and I saw it go with tears in my eyes. I went home and wrote a misanthropic poem called "Unguarded Gates" (July "Atlantic"!) in which I mildly protest against America becoming the cesspool of Europe. I 'm much too late, however. I looked in on an anarchist meeting the other night, as I told you, and heard such things spoken by our "feller citizens" as made my cheek burn. These brutes are the spawn and natural result of the French Revolution; they don't want any government at all, they "want the earth" (like a man in a balloon) and chaos. My Americanism goes clean beyond yours. I believe in America for the Americans; I believe in the widest freedom and the narrowest license, and I hold that jail-birds,

professional murderers, amateur lepers ("moon-eyed" or otherwise) and human gorillas generally should be closely questioned at our Gates. Or the "sifting" that was done of old will have to be done over again. A hundred and fifty years from now Americans — if any Americans are left — will find themselves being grilled for believing in God after their own fashion. As nearly as I can estimate it offhand, there will be only five or six extant — the poor devils! I pity them prospectively. They were a promising race, they had such good chances, but their politicians *would* coddle the worst elements for votes, and the newspapers *would* appeal to the slums for readers. The reins of government in all their great cities and towns slipped from the hands of the natives. . . . Rudyard Kipling described exactly the government of every city and town in the (then) United States when he described that of New York as being "a despotism of the alien, by the alien, for the alien, tempered with occasional insurrections of decent folk."

But to turn to important matters. I am having a bit of headstone made for Trip's grave at Ponkapog. The dear little fellow! he had better manners and more intelligence than half the persons you meet "on the platform of a West-End car." *He* was n't constantly getting drunk and falling out of the windows of tenement houses, like Mrs. O'Flararty; *he* was n't forever stabbing somebody in North St. Why should he be dead, and those other creatures exhausting the ozone? If he had written realistic novels and "poems" I could understand "the deep damnation of his taking off." In view of my own mature years I will not say that "they die early whom the gods love." . . . I 've had no word from you for ages, and now I think of it, you don't deserve so long and instructive a letter as this, and so I 'll end it.

Affectionately yours,

T. B. A.

59 Mt. Vernon St., Oct. 25, 1895.

DEAR HOWELLS: How long ago it all seems! The landing of the Pilgrim Fathers at Plymouth and your arrival in Boston are events separated by only a few months. The little wooden pill-box on Sacramento Street, and the cardboard affair which I clung to in Pinckney Street, are coëval with the Old State House and Faneuil Hall.

In your collection of antiquities I have the feeling of a piece of bric-à-brac doubtful of its own value, in spite of the plush-lined case in which you have so handsomely placed me.

What you say of Osgood is touching and true. . . . Those were — at least in looking back to them — happy days for us, though I doubt if Osgood's enjoyment was always on a level with ours. The other morning as I was turning over a bound copy of "Jubilee Days," I suddenly recalled Osgood's grim smile, a smile of blended rheumatism and incredulity, when I announced to him that my contributions to "Jubilee Days" measured 17½ feet — I had measured them with a piece of twine. "Jubilee Days," however, was a financial success in a small way, one of the few successes that befell him at that period. But all is over and done, and poor old Osgood is bound in full marble in Kensal Green, laid away like a copy of an *edition de luxe*, to be valued, but not to be read any more. As for ourselves — the years are after us; but I shall always be young so long as *you* continue to put forth lovely leaves with all the profusion of a budding author. I envy you. In my early New York days I used to throw off a lyric or two every morning before going down town. I wish I had my springtime fluency with my chastened autumnal judgment. Perhaps — I 'm not sure — I was foolish not to train myself to turn out just so much "copy" every day. But we all are as God made us. I like to think of what Clemens once wrote to me: he said that if he was a fool, he was at least God's fool, and entitled to some respect.

You so completely fill the autobiographic field that I am fighting against a desire to write two or three chapters about New York as I knew it when a boy of seventeen or eighteen. Irving, and Willis, and Bryant, and Fitz-Green Halleck and Rufus Griswold were still prowling the streets, upon which still rested the shadow of Poe. Ned Buntline was a queer figure about town. He had been something or other in the Mexican War, and he went round with a slouched hat on his skull and a sabre dangling at his thigh! He was a picture. In order to lay these ghosts I shall have to ink them, and pigeonhole my manuscript. — I 've forgotten that I am writing to a man who cannot have time to read letters even when, as in this case, they need no answer. Our ever kind remembrances to you and yours.

Sincerely,

T. B. A.

Mt. Vernon St., Boston, Dec. 4, 1897.

MY DEAR MABIE: Your paper in the last *Chap Book* places me in all sorts of grateful debt to you. After thanking you for the judicial kindness of the criticism, I want to tell you how deeply it interested me at certain special points. . . .

I like to have you say that I have always cared more for the integrity of my work than for any chance popularity. And what you say of my "aloofness" as being "due in part to a lack of quick sympathies with con-

temporary experience" (though I had never before thought of it) shows true insight. To be sure, such verse as "Elmwood," "Wendell Phillips," "Unguarded Gates" and the "Shaw Memorial Ode" would seem somewhat to condition the statement; but the mood of these poems is not habitual with me, not characteristic. They did, however, grow out of strong convictions. . . . I have always been instinctively shy of "topics of the day." A good poem on some passing event is certain of instant success; but when the event is passed, few things are more certain of oblivion. Jones's or Smith's lines "to my lady's eyebrow" — which is lovely in every age — will outlive nine-tenths of the noisy verse of our stress and storm period. Smith or Jones, who never dreamed of having a Mission, will placidly sweep down to posterity over the fall of a girl's eyelash, leaving about all the shrill didactic singers high and dry "on the sands of time." Enviable Jones, or Smith!

You mention Stedman, Stoddard, Winter and myself as belonging to the generation of Bayard Taylor. Stoddard did, or does, but the rest of us were in our teens, or scarcely out of them, when Taylor was already widely known as traveller, poet, and lecturer. Poe, as a personal factor, was of course long before our day. It was only the poets who were alive and — rhyming that made it difficult for the newly hatched birds to get themselves heard. . . .

Believe me, your sincere friend,

T. B. Aldrich.

Ponkapog, Mass., June 15, 1898.

DEAR GILDER: I am sorry that you and Madame did n't find a day or two for Ponkapog. Everything is so lovely here, where we live on cream and amber butter from our purple cows; where nothing disturbs us but the far-off rumors of war. . . .

"Soft crescendo" came to me instinctively in "Forever and a Day." But I have n't any business to be writing about poetry, for the Muses have kept their nine snowy shoulders turned on me these many months, and in future I do not intend to make love to any of those capricious girls, if I can help myself. At a time when it is supposed to be poetical to write "Gawd" instead of God and to otherwise mutilate God's choicest language, perhaps silence is the best poem for a man who respects his art. Oh, no, this is not sour grapes. My verses still sell — from force of habit; but what the great American public really likes is:

"Her body's in the baggage car."

At the Howard Athenæum the other night I saw an audience of apparently human beings deeply moved by the singing of this rot. A stereoscopic picture of "the baggage car" brought tears to the eyes of all the burglars and murderers in the upper gallery. For a homely, horny-handed, whole-souled, *heart-song* give me "*Her body's* in the baggage car." It is even better than ———'s epileptic best. Poor ———, he really might write poetry that would n't sell!

No more at present from

Yours faithfully,

T. B. A.

Ponkapog, Mass., Sept. 12, 1900.

DEAR MR. MABIE: I have just been reading a charming paper of yours on Shakspere's Sonnets, and one or two — I don't call them criticisms — things occur to me. You speak of the English form of sonnet as "surrendering something of the sustained fullness of tone of the Italian sonnet, but securing in exchange a sweetness, a flow of pure melody, *which were beyond the compass of the original sonnet form.*" Are you sure of that? I have always entertained the conviction that the Petrarchan form of sonnet, with its interwoven rhymes, its capacity for expressing subtle music, was an instrument as superior to the English form as the harp or the guitar is superior to the banjo, and I fancy that most workers in this kind of verse will agree with me. The alternate lines rhyming, and closing with a couplet, gave the poet the command of some of the richest melodic effects within the reach of English versification. The sonnet that ends with a couplet misses *that fine unrolling of music* which belongs to the sonnet proper. The couplet brings the reader up with a jerk. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the couplet has the snap of a whip-lash, and turns the sonnet into an *epigram*. To my thinking, this abruptness hurts many of Shakspere's beautiful poems of fourteen lines — for they are simply that. One must go to Milton, and Wordsworth, and Keats (in three instances) in order to find the highest development of the English SONNET.

I have taken three note-pages to state my exceptions; I should require six letter-pages to tell you how much I liked all the rest of your essay.

If you have n't had a happy summer, and don't always have happy summers, I shall make a protest as soon as I get into the other world (should I go before you) and can speak to some one in authority.

Sincerely yours,

T. B. Aldrich.

With this it is interesting to read, though a little out of its chronological place, a letter to Mr. Brander Matthews concerning the quatrain:

Saranac Lake, N. Y., Jan. 19, 1904.

DEAR MATTHEWS: "While *The Lamp* holds out to burn, the vilest sinner may return," and so it is not too late for me to confess that I ought long ago to have thanked you for your little paper on the Quatrain. I read it with easy interest. It is a surprisingly difficult form of poem. The difficulty of its construction is out of all proportion to its brevity. A perfect quatrain is almost as rare as a perfect sonnet. "Many are called," as Oliver Herford remarks, "but few get up." The quatrain has laws as imperious as those of the sonnet, and not to be broken with impunity. Four lines do not necessarily constitute a quatrain proper any more than fourteen lines necessarily constitute a sonnet. If your little stanza ends with a snap it becomes an *epigram* and ceases to be a poem. The idea or thought expressed must be so fully expressed as to leave no material for a second stanza. The theme that can be exhausted in the space of four lines is not easy to light upon. I have written forty or fifty so called quatrains (I called 'em Footnotes) but not more than five or six of them satisfy me. Landor was a master in this field. I once meditated printing my collections of fourliners in a little book with an elaborate essay on the quatrain, but the plan escaped, and now it is not worth while doing. . . .

It is forty-two degrees below zero here this morning, but my cordiality for you has n't frozen over.

Yours sincerely.

T. B. Aldrich.

But the mellow years when it "seemed always afternoon" were at last overtaken by the shadow of the night. On his landing from a visit to Europe in the autumn of 1901, Aldrich was met at the dock by the news that one of his sons had been hurried to the Adirondacks, stricken with a mortal disease. For three years the boy lingered, with his father almost constantly by his side. The letters of these trying years reflect alternate moods of hope and sad certainty, but along with their burden of foreboding goes a characteristic, sweet, and humorous courage. Nearly all are in the key of this fine letter to Mr. Howells:

Saranac Lake, N. Y., Dec. 23, 1901.

DEAR HOWELLS: This is one of those not-to be-answered letters with which I threatened you. I 've been thinking of the old days — prodded by your note. We *did* enjoy them, but I fancy that time and distance and the present moment add a phantasmal gilt edge *to the real enjoyment.* Somehow we don't like things to-day as we liked them yesterday, and are going to like them to-morrow. Ah! — I 'm a little doubtful about to-morrow. When I think of poor old Osgood sitting rosy and genial at the host-end of the table with no hair on the polished top of his head and another bottle of champagne, not as dry as he is, standing in front of him — when this picture shapes itself in my memory and suddenly dissolves into a view of the dismal London burying ground where the poor lad lies slowly turning into dust — when this kind of thing gets busy in my brain I would n't turn over my hand to be a great novelist, or a great general, or a great anything else. It is n't worth three pins. It is nothing but dust. Yet, with a sort of hopeful vivacity I have just bought two 5 per cent. railway bonds that expire in 1967! Who 'll be cutting off the coupons long before that? — provided the road has n't gone into bankruptcy. Not I. I shall just be beginning to be known as the author of "The Jumping Frog" and "A Hazard of New Fortunes," while you will be preparing to dance down the lists of popularity in "The Helmet of Navarre." But this is talking shop. I can't get away from it. We (I don't mean us) are very literary up here. Why did Hutton go to Jerusalem for "Literary Landmarks" when he might have found plenty of them in the Adirondacks? Among others who have left footprints on the sands of time in this neighborhood are Stillman, Emerson, and Stevenson. The plateau upon which our house stands overlooks a small river, on whose opposite bank, near by, stands the melancholy cottage where Stevenson spent the winter of '87. I admired (and felt enviously how far it was beyond my courage) the wholesome candor with which you confessed to having never read a novel of his. You have missed an entertaining writer, though not a great one. His surviving friends, still under the glamor of what must have been a winning personality, are hurting him by overpraise, and will end by getting him generally disliked. I 've a theory that every author while living has a projection of himself, a sort of eidolon, that goes about in near and distant places and makes friends and enemies for him out of folk who never knew him in the flesh. When the author dies this phantom fades away, not caring to continue business at the old stand. Then the dead writer lives only in the impression made by his literature: this impression may grow sharper or fainter according to the fashions and new conditions of the time. . . . I began this fearful letter several days ago, and now I find myself brought up against Christmas. My greetings will be a trifle late in reaching you, but they are not perishable.

Dec. 24-25. For the last few years I have

had a suspicion that there is something not at all merry in Merry Christmas—that sinister flavor which one detects in one's birthdays after one has had fifty or sixty of them. . . . This morning our boy was able to come down-stairs and watch the revealing of a pathetic little Christmas tree in his front parlor. When he was brought here on the 1st of October he was not expected to live through the journey. And now we have seen him sitting in his arm-chair and smiling upon the children as the gifts were plucked for them from the magical branches.

Dec. 27. In default of anything better to do I am wondering what kind of new story you have in your brain. I am all the time inventing plots which I can't use myself, plots for other fellows. I laid out a story for Stockton t' other afternoon. It was to be called "The Reformed Microbe." I wish I were not too lazy to give him the outlines of it. The thing was up-to-date and just fitted to his grotesque methods. Tell me of your find. . . .

Dec. 30. This letter is made up of patches, like a crazy-quilt. From time to time I interrupt my idleness to add a square or a triangle. It is a busy idleness, however, since "they also serve who only stand and wait," and I am doing a good deal of energetic waiting. I find myself in a *monde* different from any I have ever known. *You* would get a book out of these surroundings. The village of Saranac is unique and the natives are—uniquer! Their lives are very simple and accumulative. The rent for two years' occupancy of a cottage pays for building it. No style at all. The Saranacers, like the folk described by David Harum, don't dress for dinner, they dress for breakfast. A thrifty people, with very large ideas of the lavishness becoming in foreigners—*i.e.* persons from New York and Boston and other partly civilized centers. There is much wealth and little show among this part of the population, which consists of invalids and their families, and an occasional misguided guest. When all is said there is a charm in the place. There 's something in the air to heal the heart of sorrow. . . .

Dec. 31. Blizzard. I must polish up my snow-shoes. Meanwhile I 'm reading *Le Vicomte de Bragelonne* and have just come across a pretty thing: "Every woman is always only twenty years old in one corner of her heart." No more for some time to come, from

Yours affectionately,

T. B. A.

The first great sorrow of Aldrich's life came to him in the death of his son, March 6, 1904. How great the loss was, only his intimates knew. He still went his friendly ways, writing admirable letters to old friends and new. He even managed to find a kind of anodyne in the construction of his stirring poetic drama "Judith of Bethulia," but his writing days were numbered. His seventieth birthday (November 11, 1906), which he promised never to let occur again, found him brave before the world as always, but at heart, one imagines, aware, for almost the first time, of age. The composition of his fine memorial poem for the Longfellow Centenary happily occupied him in the last months of the year. At the end of January, 1907, he was taken to the hospital for the operation that resulted in his death March 19, 1907.

Aldrich's neat and telling wit has long been a tradition, his haunting lyrics and delightful prose are bound together in his collected works for all men to read, but only one who has read his familiar letters can adequately know the fineness and soundness of his nature. He had his prejudices and prepossessions, but there were no "kinks" in him. He was the soul of sincerity, a good lover, a good hater, a true man. In proportion as we become aware of this, we become aware of a new integrity and importance in his work, already so securely fixed in its place among the choice treasures of American poetry.

LOVE AND THE TERROR

BY ANNIE STEGER WINSTON

WITH PICTURES BY WORTH BREHM

BEFORE the long virgin-pine piazza of Elixir Springs Hotel upon which she sat, with a complement of unimportant adults, Thomas Jefferson busied himself with making a grave in the sand for the limp remains of a hawk—his choicest possession, as affording the basis of an unending series of funerals, in which there resided, to his mind, a charm which age could not wither nor custom stale. If he reckoned, besides, upon the seduction of the sight of her, he reckoned wisely. A dainty mite of a girl, in a crisp, white dress, a large, blue bow, perched like a butterfly on her short, blond curls, she drew near, and stood watching him with absorbed and respectful attention, he apparently oblivious of her presence.

"*I* want to bury the bird," she mentioned casually.

Thomas Jefferson took no notice.

"Boy," she said in a tone more peremptory, "*I* want to bury the bird."

He slowly and clumsily proceeded with his task as if she had not spoken.

"I want to bury the bird," she wailed with sudden tears; and then there dawned a faint, beatific grin upon Thomas Jefferson's chubby countenance, which was embellished by a large pair of steel-rimmed spectacles with glasses so curiously bedimmed with dirt that he was obliged to look around rather than through them—a necessity which imparted to his expression a sinister quality out of keeping with his tender years.

"You are a cry-baby," he remarked dispassionately.

"I *ain't* a cry-baby," she wept so piercingly that her fond mother—an arrival of the day before—flew from the piazza and carried her off. And so ended the first chapter of Thomas Jefferson's first romance.

It had already been a wonderful summer for Thomas Jefferson even before she came, one incomparably rich in human interest, to say nothing of the joy of strange food at unseasonable hours, of an unprecedentedly noble residence, and of undreamed-of opportunities of adventure. Twice a day the cars stopped in front of the hotel,—a building so new that clean curls of pine still strewed the ground around it,—and twice a day Thomas Jefferson, to the accompaniment of shrieks from the portico, crept under them to inspect the wheels, and was dragged forth, with an impassive face, in the very nick of time. And there was always the river just at the back of the house; always the piazza railing for one to climb up on, to the discomfiture of nervous ladies.

"He is the most dreadful child!" was sure to be one of the first pieces of information imparted to every arriving visitor in a sibilant whisper, after a preliminary and entirely futile, "Go away, Thomas Jefferson!" addressed to the immovably staring small son of the house. *That* of itself was something new—that perpetual "Go away, Thomas Jefferson!" which added so much of piquancy to staying.

A wonderful summer, truly, even before she came—a summer of proud privilege, such as that of going to sleep in the middle of the room where they danced at night, casting upon the dancers the whole responsibility of avoiding one's prostrate form, instead of going prosaically to bed; of having all the chicken heads for one's very own; of poking the pigs; of paddling in the famous sulphur spring which

was the nucleus of the place; of playing in the fishermen's sacred minnow-buckets; above all, of extracting from the people, under the slow torture of drawling question, the richest variety of general information, incidentally evoking interesting reactions of exasperation.

In the people, above all, I repeat, there resided for Thomas Jefferson an endless fund of innocent entertainment—entertainment ranging from the absorption of hero-worship awakened by the more accomplished whittlers of sticks and chewers of tobacco among the gentlemen, to the deep joy of experiment upon the nerves of the old ladies; from the esthetic pleasure of haunting the side of light-robed beauty, bread and molasses in hand, to the moral exhilaration arising from perfect disregard of the dismissal attempted by attendant chivalry; from the calm philosophic delight of pursuing knowledge at the expense of the elder visitors, to the more stirring diversion of fighting the tender youth of the place.

Drawn by Worth Brehm. Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

THOMAS JEFFERSON

A summer of summers, I repeat, it had already been to Thomas Jefferson. And then she came. Never in its brief history had there been anything like her at Elixir Springs, though to define the difference would have baffled the budding powers of Thomas Jefferson. Intrinsic or extrinsic, personal grace or unimagined daintiness of frill and furbelow, pink of cheek or pink of stocking—what did it matter to him? He only knew nebulously that there was charm.

She was different, entrancingly different; so much, at least, was certain—certain from his first sight of her after her emergence from the chrysalis of her traveling garb, in a little white dress setting out around her in a jauntily horizontal frill, displaying to advantage long, pink stockings and small, pink slippers to match the bow in her curly head. It was a vision unique in his experience; and then and there he succumbed—succumbed, had he but known it, to the rosy slippers and stockings. But when could the masculine heart analyze the spell to which it yielded?

She was different, amazingly different. The little girls whom he had known habitually wore colors which would not show dirt in shoes and stockings and dresses, and plaited their hair in tight little pig-tails, and held fast to the rule that children should be seen and not heard; while she was a little queen, as accustomed to adoration as to pink stockings and slippers. Blue stockings and slippers she had also, he was subsequently to discover, and white. And her attire was always like that of the flowers of the field. And the whole place did her homage, and sought her capricious favor. Only Thomas Jefferson held aloof, though never far aloof.

Feigning to ignore her presence, he turned somersaults before her—or came as near turning them as his imperfect acquisition of the accomplishment permitted. Puffing his cheeks like a young Boreas, he achieved painful snatches of windy whistle. He threw stones with large intention, if not with conspicuously certain aim. He ostentatiously paraded peripatetic feasts of his favorite bread and molasses and other delicacies for her envy, and took, for her astonishment, the hugest mouthfuls possible for his powers to compass. He snatched off the caps of babies in the laps of objurgatory nurses. He hit at unoffending small boys. He laid himself across main doorways and defied the passage of the public. In a word, he spared nothing of accomplishment or of derring-do to commend him

to his fair. And yet, I repeat, he was not of the common herd who surrounded her with flatteries. When, upon rare occasions, he addressed himself to her, it was with a fine masculine scorn.

"You are *urgly*," he would say to her, in his slow, deliberate speech, looking at her askance from behind the obstruction of his cloudy, steel-rimmed glasses, and kicking negligently in the dirt with his bare, brown heel. And she, unused to contempt, would lift up her voice and weep, or perchance, in less melting mood, strike at him with her little hand; in either case crying passionately, "I *ain't* ugly!"

"You, Thomas Jefferson Tunbury, I 'm going to tell your pa on you, and make him whip you," Miss Betty told him more than once, obtuse to the subtler aspects of the situation.

"An' I goin' to make the bears eat *you* up, an'—an' I goin' to make the rattlesnakes bite you," he would retort calmly.

Miss Betty was a plump, little old lady who had retired with a modest competence from the career of milliner in a contiguous mountain town. This competence was in part the fruit of her own honest toil, in part the legacy of a recently deceased brother, to whose memory she scrupulously paid the respect of invariably wearing a short, flounced, black moreen petticoat with the cream-colored, lace-bedecked dressing-sack, or whatever else of quaintly cheerful adornment she permitted herself to assume for the evening. As part proprietor of Elixir Springs, she made set and earnest apology to the small girl's mother (otherwise Mrs. Isaac Brantley) for Thomas Jefferson, and other things about the establishment open to criticism, eloquently disclaiming personal responsibility.

Drawn by Worth Brehm. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

"THOMAS JEFFERSON TOOK NO NOTICE"

Drawn by Worth Brehm. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

"THE HUGEST MOUTHFULS POSSIBLE FOR HIS POWERS TO COMPASS"

"If my angel brother could look down and see how things are run," she assured Mrs. Brantley, "I *know* he would tuck his head under his left white wing for shame."

Mrs. Brantley attempted feeble protest.

"I know things are not like what you are used to," Miss Betty insisted. "They are not even like what *I 'm* used to. I may not have been accustomed to velvet carpets and marble mantelpieces, but I *have* been accustomed all my life to good, greasy cooking, and—"

"I have n't noticed," Mrs. Brantley said gently, "that it was n't greasy enough. In fact,"—she hesitated—"I don't see how things could *possibly* be any greasier. And the water is splendid—and the fishing. My husband is delighted."

Miss Betty beamed pleasure.

"Ain't he a noble-looking gentleman!" she said, with enthusiasm—"especially before the sun peeled his nose that way. I was sitting here just before you came out, wondering what his given name was. I hear you calling him something, but I have n't made out what it was."

"I call him Isaac," his wife said. To be called Isaac Brantley, be it said in passing, had been the cherished prerogative of the eldest son in the main line of the Brantley family for at least two centuries.

"Isaac!" Miss Betty exclaimed blankly. "Isaac? I reckon you are joking, ain't you? I *know* his name ain't Isaac. He don't *look* like he was named Isaac."

"What *does* he look like he was named?" Mrs. Brantley not unnaturally inquired.

"He looks," Miss Betty replied promptly, "like he was named Augustus."

Obviously, praise could no further go. Nor was her friendliness limited to glowing words. To the best of her ability she served as bodyguard against Thomas Jefferson for the family she favored, and "shooed" him off with a vehemence which showed the sincerity of her intention, however fruitless of result against the Gibraltar of his persistence.

Of what avail her prohibitions when beauty drew him? Of what avail her scathing "They don't want any of *your* company, Thomas Jefferson," when he set off in the wake of his charmer and her mother, or strolled immediately ahead, meditatively kicking up the dust, as bent upon some perfectly independent quest?

Past-mistress of the art of yielding gracefully where yielding was inevitable, Mrs. Brantley, upon occasion, made gentle overtures to him, even inviting his attendance, one morning, as guide to a store reputed to be in the near neighborhood—at which, she reflected, there might be procurable stores for a private larder marked by a certain restraint in the matter of grease and soda.

"Don't you want to go with Fredericka and me and show us the way to the store?" she asked with a winning smile.

Drawn by Worth Brehm. Half tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"HE HELD OUT SOMETHING IN HIS SMALL, SOILED HAND"

Thomas Jefferson continued his absorbing occupation of swinging a fish-head, tied to a string, in long, slow circles.

"Naw," he said composedly.

Nevertheless, he sauntered behind when they set out under the escort of another —Willie White, her open slave, and a rival not to be despised; he being Thomas

Jefferson's senior by three years, and richer than he by two imposingly large front teeth of the second issue. Thomas Jefferson, I say, followed, and not alone because the store, picturesquely situated in the second story of a saw-mill, and tastefully embellished at the entrance with a wooden box covered carelessly with a pane of glass and containing two large and lively rattlesnakes, was to him an enchanting place—indissolubly associated with large, pale ginger-cakes of a brown-paper flavor, and sticks of candy gorgeously striped with the rich red of aniline. Habitually he attached himself to anybody who was going anywhere. And how much more to a party containing his small enchantress, in a little, sky-blue cambric bonnet as different from the old established sunbonnet of his experience as she herself was rare and exotic?

He went as a matter of course, and so there befell to him the bitterness of hearing Willie's boast:

"You love me the best of everybody here, don't you, Fredericka?" and her guarded concession, barbed for himself with a glance of scorn:

"I love you the best of Thomas Jep'son."

Ah, many a stick of the striped candy, many a ginger-cake, it took to dull the sting of that ingratitude! Was it not for her that he had "shown off" to the uttermost, and not, as he might well have flattered himself, wholly in vain? Had not her bright eyes rained influence only that morning, as, kneeling beside a convenient rain puddle much frequented by the pigs of the establishment, he had made mud marbles—made them in ostentation of the power to make, rows of them drying at that very time on the edge of the piazza, to say nothing of the pocketful already in active service? Had she not, with tears, begged to share the fruit of his skill, coyly withheld from her? Truly in femininity resides eternal mystery.

He had not yet, however, fully tried with her the power of discourse. Disdaining the partiality of addressing any particular member of the party, he remarked, on their homeward way, as to the circumambient air, in a voice husky with ginger-cake,

"We *did* have fo' caouws, but we ain't got but three caouws naouw. I don't keer if they *did* kill Belle, she was sech a *mean* ol' caouw! An' we had her for dinner yestiddy, an' for supper las' night, an' for breakfas' this mornin', an' I ken have all of her I want, an'—"

"And my share," Mrs. Brantley interpolated, with generous haste; "only, please, please, Thomas Jefferson, don't call her *Belle!*"

But why should auld acquaintance be forgot, even when in the form of irregular chunks dished up in soup-plates? No reason whatsoever was apparent to Thomas Jefferson then or subsequently.

"I feel as if we were a party of cannibals," Mrs. Brantley said to her husband. "And the cooking! And the flies! And there are n't any children here now for Fredericka to play with—"

"There 's Thomas Jefferson," he said, laughing.

She disdained reply. "We have been here three weeks," she said eloquently. "And now, if you are ready to go, *I* am."

Fredericka, on the other hand, was not altogether ready.

"I don't want to go," she said; "there 's so much nice dirt here—and Thomas Jep'son."

"But he is always making you cry," her mother expostulated. And the child, debarred by inexperience of her own sex from the fair retort, "And what, pray, is that to the purpose?" was without answer.

All unaware of the blow impending over him, Thomas Jefferson made pies in his favorite mud-hole with a preoccupation the more intense, to outward seeming, as she approached in morning freshness of white frock and small, cerulean bonnet.

"I 'm going home to-morrow," she announced with importance. Already, with the volatility of her years and sex, she had passed from regret to rejoicing; and only pleasurable anticipation spoke in her tone.

Startled out of his constitutional composure, he paused at his task.

"Huh?" he said.

"I 'm going home to-morrow on the choo-choo cars," she vaunted.

He turned upon her his red-calico shoulder, and dipped his hands once more deep in the plastic mud.

"I don't keer 'f you are," he said valiantly.

And in maintenance of the ghastly pretense, he disported himself in her presence on the fateful morrow with unwonted sprightliness: kicked at people and things with more careless daring, trod more pertinaciously upon the rockers of the old ladies' chairs, threw stones more wildly, breaking another window—his fourth of the season. While others flatteringly lamented the departure of the family, he discoursed of indifferent matters in his own Socratic method; though it might be observed that it was her father that he forced into the rôle of respondent with particular pertinacity, following him about during his preparations for departure, stolidly propounding queries relative to his every belonging, and the meaning and motive of his every act.

Solemnly, at last, wiping his heated brow, the man addressed him.

"Boy," he said, "I don't want to go away from here a gibbering idiot. Ask me another question, and I shall."

"Run along, Thomas Jefferson," his wife supplemented in the favorite phrase of the place, he sublimely disregardful of their united plea.

To the last he clung to them, even to the very steps of the train, to which he pressed close with characteristic disregard of his own personal safety, habitually left, with a fine indifference, to the care of the general public. He had said no adieu to her; and even in the supreme moment when her father stooped to lift her into the car he found no words. But he held out something to her in his small, soiled hand—and she took it.

Three mud marbles!

"Thank you, Thomas Jep'son! Thank you!" she called ecstatically from the window to the little, pudgy, red-bloused, dun-trousered figure, just then in the hands of his friends, busily withdrawing him from the jaws of destruction.

"I 'm going to send you some *store* marbles, Thomas Jefferson," her mother said over her head, touched with some vague pang of compunction.

But he paid no heed. The very kick with which, as always, he rewarded his rescuers, was absent and dreamy. Was not her dainty hand throwing him kisses? A moment the miracle lasted. A moment more, and in all the fair mountain landscape there remained, to testify of it and her, only a thin trail of smoke.

THE BLIND

BY CHARLES D. STEWART

Author of "The Fugitive Blacksmith"

"DON'T be scairt, Lady; we 're only blind," said the journeyman plumber, much amused.

The woman who had given them the whole of the sidewalk as she saw them coming, arm in arm, stepped farther into the street. Of all the human motives a woman might ascribe to such a united pair, the love of one's neighbor was the last one she would think of on that street. More than one had adjudged these two drunk until it came to be seen, upon closer view, that the workman had a gait that was above suspicion, and that his companion, a straight, active fellow, came along with a step most confident and certain. The blind fellow had come almost five miles that morning by changing men four times, one passing him along to another. His latest guide was the plumber.

It was, as the blind man remarked to the plumber, for he was a sharp observer, one of those clear, bright days in early spring, both warm and cold. He could feel winter stirring at his back, while one side of him was in summer, as in a warm bath; and so he knew that the sky was clear and the sun had come out to practise. And there were other things, too, which told him the day was dreaming of summer.

The shopkeepers, he observed, all had

the doors open to make a trade of outer atmosphere for the inner; there were odors that he came to and went through —aroma of coffee and spices, scent of fresh meats or new leather, perfume of tropical fruits, and the humid, sweet breath of the flower store. And then the dusty regions of the blacksmith; and, farther on, an atmosphere of newly offered incense and soapsuds, where cleanliness and godliness made commerce together, and he felt himself breathed upon with the breath of the almighty joss. He saw nothing; and yet at times he saw more than there was.

To the blind fellow the way presented itself one thing at a time—a panorama of imagination unrolling from his memories of other days. To the plumber it was today, come out in full procession. The beer-soothed drivers nodded on their lofty seats as they drifted down the stream of commerce, and held idle reins, in mere dreams of authority, over portly percherons and big, buff-bellied shires. A grocer had created a great display of green stuff, setting a Southern cabbage where it would lend itself to the best advantage. Pacing up and down before the pawnshops were the usual man-catchers—one of them hidden from head to foot in the shaggy coat in which he had kept up that restless walk all winter. A beast of prey he was, confined within the limits of the law; and he was always pacing the cage. Back and forth he went from line to line, while he eyed the humans and chafed for gain.

"Let 's look in this window," said the plumber; and making consent of action, he brought his companion up short before the beast's show-window. Within was a bushel or so of revolvers spread out for the public to take its chances with; and the mechanic looked them over critically, preferring this one and that as he considered different cases of killing. The man-catcher, not to be always confined to mere oral advertisement, occasionally stepped forth and took the wayfarer by the arm; and when the two at the window started away without buying, he laid hands on the blind man; whereat the plumber, seeing in this a tampering with his own person, clenched his fist and asserted his American citizenship most freely. And a little farther on he swung the scales of justice down on the other side with a jovial compliment to a girl who was sweeping the steps; and he raised her opinion of herself mightily. Again the blind fellow felt the strong arm move forward, and he took up his journey through the noise and weather.

There is a kind of weather, in the disputed part of the calendar, when summer and winter come together so intimately, and with such regard for each other's rights, that warmth and cold occupy the same space at the same time. The sunshine gets all the way down through the cold without being blown cool, and the breezes traverse the beams regardless of their warming powers. It is something like a miracle. The blind man, feeling a warmth that seemed to come straight from the sun to him, without pretending to warm the weather, was grateful to heaven for it. To him especially, who could only feel where others saw, it had this effect of a personal benefit, a special attention of the sun to him. Thinly clad as he was, in the shiny black coat, he felt the contrast strongly upon his body; and being thus reminded that it was neither cold winter nor hot summer, he was doubly thankful. Spring days are artful ones, knowing the secret of all pleasure.

Presently the time came when the plumber announced the street where he would have to say good-by and turn off. As his turn lay in the direction of the opposite corner, the two now started across Newmarket Street together.

Suddenly, down Newmarket Street, darting this way and that among clanging street-cars and crawling drays and stubborn loads of coal, giving way to wagons that creaked and groaned with toppling, rope-bound burdens, skidding round the four-horse newspaper truck whose weight of web knocked hub on axle as if its joints would break, trumpeting at sleepy drivers rapt in the poesy of beer, squawking back at bawling peddlers, and blurting out affright at every crossing, came a red automobile.

The plumber saw it bearing down upon them. And being alive to his unusual responsibility in a case of instant action —of which he in the automobile was not aware,—the plumber gave alarm and impetus to the blind one at the same moment. The blind fellow, answering to

Drawn by Leon Guipon. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"'HE ONLY WANTS TO TAKE HOLD OF YOUR ARM SO HE CAN FIND THE WAY'"

the powerful arm, cleared the wheel with a closer call than he ever realized. The plumber then brought his companion up short with a sudden turn as he looked after the automobile and disburdened himself of his opinion of all such. He detained the blind man a while in doing it, keeping firm hold on his arm. By the time the plumber was fairly done, but still in eruption, the machine had crossed the bridge and gone panting into the business district which was its goal.

"You did n't hear it much, did you? He goes on air. Ever see one?"

"No; I never did. They came in just after I went blind. They don't make as much noise as they used to—some of them."

This was the corner at which the plumber was to have found his companion a new friend; but now that the blind man was a life he had saved, he felt a greater interest in him, a new and nobler warmth. He was reminded that he would himself be back at this corner in a short while, having only some pipe to measure in the meantime, and that he was then going farther out on this street; and so it was decided that the blind fellow should wait for him. In due time the plumber returned; and again the blind one took up his journey.

"Well, here is where I leave you for sure," the plumber finally said. "I guess I 'll have to put another man on the job. We 'll stand here till I can spot some one that 'll take you next. It 's only eight blocks more to where you want to go."

And so they stood, the plumber watching to take his pick of men, the blind one wondering whether, at the end of his trip, there would be any sort of success. Somewhere was a man who would be willing to take him the rest of the way. He was coming somewhere down the street. And who was the next friend to be?

THE METROPOLIS CLUB was giving a round-table luncheon that day in connection with a short address on civic charity work. Among those who were guests was the visiting Philadelphian, and he had, by the fortunes of conversation, fallen into the hands of the colonel; and the colonel kept him. The colonel admired him; and besides, he needed him to talk to.

"And you let it burn five or ten minutes," said the colonel.

The Philadelphian made himself look pleased again.

"Two lumps of sugar and a little cinnamon; then you put in the cognac, and light it, and let it burn," said the colonel, still talking as they came through the door out of the dining-room. The Philadelphian looked pleased again. It was becoming evident to him that he was in a social difficulty; but there was no way out of it. He was a prisoner of etiquette.

"It 's my own receipt," insisted the colonel, taking a leaf from his note-book, and, like a tractarian persevering in good works, handing to the Philadelphian the secrets of a *petit brûlé*. The Philadelphian looked pleased again. When a man takes you so utterly for granted, and likes you for it, what are you going to do about it?

As they came into the sitting-room, Uncle John, that dark and ancient servant of the club, was on his knees before the massive broken-boulder fireplace, and half into the mouth of it. The arch of that fireplace would have made a grotto for Pope.

"Well, well, we are going to have a fire! Good! Now we shall have solid comfort." And the prisoner suffered himself to be led to that place.

"Sit down; sit down," said the colonel, placing two roundabout chairs almost arm in arm. And the Philadelphian sat down.

"Not that way, Uncle John. Now, when you are constructing a fire—" and the colonel turned his attention parenthetically to the old black man. When Uncle John had construed his fagots and set his back log, and applied his match, all according to the colonel's rules of procedure for an indoor camp-fire, he rose and stepped back from his smoking work. The colonel's eyes filled with "lamentable rheum," and his countenance glowed back at the conflagration in a very plethora of approbation. Then he proceeded to take up the topic where it had been interrupted by this change of base.

Possibly the Philadelphian, despite social virtue, should not have started to dissemble interest in things foreign to him. Possibly he should have had the hardi-

hood to let it be seen at once that his range of interests did not touch at all points the other's mental territory, even though it would imply in himself a restricted state of being. But such acknowledgment is difficult. And it was particularly so with a man like the colonel; for it was plain to be seen that the colonel had not the remotest suspicion, not even the ungenerous nature, to conceive such a state of affairs in another. The basic difficulty (and a most perplexing one) was that the colonel was a true democrat. When a real or true democrat, perceiving something of your high and noble outlook, admires and looks up to you for it, he does it on the assumption that your feet are on the common ground with him —that you have passed *through* the stage where he is, growing up to the heights. That is why he likes you—because he is the equal of your superiority, potentially. There are some few men in the world, of this attained culture, some idols of democracy who amount to something, if they could ever be recognized. But the Philadelphian, with all his deserts, was not such. He was not tall, but only elevated. But the Philadelphian, feeling and perceiving some sort of flattery in the attitude of the colonel, who was not without certain strong and staple qualities, persevered in being bored. Seeing that his altitude was respected, he stayed by the colonel with such perversity to his own inclinations that an observer would have supposed they were boon companions. Anyway, it would have been hard for him to work his escape; it was too well understood that he was to remain thereabouts until such time as his host, who had been called away, should come and get him.

While the colonel spoke on, others came to the fireplace with their various topics until there was a semicircle of roundabout chairs camped on the zone of comfort—the social arch without which no fireplace is complete. On this afternoon there was a dozen or so of presidents and vice-presidents, and a whole host of directors assembled in the persons of the few men at the fireplace; for they were all good, solid men. And the further nature of their solidity might be well represented by the formation in which they were now sitting—a sort of living arch. A tremendous weight of the financial structure rested upon its back.

The exclusiveness of the circle was very flattering to Uncle John, for as he had built the fire on his own responsibility he considered himself the fire's proprietor. He had stationed himself at a point of vantage near the door purposely to observe how much of a success it might be. One chair near the middle had been drawn up and not used; and when no less a person than Fred Greaves came to close up the formation, the old black man smiled benignantly, and he could not help coming forward and offering some assistance, however useless, in the matter of sitting down. When a workman has undertaken a social structure, it is no small matter to have it so strongly buttressed, and then so ably wedged.

Greaves, coming alone, without any topic in hand, assumed his usual listening attitude, his finger-tips resting methodically against one another, his eyes engaged on the space before him, as if it held some airy vision of the subject to which he was deeply listening. Greaves, when he did not care to talk, got credit for being a good listener; and when he was hardly listening at all he actually shone forth in social virtue because he seemed to be thinking as well. Thinking he usually was. And when it happened to be about some matter known only to himself, his appearance passed very well for rapt attention. In his life he had become an excellent random thinker; he had a knack of following the main drift of talk or casually examining something, while letting his intuitions arrive on some different matter. As a matter of habit he studied best while slightly engaged with something else; he had conceived some of his most brilliant moves simply by contemplating this fireplace.

At present he focused his attention, with a look of interest, upon a gleaming part of the fireplace, a particularly starlike, steady glint that broke forth from a quartzose facet of a broken boulder. Here and there were other glints; and when he moved his head slightly, as if listening more closely, he was engaged in observing that the rocks, when viewed from a different angle, presented an entirely new constellation of the scattered stars. Then he returned to the first facet and brought

his mind to the original point of his reflections. It was an interesting fireplace; it may have caught at times a scintilla of his most brilliant ideas.

Greaves's face, even for a man in his prime, was remarkably free from set wrinkles, those permanent records of inward strain. But this was only indicative of his easy ability in handling affairs; for though it might have seemed to many that he was too constantly engaged with business, it was he that was master, not business. Even in his present definite problem there was little sign of perplexity—merely the introspective pursing of his eyes. The subject of the day being organized charity, he was not greatly interested; and so he continued to study such things as his logical imagination projected before him. It was so much like deep listening that one would have supposed that what came into his ears as sound was put forth from his eyes as pictures.

Among the others, the topics remained local and various, each subject maintaining a separate warmth without starting up any of that lighter material that easily becomes a wide-spread conversation; but finally a discussion of the address settled on the welfare of babies, and this matter was referred in a jovial way to Greaves. He retorted quietly, effectively. Then another made a remark to which he gave rejoinder. When the next man was taking his turn at poking the fire of fun, Greaves consulted his watch and was reminded that it was time for him to be off. He gave his companions a victorious farewell out of the tail of his eye and arose.

"I am sorry I could not remain longer, and that I could not get to hear your address," he said, taking special leave of the speaker of the day. "I think you will find White a congenial host—and he will no doubt keep your suggestions before the Charities Committee. He is one of our most distinguished authorities on—babies." And he left immediately.

"By Gad!" exclaimed the colonel, waking up to the fact that he had overtalked; "I was going to introduce you to him. And now he 's gone."

"Oh, that was Greaves, was it? It is he we were talking about?"

"And the first word he said was good-by," mused the colonel. "Well, well; time waits for no man, as they say."

"Or one might say no man waits for time in your city. And yet, if one were to give it curious examination, all time comes to him who waits. Time catches up with a man so quickly when he sits down! But," said the Philadelphian, hastening to patch up the moment, "I am sorry I could not have heard some of his interesting views."

"Of course," said the colonel, "there are those among the financial opposition who think he is a regular modern Lafitte—sort of a perfumed pirate. But Greaves has, though there are only a few of us know it, a heart as big as an ox."

"I suppose," said the Philadelphian, "that his taking hold of the family estate and running it noiselessly, as you say, and remaining unmarried, and in general showing no confusion between the different departments of his head and heart, would hardly make him seem more human in the popular estimate?"

"That 's it—exactly. But there is one class he is popular with, and it 's a peculiar thing: he has a way with babies. I 've seen the worst criers go to him and shut up on the spot—just as if they thought, 'Well, if this is n't my old friend Greaves!' Mrs. Dwight calls him a regular baby's man."

"Well, well!" said the Philadelphian, growing interested.

"Yes, sir," continued the colonel, "he can go into a passenger-car where a baby is going it, and in about a minute, if he wants to, he can have it away from its mother, and satisfied. He did it for a delegation that was going down to Boston one time; and they gave him a vote of thanks—after the woman was off."

"I have noticed this faculty, or gift, sometimes, and usually, in the most imperative and independent characters—the most virile men. It seems to be an instinct between them—really a subliminal knowledge."

"A sublemonal knowledge? Yes; exactly," said the colonel, quite satisfied with this word for it. "Greaves has got that down to perfection; but he does n't say much. He talked more the first year or two he was out of college—and got the worst of it right along in some big deals. He has turned out to be entirely different."

"I have observed," said the Philadelphian, "that those who at first seem the most impossible and hopelessly impractical in their efforts in any line are often the very ones who advance to the place of first position. In fact, I have often thought that all surpassing ability first manifests itself in unworldliness—almost a heavenly innocence of every-day circumstances. But let a nature of this sublime inaptitude once become sophisticated, and it will continue to go on to those depths of science called art. After that the impossible only sets itself up to be brought down and undone by private and esoteric means."

"Private and eso—exactly," said the colonel. "I believe you catch what I mean. He would make a good politician, as I tell him, if he cared for it, and only started at the top and worked down. He could never start at the bottom; he is n't a mixer. Now, in our ward, we have very sudden social contrasts, as they say. As I told them last election, the poor and the rich, in our ward, stand shoulder to shoulder. We have to carry that end of the ward always in order to do anything. Well, four years ago, when young Grayson came out of college, and they were looking around for a way for him to get started on his own responsibility, they decided he had better break in by way of politics—just for a start. Of course they looked to some of us old stagers to handle him. I wanted Greaves to come along with me to that end of the ward and flatter them up a little by putting in an appearance. But do you suppose he would do it? Did n't care for it—was n't interested. So I had to take the lead myself. I and young Grayson set them up in forty-six saloons in six hours. He 's climbing up fast now. The Graysons always said they owed me a family debt for that." The colonel paused, reflectively. "Forty-six in six hours," he mused fondly.

The Philadelphian was momentarily at a loss for a way to continue. And then he said, "The social topography of your city does present some abrupt and precipitous descents—sudden contrasts, as you say. It is due to the subsidiary business streets, reaching out in all directions, and running close to the desirable residence locations. The metropolis is a necessity, economically, no doubt. But that large part of it which is due to the huddling together of the lower class, merely to be in a big city, is to be regretted."

"Say, you really ought to meet Greaves," said the colonel, with new enthusiasm.

"Is he on the Charities Committee?"

"No; that 's just the point."

"And yet you say he is so big-hearted?"

"Big as an ox. But *you* would n't think so. He says just as you do; and right there is where he has no use for your charitable work. In fact, 'most everybody thinks he keeps his heart up on a high shelf somewhere, out of reach; but when it comes right down to a man-to-man obligation, he takes his heart out of his pocket, so to speak."

"And he loves babies—"

"No; I did n't say he loves babies; I say babies like him. They get along together."

"I have observed in our work in Philadelphia that men of very independent nature, however untouched they may be to appeals to their benevolence for *adult* purposes, melt at the word baby. I should think he would be just the man to get interested in day-nursery work."

"Well, I guess that would be the easiest thing to get him on. He *was* on the point of coming down with an endowment, but Mrs. Mortimer said the wrong thing just at the wrong time. You know the Mortimers, don't you?"

"The John Mortimers? I have met Mortimer himself a few times—at meetings in New York. You know I used to be quite a gallant with Mrs. Mortimer—that is, with Ruth Martin that was. She was quite a beauty in her day—quite a beauty."

"Yes; and she gave it to her daughter Martha. Martha is a flower off the old stem, so to speak."

"Yes, quite a beauty." The Philadelphian twirled his pince-nez and looked into far-away space. "And do you mean to say she has given it *all* to her daughter?"

"Well, she has some left," replied the colonel.

"Yes—quite a beauty," mused the Philadelphian again. "And she is still handsome, no doubt?"

"Well, now," said the colonel, choos-

ing to go into a quizzical tantrum, "if you knew her in her present character—and you know there are several ages of woman, more or less—if you knew her now, you would realize her saying that the more she gives, the more she has. She likes to make others give, too."

"And *quite* a dancer," said the Philadelphian—"most graceful girl."

"Yes, she did have a gallant girlhood—served charity in a good many regimentals. She still comes out to the annual call to arms—Charity Ball, I mean. But she has gone into benevolence more seriously of late years—mostly with the day nursery. She leaves the rest to Martha. It 's old women for counsel and young women for war, you know."

"Doing good by stealth. Ah—I see."

"Oh, Lord, no! She does n't give herself even *credit* for that. She 's looking for results, stealth or no stealth. You know John's motto always was, 'Make one hand wash the other.' And she has learned a good deal from him."

"I recall her at a bazaar—Grecian girl she was."

"Oh, yes; she did all those things. But, as I was saying about Greaves—"

"Ah, yes, Greaves."

"Well, just as she had Greaves won over, she added to it that we ought to care for the submerged classes, anyway, regardless of charity. Because if we don't, we are sitting on a volcano, and some day there will be trouble. Right there Greaves put his pencil down with a click, and there was a silence like a stopped clock. Mrs. Mortimer says she could hear him stop ticking. 'Self-interest!' he said. 'Danger? Then let her come!' "

"Well, well!"

"And that was the end of that. Not a cent. 'Colonel,' he said to me one time, 'if I were a poor man, I would n't be humble and apologetic about it. And I don't intend to apologize for being rich. I 've got *some* pride—a little family pride, at least.' "

"Well! And you say he has *no* favorite charity?"

"One time Owens came to him and asked if he wanted to chip in on the work in the slums. 'Slums?' said Greaves. 'Now look here, Owens; you people are trying to make beautiful slums. Ridiculous! They like it there—would n't leave the slums for anything. Try to get them into the country and see. Why, they think nature a perfect bore. And here you are, because you don't *want* slums, starting ice funds and cheap soup and all conveniences. Actually, Owens, if some one had the brains and originality to come to me with a scheme to make the slums twice as difficult and expensive—*impossible*—to live in, I 'd lead off the subscription with fifty thousand.' "

"Well—well!"

"He said to me one time: 'Colonel, a good horse-breeder does n't—' "

And just then came Judge Emerson, hurriedly, with apologies for his long absence from his guest. And the Philadelphian was delivered.

PROUD, eager horses; leisurely, prosperous horses; poor, limping whip-marked jades; the empty van rolling like kettle-drums; the belated trunk in its rattlespoke flight; the ash wagon; the ice wagon,—all of the caravan,—again they were overtaken and left behind, the red automobile *honk-honking* for every corner, and parting the people before it till finally it lost its wits entirely, went wrong in its machinery, and came to a standstill in front of two saloons. Again the van, the ice wagon, the grocer's wagon, the full procession of them—they all came up to it, and went on. And even the poor, spavined express horse overtook it and passed by as solemn as a funeral.

Greaves got out with his chauffeur, hoping to demonstrate his new mechanical knowledge. Before long he was at the work himself, but without success; and then noticing that his audience had been augmented by a banana cart and a garbage wagon, he abandoned the machine and decided to foot it home. He left the chauffeur and his hundred helpers to worry out of their trouble as best they might. Nine blocks he would follow this street, which ran parallel with the boulevard, and then a humble side street would bring him out within a few steps of home. In view of the noticeable condition of his light trousers and his cuffs, he decided it were better to keep to this obscurity of the crowd than to go direct to the boulevard and pursue a solitary way. Ordinarily his proper route lay along the boulevard

straight from his office to his home; but a disabled bridge had turned him to-day into the way of heavy traffic.

Once he was in the drift of it, he loitered along with rather an agreeable sense of novelty in the experience he was having. He took curious glances into kosher meat shops and Italian groceries; he noted the works of art in little German bakeries, and thought how tasteless the gaudy cakes must be, and how everlastingly durable the big loaves of workmen's bread. Near a crossing, a mere baby was sitting in the gutter, a miniature workman in mimic overalls with a horseshoe and a cobblestone that he had found. With these toys he was set up in the blacksmith business, pounding the horseshoe on the curb.

Greaves tarried a moment to observe. Possibly—without a doubt—it was this small act that made him a marked man. It denoted him as being just the sort of man another man was looking for.

"Say, Mistèr—how far are you going?"

"A few blocks. Why?"

"Would you mind taking him along with you? I brought him all the way out from downtown; but this is where I turn off. He 's blind."

Greaves did not immediately gather the purport of it—so sudden and unexpected a proposition.

"I brought him twelve blocks. He only wants to take hold of your arm so he can find the way. He 's blind."

Greaves paused a moment, his prepossession that it was a "scheme" requiring a little hesitation. Then he reached out and took the man's arm and guided it to his own. It was a service that a man could hardly refuse. It could not be put off on some other man, not without having to answer to his own self's question, "Why not you?"

Greaves had been going along leisurely; and now he had the natural expectation of making a slow and tedious trip with a blind man. But before long he noticed, to his wonder, that he was swinging along at a brisker gait than when he was alone. Not only did his companion walk with a sure step, but at the next corner he stepped off the curb down to the level of the street as if he knew it was coming quite as well as the man who could see. Greaves began to doubt that the man was blind. It was probably some sort of scheme between this fellow and his confederate—and a very original one.

"How did you know," Greaves inquired bluntly, "just when we came to that step down?"

"The sidewalk, if you take notice, slopes just a little to shed water. When I come to the corner of the building I can feel it start; and I know how far it is across."

True enough. Greaves watched, with interest, at the next corner. It seemed evident that the fellow knew the trade of being blind, at least. His eyes were almost closed; he was not unmistakably blind.

"How long have you been blind?"

"Oh, about five years."

"Then you were not born blind. Why do you not learn to go about with a cane? Is that hard to learn, if you are not blind from the first?"

"Oh, I could learn that all right. I used to be a pretty good workman, and it don't take me long to catch on to things. But what 's the use of doing that—poking around among people with a cane, or having a dog on a string? There 's always somebody going your way if you stay on the main streets; and any man is willing to give you an arm. You ain't so much bother to people that way, either."

The answer was surprisingly sensible; and, besides, it clung in Greaves's mind as a thing to be thought about in general. Such a flattering report of humanity, such a matter-of-fact witness of the average man's nature, coming from the lips of practical experience, was a unique sort of statistics, and of a kind to be thought about. Greaves looked him over with new interest as they walked along. The man had no pauperish airs, but his clothes were cheap and shiny. He was thin and poorly prospered; but he was straight and active, and he made no show of his disability in a professional way. He did the best he could, and was matter-of-fact about it. He had an odor that Greaves did not like,—not exactly of uncleanliness nor of anything he had about him,—but a personal effluvium that to Greaves was particularly noticeable—a sort of mustiness. And such, indeed, it was. It was the smell of anemia, of malnutrition, of the bodily household irregularly and poorly provided for. To

Greaves, in whose well-servanted way of life all sights, all sounds, all odors, had their skilled purveyors, their careful watchmen, the slight effluvium was very distasteful. It was as if he smelt a soul that had lain long in the dark, damp regions of Misfortune.

"Say, Partner, what time is it? Got a watch?"

"Two minutes after one," Greaves answered.

Partner! Greaves began to wonder what sort of mental picture the other had of him. Probably some poor workman going home to his wife and family. Or possibly not that, but just a man, a composite of the world's accommodating and sympathetic people. "Partner! Well!"

Greaves wondered when the request would come for alms; for he had begun to see the blind man's methods from a business standpoint;—not uncharitably, but with a business man's interest in methods. This way of getting about was sensible, sure enough—quite sensible and commendable. But it was also a good way, as the blind man had not said, of coming into intimate touch with all sorts of people, and profiting momentarily by their natural sympathies when they had time to think. He wondered—what he did not doubt—when the request would come for a dime or a nickel. As soon as it was found that it was not offered voluntarily, no doubt. Greaves would wait and see; and then give him half a dollar. The poor fellow was blind and enterprising, without affected humility. Greaves admired good business methods. Partner! To the blind fellow he was not vice-president of a trust company, and also half a dozen directors—hardly.

As there was now no subject between them, and as Greaves felt a little constrained in his peculiar position, he began to whistle a snatch of an opera in an aspirate way—a mere breathing of the tune.

"Can you whistle, Partner?"

"Not very well. I never was much of a whistler."

The blind man moistened his lips, and then, with a preparatory trill, a surprising flight of quick notes, he matched his own rendition of the air with that of his companion. It was as if a mocking-bird had learned an opera.

"It is n't very good weather for whistling," said the blind one. "It 's growing warm, but still it 's chilly, and I 'm not just right. The weather has to be right to whistle your best. Say, Partner, do you know where the Palace is?"

"Concert saloon? There are two of them up here, next to each other."

"Two of them. What 's the other one like? Is it a good place?"

"Really, I don't know," Greaves answered. "I guess they 're both pretty well attended. There 's a summer garden farther up, too. It is n't opened yet."

"Don't you live around here?"

"A few blocks away."

Despite Greaves's statements that he knew little about the private affairs of the proprietors, the blind man persevered in making inquiries. His anxiety for information seemed to possess him with the idea that he could stir up something in Greaves's memory.

"I 'm going to see if I can't get an engagement—whistling. I got an engagement about three miles west of here last week; made five dollars. I wish you knew more about the place, and could put me next to the boss, Partner."

Engagement! The fellow, then, conceived himself an artist. He could whistle; and yet he did not pass the hat among bar-room audiences,—Saturday-night spenders. He wished to be heard on the stage. And in his humble conception of it he was looking for an "engagement." He was sensitive to the state of the air! An opera whistler!

Greaves looked him over again—his thin, shiny, mismatched clothes. The blind man's confident step was flattering to Greaves; it was a tribute of trust, really of faith, in the man to whose utter keeping he had given himself over. This was especially surprising at the crossings. The blind man launched forth into the pandemonium with no hesitation; he stopped, and started as Greaves did, while he took his chances. Never, even at the rumble of a wheel within a foot of his toes did the blind man's arm have the least touch of doubt. It was a most intimate revelation of confidence. Greaves could not but ask himself whether he could ever give himself over so fully to another.

"Say, Partner, can you sling a con?"

"A what?"

"Sling a con. Throw a bluff."

"I can—at times. Why?"

"Would you mind going right into the saloon and leaving me there? The boss is n't sure to be in at this time of day; and if I sit around too long, the bartender is likely to put me out: they don't like a blind man hanging around. I 've got to sling a con because I don't look very good at first. I 'll go in and ask for the boss. And if he is n't there, I 'll say I guess I 'll sit down and wait. So then you turn to me and say: 'Say, Partner, I 'm going up the street a piece; I 'll come back and get you after a while.' Then you can go. You see, he 'll let me stay there as long as I want, then, because you 're my man that cares for me; so they won't think of putting me out—with you coming back. It puts up a good front right at the start—gives me a chance. Throw 'em a con, Partner. Sling 'em a bluff."

"All right," said Greaves. He smiled to think how much too strong the "bluff" would seem in his suit of the latest cut.

The ten-cent theater back of the bar-room was empty with the emptiness of three hundred chairs. In the saloon the bartender leaned on his bar and silently awaited the outcome of a solitary customer. The "boss" was not in.

The blind one, having been turned loose as he made his businesslike inquiry, now found himself at sea on the bar-room floor. He stood stock-still in the middle of the saloon. Greaves, seeing him standing motionless, not blundering about like a blind man, but waiting, immediately apprehended. He went and took his charge by the elbow. On second thought he led him up to the bar.

"Had n't we better have a little something to drink—something to warm us up?"

"No, thanks; I don't believe I 'll drink anything this afternoon. Much obliged."

The answer was surprising, unexpected. Coming from a man who had every reason to propitiate a bartender, it took Greaves momentarily off his legs. He led his blind man to a chair by the stove. Then he went to the cigar-case, on the other side of the screen behind which all drinkers hide, and patronized the place for a dollar's worth of cigars.

"Well, so long," he said, calling back to the man in the chair. "I 'm going up the street a piece. I guess the proprietor will be back after a while. I may be gone quite a little time."

Greaves, having swung his "con" with all its force, walked back rapidly till he came to his cross street; and there he halted. On one side of the blind man's methods he saw all the policy, the consistent, perfect business system of it. A saloon-keeper, however he may favor drinking on the part of the public, wants none of it in his employes; and therefore he has respect for the "No" in one looking for an engagement. The refusal was not morality alone. And then, too, the perfectly natural diplomacy with which the blind man had managed, by being led, to have himself landed by that stove with a good "front," in spite of his appearance, his great disadvantage! Even his standing motionless in the middle of the floor, waiting for his "man," was a work of art—of quick, opportune thinking in his dark mind.

On the other hand, all this sophistication, this deceit toward a low saloon, fitted strangely and completely with morality, practical enterprise, good common sense. It was sophistication; but in the commendable effort to get along like a man, despite his lamentable plight in life. It was admirable, pathetic. There had been no request for a nickel or a dime; he was really after an "engagement."

Greaves's conscience, and his business pride, also, turned on him—ashamed of himself. Why did he, fool that he was, expect a blind man to drink? Well, simply because he had not realized till now that the man was *blind*. And because he, Greaves, did not remember what he had always said, that a man in a position of responsibility should not drink. And the blind man was in a position of great responsibility; for it was important to him as a member of society, as an artist, that he get that "engagement," that he keep his wits clear at the important moment.

Greaves started on again, paused, lingered, hesitated. His rapid walk had put him at the edge of his own neighborhood—the parting of the ways. In this spell of privacy, at the threshold of his own way of life again, he seemed to come suddenly into personal relations with him-

self; and now, after his rather foreign experience, his mind took things up with all the vigor of reaction. Conclusions took place within him, not mere thoughts; trifles ran together like volunteer witnesses, and ransacked every part of his being for every bit of sympathy and insight; they shaped themselves together at once into complete conviction, full emotion.

He felt he ought at least to go back and give the fellow ten or fifteen dollars. Ten or fifteen dollars? It was worth ten thousand. A real man, who deserved it, ought to be endowed. Why not? And yet—how? To endow a man would only be to support him; and that would be to rob this fellow of what he was—what he ought to do. Ought to be? Here Greaves's fancy took a journey of a hundred miles or so with the led pedestrian; and he smiled inwardly as he saw all the self-occupied, scheming, suspicious, skinflint wayfarers who had had to lead him —in recognition of their own humanity. Ought to be? Yes.

To put the man in an institution was not to be thought of. To endow him with a competence, and give him liberty to go about as he pleased with the income, —Well, the liberty to do as he pleased would be only a technical liberty, after all, a mere form. He would not be himself any more. The man was not looking for charity, and Greaves hated to make him a pauper. Greaves worried about it.

But he could not be standing on this corner indefinitely. When his first perception of the situation was over, and he had got to thinking, he decided to walk along again, considering as he went. The man's shrewd, studied methods kept uppermost in his mere business mind. Sophisticated? Certainly. Mrs. Mortimer was sophisticated, too; she had candidly expressed her regret to him that one has to be so sophisticated, so diabolically studious and artful, in order to do good in the world. And where was there a gentler, nobler woman?

So thinking, he came to the corner at the boulevard; and here again he halted. The matter was not to be so lightly passed off his conscience—his heart, rather. The Mortimers were evidently at home. The big three-flued chimney was smoking out of the corner of its mouth. They probably had the fireplace going; the house looked inviting. He suddenly turned in that direction.

He rang the door-bell, waited, was ushered in by the maid. It was Martha, not Mrs. Mortimer, who came down to receive him. Mama, she said, was not at home; she had gone out within the half-hour. But she insisted upon his coming in; possibly her mother would be back in an hour or so.

"Your mother," said Greaves, coming to the point at once, as he sat down, "was talking to me yesterday about the Riverside Day Nursery. I have been thinking it over. I consider her work very worthy —very good in her. And she has some good ideas—very sensible ones. So I have decided to put in—say ten thousand—to start. It is nothing urgent that I called for; simply thought I would drop in and let her know. We can talk things over and put the matter into shape when she is ready. You know I am a great hand to do things at once—after I have decided."

Martha was, it was plain to be seen, delighted. Her quiet joy at the good fortune of the babies showed forth so warmly that Greaves felt a new sympathetic warmth wrapping him about. He tarried a while. And then, in a mere casual way, in no particular connection, he told how the automobile had acted with him. Very quickly this grew up into an account of the blind man. And *grew up* is the proper expression for it, truly. It grew into an account that put forth more and more details; the story waxed in vitality, took on life and color, and flourished in the warmth of his words; and was beamed on and encouraged by the light of Martha's big, enraptured eyes. Greaves was not in the habit of talking so directly forth from his feelings; but now, having started, he let himself go. He then went into this matter seriously with the thoroughness of a lawyer; he proved the blind man's case beyond question—and he vindicated himself, Fred Greaves, for having any weak emotions, any interest in the matter. Hardly realizing that it was the eyes of Desdemona that were calling him up and out of himself. "I tell you," he said emphatically, as he rested his case, "the man is a hero."

Martha's state of womanhood, sympathy, understanding, increased. In the silence that followed she seemed to be

looking at deep pictures in him. And he could feel new accession of warmth as her eyes rested within him, as it seemed. The fact was that their mutual engrossment over Fred Greaves's man had so drawn them together that they sat looking at each other in almost a oneness of being, impersonal and unconscious. Each was looking for solution in the other.

"But what to do about the case. Now, you see—" said Greaves; and he thought a while to make plain his difficulty in the matter, whatever it might be. He had not himself decided where the trouble was, in so many words.

"Now, is n't this what you mean," said Martha, leaning forward, as if she were reading him deeply—"is n't it your idea that the charity you would do the blind man would be the undoing of a still greater charity—which he himself is doing—to all sorts of people? Is n't that your feeling?"

Greaves looked at her in open admiration. She knew it beforehand—and said it. He had known Martha Mortimer since they were school children, and he now looked at her as if he were seeing her for the first time since he had the right kind of eyes.

"And you have n't done anything about it?" she asked. "Well—won't we have to do something? He may not get his engagement; be gone in a little while—in fifteen minutes; and you could n't find him. Then you would be *so* sorry."

"What would you say?" he asked.

She rose at once and went to the telephone in the upper hallway. He heard her speaking with the stable. "No, not the auto—not the coupe—that old buggy of father's—that 's it. I want to go to —well—a place—a place over on Newmarket Street. Yes, we 'll drive ourselves; hurry up. If it 's dirty, don't clean it up. But, wait—" In an instant she appeared at the door. "Can't we drive over there, Fred? There is n't any use having the coachman in this. Oh, I wish mama were here!"

"Do you—oh, well; just as you say."

When next she appeared, she threw down an armful of wraps with her hat on top, and she talked all the time she was getting ready. "We don't need to give him anything for charity, you know—just see that he gets an engagement and a good start. Now you know that Blinky Owens that ran that end of the ward for Grayson? Well, he knows the proprietor, and gets him out of trouble. We 'll see him right away. Then the man must be set on his feet,—show what a good whistler he is,—and he can get along. You say he is good on slinging a—what did you say about him?"

"He can sling a con, throw a bluff," replied Greaves.

"'Sling a con,'" repeated Martha, faithfully, as she explored the place for the point of her hatpin. "He can do that, and so you see he will be *perfectly* able to get along in the way of an actor. You know how the theatrical people are. He needs letter-heads and a dress-suit. We 'll see Alfred Hoyt later and make him give us a column in the paper—'Great Genius Discovered.' He owes mama some space anyway. And you know it does n't really matter if he is n't a *great* genius,—because he *is*, anyway,—and there are lodge entertainments, and all sorts of things. We 'll have that Blinky put him in touch with the Lyceum Bureau downtown; I 'll get the address and tend to it, too. He just needs a start. Oh, I *know* he will be a success, because he can do—what you say, you know." Thus she ran on till she was hatted and muffed, cap-a-pie. "We 'll go over and see that Owens tends to the saloon-keeper right away—at a good week's salary. But we 'll have to decide —in the buggy—how much we are going to have them pay him."

It was just at this time that the colonel, having alighted at his own door without feeling that he was talked out for the day, looked up the street and wondered if John Mortimer was at home. On second thought he believed he would go up and see whether John was in. As he was nearing the entrance, the two came running down the stone steps. And they, not knowing the colonel was bound for that place, hastened into the buggy.

"What 's happened!" cried the colonel.

"Oh, nothing," said Greaves. "Just going to tend to a charity case. Git ap."

The colonel stood his ground and slowly turned as the buggy went down the boulevard and swung around the corner so suddenly that it skidded.

"Humph! Well! Have those two started a—charity fire department?"

TO BUILD A FIRE

BY JACK LONDON

Author of "The Call of the Wild," "The Sea-Wolf," etc.

He travels fastest who travels alone . . . but not after the frost has dropped below zero fifty degrees or more.— *Yukon Code.*

DAY had broken cold and gray, exceedingly cold and gray, when the man turned aside from the main Yukon trail and climbed the high earth-bank, where a dim and little-traveled trail led eastward through the fat spruce timberland. It was a steep bank, and he paused for breath at the top, excusing the act to himself by looking at his watch. It was nine o'clock. There was no sun or hint of sun, though there was not a cloud in the sky. It was a clear day, and yet there seemed an intangible pall over the face of things, a subtle gloom that made the day dark, and that was due to the absence of sun. This fact did not worry the man. He was used to the lack of sun. It had been days since he had seen the sun, and he knew that a few more days must pass before that cheerful orb, due south, would just peep above the sky-line and dip immediately from view.

The man flung a look back along the way he had come. The Yukon lay a mile wide and hidden under three feet of ice. On top of this ice were as many feet of snow. It was all pure white, rolling in gentle, snow-covered undulations where the ice-jams of the freeze-up had formed. North and south, as far as his eye could see, it was unbroken white, save for a dark hair-line that curved and twisted from around the spruce-covered island to the south, and that curved and twisted away into the north, where it disappeared behind another spruce-covered island. This dark hair-line was the trail—the main trail—that led south five hundred miles to the Chilcoot Pass, Dyea, and salt water; and that led north seventy miles to Dawson, and still on to the north a thousand miles to Nulato, and finally to St. Michael on Bering Sea, a thousand miles and half a thousand more.

But all this—the mysterious, far-reaching hair-line trail, the absence of sun from the sky, the tremendous cold, and the strangeness and weirdness of it all—made no impression on the man. It was not because he was long used to it. He was a new-comer in the land, a *chechaquo,* and this was his first winter. The trouble with him was that he was without imagination. He was quick and alert in the things of life, but only in the things, and not in the significances. Fifty degrees below zero meant eighty-odd degrees of frost. Such fact impressed him as being cold and uncomfortable, and that was all. It did not lead him to meditate upon his frailty as a creature of temperature, and upon man's frailty in general, able only to live within certain narrow limits of temperature; and from there on it did not lead him to the conjectural field of immortality and man's place in the universe. Fifty degrees below zero stood for a bite of frost that hurt and that must be guarded against by the use of mittens, ear-flaps, warm moccasins, and thick socks. Fifty degrees below zero was to him just precisely fifty degrees below zero. That there should be anything more to it than that was a thought that never entered his head.

As he turned to go on, he spat speculatively. There was a sharp, explosive crackle that startled him. He spat again. And again, in the air, before it could fall to the snow, the spittle crackled. He knew that at fifty below spittle crackled on the snow, but this spittle had crackled in the air. Undoubtedly it was colder than fifty below—how much colder he did not

know. But the temperature did not matter. He was bound for the old claim on the left fork of Henderson Creek, where the boys were already. They had come over across the divide from the Indian Creek country while he had come the round-about way to take a look at the possibilities of getting out logs in the spring from the islands in the Yukon. He would be in to camp by six o'clock; a bit after dark, it was true, but the boys would be there, a fire would be going, and a hot supper would be ready. As for lunch, he pressed his hand against the protruding bundle under his jacket. It was also under his shirt, wrapped up in a handkerchief, and lying against the naked skin. It was the only way to keep the biscuits from freezing. He smiled agreeably to himself as he thought of those biscuits, each cut open and sopped in bacon grease, and each inclosing a generous slice of fried bacon.

He plunged in among the big spruce-trees. The trail was faint. A foot of snow had fallen since the last sled had passed over, and he was glad he was without a sled, traveling light. In fact, he carried nothing but the lunch wrapped in the handkerchief. He was surprised, however, at the cold. It certainly was cold, he concluded, as he rubbed his numb nose and cheek-bones with his mittened hand. He was a warm-whiskered man, but the hair on his face did not protect the high cheek-bones and the eager nose that thrust itself aggressively into the frosty air.

At the man's heels trotted a dog, a big native husky, the proper wolf-dog, gray-coated and without any visible or temperamental difference from its brother, the wild wolf. The animal was depressed by the tremendous cold. It knew that it was no time for traveling. Its instinct told it a truer tale than was told to the man by the man's judgment. In reality, it was not merely colder than fifty below zero; it was colder than sixty below, than seventy below. It was seventy-five below zero. Since the freezing-point is thirty-two above zero, it meant that one hundred and seven degrees of frost obtained. The dog did not know anything about thermometers. Possibly in its brain there was no sharp consciousness of a condition of very cold such as was in the man's brain. But the brute had its instinct. It experienced a vague but menacing apprehension that subdued it and made it shrink along at the man's heels, and that made it question eagerly every unwonted movement of the man as if expecting him to go into camp or to seek shelter somewhere and build a fire. The dog had learned fire, and it wanted fire, or else to burrow under the snow and cuddle its warmth in the confined space.

The frozen moisture of its breathing had settled on its fur in a fine powder of frost, and especially were its jowls, muzzle, and eyelashes whitened by its crystalled breath. The man's red beard and mustache were likewise frosted, but more solidly, the deposit taking the form of ice, and increasing with every warm, moist breath he exhaled. Also, the man was chewing tobacco, and the muzzle of ice held his lips so rigidly that he was unable to clear his chin when he expelled the juice. The result was that a crystal beard of the color and solidity of amber was increasing its length on his chin. If he fell down it would shatter itself, like glass, into brittle fragments. But he did not mind the appendage. It was the penalty all tobacco-chewers paid in that country, and he had been out before in two cold snaps. They had not been so cold as this, he knew, but by the spirit thermometer at Sixty Mile he knew they had been registered at fifty below and at fifty-five.

He held on through the level stretch of woods for several miles, crossed a wide flat of nigger-heads, and dropped down a bank to the frozen bed of a small stream. This was Henderson Creek, and he knew he was ten miles from the forks. He looked at his watch. It was ten o'clock. He was making four miles an hour, and he calculated that he would arrive at the forks at half-past twelve. He decided to celebrate that event by eating his lunch there.

The dog dropped in again at his heels with a tail drooping discouragement as the man swung along the creek-bed. The furrow of the old sled-trail was plainly visible, but a dozen inches of snow covered the marks of the last runners. In a month no man had come up or down that silent creek. The man held steadily on. He was not much given to thinking, and

just then particularly he had nothing to think about save that he would eat lunch at the forks and that at six o'clock he would be in camp with the boys. There was nobody to talk to; and, had there been, speech would have been impossible because of the ice-muzzle on his mouth. So he continued monotonously to chew tobacco and to increase the length of his amber beard.

Once in a while the thought reiterated itself that it was very cold and that he had never experienced such cold. As he walked along he rubbed his cheek-bones and nose with the back of his mittened hand. He did this automatically, now and again changing hands. But rub as he would, the instant he stopped, his cheek-bones went numb, and the following instant the end of his nose went numb. He was sure to frost his cheeks; he knew that, and experienced a pang of regret that he had not devised a nose-strap of the sort Bud wore in cold snaps. Such a strap passed across the cheeks, as well, and saved them. But it did n't matter much, after all. What were frosted cheeks? A bit painful, that was all; they were never serious.

Empty as the man's mind was of thoughts, he was keenly observant, and he noticed the changes in the creek, the curves and bends and timber-jams, and always he sharply noted where he placed his feet. Once, coming around a bend, he shied abruptly, like a startled horse, curved away from the place where he had been walking, and retreated several paces back along the trail. The creek he knew was frozen clear to the bottom,—no creek could contain water in that arctic winter, —but he knew also that there were springs that bubbled out from the hillsides and ran along under the snow and on top the ice of the creek. He knew that the coldest snaps never froze these springs, and he knew likewise their danger. They were traps. They hid pools of water under the snow that might be three inches deep, or three feet. Sometimes a skin of ice half an inch thick covered them, and in turn was covered by the snow. Sometimes there were alternate layers of water and ice-skin, so that when one broke through he kept on breaking through for a while, sometimes wetting himself to the waist.

That was why he had shied in such panic. He had felt the give under his feet and heard the crackle of a snow-hidden ice-skin. And to get his feet wet in such a temperature meant trouble and danger. At the very least it meant delay, for he would be forced to stop and build a fire, and under its protection to bare his feet while he dried his socks and moccasins. He stood and studied the creek-bed and its banks, and decided that the flow of water came from the right. He reflected awhile, rubbing his nose and cheeks, then skirted to the left, stepping gingerly and testing the footing for each step. Once clear of the danger, he took a fresh chew of tobacco, and swung along at his four-mile gait.

In the course of the next two hours he came upon several similar traps. Usually the snow above the hidden pools had a sunken, candied appearance that advertised the danger. Once again, however, he had a close call; and once, suspecting danger, he compelled the dog to go on in front. The dog did not want to go. It hung back until the man shoved it forward, and then it went quickly across the white, unbroken surface. Suddenly it broke through, floundered to one side, and got away to firmer footing. It had wet its forefeet and legs, and almost immediately the water that clung to it turned to ice. It made quick efforts to lick the ice off its legs, then dropped down in the snow, and began to bite out the ice that had formed between the toes. This was a matter of instinct. To permit the ice to remain would mean sore feet. It did not know this. It merely obeyed the mysterious prompting that arose from the deep crypts of its being. But the man knew, having achieved a judgment on the subject, and he removed the mitten from his right hand and helped tear out the ice-particles. He did not expose his fingers more than a minute, and was astonished at the swift numbness that smote them. It certainly was cold. He pulled on the mitten hastily, and beat the hand savagely across his chest.

At twelve o'clock the day was at its brightest. Yet the sun was too far south on its winter journey to clear the horizon. The bulge of the earth intervened between it and Henderson Creek, where the man walked under a clear sky at noon and cast

no shadow. At half past twelve to the minute he arrived at the forks of the creek. He was pleased at the speed he had made. If he kept it up, he would certainly be with the boys by six. He unbuttoned his jacket and shirt and drew forth his lunch. The action consumed no more than a quarter of a minute, yet in that brief moment the numbness laid hold of the exposed fingers. He did not put the mitten on, but, instead, struck the fingers a dozen sharp smashes against his leg. Then he sat down on a snow-covered log to eat. The sting that followed upon the striking of his fingers against his leg ceased so quickly that he was startled. He had had no chance to take a bite of biscuit. He struck the fingers repeatedly and returned them to the mitten, baring the other hand for the purpose of eating. He tried to take a mouthful, but the ice-muzzle prevented. He had forgotten to build a fire and thaw out. He chuckled at his foolishness, and as he chuckled he noted the numbness creeping into the exposed fingers. Also, he noted that the stinging which had first come to his toes when he sat down was already passing away. He wondered whether the toes were warm or numb. He moved them inside the moccasins and decided that they were numb.

He pulled the mitten on hurriedly and stood up. He was a bit frightened. He stamped up and down until the stinging returned into the feet. It certainly was cold, was his thought. That man from Sulphur Creek had spoken the truth when telling how cold it sometimes got in the country. And he had laughed at him at the time! That showed one must not be too sure of things. There was no mistake about it, it *was* cold. He strode up and down, stamping his feet and threshing his arms, until reassured by the returning warmth. Then he got out matches and proceeded to make a fire. From the undergrowth, where high water of the previous spring had lodged a supply of seasoned twigs, he got his fire-wood. Working carefully from a small beginning, he soon had a roaring fire, over which he thawed the ice from his face, and in the protection of which he ate his biscuits. For the moment the cold of space was outwitted. The dog took satisfaction in the fire, stretching out close enough for warmth and far enough away to escape being singed.

When the man had finished, he filled his pipe and took his comfortable time over a smoke. Then he pulled on his mittens, settled the ear-flaps of his cap firmly about his ears, and took the creek trail up the left fork. The dog was disappointed and yearned back toward the fire. This man did not know cold. Possibly all the generations of his ancestry had been ignorant of cold, of real cold, of cold one hundred and seven degrees below freezing-point. But the dog knew; all its ancestry knew, and it had inherited the knowledge. And it knew that it was not good to walk abroad in such fearful cold. It was the time to lie snug in a hole in the snow and wait for a curtain of cloud to be drawn across the face of outer space whence this cold came. On the other hand, there was no keen intimacy between the dog and the man. The one was the toil-slave of the other, and the only caresses it had ever received were the caresses of the whip-lash and of harsh and menacing throat-sounds that threatened the whip-lash. So the dog made no effort to communicate its apprehension to the man. It was not concerned in the welfare of the man; it was for its own sake that it yearned back toward the fire. But the man whistled, and spoke to it with the sound of whip-lashes, and the dog swung in at the man's heels and followed after.

The man took a chew of tobacco, and proceeded to start a new amber beard. Also, his moist breath quickly powdered with white his mustache, eyebrows, and lashes. There did not seem to be so many springs on the left fork of the Henderson, and for half an hour the man saw no signs of any. And then it happened. At a place where there were no signs, where the soft, unbroken snow seemed to advertise solidity beneath, the man broke through. It was not deep. He wet himself half-way to the knees before he floundered out to the firm crust.

He was angry, and cursed his luck aloud. He had hoped to get into camp with the boys at six o'clock, and this would delay him an hour; for he would have to build a fire and dry out his footgear. This was imperative at that low temperature—he knew that much; and he turned aside to the bank, which he

climbed. On top, tangled in the underbrush about the trunks of several small spruce-trees, was a high-water deposit of dry fire-wood—sticks and twigs, principally, but also larger portions of seasoned branches and fine, dry, last-year's grasses. He threw down several large pieces on top of the snow. This served for a foundation, and prevented the young flame from drowning itself in the snow it otherwise would melt. The flame he got by touching a match to a small shred of birch-bark that he took from his pocket. This burned even more readily than paper. Placing it on the foundation, he fed the young flame with wisps of dry grass and with the tiniest dry twigs.

He worked slowly and carefully, keenly aware of his danger. Gradually, as the flame grew stronger, he increased the size of the twigs with which he fed it. He squatted in the snow, pulling the twigs out from their entanglement in the brush, and feeding directly to the flame. He knew there must be no failure. When it is seventy-five below zero a man must not fail in his first attempt to build a fire—that is, if his feet are wet. If his feet are dry, and he fails, he can run along the trail for half a mile and restore his circulation. But the circulation of wet and freezing feet cannot be restored by running when it is seventy-five below. No matter how fast he runs, the wet feet will freeze the harder.

All this the man knew. The old-timer on Sulphur Creek had told him about it the previous fall, and now he was appreciating the advice. Already all sensation had gone out of his feet. To build the fire he had been forced to remove his mittens, and the fingers had quickly gone numb. His pace of four miles an hour had kept his heart pumping blood to the surface of his body and to all the extremities. But the instant he stopped, the action of the pump eased down. The cold of space smote the unprotected tip of the planet, and he, being on that unprotected tip, received the full force of the blow. The blood of his body recoiled before it. The blood was alive, like the dog, and like the dog it wanted to hide away and cover itself up from the fearful cold. So long as he walked four miles an hour, he pumped that blood, willy-nilly, to the surface; but now it ebbed away and sank down into the recesses of his body. The extremities were the first to feel its absence. His wet feet froze the faster, and his exposed fingers numbed the faster, though they had not yet begun to freeze. Nose and cheeks were already freezing, while the skin of all his body chilled as it lost its blood.

But he was safe. Toes and nose and cheeks would be only touched by the frost, for the fire was beginning to burn with strength. He was feeding it with twigs the size of his finger. In another minute he would be able to feed it with branches the size of his wrist, and then he could remove his wet foot-gear, and while it dried, he could keep his naked feet warm by the fire, rubbing them at first, of course, with snow. The fire was a success. He was safe. He remembered the advice of the old-timer on Sulphur Creek and smiled. The old-timer had been very serious in laying down the law that no man must travel alone in the Klondike after fifty below. Well, here he was; he had had the accident; he was alone; and he had saved himself. Those old-timers were rather womanish, some of them, he thought. All a man had to do was to keep his head, and he was all right. Any man who was a man could travel alone. But it was surprising, the rapidity with which his cheeks and nose were freezing. And he had not thought his fingers could go lifeless in so short a time. Lifeless they were, for he could scarcely make them move together to grip a twig, and they seemed remote from his body and from him. When he touched a twig he had to look and see whether or not he had hold of it. The wires were pretty well down between him and his finger-ends.

All of which counted for little. There was the fire, snapping and crackling and promising life with every dancing flame. He started to untie his moccasins. They were coated with ice; the thick German socks were like sheaths of iron half-way to the knees; and the moccasin-strings were like rods of steel all twisted and knotted as by some conflagration. For a moment he tugged with his numb fingers, then, realizing the folly of it, he drew his sheath-knife.

But before he could cut the strings, it happened. It was his own fault, or, rather, his mistake. He should not have

built the fire under the spruce-tree. He should have built it in the open. But it had been easier to pull the twigs from the brush and drop them directly on the fire. Now the tree under which he had done this carried a weight of snow on its boughs. No wind had blown for weeks, and each bough was fully freighted. Each time he had pulled a twig he had communicated a slight agitation to the tree—an imperceptible agitation, so far as he was concerned, but an agitation sufficient to bring about the disaster. High up in the tree one bough capsized its load of snow. This fell on the boughs beneath, capsizing them. This process continued, spreading out and involving the whole tree. It grew like an avalanche, and it descended without warning upon the man and the fire, and the fire was blotted out! Where it had burned was a mantle of fresh and disordered snow.

The man was shocked. It was as though he had just heard his own sentence of death. For a moment he sat and stared at the spot where the fire had been. Then he grew very calm. Perhaps the old-timer on Sulphur Creek was right. If he had only had a trail-mate he would have been in no danger now. The trail-mate could have built the fire. Well, it was up to him to build the fire over again, and this second time there must be no failure. Even if he succeeded, he would most likely lose some toes. His feet must be badly frozen by now, and there would be some time before the second fire was ready.

Such were his thoughts, but he did not sit and think them. He was busy all the time they were passing through his mind. He made a new foundation for a fire, this time in the open, where no treacherous tree could blot it out. Next, he gathered dry grasses and tiny twigs from the high-water flotsam. He could not bring his fingers together to pull them out, but he was able to gather them by the handful. In this way he got many rotten twigs and bits of green moss that were undesirable, but it was the best he could do. He worked methodically, even collecting an armful of the larger branches to be used later when the fire gathered strength. And all the while the dog sat and watched him, a certain yearning wistfulness in its eyes, for it looked upon him as the fire-provider, and the fire was slow in coming.

When all was ready, the man reached in his pocket for a second piece of birch-bark. He knew the bark was there, and, though he could not feel it with his fingers, he could hear its crisp rustling as he fumbled for it. Try as he would, he could not clutch hold of it. And all the time, in his consciousness, was the knowledge that each instant his feet were freezing. This thought tended to put him in a panic, but he fought against it and kept calm. He pulled on his mittens with his teeth, and threshed his arms back and forth, beating his hands with all his might against his sides. He did this sitting down, and he stood up to do it; and all the while the dog sat in the snow, its wolf-brush of a tail curled around warmly over its forefeet, its sharp wolf-ears pricked forward intently as it watched the man. And the man, as he beat and threshed with his arms and hands, felt a great surge of envy as he regarded the creature that was warm and secure in its natural covering.

After a time he was aware of the first far-away signals of sensation in his beaten fingers. The faint tingling grew stronger till it evolved into a stinging ache that was excruciating, but which the man hailed with satisfaction. He stripped the mitten from his right hand and fetched forth the birch-bark. The exposed fingers were quickly going numb again. Next he brought out his bunch of sulphur matches. But the tremendous cold had already driven the life out of his fingers. In his effort to separate one match from the others, the whole bunch fell in the snow. He tried to pick it out of the snow, but failed. The dead fingers could neither touch nor clutch. He was very careful. He drove the thought of his freezing feet, and nose, and cheeks, out of his mind, devoting his whole soul to the matches. He watched, using the sense of vision in place of that of touch, and when he saw his fingers on each side the bunch, he closed them—that is, he willed to close them, for the wires were down, and the fingers did not obey. He pulled the mitten on the right hand and beat it fiercely against his knee. Then, with both mittened hands, he scooped the bunch of matches, along with much snow, into his lap. Yet he was no better off.

After some manipulation he managed

Drawn by F. E. Schoonover. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"AS HE LOOKED APATHETICALLY ABOUT HIM, HIS EYES CHANCED ON THE DOG"

to get the bunch between the heels of his mittened hands. In this fashion he carried it to his mouth. The ice crackled and snapped when by a violent effort he opened his mouth. He drew the lower jaw in, curled the upper lip out of the way, and scraped the bunch with his upper teeth in order to separate a match. He succeeded in getting one, which he dropped on his lap. He was no better off. He could not pick it up. Then he devised a way. He picked it up in his teeth and scratched it on his leg. Twenty times he scratched before he succeeded in lighting it. As it flamed he held it with his teeth to the birch-bark. But the burning brimstone went up his nostrils and into his lungs, causing him to cough spasmodically. The match fell into the snow and went out.

The old-timer on Sulphur Creek was right, he thought in the moment of controlled despair that ensued: after fifty below a man should travel with a partner. He beat his hands, but failed in exciting any sensation. Suddenly he bared both hands, removing the mittens with his teeth. He caught the whole bunch between the heels of his hands. His arm-muscles not being frozen enabled him to press the hand-heels tightly against the matches. Then he scratched the bunch along his leg. It flared into flame, seventy sulphur matches at once! There was no wind to blow them out. He kept his head to one side to escape the strangling fumes, and held the blazing bunch to the birch-bark. As he so held it, he became aware of sensation in his hand. His flesh was burning. He could smell it. Deep down below the surface he could feel it. The sensation developed into pain that grew acute. And still he endured it, holding the flame of the matches clumsily to the bark that would not light readily because his own burning hands were in the way, absorbing most of the flame.

At last, when he could endure no more, he jerked his hands apart. The blazing matches fell sizzling into the snow, but the birch-bark was alight. He began laying dry grasses and the tiniest twigs on the flame. He could not pick and choose, for he had to lift the fuel between the heels of his hands. Small pieces of rotten wood and green moss clung to the twigs, and he bit them off as well as he could with his teeth. He cherished the flame carefully and awkwardly. It meant life, and it must not perish. The withdrawal of blood from the surface of his body now made him begin to shiver, and he grew more awkward. A large piece of green moss fell squarely on the little fire. He tried to poke it out with his fingers, but his shivering frame made him poke too far, and he disrupted the nucleus of the little fire, the burning grasses and tiny twigs separating and scattering. He tried to poke them together again, but in spite of the tenseness of the effort, his shivering got away with him, and the twigs were hopelessly scattered. Each twig gushed a puff of smoke and went out. The fire-provider had failed. As he looked apathetically about him, his eyes chanced on the dog, sitting across the ruins of the fire from him, in the snow, making restless, hunching movements, slightly lifting one forefoot and then the other, shifting its weight back and forth on them with wistful eagerness.

The sight of the dog put a wild idea into his head. He remembered the tale of the man, caught in a blizzard, who killed a steer and crawled inside the carcase, and so was saved. He would kill the dog and bury his hands in the warm body until the numbness went out of them. Then he could build another fire. He spoke to the dog, calling it to him; but in his voice was a strange note of fear that frightened the animal, who had never known the man to speak in such way before. Something was the matter, and its suspicious nature sensed danger—it knew not what danger, but somewhere, somehow, in its brain arose an apprehension of the man. It flattened its ears down at the sound of the man's voice, and its restless, hunching movements and the liftings and shiftings of its forefeet became more pronounced; but it would not come to the man. He got on his hands and knees and crawled toward the dog. This unusual posture again excited suspicion, and the animal sidled mincingly away.

The man sat up in the snow for a moment and struggled for calmness. Then he pulled on his mittens, by means of his teeth, and got upon his feet. He glanced down at first in order to assure himself that he was really standing up, for the

absence of sensation in his feet left him unrelated to the earth. His erect position in itself started to drive the webs of suspicion from the dog's mind; and when he spoke peremptorily, with the sound of whip-lashes in his voice, the dog rendered its customary allegiance and came to him. As it came within reaching distance the man lost his control. His arms flashed out to the dog, and he experienced genuine surprise when he discovered that his hands could not clutch, that there was neither bend nor feeling in the fingers. He had forgotten for the moment that they were frozen and that they were freezing more and more. All this happened quickly, and before the animal could get away he encircled its body with his arms. He sat down in the snow, and in this fashion held the dog, while it snarled and whined and struggled.

But it was all he could do, hold its body encircled in his arms and sit there. He realized that he could not kill the dog. There was no way to do it. With his helpless hands he could neither draw nor hold his sheath-knife nor throttle the animal. He released it, and it plunged wildly away, with tail between its legs, and still snarling. It halted forty feet away and surveyed him curiously, with ears sharply pricked forward. The man looked down at his hands in order to locate them, and found them hanging on the ends of his arms. It struck him as curious that one should have to use his eyes in order to find out where his hands were. He began threshing his arms back and forth, beating the mittened hands against his sides. He did this for five minutes, violently, and his heart pumped enough blood up to the surface to put a stop to his shivering. But no sensation was aroused in the hands. He had an impression that they hung like weights on the ends of his arms, but when he tried to run the impression down, he could not find it.

A certain fear of death, dull and oppressive, came to him. This fear quickly became poignant as he realized that it was no longer a mere matter of freezing his fingers and toes, or of losing his hands and feet, but that it was a matter of life and death with the chances against him. This threw him into a panic, and he turned and ran up the creek-bed along the old, dim trail. The dog joined in behind and kept up with him. He ran blindly, without intention, in fear such as he had never known in his life. Slowly, as he plowed and floundered through the snow, he began to see things again,—the banks of the creek, the old timber-jams, the leafless aspens, and the sky. The running made him feel better. He did not shiver. Maybe, if he ran on, his feet would thaw out; and, anyway, if he ran far enough he would reach camp and the boys. Without doubt he would lose some fingers and toes and some of his face; but the boys would take care of him, and save the rest of him when he got there. And at the same time there was another thought in his mind that said he would never get to the camp and the boys; that it was too many miles away, that the freezing had too great a start on him, and that he would soon be stiff and dead. This thought he kept in the background, and refused to consider. Sometimes it pushed itself forward and demanded to be heard, but he thrust it back and strove to think of other things.

It struck him as curious that he could run at all on feet so frozen that he could not feel them when they struck the earth and took the weight of his body. He seemed to himself to skim along above the surface, and to have no connection with the earth. Somewhere he had once seen a winged Mercury, and he wondered if Mercury felt as he felt when skimming over the earth.

His theory of running until he reached camp and the boys had one flaw in it: he lacked the endurance. Several times he stumbled, and finally he tottered, crumpled up, and fell. When he tried to rise, he failed. He must sit and rest, he decided, and next time he would merely walk and keep on going. As he sat and regained his breath, he noted that he was feeling quite warm and comfortable. He was not shivering, and it even seemed that a warm glow had come to his chest and trunk. And yet, when he touched his nose or cheeks, there was no sensation. Running would not thaw them out. Nor would it thaw out his hands and feet. Then the thought came to him that the frozen portions of his body must be extending. He tried to keep this thought down, to forget it, to think of something

else; he was aware of the panicky feeling that it caused, and he was afraid of the panic. But the thought asserted itself, and persisted, until it produced a vision of his body totally frozen. This was too much, and he made another wild run along the trail. Once he slowed down to a walk, but the thought of the freezing extending itself made him run again.

And all the time the dog ran with him, at his heels. When he fell down a second time, it curled its tail over its forefeet and sat in front of him, facing him, curiously eager and intent. The warmth and security of the animal angered him, and he cursed it till it flattened down its ears appeasingly. This time the shivering came more quickly upon the man. He was losing in his battle with the frost. It was creeping into his body from all sides. The thought of it drove him on, but he ran no more than a hundred feet, when he staggered and pitched headlong. It was his last panic. When he had recovered his breath and control, he sat up and entertained in his mind the conception of meeting death with dignity. However, the conception did not come to him in such terms. His idea of it was that he had been making a fool of himself, running around like a chicken with its head cut off—such was the simile that occurred to him. Well, he was bound to freeze anyway, and he might as well take it decently. With this new-found peace of mind came the first glimmerings of drowsiness. A good idea, he thought, to sleep off to death. It was like taking an anesthetic. Freezing was not so bad as people thought. There were lots worse ways to die.

He pictured the boys finding his body next day. Suddenly he found himself with them, coming along the trail and looking for himself. And, still with them, he came around a turn in the trail and found himself lying in the snow. He did not belong with himself any more, for even then he was out of himself, standing with the boys and looking at himself in the snow. It certainly was cold, was his thought. When he got back to the States he could tell the folks what real cold was. He drifted on from this to a vision of the old-timer on Sulphur Creek. He could see him quite clearly, warm, and comfortable, and smoking a pipe.

"You were right, old hoss; you were right," the man mumbled to the old-timer of Sulphur Creek.

Then the man drowsed off into what seemed to him the most comfortable and satisfying sleep he had ever known. The dog sat facing him and waiting. The brief day drew to a close in a long, slow twilight. There were no signs of a fire to be made, and, besides, never in the dog's experience had it known a man to sit like that in the snow and make no fire. As the twilight drew on, its eager yearning for the fire mastered it, and with a great lifting and shifting of forefeet, it whined softly, then flattened its ears down in anticipation of being chidden by the man. But the man remained silent. Later, the dog whined loudly. And still later it crept close to the man and caught the scent of death. This made the animal bristle and back away. A little longer it delayed, howling under the stars that leaped and danced and shone brightly in the cold sky. Then it turned and trotted up the trail in the direction of the camp it knew, where were the other food-providers and the fire-providers.

Drawn by Henry J. Peck. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

THE CLAM-BAKE

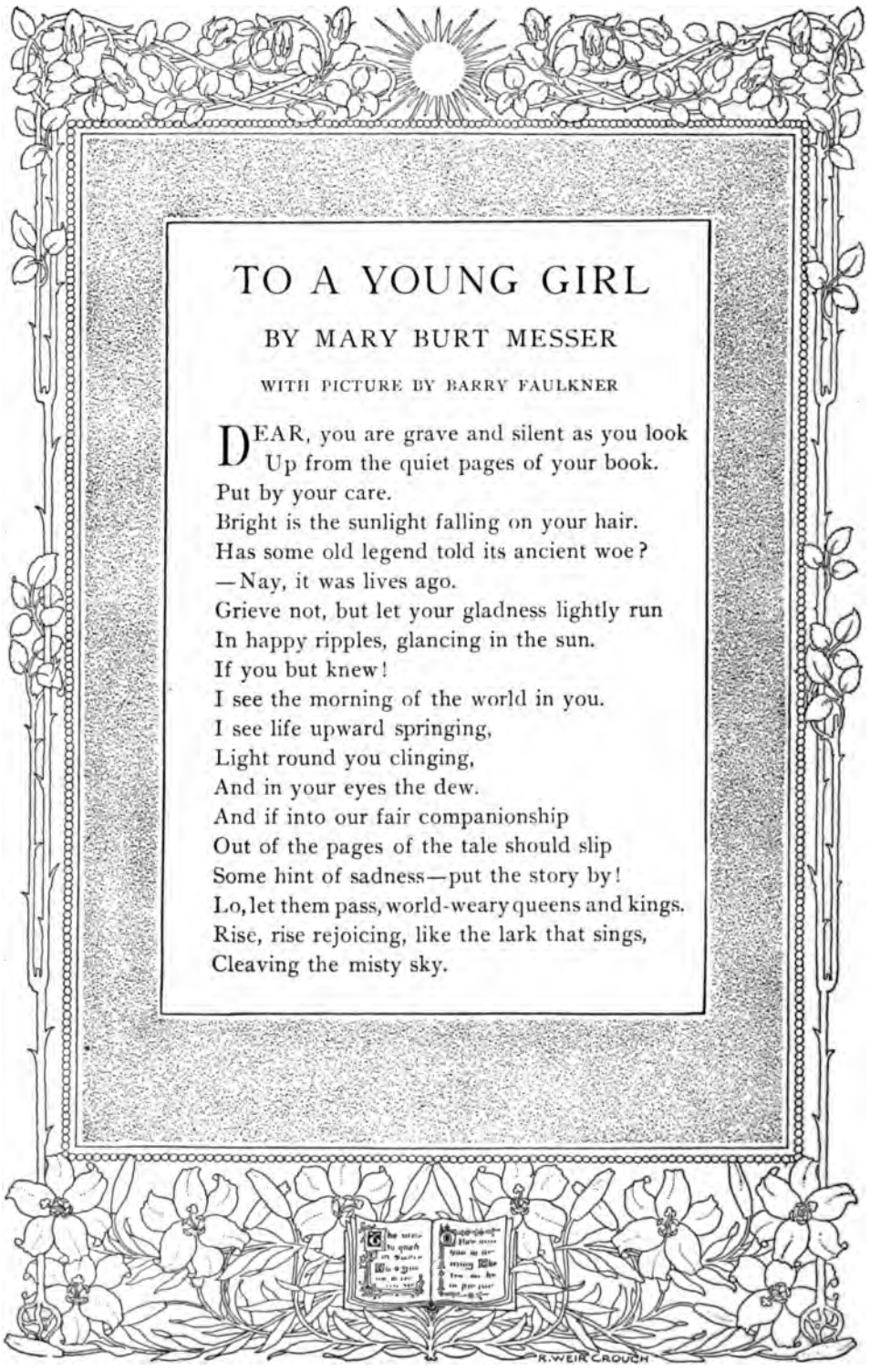
(SCENES FROM AMERICAN RURAL LIFE)

TO A YOUNG GIRL

BY MARY BURT MESSER

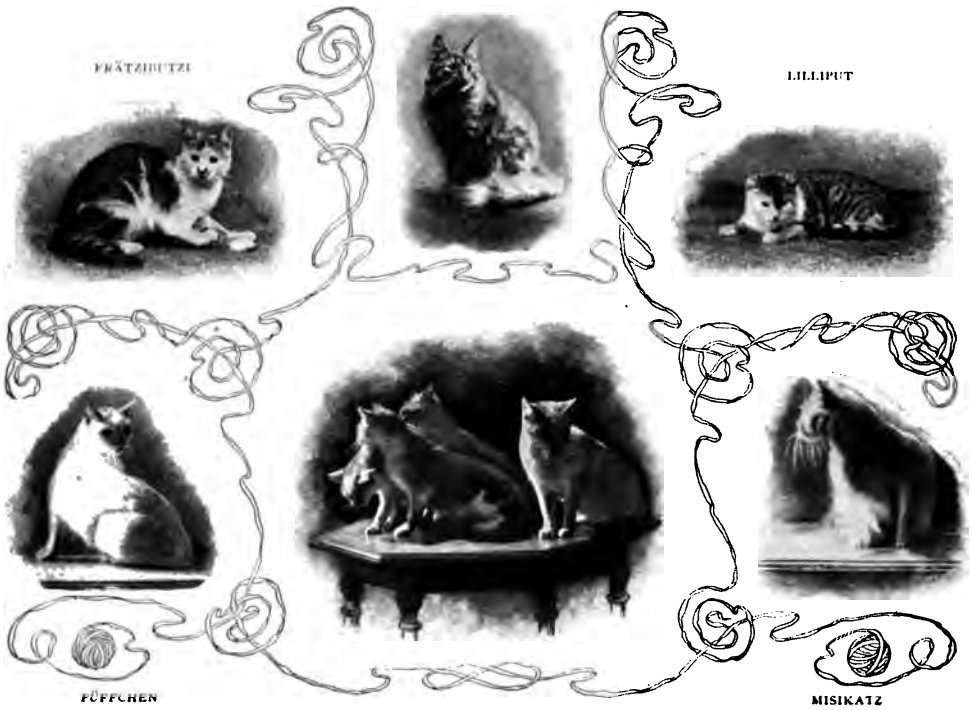
WITH PICTURE BY BARRY FAULKNER

DEAR, you are grave and silent as you look
Up from the quiet pages of your book.
Put by your care.
Bright is the sunlight falling on your hair.
Has some old legend told its ancient woe?
—Nay, it was lives ago.
Grieve not, but let your gladness lightly run
In happy ripples, glancing in the sun.
If you but knew!
I see the morning of the world in you.
I see life upward springing,
Light round you clinging,
And in your eyes the dew.
And if into our fair companionship
Out of the pages of the tale should slip
Some hint of sadness—put the story by!
Lo, let them pass, world-weary queens and kings.
Rise, rise rejoicing, like the lark that sings,
Cleaving the misty sky.



Drawn by Barry Faulkner. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"DEAR, YOU ARE GRAVE AND SILENT"



CARMEN SYLVA'S KITTENS

MY KITTENS

BY CARMEN SYLVA

(QUEEN OF RUMANIA)

I LOVE all animals, even spiders, they spin so cleverly and are such excellent mothers. Besides, they are musical. My friend, the Swedish composer, Hallström, told me that for a long time he had two spiders which would let themselves down from the ceiling by long threads when he played, and station themselves on the piano to hear the music. Of ants and bees I will not speak; one who does not love them is so stupid that I have nothing to say to him. Even wasps are not as black as they are painted. For snakes only I have no liking; they terrify me; but my aversion is doubtless due to the fact that I have not studied them enough. It seems to me impossible not to love an animal whose innocence and goodness one has accurately comprehended. How many kinds of insects have I painted with real delight, begging them to sit still upon my hand until their portraits were finished! How many bumblebees have I made my fast friends! Once I was painting some roses upon black marble when ten of these bees came flying in at my window to welter in the flowers and one of them flew down upon my painted roses but was frightened away by the smell of turpentine. He was evidently a courtier among bumblebees, and pretended that he mistook my painted roses for living blooms. Of dogs I have had a large number and have loved them dearly; but this is quite natural, and every one has done the same.

That dogs are faithful is admitted; but every one will be surprised when I

say that cats are much more faithful and attached than dogs, for this runs counter to the common belief. My first cat was the house-cat, who one day found the way into my chamber and honored me with her friendship. Every day she placed herself in my lap and attended my toilet, and soon would not leave me at all. I called her Misikatz or Micki, and she was as dear as only a friendly cat can be. Soon she had a very pretty daughter, whom I named Diddelchen and Bubi, and who was already so cultivated that she understood everything that one wanted of her. Her mother brought her up with the greatest care; taught her to be clean almost before her eyes were open; dragged her to the sand and pulled her about in it as a punishment when she misbehaved; and suckled her for nearly two years. Diddelchen was very fond of climbing up the casing of a door, stretching herself out along the top and catching little pellets of paper which were thrown at her and tossing them back. It was a regular game of ball—as if she were a little monkey and had tiny hands instead of claws. Every morning my ladies and I found the greatest amusement in this ball-game.

Diddelchen had two kittens, Müffchen and Püffchen,—Püffchen, however, alone survived. It was intended that it should become a highly educated kitten. I desired especially to make it musical, and kept it in a little fur bag on my lap when I played the piano. Musical, however, it did not become; but it grew to be extremely nervous and wonderfully clever. It had almost human intelligence, but remained small and thin, though it had very beautiful children; for I had, meanwhile, been presented with a splendid, gold-yellow Persian tom-cat named Vulpi, or Füchschen, from its color. I thus brought about a cross between the Angora and the common cat, which is extremely rare. The kittens were extraordinarily pretty, with snow-white breast and long dark stripes over back and tail, and from the eyes to the ears, little velvet caps over the forehead, very soft hair, and a peculiar disposition.

It is stated in Brehm's "Thierleben" that cats are the most faithful of nurses, but how much more have I seen than Brehm observed! Very interesting is their jealousy; they are frightfully jealous. They divide the rooms among themselves, and if any other comes in than the one who believes that she has the greater right to be near me, the growling and spitting are frightful.

To lie on my bed is their highest bliss, and they jump down from it only when the insufferable type-writer makes too much noise; for it is my custom to write early in the morning. I have even followed the example of Mahomet, who when his cat fell asleep upon his sleeve, cut off the sleeve rather than disturb the faithful animal. Since the type-writer is utterly unmusical, I have not been willing to accustom the kittens to it; I feared that it might injure their little brains, for they are exceedingly nervous and sensitive and are easily upset. One cannot be too careful not to irritate or offend them.

They never become attached to new masters as easily and quickly as dogs do. One of Püffchen's pretty children, named Lilliput, has such boundless affection for me that she climbs into my bosom and continually presses her little forehead against my lips, for me to kiss. She is so fond of flowers, that a potted plant must be brought to her every morning: she walks about it, purring, smells every bloom, lies down by it, rubs herself against it, and repeats the process again and again, purring about the flower and caressing it without crumpling a leaf. I have never seen such a love of flowers in any other animal; she cannot eat them, and finds in them only the purest pleasure. Moreover, she likes only flowers which have a pretty color rather than a pleasing odor: big red or rose blooms are her especial delight. It is a pretty sight to see her walking about the flower-pot, with tail erect, purring, and smelling, and admiring the flowers one by one.

When I return from a journey, I always bring them something,—a whip, a ball, a toy kitten,—and give to each its plaything. This none of the others may touch; they lie upon their property and defend it like little children. Each one knows exactly what belongs to it.

I have also a tom, a son of Püffchen and Vulpi, named Frätzibutzi, with the prettiest Angora marks and a white breast. His official name is Freiherr

Fratz von dem Katzenbuckel, but he answers best to Frätzibutzi. Indeed he has not even comprehended the fact that he has such a high-sounding and dignified title, but insists upon being petted and wails indescribably when he is left for an instant alone. Animals never want to be alone, but always with human beings, otherwise they are terribly unhappy. I do not let my cats out any more, for it has happened that they have come into contact with mangy toms and have with difficulty been made sound again. When they hear my bell they leave food and drink and rush for the door, and if they find that my attendant does not open it quickly enough, they tug at her dress in order to make her come more quickly. They will leave even a partridge, or any other tidbit, when I ring.

The common assertion that Angoras and common cats will not pair is not true. It is true, however, that after the first beautiful kittens, no more are forthcoming—at least these hybrids have not yet produced offspring. All my life long I have ridiculed the so-called equality of birth, and I now see clearly that even among animals there are some of higher and others of lower quality that do not go well together; and while I have always advocated the greatest possible mingling of races, I now discover that this also has its limits, and that if the diversity of the races be too great, an obvious weakness and lack of procreative power result from intermixture. Thus one learns best of all from nature, and can never cease to learn; and so it would, as a rule, be better quietly to observe animals than to torture them, or outrage them, or dissect them. Many things would be observed of which we have no suspicion. How often one is ashamed when one observes animals and their customs—their justice and injustice, their anger and forgiveness, their self-sacrifice and their innocence.

There is another false statement about cats which I can contradict: they are said, namely, to be more attached to the house than to man! I find, on the contrary, that where I am my little animals are quite happy, and that they are content even to journey on the railway if the accustomed faces are about them. We had once a scene so touching that all beheld it with tears in their eyes. Misikatz, from sheer jealousy, had made herself so intolerable that we decided to leave her in Bucharest while we went to Sinaia. But when she saw that all the others were in the basket and that the basket was already provided with a padlock, she placed herself before my attendant and cried pitifully. So, at the last moment, we stuffed her into the half-shut basket—two men trying to open a corner—and as soon as she was inside she began to purr and express her joy.

Cats rather than belong to a new master will cling in grief to the old walls and refuse to be taken away from them. But if they can follow their master they will go with him to the end of the world. One must not forget that they are extraordinarily nervous and timid, and from timidity easily lose their heads and run away, they themselves know not whither. They must be well protected and made to feel that they are guarded and cared for.

We must not, however, expect a cat to obey like a dog. It is a free and independent little beast,—a cousin of the lion,—a tropical animal which needs great warmth in order to become most beautiful and as large as its nature permits. Almost all of my cats lie about the stove, each upon its own chair or in its own basket, but all upon perfectly clean, white linen. Vulpi will on no account lie down upon a cloth that shows a spot or a hole, but steps back from it and is not to be induced to touch it or to lay a paw upon it.

What makes me like cats so much better than dogs, is the way they have of looking straight and deep into one's eyes as if they would say something by their wondrous and mysterious glance.

Another fable is that a cat is not hurt when it falls. Two of my cats fell from the roof, and never thereafter had living kittens. Poor Diddelchen was injured internally, and died after much suffering patiently borne. She had the most beautiful eyes of all—eyes like little lamps! I have never seen such a look.

When I have been on a journey I am first reproved and then totally neglected and no one purrs; they must show me just how unhappy they have been the whole time. I also generally find my

door scratched. According to report, the first eight days are passed most miserably; after that they sleep from sheer grief, and play not at all.

It is very pretty, when I am stroking one of them and stop, to see a velvet paw move softly up and pull my hand. They eat also very daintily. Lilliput takes hold of each piece of meat with a paw and puts it into her mouth like a human being; she does not eat like an animal with her mouth in the dish. From this one can see that my cats are extraordinarily cultivated and have very fine manners. When, however, I have Vulpi in my lap combing his splendid silk-soft fur, and they take him away, he growls and snarls and makes his indignation very obvious. Only I may not touch the sacred tail. If I attempt to comb it, he looks at me, growls, and gives my hand a tap—but without the claws—to remind me that he is too distinguished to permit any one to touch his train.

When children torment animals I feel as if humanity had reverted to the rudest barbarism and cannibalism. Children often are ignorant of what it means to suffer and feel pain; that is their only excuse. They themselves would not like to be stoned or drowned, or have an arm or a leg torn off. But they think that an unreasoning beast does not feel it so, and do not see the limitless sympathy which animals have for one another—how they aid and support one another and comfort with the tenderest affection those that are afflicted, just as children themselves love to be comforted. Under the pretext that cats eat birds, the poor animals are shamefully maltreated even by grown-up people. But when a cat's hunger is satisfied it does not eat birds or mice. It catches them, brings them alive, and lets them go. The presence of a cat in the house is generally enough to drive away the mice. Cats are always treated somewhat as if they were wild beasts, because they are shy, and do not flatter when they do not care to. One should try to win their proud hearts, and it is worth while to do so, for one will find in them very firm friends and very watchful guardians. They growl like dogs when they hear an unfamiliar step. If one has their confidence they will follow readily. I understand the strangest cats, for I know their pretty ways—how they stamp with the fore-paws and claw the floor when they are pleased, and how they scratch, for the most part, only from fear or in self-defense, when they think that one is about to injure them. They must feel that one is their friend and protector, and if one often plays with them they are especially delighted. Mine have made a little house out of an old hat-box, and they chase one another in and out of it and play hide-and-seek in the cunningest way. They play the game which all children love, "No, this is my house," sticking the little paws out of the window to defend it, or lie down in it two at a time and go to sleep.

It is absolutely inconceivable that man is not ashamed to abuse innocent animals, as he does,—as if all nature belonged to him, and as if he also were not a guest, by sufferance, upon the earth, upon which he cannot remain, and of which he cannot say that it belongs to him and that he can do what he pleases with it. And if man really imagines that he is the lord of the creation—which he, nevertheless, has neither designed nor made, and in which he can neither better nor alter anything—surely he has, before all, a tremendous responsibility toward his inferiors and must, perhaps, some time give an account of the way in which he has treated these animals. If eternal retribution is a reality, if we are responsible, what shall we then suffer for the way in which we have treated God's creatures! No animal is bad—only hungry; man first teaches him to be vindictive when he has exhausted his patience. But how long an animal suffers with patience, before he takes revenge! How long a dog or a cat will let itself be tormented by children, without defending itself, and yet how savagely it can bite and scratch! How well it could defend itself if it were not better and more patient than its small tormentors! And so it is cowardly for children to torture animals. They know that the animals are good and do what they please. Shame on them!

THE CALUMNY

A NOVELLA

BY FLORENCE MARTIN

ALL this that I shall tell you happened long ago and far away at the court of a small domain so remote and of so little count that, if its manners and customs shall be but ill described by my poor pen, no one will know or care.

The tale concerneth two pretty ladies who were maids of honor to her Grace the Duchess Adelaide, consort of the reigning Duke. They were both fair and of high repute, but the comely face and lively wit of the Lady Isabella grew in esteem beyond the charms of the Countess Clotilde, else this tale would not be to tell.

These bright maidens had been sweet friends from their innocent childhood, when, taught by the quiet-eyed nuns, they conned together the lives of the saints or bent their flaxen heads above samplers and embroidery-frames. It was their first heavy grief when the Countess Clotilde, by reason of her high birth and beauty, was taken from the peaceful convent to serve at the court of her liege lady, the great Duchess. Here her gentle manners and sweet dove's eyes, so modestly downcast, won praise and amity from all the courtiers, and, more than all, the special kindness of her noble mistress. So sweet a grace had she, so tender and demure, that there was none to speak of her other than friendly-wise. She was reverent with the old, and free and pleasant with the young, so that all loved her well and called her "the amiable Countess Clotilde," of which she was glad and proud; for she greatly desired esteem and praise, and secretly warmed her heart in the sun of approbation.

But the jocund life she led at court did not cause her to forget the Lady Isabella, her sweet friend and soul-sister. As the time sped on, and she became more free and wonted to the place, she grew bold enough to speak of her little convent mate and to tell the good Duchess of a dear and growing hope, to wit: that the Lady Isabella might be summoned also to the court, and the old-time love between them thereby renewed.

One night while standing near the Duchess she was timidly advancing, in the pauses of pleasant music, the claims of her friend; whereupon the great lady, in a merry mood, called to her side one of her favored courtiers, a young and noble gentleman, who lingered not far away.

"Come, my Lord Gaspar!" she cried. "Behold a prodigy! A beautiful young maiden who loves another fair lady so well that she would have her come hither to share her triumphs, perchance to rival them."

At this the Lord Gaspar, approaching them, looked tenderly at the Countess Clotilde,—and it was not for the first time,—and said with a laugh:

"Now tell me in all honesty, my Lady Clotilde, is your sweet friend indeed full as comely as you?"

At this the young Countess blushed and hung her head very prettily, for she could but remember that the Lady Isabella was pale and low of stature and had never been counted more than common fair.

Then the Duchess and the Lord Gaspar and all those who were standing by mocked her in loving-wise, wagging their heads and saying: "The amiable Countess Clotilde is like all the other pretty ladies: she, too, loves only where she need not envy."

But the Countess, turning to the Duchess, plucked up spirit to say:

"To me, your Grace, the Lady Isabella hath ever seemed fair to look upon; and I can testify that she hath a goodly understanding and a pretty sharpness of wit, ever ready to refresh the minds of them that talk with her. Even the sober nuns ofttimes could scarce bound their laughter to rebuke her quaint inventions and merry jests."

"Perchance," quoth her Grace, "this shrewd and winsome lady might persuade a smile to the grim lips of my Lord the Duke. 'T is worth the trying, for his mind is sore with the growing burden of heavy care."

Thus the Countess Clotilde won her suit and cherished the good hope that soon she would embrace the dear companion of her childhood.

The Lady Isabella delayed not to obey the summons of her Grace the Duchess Adelaide, but hastened forthwith to the court; and there at last, in full assembly, the Countess saw again, after three absent years, the face of her long-desired friend. Scarce could she believe her eyes at beholding her; for the little maid of fifteen years had become a tall and blooming woman of surpassing beauty. The lovely shape of her was soft, slim; and swaying, yet straight withal, like to an upright plume. Her laughing eyes, as gray as sea-water, sent out glistering beams of light fit to pierce the gloom of the dullest heart. And as she moved and smiled and spoke, there seemed to shine about her a certain wondrous radiance that drew the dazzled looks of all men.

When she had made a dutiful obeisance to her gracious mistress, the first thought of the Lady Isabella was for her faithful friend, and the two reunited maidens greeted one another with great love.

Then did the Duchess kindly commend the Countess Clotilde, saying:

"Truly you are indeed a good and generous friend and without envy." By which praise the Countess at first was made very glad, for, as I have said, she ever hungered for approbation; yet afterward, in savoring those flattering words, she found in them something to her own dispraise that stuck with her distastefully and was bitter in the mouth.

As the days went by, the Lady Isabella grew ever more and more in favor at the court, for in wit and spirits and nimbleness of judgment she was no wise equaled by any there. The Duke was jolly at her inventions and merry conceits, which provoked him to gusty laughter, and her prompt sayings and her calembours, or words used in two sundry ways, were passed from mouth to mouth. She devised many quaint pastimes, and seasoned the entertainments at the palace with a sauce of mirth and surprise; and the Duchess desired to keep her ever at her side, appointing her the mistress and guide of all the merry sports. The palace had never before been so gay. The fame of it flew abroad, to the pride of the Duchess, who found it pleasant to gather about her the wise and witty and good-humored company which traveled thither from many provinces to taste the vaunted relish of her court. Of these a little band drew near together which the Duchess bade nightly to her presence to divert her and themselves with dancing, supping, and mirthful talk; and none could enter this assembly save the most excellent spirits—the courteous and noble gentlemen and gay and miniard ladies.

In this wise and loving company the Countess Clotilde felt ever less and less at ease. Her flagging spirits could not freely flow, nor did her gentle beauty shine amid the new and surpassing brilliance.

One evening while the revelry waxed ever and ever more merry, she found herself sitting apart from the gay throng with the older women—with the Lady Margaret, the mistress of the robes, and the Countess Vittoria, a high-born, ancient lady, bowed and nearly blind. And no one missed her from the shifting rout of dancers or asked to lead her forth. In this plight she greatly longed to quit the ballroom and to hide her discomfiture in her own chamber, yet she dared not go before the departure of the Duchess. So she lingered sadly in the shadow, watching the graceful measures of the richly clad dames and gentlemen. And more than all else her eyes covertly followed the comely forms of the Lord Gaspar and the Lady Isabella, who, at this merry-making, were never long apart. Often, in the contra-dance, they passed so near to her that the wind of their garments fanned her drooped and sorry face, and she could see within his eyes the love-

light shining which she herself had one time kindled there, and then of late had missed. Careless and cruel in their young joy, these two new lovers did not forbear to let her hear the very murmurings of their tender words.

And while she sat thus lost in melancholy musing, the Duchess's notice fell upon her, and half-jesting, half-impatient, she called out in a loud voice:

"You be dull and mopish, my Lady Clotilde. Come, smile, sing, dance, else we give you our good leave to withdraw."

At this the Countess Clotilde was ready to sink with shame thus to be shrewishly set down before so many.

"I beg your Grace to pardon me. I am not well," she said, and hastened with trembling steps to her own chamber.

That night the Countess Clotilde wept long upon her pillow. The waters of bitterness rose high within her and drowned her spirit. All love and kindliness ebbed from her heart, leaving it empty of aught save a cold despair. It was then that the devil, who ever lieth in wait and lurketh in bushment, knew his hour and place and entered in. (May the saints preserve us all from such an evil chance!)

To her the evil one whispered the secret sorceries of hate, and plotted with her for a safe and sure revenge upon her rival. And she, whose dove's eyes had ever greeted the morning light with soft and pious gaze, now rose to face her victim with the dull, cold stare of the viper.

She robed herself with her wonted neatness, and glided to the chamber of the Lady Isabella, and silently entered. There she stood at the foot of the carven bed and glowered upon her sleeping friend; and if, as she looked at so much helpless and unconscious beauty, a timely repentance might have broken her base resolve, the name of "Gaspar," breathed softly from those dreaming lips, renewed the unholy will.

The Lady Isabella stirred beneath the malign scrutiny which bent above her, and awoke, smiling to see her friend. She was rosy with sleep and with the dreams of love and triumph which even the honest dawn did not gainsay. Her fair young arms were tossed abroad on the emblazoned cover of her bed, and the crisp fleece of her bright hair flowed over the silken pillow. Surely she looked as beautiful as Lady Psyche herself, who pricked to jealousy the Goddess Venus. The Countess Clotilde noted all, and compared this vision with her own image, pale, red-eyed, and uncomely from her vigil, as she descried it in the clear Venetian mirror, cunningly fashioned of glass, the latest gift of love from the Duchess to her new favorite.

"Isabella," quoth she, and her speech was sibilant and cold—"Isabella, ungrateful woman, you have bereft me of my friends and my lover, and have stolen away the favor of my once kind mistress. For love of you I brought you hither to your joy and triumph; and now, for hate of you, will I send you hence in grief and deep disgrace."

At this the Lady Isabella reared her head and looked about her as if she still were dreaming, and then she cried out: "My sweet friend Clotilde, what mean you?"

But the Countess Clotilde, still gazing straitly at her, only repeated her words slowly three several times. So strangely did she look and speak, swiftly thrusting forward her head the while, that the Lady Isabella was amazed and affrighted beyond the counsels of her ever-ready reason.

At last she summoned voice to ask again:

"What mean you, Clotilde? Read me this riddle."

"You shall not guess it," quoth the Countess, "and therein will lie your undoing. That I tell you plainly, nor fear to risk the spying of your subtle wits. Thus much you shall know: from this time forth your fair name is besmirched, and by me. The Duchess, the courtiers, —yea, even your lover, the noble Lord Gaspar himself,—shall turn from you, believing all manner of evil concerning you. I will snare you in a net whence there can be no escape—none whatsoever."

Then the Lady Isabella found her spirits return to her in anger. She sprang to her feet and looked boldly at the changeling Clotilde, although she could scarce forbear a shudder.

"What weapon have you, false Clotilde, with which to strike home such a wicked lie?" she demanded haughtily. "There is naught to be found against my

fair fame. I am well born and nurtured. I have led a white and blameless life."

"For your blameless life I care not," quoth the Countess Clotilde. "My weapon shall be mine own honesty, my gentle tongue, which never before spoke ill of any one, and the tale of my pious years at court before you came to trouble all my joy. Mark me well. Before the sun goes down you shall have good cause to know that I have spoken evil of you, and that I have been believed."

"Then there is indeed war between us," crieth out the Lady Isabella, pricked to a fury of rage and terror. "I, too, will forge a weapon no less keen, and fight the battle between your good name and mine own."

At this the Countess looked upon her sometime friend with a sinister and triumphant smile, as if already she beheld her vanquished. Then, repeating once again her challenge: "For love of you I brought you hither to your joy and triumph; and now for hate of you will I send you hence in grief and deep disgrace," she glided from the chamber as swiftly and silently as she had entered.

The Lady Isabella, trembling and overawed, yet hot with righteous anger, could scarce bide her tiring-woman's ready ministrations, so eager was she to go among the court and forestall and turn away the cruel calumny of the vengeful Countess. And when at last she sallied forth she fixed a gaze of sharp scrutiny upon each face, and pondered every word and smile of greeting or reply that she might make a sure detection of the first foul breath of slander. And soon she noted one, the Lady Margaret, mistress of the robes, who seemed to regard her morosely (for, indeed, that uncomely dame was ever of a sour aspect), so that she asked herself: "Hath she heard aught of calumny against me?" And incontinently she began to tell the wondering lady of the Countess Clotilde's wicked plot to ruin her friend's fair fame.

At this unchancy tale the old gossip opened wide her eager eyes and ears, nor ceased her questioning until the luckless damsel had poured forth all the story of her threatened peril.

"'T is a strange tale, and little like the amiable Countess Clotilde," quoth the Lady Margaret, narrowly looking at her companion. "But if you be innocent of evil, you need not fear calumny."

"If I be innocent!" cried the Lady Isabella. "There is no if or peradventure here. You, too, would do me wrong!"

And she flung away in a passion of wrath and woe.

The Lady Margaret lost no time in seeking for the Countess Clotilde; but purposely holding herself aloof, she was not to be found until the mistress of the robes had opened the matter of her speculation and tossed it about among the gossips of the court. Then were they all agog to waylay the young Countess, which they did shortly as she was setting forth meekly to vespers. She stared with a gentle wonder when these curious dames detained her on her pious errand, so that they were abashed and scarce knew how to put their questions. And after they had made all clear, she feigned bewilderment, and could scarce be brought to comprehend or believe the strange tale concerning herself and the Lady Isabella. But suddenly she fell silent, and seemed to muse a little space. At last quoth she:

"I cannot guess what strange fancy my Lady Isabella hath taken; but I call you all to witness that I have ever loved her well, and I have ever spoken good of her, and not evil. Is it not so?"

At that she passed on, sighing sadly; then, coming nigh to the Lady Isabella, she suddenly reared her head and whispered, but so low that none else could hear: "It works before the sun goes down! It works!"

At which the Lady Isabella shuddered and grew pale, for she had seen the cold, averted faces of the older women, and surmised that they had heard and believed the threatened calumny.

It was to the Lord Gaspar that she now fled in dismay, and he soothed her with loving words and confident promises to defend her honor even with his sword; and he tarried not in his endeavor to confound the Countess Clotilde with reproach and indignation.

To which she turned a very sweet and sorrowful face, saying only:

"I know not what you mean, my Lord Gaspar; no, nor the Lady Isabella neither, my once sweet friend. For from old time until now I have ever borne her a true

and faithful amity, and that can no one gainsay."

"Madam," quoth the Lord Gaspar, in an ireful voice, "the Lady Isabella declareth that you go about to do her a harm, bruiting abroad evil tales against her fair fame. Is that the part of a true and faithful friend?"

"What may these tales be, my Lord Gaspar?" quoth she. "Hath the Lady Isabella declared to you of what I do accuse her? If she hath done evil, it is unknown to me, nor will I lightly believe this ill report that she so much feareth. I would guard her good name as mine own. Have I not ever loved her well?"

At which the Lord Gaspar was astounded and full of thought, and knew not how to guess the truth.

Now, when the evening hour had come for the courtiers to assemble, there was scarce a creature among them, save the Duchess herself, who had not heard of the contention between the two friends, and been thereby confused and greatly intrigued.

As they noted the disorder and angry behavior of the Lady Isabella and the sweet sorrow of the Countess Clotilde, their reason counseled them to turn against the former lady's violent speech and unfounded accusations. Then she, believing that the nameless calumny was bearing fruit, went quite out of herself with fury and fear, and flinging herself at the feet of the Duchess, she denounced her persecutor and begged for protection.

Now the Duchess, though jocund and light when merriment was forward, was in truth a very great lady of surpassing dignity, who knew her way well in matters of high or serious import. Sternly she hushed the murmurs and the argument, and bade the two fair women to stand forth and rehearse their grievances.

Then did the Lady Isabella eagerly pour out all her tale of calumny and slander; but the Countess Clotilde, sad and demure, could scarce be prevailed upon to reply. With her dove's eyes meekly raised to the proud gaze of her liege lady, at last she said:

"Your Grace, it is now for no short time that I have been your true and loyal maiden. You know me well, and all the courtiers here assembled do likewise know me. Is there any among you who can testify that I have ever borne evil witness or wagged a bitter tongue? For my Lady Isabella I have naught but love and good words. Did I not in pure tenderness sue for her to be brought hither?"

This she said with gentle tears in her dove's eyes, and there was none to dispute her words, the while the Lady Isabella glared upon her like one distraught.

Then that great lady, the Duchess Adelaide, lost all patience, and quoth she:

"My Lady Isabella, if this be one of your subtile jests, we tell you plainly it is little to our mind. For you have cast a dimness upon the bright fame of our court, and you have grieved our amiable Countess Clotilde, your faithful friend, who has ever entreated you well and lovingly." And she turned a haughty shoulder to the distracted plaintiff.

Hereupon his Grace the Duke entered the assembly, and, hearing what was forward, his choleric temper was enkindled.

"How now, my Lady Isabella," he broke forth, "what have you done of secret naughtiness that you be so afeard? You fit a cap of scandal to your own flighty head, and then accuse a blameless maiden of vile calumny. 'T is ill bethought and unseemly, and argueth your unfitness to serve our gracious consort."

The weeping lady raised in vain her beseeching eyes to those of her angry sovereign, nor could she find comfort in the cold looks of the courtiers, her kind companions such a short while since. Even the Lord Gaspar turned away his sad gaze of deep distrust.

"Said I not so?" whispered the Countess Clotilde so low that none save her victim could hear.

At which the Lady Isabella turned on her in a frenzy, crying out, "This woman is a devil!" and then fell flat on the ground. Then the Countess Clotilde began to plead her cause to the Duke, saying: "Of a truth I think that my poor friend hath lost her sweet wits. Surely she is not well."

"Witless or wicked," quoth his Grace, "she is not for this court. Take her hence, and let us see no more of such disgracious behavior."

And thus that bright lady, the fair Isabella, falsely entrapped to her own undoing, was doomed to an unjust exile, and

Drawn by Ellen Macauley

"HE SOOTHED HER WITH LOVING WORDS AND CONFIDENT PROMISES"

compelled to seek refuge in a nunnery, where she spent her weary days in futile musing through the labyrinth of lies devised by the evil one himself. And all the courtiers marveled at her for a little space, but soon they thought of her no more; for memories are not long at court.

As for the Countess Clotilde, at first she won great laud and credit for her gentle and sweet behavior, yet, after a time, the praise of her rang with notes less clear and certain. Such evil passions as had ravaged her fair soul must needs leave their imprint, and there came to be that about her at which men recoiled, not knowing wherefor.

And soon she died mysteriously of a sickness which no leech could name or cure. But I, who have pondered much upon her story, believe that she, whose gentle soul was fashioned for love and kindliness, being turned aside from nature, was poisoned unto death by the venom distilled in her own wicked heart.

May the saints preserve us all from such an evil end.

A TALE OF TWO BURDENS

BY IRVING BACHELLER

Author of "Eben Holden," "D'ri and I," etc.

WE were smoking before the camp-fire after a long day in canoes. Soon our guides joined us and began to fill their pipes. I called for a story, and one said to the other:

"Bill, tell 'em how you got to be a millionaire."

For a moment Bill puffed like a locomotive on a stiff grade, then off he started:

"For about half a day I was one o' the richest men in the world; then I unloaded all of a sudden, as ye might say. It was the second year after John Calladay had bought his big tract and built a camp in the middle of it. There were a few squatters over there—poor devils!—who had claims o' one kind or another. He got right after 'em—drove 'em out with a club, as you 'd drive a bull out of a barnyard. I don't know as they had any right there, but they thought they had. They and their fathers had hunted and fished in that country for a hundred years, and they kicked some when they felt the club on their backs.

"Old Milt Thomas went to law about it, and quit work, and spent everything he had in one court or another, and got licked in the end. I had always lived in another neck o' the woods, and did n't know much about it. One day Calladay's superintendent sent for me. Wanted me to go to work over there; offered big money, and I agreed to tackle the job. I went for my duffle, and returned in four days, ready for business. Gabe Dorr was the superintendent,—you 've heard o' him,—went crazy one night, and that 's quite a story, too.

" 'Mr. Calladay would like to see you,' he says to me as soon as I had dropped my pack.

"We went into the house together, Dorr an' me. I had read a good deal about the great millionaire, and was just a little nervous, like a man meetin' his first bear. I set down and waited with a kind of a buck fever on me. I had n't ever seen a millionaire, an' I would n't have been surprised to see horns on him an' a gold vest an' a diamond breastplate. By and by in he come. Wal, Lord! he was just like any common man; held out his hand and said: 'How are ye, Gwinup? Take a chair. I 've heard a good deal about you, and am glad you 're going to be with us.'

"By ginger! you could have knocked me down with a knittin'-needle. I turned a kind of an inside hand-spring, and was myself again, cool as a cucumber.

" 'They say you 're a good fisherman,' says he.

" 'Wal, I gen'ally have good luck,' I says.

" 'We 'll go and try it to-day,' says the great man. 'All I ask is that you do your best for me.'

"He put his hand on my shoulder in a kind of a gentle way and says:

" 'I 'll do what 's right by you, Gwinup. Come with me."

"I followed him into another room, and he opened a closet and took out a pair o' top boots, a stout, han'some pair, and asked me to try 'em on. They were just the fit. Then he fussed around in the closet and found a splendid suit o' clothes, an' a flannel shirt that was soft as a kitten's ear, and flung 'em on a sofa.

" 'Try them, too,' says he. 'I 'll go into the other room a minute.'

" 'I guess I 'm gettin' into high society,' says I to myself, and begun to peel off as he left me. It was a gray suit, with big checks in the cloth, and it fit as fine as a buck's breeches. Wal, I got 'em on, and was wonderin' what next, when I heard him rap at the door.

" 'Come in,' says I.

"In he stepped, and begun to look me over.

" 'That 's good,' says he. 'I like to have my men look neat, specially when they 're round the camp with me. More particular about them than I am about myself. You go an' wait for me in the hall, and I 'll have 'em put up a luncheon, and we 'll be off.'

"Wal, he left me, and was back again in a few minutes. He had a cow-boy hat in his hand, with a leather band on it.

" 'Try that,' says he; 'there 's no better hat for the woods.'

"It was a perfect fit.

" 'You an' I are 'bout of a size,' says I.

" 'We 'd both dress about a hundred an' eighty,' says he, an' passed me the rods an' tackle.

"A girl came in with some luncheon done up in a paper, an' I put it in a pack basket with a raincoat an' the tackle.

"Then, great Scott! he swung the pack on his own shoulders. I objected.

" 'Look here, my friend,' says he, 'I spend a good deal o' money for the privilege o' doin' as I like. I 'm rather more in need o' exercise than you are, and I 'm goin' to carry the pack until I get tired. You 'll have enough of it; don't worry.'

"He led the way on a smooth trail, and I carried nothin' but the rod and trout-basket. I stepped high, and admired myself a good deal, and was all kind o' swelled up inside. Lord! If I 'd 'a' met one o' you fellers that day, I would n't 'a' seen ye. I could n't see anything on the earth, an' for a while I did n't do a thing but study astronomy. Bym-by I noticed that he did n't seem to be over-particklar about his own looks—wore a coarse, blue flannel shirt, no better 'n the one I come with, an' a pair o' lumberman's shoes, an' a black felt hat, which was a little faded, and had some trout-flies in the band.

" 'Wal,' I says to myself, 'he 's a millionaire, an' can afford to do as he likes. He don't care what folks think o' him, but he wants his help to look stylish.'

"I did n't know but the cuss would give me a million dollars some day,—he could have done it as easy as I could give away a nickel,—an' I guess I 'd have stood on my head if he 'd asked me to that morning.

"He stopped soon an' covered his face an' hands with tar oil, an' asked me if I wanted some. Say, he was about the blackest, stickiest lookin' devil that ever walked, I guess, when he got through with the dope. There were a few flies an' mosquitos, but I did n't mind 'em, and on we went, an' by an' by come to a landin' on the river, an' got into a canoe, and fished down-stream about ten miles. We did n't say a dozen words the whole trip. He got all the fish he wanted, and then says he, 'We 'll land here, an' put across country for camp.' We got ashore, an' I snapped the neck-yoke into place, thinkin' o' course that he wanted me to fetch along the canoe.

" 'We won't bother with that to-day,' says he. 'You can come back to-morrow an' take your time with it.'

"He was bound to carry the pack, and was dead game, and led the way for me, and neither one of us said a word for half an hour or so. Suddenly I thought I heard a deer in the brush ahead. We stopped and listened for half a minute, then he whispered:

" 'You might sneak on and see if ye see anything.'

Drawn by Oliver Kemp. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

"I LIFTED MY HEAD, AN' *BANG!* WENT A RIFLE"

"I went on slow an' careful, and he followed about fifty feet behind. I don't know why, but I felt kind o' nervous, like when I was a boy an' got lost, an' had the woods' fear in my gizzard.

"Soon I see a brook just ahead o' me that came down out of a deep ravine filled with little spruce an' hemlock. There was quite a pool o' water above the crossin', which was nothin' more 'n a big log that reached from one bank to the other. I was thirsty an' got down to drink. An' as I leaned over the still water I stopped an' looked down into it for half a second.

" 'Good God!' I whispered, and just then—

" 'Here,' says Calladay, 'use this,' an' a tin cup fell beside me, and rattled on the stones.

"I lifted my head, an' *bang!* went a rifle in the ravine above me, an' a bullet splashed the water right where I was goin' t' stick my face in. Wal, the swellin' went out o' me quick, an' I begun to fill up with useful knowledge. My thoughts moved like wild ducks. Lord! they were faster 'n the spray that flew in my face. Somebody was gunnin' for Calladay, and he had made me look like him! I had seen the likeness there in the water, and begun to think about it—same mustache, same kind of a face, and his clothes on me! Wal, I give a jump for life an' home an' mother."

Bill shook his head and grunted, and the other guide laughed a little, and we vented our excitement in the same manner.

"Went up in the air like a grasshopper," Bill continued with a spasmodic movement of his hands, "and landed square in the middle o' the trail 'bout five feet away on all fours. Then a voice shouted:

" 'Come near gittin' it, did n't ye—you blankety blank-blank! Stand right where ye are if ye want t' live. I 'm comin' down to have a talk with ye.'

"A man came out o' the bushes near, an' walked toward me with his rifle raised. I was on my feet an' scairt through an' through, an' thinkin' supple. I came near dumpin' my new fortune then and there, and lettin' the coward do his own cipherin'; but I 'm glad I did n't, for nobody can tell what would have happened. Calladay set like this on a log, and never budged or opened his mouth. I stood lookin' up at the stranger. He come right on, an' I believe he would have put a hole in me if I had moved a finger.

" 'My name is Thomas,' says he, 'an' you can get along with me easy if you want to, Mr. Calladay, or you can be on yer way to hell in about a minute.'

" 'What do ye want?' I asked.

" 'I want you t' sign this deed, an' agree t' swear to it, an' stan' by it—that 's what I want,' says he.

" 'Lemme see it,' says I.

"He handed me a paper, an' stood with rifle raised where he could cover either of us in the shake of a buck's tail.

"I read the paper carefully. It assigned to him about seventy acres in the town o' Harewood, on the upper river—all drawn up by a lawyer in due form.

" 'It 's the land you stole from me,' says he. 'My father bought it, an' you busted the title an' lawed me to the door o' the poor-house. I want it back, and I 'm goin' to have it. Here 's pen an' ink. I 've been loaded for you, an' waitin' my chance for more 'n a year.'

" 'Give me the pen,' says I.

"He passed it over, an' I signed 'John Calladay' with a few swift scratches, an' it looked about like three inches of the track of a squirrel in the snow.

" 'Let yer guide witness it,' he says, an' I passed the deed to Calladay, an',—would ye believe it?—the ol' cuss signed my name. We 'd swapped names.

"The stranger come back at me:

" 'Now you 've got to promise that you 'll go to a notary to-morrow an' swear that this is yer free act an' deed. Do ye promise?'

" 'Yes,' I says. 'I don't want any quarrel with you or anybody. I fought this out because it was a matter o' principle, but I intended to give ye the land when it was all over.'

"The man lowered his gun, an' in a second was down off his high horse. His face looked different.

" 'Glad t' hear ye say that,' says he; 'an' if I 'd known—wal, I 'm sorry—but—they would n't let me come near ye. I 've wrote letters, an' I 've begged Dorr to get me an interview; but it was no use. Then I sent word that I was goin' to gun

fer ye. An' one day I took a long shot at that old hat o' yours. I was desperate. You never knew what it was to see yer wife an' children hungry an' cold in a bark shanty, but I do. It made me feel like murder.'

" 'I 'm sorry, an' I want you to come to camp with us, an' I 'll send your wife a check for a thousand dollars,' says I. 'I ain't sayin' but John Calladay is a low-down mis'rable cuss, but he 's a man of his word. Come right along, an' if you don't get the check, why you can use your rifle, that 's all.'

" 'And no bad feelin'?' he says.

" 'No bad feelin',' I says, for I knew what was in his mind. 'Bygones are bygones, and you can take your check and go home 'bout your business and have no more trouble from me.'

" 'Wait till I get my pack,' says he, and he ran back to the bushes, and brought a heavy pack with him. It weighed at least fifty pounds.

" 'Here, man,' I says, turnin' to Calladay, 'carry this pack for him. You can leave the other here and come back for it to-morrow. Get a move on ye.'

"I did n't speak in a very gentle voice, an' I could hear the old cuss mutter as he struggled with the pack.

"I started up the trail with Thomas. Old Calladay, worth fifty million dollars, puffed along behind us with the fifty pounds on his back—a pound for every million.

"We come to where the river crossed the trail by an' by. I knew Calladay kept a boat there to take him acrost whenever he come that way. Some one had taken it to the further side o' the river.

"I turned to my millionaire guide, as if he were no better 'n a cow dog:

" 'Go, get that boat,' I says to him.

"He hesitated; but I was mad enough to brain him, an' I guess I looked it.

" 'The water is rather deep out there,' he muttered.

" 'You can wade it,' I said. 'I don't think it 's up to your neck.'

" 'Good deal of a coward, that chap. I 'll have to discharge him,' I says to Thomas, good and loud, while my guide found a pole to wade with.

"He waded up to his Adam's apple, an' got acrost an' wallowed in a clay hole, and come out wet and nasty, and brought the boat to us.

"He moped along behind with the pack, and when we got to camp I went in with him.

"The millionaire led me to his room and took a chair in front of a big desk.

" 'You 're a d—d tyrant,' says he. 'I resign my job.'

" 'So do I, Mr. Calladay,' says I.

"He found a book and drew the check I had promised.

" 'I was sorry to see you lose your temper, that 's all,' says he, and passed the check to me. 'There was really no occasion for it. You 'most broke my back.'

" 'And you 'most broke my head,' I says. 'I 'm still on the earth—thank God, for that, not you. But I 've had a plenty. You carried my load an' I carried yours, an' it 's a little too much for me. Hereafter I 'll take the old pack for mine, an' the togs I 'm used to. These are liable to get holes in 'em any day. I don't want my clothes to wear me out or be obleeged to have any kind of a lightnin'-rod on me neither. I 'm goin' to stay on the job just long enough to see you swear to that deed.'

"An' that 's what I did."

THE RED CITY

A NOVEL OF THE SECOND ADMINISTRATION OF WASHINGTON

BY S. WEIR MITCHELL, M.D.

Author of "Hugh Wynne," "Constance Trescot," etc.

XVI

LEAST of all did De Courval like the change to the busy life of the city. A growing love, which he knew would arouse every prejudice his mother held dear, occupied his mind when he was not busy with Schmidt's affairs or still indecisively on the lookout for his enemy. Genêt, dismissed, had gone to New York to live, and later was to marry De Witt Clinton's sister, being by no means willing to risk his head in France. His secretary, as De Courval soon heard, was traveling until the new minister arrived. Thus for the time left more at ease, De Courval fenced, rode, and talked with Schmidt.

December of this calamitous year went by, and later the rage of parties increased. Neither French nor English spared our commerce. The latter took the French islands, and over a hundred and thirty of our ships were seized as carriers of provisions and ruthlessly plundered, their crews impressed and many vessels left to rot, uncared for, at the wharves of San Domingo and Martinique. A nation without a navy, we were helpless. There was indeed enough wrong done by our old ally and by the mother-country to supply both parties in America with good reasons for war.

Meanwhile the land was in an uproar, and despite the news of the Terror in France, the Jacobin clubs multiplied in many cities North and South, and broke out in the wildest acts of folly. In Charleston they pulled down the statue of the great statesman Pitt. The Democratic Club of that city asked to be affiliated with the Jacobin Club in Paris, while the city council voted to use no longer the absurd titles "Your Honour and Esquire."

Philadelphia was not behindhand in folly, but it took no official form. The astronomer Rittenhouse, head of the Republican Club, appeared one day at the widow's and showed Schmidt a copy of a letter addressed to the Vestry of Christ Church. He was full of it, and when, later, Mr. Jefferson appeared, to get the chocolate and the talk he dearly liked, Rittenhouse would have had him sign the appeal.

"This, Citizen," said the astronomer, "will interest and please you."

The Secretary read, with smiling comments: " 'To the Vestry of Christ Church: It is the wish of the respectable citizens that you cause to be removed the image of George the Second from the gable of Christ Church.' Why not?" said the Secretary, as he continued to read aloud: " 'These marks of infamy cause the church to be disliked.' "

"Why not remove the church, too?" said Schmidt.

" 'T is of as little use," said Jefferson, and this Mrs. Swanwick did not like. She knew of his disbelief in all that she held dear.

"Thou wilt soon get no chocolate here," she said; for she feared no one and at times was outspoken.

"Madame, I shall go to meeting next First Day with the citizen Friends. My chocolate, please." He read on, aloud: " 'It has a tendency to keep the young and virtuous away.' That is you and I,

Drawn by Arthur I. Keller. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"RENÉ STRUGGLED IN SCHMIDT'S ARMS, WILD WITH RAGE"

Rittenhouse—'the young and virtuous.' " But he did not sign, and returned this amazing document, remarking that his name was hardly needed.

"They have refused," said the astronomer, "actually refused, and it is to be removed by outraged citizens to-day, I hear. A little more chocolate, Citess, and a bun—please."

"Citess, indeed! When thou art hungry enough to speak the King's English," said Mrs. Swanwick, "thou shalt have thy chocolate; and if thy grammar be very good, there will be also a slice of sally-lunn."

The philosopher repented, and was fed, while Schmidt remarked on the immortality a cake may confer; but who Sally was, no one knew.

"You will be pleased to hear, Rittenhouse, that Dr. Priestly is come to the city," said the Secretary. "He is at the Harp and Crown on Third Street."

"I knew him in England," said Schmidt; "I will call on him to-day. A great chemist, René, and the finder of a new gas called oxygen."

Very soon the star-gazer went away, and the Secretary, after some talk about the West Indian outrages, said: "I shall miss your chocolate, Madame, and my visits. You have heard, no doubt, of the cabinet changes."

"Some rumors only," said Schmidt.

"I have resigned, and go back to my home and my farming. Mr. Hamilton will also fall out this January, and General Knox, no very great loss. Colonel Pickering takes his place."

"And who succeeds Hamilton, sir?"

"Oh, his satellite, Wolcott. The ex-Secretary means to pull the wires of his puppets. He loves power, as I do not. But the chocolate, alas!"

"And who, may I ask," said Mrs. Swanwick, "is to follow thee, Friend Jefferson?"

"Edmund Randolph, I believe. Bradford will have his place of Attorney-General. And now you have all my gossip, Madame, and I leave next week. I owe you many thanks for the pleasant hours in your home. Good-by, Mr. Schmidt; and Vicomte, may I ask to be remembered to your mother. I shall hope to be here now and then."

"We shall miss thee, Friend Jefferson," said the widow.

"I would not lessen thy regrets," he said. "Ah, one lingers." He kissed the hand he held, the bright hazel eyes aglow. "Good-by, Miss Margaret." And bowing low, he left them.

Schmidt looked after him, smiling.

"Now thou art of a mind to say naughty things of my friend," said Mrs. Swanwick. "I know thy ways."

"I was, but I meant only to criticize his politics. An intelligent old fox with golden eyes. He is of no mind to accept any share of the trouble Mr. Jay's English treaty will make, and this excise tax."

René, who was beginning to understand the difficulties in a cabinet where there was rarely any unanimity of opinion, said, "There will be more peace for the President."

"And less helpful heads," said Schmidt. "Hamilton is a great loss, and Jefferson in some respects. They go not well in double harness. Come, René, let us go and see the philosopher. I knew him well. Great men are rare sights. A Jacobin philosopher! But there are no politics in gases."

The chemist was not at home, and hearing shouts and unusual noise on Second Street, they went through Church Alley to see what might be the cause. A few hundred men and boys of the lower class were gathered in front of Christ Church, watched by a smaller number of better-dressed persons, who hissed and shouted, but made no attempt to interfere when, apparently unmolested, a man, let down from the roof of the gable, tore off the leaden medallion of the second George[1] amid the cheering and mad party cries of the mob.

Schmidt said: "Now they can say their prayers in peace, these Jacobin Christians."

In one man's mind there was presently small thought of peace. When the crowd began to scatter, well pleased, Schmidt saw beside him De la Forêt, consul-general of France, and with him Carteaux. He threw his great bulk and broad shoulders between De Courval and the Frenchmen, saying: "Let us go. Come, René."

As he spoke, Carteaux, now again in

[1] The leaden bas-relief has since been replaced.

the service, said: "We do it better in France, Citizen Consul. The Committee of Safety and Père Couthon would have shortened the preacher by a head. Oh, they are leaving. Have you seen the caricature of the aristocrat Washington on the guillotine? It has made the President swear, I am told."

As he spoke, De Courval's attention was caught by the French accents and something in the voice, and he turned to see the stranger who spoke thus insolently.

"Not here, René. No! no!" said Schmidt. He saw De Courval's face grow white as he had seen it once before.

"Let us go," said De la Forêt.

"A feeble mob of children," returned Carteaux.

As he spoke, De Courval struck him a single savage blow full in the face.

"A fight! a fight!" cried the crowd. "Give them room! A ring! a ring!"

There was no fight in the slighter man, who lay stunned and bleeding, while René struggled in Schmidt's strong arms, wild with rage.

"You have done enough," said the German; "come!" René, silent, himself again, stared at the fallen man.

"What is the meaning of this outrage?" said De la Forêt. "Your name, sir?"

"I am the Vicomte de Courval," said René, perfectly cool. "You will find me at Madame Swanwick's on Front Street."

Carteaux was sitting upon the sidewalk, still dazed and bleeding. The crowd looked on. "He hits hard," said one.

"Come, René," said the German, and they walked away, René still silent.

"I supposed it would come soon or late," said Schmidt. "We shall hear from them to-morrow."

"*Mon Dieu,* but I am glad. It is a weight off my mind. I shall kill him."

Schmidt was hardly as sure. Neither man spoke again until they reached home.

"Come to my room, René," said the German after supper. "I want to settle that ground-rent business."

As they sat down, he was struck with the young man's look of elation. "Oh, my pipe first. Where is it? Ah, here it is. What do you mean to do?"

"Do? I do not mean to let him think it was only the sudden anger of a French gentleman at a Jacobin's vile speech. He must know why I struck."

"That seems reasonable."

"But I shall not involve in my quarrel a man of your rank. I shall ask Du Vallon."

"Shall you, indeed! There is wanted here a friend and an older head. What rank had I when you saw me through my deadly duel with El Vomito? Now, no more of that." De Courval yielded.

"I shall write to him and explain my action. He may put it as he pleases to others."

"I see no better way. Write now, and let me see your letter."

René sat at the table and wrote while Schmidt smoked, a troubled and thoughtful man. "He is no match for that fellow with the sword; and yet"—and he moved uneasily—"it will be, on the whole, better than the pistol." Any thought of adjustment or of escape from final resort to the duel he did not consider. It would have been out of the question for himself and, as he saw it, for any man of his beliefs and training.

"Here it is, sir," said René. The German gentleman laid down his long pipe and read:

SIR: I am desirous that you should not consider my action as the result of what you said in my hearing to M. de la Forêt. I am the Vicomte de Courval. In the massacre at Avignon on the twelfth of September, 1791, when my father was about to be released by Jourdan, your voice alone called for his condemnation. I saw him die, butchered before my eyes. This is why I struck you.

Louis René de Courval.

"That will do," said Schmidt. "He shall have it to-night. You will have a week to spend with Du Vallon. No prudent man would meet you in the condition in which you left him."

"I suppose not. I can wait. I have waited long. I regret the delay chiefly because in this city everything is known and talked about, and before we can end the matter it will be heard of here."

"Very probably; but no one will speak of it before your mother, and you may be sure that these good people will ask no

questions, and only wonder and not realize what must come out of it."

"Perhaps, perhaps." He was not as sure and wished to end it at once.

It had been in his power to have made the social life of the better republicans impossible for his father's murderer; but this might have driven Carteaux away and was not what he desired. The constant thought of his mother had kept him as undecided as Hamlet, but now a sudden burst of anger had opened the way to what he had longed for. He was glad.

When, that night, Jean Carteaux sat up in bed and read by dim candlelight De Courval's letter, he, too, saw again the great hall at Avignon, and recalled the blood madness. His Jacobin alliances had closed to him in Philadelphia the houses of the English party and the Federalists, and in the society he frequented, at the official dinners of the cabinet officers, he had never seen De Courval, nor, indeed, heard of him, or, if at all casually, without his title and as one of the many *émigrés* nobles with whom he had no social acquaintance. It was the resurrection of a ghost of revenge. He had helped to send to the guillotine others as innocent as Jean de Courval, and then, at last, not without fear of his own fate, had welcomed the appointment of commissioner to San Domingo and, on his return to France, had secured the place of secretary to Genêt's legation. The mockery of French sentiment in the clubs of the American cities, the cockades, and red bonnets, amused him. It recoiled from personal violence, and saying wild things, did nothing of serious moment. The good sense and trust of the great mass of the people throughout the country in one man promised little of value to France, as Carteaux saw full well when the recall of Genêt was demanded. He felt the chill of failure in this cooler air, but was of no mind to return to his own country. He was intelligent, and, having some means, meant that his handsome face should secure for him an American wife, and with her a comfortable dowry; for who knew of his obscure life in Paris? And now here was that affair at Avignon, and the ruin of his plans. He would at least close one mouth, and deny what it might have uttered. There was no other way, and for the rest—well, a French *émigré* had heard him speak rashly, and had been brutal. The Jacobin clubs would believe and stand by him. De la Forêt must arrange the affair, and so far this insolent *ci-devant* could have said nothing else of moment.

De la Forêt called early the next day, and was referred to Schmidt as René left the room. No pacific settlement was discussed or even mentioned. The consul, well pleased, accepted the sword as the weapon, and this being Sunday, on Thursday at 7 A.M. there would be light enough, and they would cross on the ice to New Jersey; for this year one could sleigh from the city to the capes, and from New York to Cape Cod—or so it was said.

Meanwhile the Jacobin clubs rang with the insult to a French secretary, and soon it was the talk in the well-pleased coffee-houses and at the tables of the great merchants. René said nothing, refusing to gratify those who questioned him.

"A pity," said Mrs. Chew to Penn, the Governor, as men still called him. "And why was it? The young man is so serious and so quiet and, as I hear, religious. I have seen him often at Christ Church with his mother, or at Gloria Dei."

"One can get a good deal of religion into a blow," remarked Hamilton, "or history lies. The man insulted him, I am told, and the vicomte struck him." Even Hamilton knew no more than this.

"Still, there are milder ways of calling a man to account," said young Thomas Cadwalader, while Hamilton smiled, remembering that savage duel in which John Cadwalader, the father, had punished the slanderer, General Conway.

"Will there be a fight?" said Mrs. Byrd.

"Probably," said Penn, and opinion among the Federals was all for the vicomte. Meanwhile no one spoke of the matter at the widow's quiet house, where just now the severe winter made social visits rare.

As for De Courval he fenced daily with Du Vallon, who was taken into their confidence and shared Schmidt's increasing anxiety.

XVII

On Thursday, at the dawn of a gloomy winter morning, the two sleighs crossed over a mile of ice to the Jersey shore. Large flakes of snow were falling as Schmidt drove, the little Dr. Chovet beside him, De Courval silent on the back seat. Nothing could keep Chovet quiet very long. "I was in the duel of Laurens, the President of the Congress. Oh, it was to be on Christmas Day and near to Seven Street. Mr. Penn—oh, not the fat governor but the senator from Georgia—he slipped in the mud on the way, and Laurens he help him with a hand, and they make up all at once and no further go, and I am disappoint." It was an endless chatter. "And there was the Conway duel, too. Ah, that was good business!"

Schmidt, out of patience, said at last, "If you talk any more, I will throw you out of the sleigh."

"Oh, *le diable!* and who then will heal these which go to stick one the other? Ha! I ask of you that?"

"The danger will be so much the less," said Schmidt. Chovet was silenced.

On the shore they met De la Forêt and Carteaux, and presently found in the woods an open space with little snow. The two men stripped to the shirt, and were handed the dueling-swords, Schmidt whispering: "Be cool; no temper here. Wait to attack."

"And now," said the consul, as the seconds fell back, "on guard, Messieurs!"

Instantly the two blades rang sharp notes of meeting steel as they crossed and clashed in the cold morning air. "He is lost!" murmured Schmidt. The slighter man attacked furiously, shifting his ground, and at first imprudently sure of his foe. A prick in the chest warned him. Then there was a mad interchange of quick thrusts and more or less competent defense, when De Courval, staggering, let fall his rapier and dropped, while Carteaux, panting, stood still.

Schmidt knelt down. It was a deep chest wound and bled but little outwardly. De Courval, coughing up foamy blood, gasped, "It is over for a time—over." Chovet saw no more to do than to get his man home, and so strangely does associative memory play her tricks that Schmidt, as he rose in dismay, recalled the words of the dying *Mercutio*. Then, with apparent ease, he lifted René, and, carrying him to the sleigh, wrapped him in furs, and drove swiftly over the ice to the foot of the garden. "Fasten the horse, Doctor," he said, "and follow me." René smiled as the German carried him. "The second time of home-coming wounded. How strange! Don't be troubled, sir. I do not mean to die. Tell my mother yourself."

"If you die," murmured Schmidt, "he shall follow you. Do not speak, René."

He met Margaret on the porch. "What is it?" she cried, as he went by her with his burden. "What is the matter?"

"A duel. He is wounded. Call your mother." Not waiting to say more, he went carefully up-stairs, and with Chovet's help René was soon in his bed. It was quietly done, Mrs. Swanwick distressed, but simply obeying directions, asked no questions, and Margaret, below-stairs, outwardly calm, her Quaker training serving her well, was bidding Nanny to cease crying and to get what was needed.

Once in bed, René said only, "My mother—tell her, at once." She had at last heard the quick haste of unwonted stir and met Schmidt at her chamber door.

"May I come in?" he asked.

"Certainly, Monsieur. Something has happened to René. Is he dead?"

"No; but, he is hurt—wounded."

"Then tell me the worst at once. I am not of those to whom you must break ill news gently. Sit down." He obeyed her.

"René has had a duel. He is badly wounded in the lung. You cannot see him now. The doctor insists on quiet."

"And who will stop me?" she said.

"I, Madame," and he stood between her and the door. "Just now you can only do him harm. I beg of you to wait—oh, patiently—for days, perhaps. If he is worse, you shall know it at once."

For a moment she hesitated. "I will do as you say. Who was the man?"

"Carteaux, Madame."

"Carteaux here! *Mon Dieu!* Does he live?"

"Yes. He was not hurt."

"And men say there is a God! Christ

help me; what is it I have said? How came he here, this man?"

He told her the whole story, she listening with moveless, pale, ascetic face. Then she rose: "I am sorry I did not know of this beforehand. I should have prayed for my son that he might kill him. I thank you, Monsieur. I believe you love my René."

"As if he were my son, Madame."

The days went by, darkened with despair or brightened with faint hope. Alas! who has not known them? The days grew to weeks. There were no longer guests, only anxious inquirers and a pale, drooping young woman and two mothers variously troubled.

But if here there were watching friendship and love and service and a man to die to-day or to-morrow to live, in the darkened room were spirits twain ever whispering love or hate. Outside of the house where De Courval lay, the Jacobin clubs rejoiced and feasted Carteaux, who burned De Courval's note and held his tongue, while Fauchet complained of the insult to his secretary, and Mr. Randolph neither would nor could do anything.

The February of 1794 passed, and March and April, while Glentworth, Washington's physician, came, and at last Dr. Rush, to Chovet's disgust. Meanwhile the young man lay in bed wasting away with grim doubts of phthisis in the doctors' minds until in May there was a gain, and, as once before, he was allowed a settle, and soon was in the air on the upper porch, and could see visitors.

Schmidt, more gaunt than ever, kissed the hand of the vicomtesse in his German fashion, as for the first time through all the long vigils they had shared with Mary Swanwick she thanked him for positive assurance of recovery.

"He is safe, you tell me. May the God who has spared my son remember you and bless you through all your days and in all your ways!"

He bent low. "I have my reward, Madame."

Some intuitive recognition of what was in his mind was perhaps naturally in the thought of both. She said, "Will it end here?"

Seeing before him a face which he could not read, he replied, "It is to be desired that it end here, or that some good fortune may put the sea between these two."

"And can you, his friend, say that? Not if he is the son I bore. I trust not," and, turning away, she left him; while, standing, he looked after her and murmured: "There is more mother in me than in her," and then going out to where René lay, he said gaily: "Out of prison at last, my boy. A grim jail is sickness."

"Ah, to hear the birds who are so free," said René. "Are they ever ill, I wonder?"

"Mr. Hamilton is below, René—just come from New York. He has been here twice."

"Then I shall hear of the world. You have starved me of news." There was little good to tell him. The duke, their cousin, had fled from France, and could write to madame only of the Terror and of deaths and ruin.

The Secretary came up fresh with the gaiety of a world in which he was still battling fiercely with the Republican party, glad of the absence of his rival, who saw no good in anything he did or said.

"You are very kind," said De Courval, "to spare me a little of your time, sir." Indeed he felt it. Hamilton sat down, smiling at the eagerness with which René questioned him.

"There is much to tell, Vicomte. The outrages on our commerce by the English have become unendurable, and how we are to escape war I do not see. An embargo has been proclaimed by the President; it is for thirty days, and will be extended to thirty more. We have many English ships in our ports. No one of them can leave."

"That ought to bring them to their senses," said René.

"It may," returned Hamilton.

"And what, sir, of the treaty with England?"

Hamilton smiled. "I was to have been sent, but there was too much opposition, and now, as I think, wisely, the Chief-Justice Jay is to go to London."

"Ah, Mr. Hamilton, if there were but war with England,—and there is cause enough,—some of us poor exiles might find pleasant occupation."

The Secretary became grave. "I would do much, yield much, to escape war, Vi-

comte. No man of feeling who has ever seen war desires to see it again. If the memory of nations were as retentive as the memory of a man, there would be an end of wars."

"And yet, sir," said René, "I hardly see how you—how this people—endure what you so quietly accept."

"Yes, yes. No man more than Washington feels the additions of insult to injury. If to-day you could give him a dozen frigates, our answer to England would not be a request for a treaty which will merely secure peace, and give us that with contempt, and little more. What it personally costs that proud gentleman, our President, to preserve his neutral attitude few men know."

René was pleased and flattered by the thoughtful gravity of the statesman's talk.

"I see, sir," he said. "There will be no war."

"No; I think not. I sincerely hope not. But now I must go. My compliments to your mother; and I am glad to see you so well."

As he went out, he met Schmidt in the hall. "Ah, why did you not prevent this duel?" he said.

"No man could, sir. It is, I fear, a business to end only when one of them dies. It dates far back of the blow. Some day we will talk of it, but I do not like the outlook."

"Indeed." He went into the street thoughtful. In principle opposed to duels, he was to die in the prime of life a victim to the pistol of Burr.

The pleasant May weather and the open air brought back to De Courval health and the joys of life. The girl in the garden heard once more his bits of French song, and when June came with roses he was able to lie on the lower porch, swinging at ease in a hammock sent by Captain Biddle, and it seemed as if the world were all kindness. As he lay, Schmidt read to him, and he missed only Margaret, ordered out to the country in the care of Aunt Gainor, while, as he grew better, he had the strange joy of senses freshened and keener than in health, as if he were reborn to a new heritage of tastes and odors, the priceless gift of wholesome convalescence.

He asked no questions concerning Carteaux or what men said of the duel; but as Schmidt, musing, saw him at times gentle, pleased, merry, or again serious, he thought how all men have in them a brute ancestor ready with a club. "Just now the devil is asleep." He alone, and the mother, fore-looking, knew; and so the time ran on, and every one wanted him. The women came with flowers and strawberries, and made much of him, the gray mother not ill-pleased.

In June he was up, and allowed to walk out or to lie in the boat while Schmidt caught white perch or crabs and talked of the many lands he had seen. Then at last, to René's joy, he might ride.

"Here," said Schmidt, "is a note from Mistress Gainor. We are asked to dine and for the night. No, not you. You are not yet fit for dinners and gay women. These doctors are cruel. There will be, she writes, Mr. Jefferson, here for a week; Mr. Langstroth, and a woman or two; and Wolcott of the Treasury, 'if Hamilton will let him come,' she says." For perhaps wisely the new official followed the ex-Secretary's counsels, to the saving of much needless thinking. "A queer party that!" said Schmidt. "What new mischief are she and the ex-Quaker Josiah devising?" He would be there at three, he wrote, the groom having waited a reply.

"Have you any message for Miss Margaret, René?" he said next day.

"Tell her that all that is left of me remembers her mother's kindness." And, laughing, he added: "That there is more of me every day."

"And is that all?"

"Yes; that is all. Is there any news?"

"None of moment. Oh, yes, I meant to tell you. The heathen imagine a vain thing—a fine republican mob collected in front of the Harp and Crown yesterday. There was a picture set up over the door in the war—a picture of the Queen of France. A painter was made to paint a ring of blood around the neck and daub the clothes with red. If there is a fool devil, he must grin at that."

"Canaille!" said René. "Poor queen! We of the religion did not love her; but to insult the dead! Ah, a week in Paris now, and these cowards would fly in fear."

"Yes; it is a feeble sham." And so he

left René to his book, and rode away with change of garments in his saddle-bags.

XVIII

MISS GAINOR being busy at her toilette, Schmidt was received at the Hill farm by the black page, in red plush for contrast, and shown up to his room. He usually wore clothes of simple character and left the changing fashions to others. But now he dressed as he did rarely, and came down with powdered hair, in maroon-colored velvet with enameled buttons, ruffles at the wrists, and the full lace neck-gear still known as a Steenkirk.

Miss Gainor envied him the gold buckles of the broidered garters and shoes, and made her best courtesy to the stately figure which bent low before her.

"They are late," she said. "Go and speak to Margaret in the garden." He found her alone under a great tulip-tree.

"Ach!" he cried, "you are looking better. You were pale." She rose with a glad welcome as he saw and wondered. "How fine we are, Pearl!"

"Are we not? But Aunt Gainor would have it. I must courtesy, I suppose."

The dress was a compromise. There were still the gray silks, the underskirt, open wider than common in front, a pale sea-green petticoat, and, alas! even powder—very becoming it seemed to the German gentleman. I am helpless to describe the prettiness of it. Aunt Gainor had an artist's eye, though she herself delighted in too gorgeous attire.

He gave Margaret the home news and his message from René, and no; she was not yet to come to town. It was too hot, and not very healthy this summer.

"Why did not the vicomte write?" she said with some hesitation. "That would have been nicer."

"Ach, guter Himmel! Young men do not write to young women."

"But among Friends we are more simple."

"Ach, Friends—and in this gown! Shall we be of two worlds? That might have its convenience."

"Thou art naughty, sir," she said, and they went in.

There was Colonel Lennox and his wife, whom Schmidt did not know, and Josiah. "You know Mrs. Byrd, Mr. Schmidt? Mrs. Eager Howard, may I present to you Mr. Schmidt?" This was the Miss Chew who won the heart of the victor of the Cowpens battle; and then last came Jefferson, tall, meager, red-cheeked, and wearing no powder, a lean figure in black velvet, on a visit to the city.

"There were only two good noses," said Gainor next day to a woman with the nose of a pug dog—"mine and that man Schmidt's—Schmidt, with a nose like a hawk and a jaw most predacious."

For mischief she must call Mr. Jefferson "Excellency," for had he not been governor of his State?

He bowed, laughing. "Madame, I have no liking for titles. Not even those which you confer."

"Oh, but when you die, sir," cried Mrs. Howard, "and you want to read your title clear to mansions in the skies?"

"I shall want none then; and there are no mansions in the skies."

"And no skies, sir, I suppose," laughed Mrs. Byrd. "Poor Watts!"

"In your sense none," he returned. "How is De Courval?"

"Oh, better; much better."

"He seems to get himself talked about," said Mrs. Howard. "A fine young fellow, too."

"You should set your cap for him, Tacy," said Gainor to the blond beauty, Mrs. Lennox.

"It was set long ago for my Colonel," she cried.

"I am much honored," said her husband, bowing.

"She was Dr. Franklin's last love-affair," cried Gainor. "How is that, Tacy Lennox?"

"Fie, Madam! He was dying in those days, and, yes, I loved him. There are none like him nowadays."

"I never thought much of his nose," said Gainor, amid gay laughter; and so they went to dinner, the Pearl quietly attentive, liking it well, and still better when Colonel Howard turned to chat with her and found her merry and shyly curious concerning the great war she was too young to remember well, and in regard to the men who fought and won. Josiah, next to Mrs. Lennox, contributed contradictions, and Pickering was silent, liking better the company of men.

At dusk, having had their Madeira,

they rode away, leaving only Margaret and Schmidt. The evening talk was quiet, and the girl, reluctant, was sent to bed early.

"I have a pipe for you," said Gainor. "Come out under the trees. How warm it is!"

"You had a queer party," said Schmidt, who knew her well, and judged better than many her true character.

"Yes; was it not? But the women were to your liking, I am sure."

"Certainly; but why Josiah, and what mischief are you two after?"

"I? Mischief, sir?"

"Yes; you do not like him. You never have him here to dine if you can help it."

"No; but now I am trying to keep him out of mischief, and to-day he invited himself to dine."

"Well!" said Schmidt blowing great rings of smoke.

"General Washington was here yesterday. His horse cast a shoe, and he must needs pay me a visit. Oh, he was honest about it. He looked tired and aged. I shall grow old; but aged, sir, never. He is deaf, too. I hope he may not live to lose his mind. I thought of Johnson's lines about Marlborough."

"I do not know them. What are they?"

"From Marlb'rough's eyes the streams of dotage flow,
And Swift expires, a driv'ler and a show."

"Yes," said Schmidt thoughtfully—"yes; that is the ending I most should fear."

"He is clear-headed enough to-day; but the men around him think too much of their own interests, and he of his country alone."

"It may be better with this new cabinet."

"No; there will be less head."

"And more heart, I hope," said Schmidt.

"I could cry when I think of that man's life."

"Yes, it is sad enough; but suppose," said Schmidt, "we return to Josiah."

"Well, if you must have it, Josiah has one honest affection outside of a love-affair with Josiah—Margaret, of course."

"Yes; and what more?"

"He thinks she should be married, and proposes to arrange the matter."

The idea of Uncle Josiah as a match-maker filled the German with comic delight. He broke into Gargantuan laughter. "I should like to hear his plan of campaign."

"Oh, dear Aunt Gainor," cried a voice from an upper window, "what is the joke? Tell me, or I shall come down and find out."

"Go to bed, minx!" shouted Miss Gainor. "Mr. Schmidt is going to be married, and I am to be bridesmaid. To bed with you!"

"Fie, for shame, Aunt! He will tell me to-morrow." The white figure disappeared from the window.

"Oh, Josiah is set on it—really set on it, and you know his possibilities of combining folly with obstinacy."

"Yes, I know. And who is the happy man?"

"The Vicomte de Courval, please."

Schmidt whistled low. "I beg your pardon, Mistress Gainor. Cannot you stop him? The fool! What does he propose to do?"

"I do not know. He has an odd admiration for De Courval, and that is strange, for he never contradicts him."

"The admiration of a coward for a brave man—I have known that more than once. He will do Heaven knows what, and end in making mischief enough."

"I have scared him a little. He talked, the idiot, about his will, and what he would or would not do. As if that would help, or as if the dear child cares or would care. I said I had money to spare at need. He will say nothing for a while. I do not mean to be interfered with. I told him so."

"Did you, indeed?"

"I did."

"Mistress Gainor, you had better keep your own hands off and let things alone. Josiah would be like an elephant in a rose garden."

"And I like—"

"A good, kindly woman about to make a sad mistake. You do not know the mother's deep-seated prejudices, nor yet of what trouble lies like a shadow on René's life. I should not dare to interfere."

"What is it?" she said, at once curious and anxious.

"Mistress Gainor, you are to be trusted,

else you would go your way. Is not that so?"

"Yes; but I am reasonable and Margaret is dear to me. I like the vicomte and, as to his mother, she thinks me a kind, rough old woman; and for her nonsense about rank and blood, stuff! The girl's blood is as good as hers."

"No doubt; but let it alone. And now I think you ought to hear his story, and I mean to tell it." And so, sitting in the darkness, he told her of Avignon and Carteaux and the real meaning of the duel and how the matter would go on again some day, but how soon fate alone could determine. She listened, appalled at the tragic story which had come thus fatefully into the life of a quiet Quaker family from a far-away land.

"It is terrible and sad," she said. "And he has spoken to no one but you of this tragedy? It must be known to many."

"The death, yes. Carteaux's share in it, no. He was an unknown young *avocat* at the time."

"How reticent young De Courval must be! It is singular at his age."

"He had no reason to talk of it; he is a man older than his years. He is a very resolute person. If he loves this dear child, he will marry her, if a dozen mothers stand in the way."

"There will be two. I see now why Mary Swanwick is always sending Margaret to me or to Darthea Wynne. I think the maid cares for him."

"Ah, my dear Miss Gainor, if I could keep them apart for a year, I should like it. God knows where the end will be. Suppose this fellow were to kill him! And that they will meet again is sadly sure, if I know De Courval."

"You are right," she returned. "But if, Mr. Schmidt, this shadow did not lie across his path, would it please you? Would you who have done so much for him—would you wish it?"

"With all my heart. But let it rest here, and let time and fate have their way."

"I will," she said, rising. "It is cool. I must go in. It is a sad tangle, and those two mothers! I am sometimes glad that I never married, and have no child. Good night. I fear that I shall dream of it."

"I shall have another pipe before I follow you. We are three old cupids," he added, laughing. "We had better go out of business."

"There is a good bit of cupidity about one of us, sir."

"A not uncommon quality," laughed Schmidt.

Pleased with her jest, she went away, saying, "Tom will take care of you."

To the well-concealed satisfaction of the vicomtesse, it was settled that Margaret's health required her to remain all summer at the Hill; but when June was over, De Courval was able to ride, and why not to Chestnut Hill? And so, although Gainor never left them alone, it was impossible to refuse permission for him to ride with them.

They explored the country far and wide with Aunt Gainor on her great stallion, a rash rider despite her years. Together they saw White Marsh and the historic lines of Valley Forge, and heard of Hugh Wynne's ride, and, by good luck, met General Wayne one day and were told the story of that dismal winter when snow was both foe and friend. Aunt Gainor rode in a riding-mask, and the Quaker bonnet was worn no longer, wherefore, the code of lovers' signals being ingeniously good, there needed no cupids, old or young. The spring of love had come, and the summer would follow in nature's course. Yet always René felt that until his dark debt was paid he would not speak.

Therefore, sometimes he refrained from turning his horse toward the Hill, and went to see his mother, now again, to her pleasure, with Darthea, or else with Schmidt he rode through that bit of Holland on the neck, and saw sails over the dikes and the flour windmills turning in the breeze. Schmidt, too, kept him busy, and he visited Baltimore and New York, and fished or shot.

"You are well enough now. Let us fence again," said Schmidt, and once more he was made welcome by the *émigrés* late in the evening when no others came.

He would rarely touch the foils, but *"Mon Dieu,* Schmidt," said de Malerive, "he has with the pistol skill."

Du Vallon admitted it. But: *"Mon ami,* it is no weapon for gentlemen. The

Jacobins like it. There is no tierce or quarte against a bullet."

"Do they practice with the pistol here?"

"No. Carteaux, thy lucky friend, ah, very good,—of the best with the foil,—but no shot." René smiled, and Schmidt understood.

"Can you hit that, René?" he said, taking from his pocket the ace of clubs, for playing-cards were often used as visiting-cards, the backs being white, and no other being always to be had.

René hit the edge of the ace with a ball, and then the center. The gay crowd applauded, and Du Vallon wished it were a Jacobin club, and, again merry, they liked the jest.

(To be continued)

MOTHER

BY FLORENCE EARLE COATES

AT twilight here I sit alone,
  Yet not alone; for thoughts of thee,—
Pale images of pleasure flown,—
  Like homing birds, return to me.

Again the shining chestnut braids
  Are soft enwreathed about thy brow,
And light—a light that never fades—
  Beams from thine eyes upon me even now,

As, all undimmed by death and night,
  Remembrance out of distance brings
Thy youthful loveliness, alight
  With ardent hopes and high imaginings.

Ah, mortal dreams, how fair, how fleet!
  Thy yearnings scant fulfilment found;
Dark Lethe long hath laved thy feet,
  And on thy slumber breaks no troubling sound;

Yet distance parts thee not from me,
  For beauty—or of twilight or of morn—
Binds me, still closer binds, to thee,
  Whose heart sang to my heart ere I was born.

THE TEMPLE OF DEIR-EL-BAHARI

PAINTED FOR THE CENTURY BY JULES GUÉRIN

THE SPELL OF EGYPT

AS REVEALED IN ITS MONUMENTS

FOURTH PAPER: THE RAMESSEUM—DEIR-EL-BAHARI

BY ROBERT HICHENS

Author of "The Garden of Allah," etc.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM NATURE BY JULES GUÉRIN

"THIS, my lord, is the thinking place of Rameses the Great."

So said Ibrahim Ayyad to me one morning—Ibrahim who is almost as prolific in the abrupt creation of peers as if he were a democratic government.

I looked about me. We stood in a ruined hall with columns, architraves, covered with inscriptions, segments of flat roof. Here and there traces of painting, dull-red, pale, ethereal blue,—the "love-color" of Egypt, as the Egyptians often call it,—still adhered to the stone. This hall, dignified, grand, but happy, was open on all sides to the sun and air. From it I could see tamarisk- and acacia-trees, and far-off shadowy mountains beyond the eastern verge of the Nile. And the trees were still as carven things in an atmosphere that was a miracle of clearness and of purity. Behind me, and near, the hard Libyan mountains gleamed in the sun. Somewhere a boy was singing; and suddenly his singing died away. And I thought of the "Lay of the Harper" which is inscribed upon the tombs of Thebes—those tombs under those gleaming mountains:

> For no one carries away his goods with him;
> Yea, no one returns again who has gone thither.

It took the place of the song that had died as I thought of the great king's glory; that he had been here, and had long since passed away.

"The thinking place of Rameses the Great!"

"Suttinly."

"You must leave me alone here, Ibrahim."

I watched his gold-colored robe vanish into the gold of the sun through the copper color of the columns. And I was quite alone in the "thinking place" of Rameses. It was a brilliant day, the sky dark-sapphire blue, without even the specter of a cloud, or any airy, vaporous veil; the heat already intense in the full sunshine, but delicious, if one slid into a shadow. I slid into a shadow, and sat down on a warm block of stone. And the silence flowed upon me—the silence of the Ramesseum.

Was *Horbehutet,* the winged disk, with crowned *uraei,* ever set up above this temple's principal door to keep it from destruction? I do not know. But, if he was, he failed perfectly to fulfil his mission. And I am glad he failed. I am glad of the ruin that is here, glad that walls have crumbled or been overthrown, that columns have been cast down, and ceilings torn off from the pillars that supported them, letting in the sky. I would have nothing different in the thinking place of Rameses.

Like a cloud, a great golden cloud, a glory impending that will not, cannot, be dissolved into the ether, he loomed over the Egypt that is dead, he looms over the Egypt of to-day. Everywhere you meet his traces, everywhere you hear

his name. You say to a tall young Egyptian: "How big you are growing, Hassan!"

He answers, "Come back next year, my gentleman, and I shall be like Rameses the Great."

Or you ask of the boatman who rows you, "How can you pull all day against the current of the Nile?" And he smiles, and lifting his brown arm, he says to you: "Look. I am as strong as Rameses the Great."

This familiar fame comes down through some three thousand, two hundred, and twenty years. Carved upon limestone and granite, now it seems engraven also on every Egyptian heart that beats not only with the movement of shadoof, or is not buried in the black soil fertilized by Hapi. Thus can inordinate vanity prolong the true triumph of genius, and impress its own view of itself upon the minds of millions. This Rameses is believed to be the Pharaoh who oppressed the children of Israel.

As I sat in the Ramesseum that morning, I recalled his face—the face of an artist and a dreamer rather than that of a warrior and oppressor; Asiatic, handsome, not insensitive, not cruel, but subtle, aristocratic, and refined. I could imagine it bending above the little serpents of the sistrum as they lifted their melodious voices to bid Typhon depart, or watching the dancing women's rhythmic movements, or smiling half kindly, half with irony, upon the lovelorn maiden who made her plaint:

"What is sweet to the mouth, to me is as
the gall of birds;
Thy breath alone can comfort my heart."

And I could imagine it looking profoundly grave, not sad, among the columns with their opening lotus flowers. For it is the hall of the lotus columns that Ibrahim calls the thinking place of the king.

There is something both lovely and touching to me in the lotus columns of Egypt, in the tall masses of stone opening out into flowers near the sun. Near the sun! Yes; only that obvious falsehood will convey to those who have not seen them the effect of some of the hypostyle halls, whose columns seem literally soaring to the sky. And flowers of stone, you will say, rudely carved and rugged! That does not matter. There was poetry in the minds that conceived them, in the thought that directed the hands which shaped them and placed them where they are. In Egypt perpetually one feels how the ancient Egyptians loved the *Nymphæa Lotus,* which is the white lotus, and the *Nymphæa cærulæa,* the lotus that is blue. Did they not place Horus in its cup, and upon the head of Nefer-Tum, the nature god, who represented in their mythology the heat of the rising sun, and who seems to have been credited with power to grant life in the world to come, set it as a sort of regal ornament? To Seti I, when he returned in glory from his triumphs over the Syrians, were given bouquets of lotus blossoms by the great officers of his household. The tiny column of green feldspar ending in the lotus typified eternal youth, even as the carnelian buckle typified the blood of Isis, which washed away all sin. Kohl pots were fashioned in the form of the lotus, cartouches sprang from it, wine flowed from cups shaped like it. The lotus was part of the very life of Egypt, as the rose, the American Beauty rose, is part of our social life of to-day. And here, in the Ramesseum, I found campaniform, or lotus-flower capitals on the columns—here where Rameses once perhaps dreamed of his Syrian campaigns, or of that famous combat when, "like Baal in his fury," he fought single-handed against the host of the Hittites massed in two thousand, five hundred chariots to overthrow him.

The Ramesseum is a temple not of winds, but of soft and kindly airs. There comes Zephyrus, whispering love to Flora incarnate in the Lotus. To every sunbeam, to every little breeze, the ruins stretch out arms. They adore the deep-blue sky, the shining, sifted sand, untrammeled nature, all that whispers, "Freedom."

So I felt that day when Ibrahim left me, so I feel always when I sit in the Ramesseum, that exultant victim of Time's here not sacrilegious hand.

All strong souls cry out secretly for liberty as for a sacred necessity of life. Liberty seems to drench the Ramesseum. And all strong souls must exult there. The sun has taken it as a beloved pos-

session. No massy walls keep him out. No shield-shaped battlements rear themselves up against the outer world as at Medinet-Abu. No huge pylons cast down upon the ground their forms in darkness. The stone glows with the sun, seems almost to have a soul glowing with the sense, the sun-ray sense, of freedom. The heart leaps up in the Ramesseum not frivolously, but with a strange, sudden knowledge of the depths of passionate joy there are in life and in bountiful, glorious nature. Instead of the strength of a prison, one feels the ecstasy of space; instead of the safety of inclosure, the rapture of naked publicity. But the public to whom this place of the great king is consigned is a public of Theban hills; of the sunbeams striking from them over the wide world toward the east; of light airs, of drifting sand grains, of singing birds, and of butterflies with pure white wings. If you have ever ridden an Arab horse, mounted in the heart of an oasis, to the verge of the great desert, you will remember the bound, thrilling with fiery animation, which he gives when he sets his feet on the sand beyond the last tall date-palms. A bound like that the soul gives when you sit in the Ramesseum, and see the crowding sunbeams, the far-off groves of palm-trees, and the drowsy mountains, like shadows, that sleep beyond the Nile. And you look up, perhaps, as I looked that morning, and upon a lotus column near you, relieved, you perceive the figure of a young man singing.

A young man singing! Let him be the tutelary god of this place, whoever he be, whether only some humble, happy slave, or the "superintendent of song and of the recreation of the king." Rather even than Amun-Ra let him be the god. For there is something nobly joyous in this architecture, a dignity that sings.

It has been said, but not established, that Rameses the Great was buried in the Ramesseum, and when first I entered it, the "Lay of the Harper" came to my mind, with the sadness that attends the passing away of glory into the shades of death. But an optimism almost as determined as Emerson's was quickly bred in me there. I could not be sad, though I could be happily thoughtful, in the light of the Ramesseum. And even when I left the thinking place, and, coming down the central aisle, saw in the immersing sunshine of the Osiride Court the fallen colossus of the king, I was not struck to sadness.

Imagine the greatest figure in the world,—such a figure as this Rameses was in his day,—with all might, all glory, all climbing power, all vigor, tenacity of purpose, and granite strength of will concentrated within it, struck suddenly down, and falling backward in a collapse whose thunder might shake the vitals of the earth, and you have this prostrate colossus. Even now one seems to hear it fall, to feel the warm soil trembling beneath one's feet as one approaches it. A row of statues of enormous size, with arms crossed as if in resignation, glowing in the sun, in color not gold or amber, but a delicate, desert yellow, watch near it like servants of the dead. On a slightly lower level than theirs it lies, and a little nearer the Nile. Only the upper half of the figure is left, but its size is really terrific. This colossus was fifty-seven feet high. It weighed eight hundred tons. Eight hundred tons of syenite went to its making, and across the shoulders its breadth is, or was, over twenty-two feet. But one does not think of measurements as one looks upon it. It is stupendous. That is obvious and that is enough. Nor does one think of its finish, of its beautiful, rich color, of any of its details. One thinks of it as a tremendous personage laid low, as the mightiest of the mighty fallen. One thinks of it as the dead Rameses whose glory still looms over Egypt like a golden cloud that will not disperse. One thinks of it as the soul that commanded, and, lo! there rose up above the sands, at the foot of the hills of Thebes, the exultant Ramesseum.

Place for Queen Hatshepsu! Surely she comes to a sound of flutes, a merry noise of thin, bright music, backed by a clashing of barbaric cymbals, along the corridors of the past; this queen who is shown upon Egyptian walls dressed as a man, who is said to have worn a beard, and who sent to the land of Punt the famous expedition which covered her with glory and brought gold to the god Amun. To me most feminine she seemed when I saw her temple at Deir-el-Bahari,

with its brightness and its suavity; its pretty shallowness and sunshine; its white and blue and yellow, and red and green and orange; all very trim and fanciful, all very smart and delicate; full of finesse and laughter, and breathing out to me of the twentieth century the coquetry of a woman in 1500 B. C. After the terrific masculinity of Medinet-Abu, after the great freedom of the Ramesseum, and the grandeur of its colossus, the manhood of all the ages concentrated in granite, the temple at Deir-el-Bahari came upon me like a delicate woman, perfumed and arranged, clothed in a creation of white and blue and orange, standing—ever so knowingly—against a background of orange and pink, of red and brown-red, a smiling coquette of the mountain, a gay and sweet enchantress who knew her pretty powers and meant to exercise them.

Hatshepsu with a beard! Never will I believe it. Or if she ever seemed to wear one, I will swear it was only the tattooed ornament with which all the lovely women of the Fayum decorate their chins to-day, throwing into relief the smiling, soft lips, the delicate noses, the liquid eyes, and leading one from it step by step to the beauties it precedes.

Mr. Wallis Budge says in his book on the antiquities of Egypt: "It would be unjust to the memory of a great man and a loyal servant of Hatshepsu, if we omitted to mention the name of Senmut, the architect and overseer of works at Deir-el-Bahari." By all means let Senmut be mentioned, and then let him be utterly forgotten. A radiant queen reigns here—a queen of fantasy and splendor, and of that divine shallowness—refined frivolity literally cut into the mountain —which is the note of Deir-el-Bahari. And what a clever background! Oh, Hatshepsu knew what she was doing when she built her temple here. It was not the solemn Senmut (he wore a beard, I 'm sure) who chose that background, if I know anything of women.

Long before I visited Deir-el-Bahari I had looked at it from afar. My eyes had been drawn to it merely from its situation right underneath the mountains. I had asked: "What do those little pillars mean? And are those little doors?" I had promised myself to go there, as one promises oneself a *bonne bouche* to finish a happy banquet. And I had realized the subtlety, essentially feminine, that had placed a temple there. And Mentu-Hotep's temple, perhaps you say, was it not there before the queen's? Then he must have possessed a subtlety purely feminine, or been advised by one of his wives in his building operations, or by some favorite female slave. Blundering, unsubtle man would probably think that the best way to attract and to fix attention on any object was to make it much bigger than things near and around it, to set up a giant among dwarfs.

Not so Queen Hatshepsu. More artful in her generation, she set her long but little temple against the precipices of Libya. And what is the result? Simply that whenever one looks toward them one says, "What are those little pillars?" Or if one is more instructed, one thinks about Queen Hatshepsu. The precipices are as nothing. A woman's wile has blotted them out.

And yet how grand they are! I have called them tiger-colored precipices. And they suggest tawny wild beasts, fierce, bred in a land that is the prey of the sun. Every shade of orange and yellow glows and grows pale on their bosses, in their clefts. They shoot out turrets of rock that blaze like flames in the day. They show great teeth, like the tiger when any one draws near. And, like the tiger, they seem perpetually informed by a spirit that is angry. Blake wrote of the tiger:

> Tiger, tiger, burning bright
> In the forests of the night.

These tiger-precipices of Libya are burning things, avid like beasts of prey. But the restored apricot-colored pillars are not afraid of their impending fury—fury of a beast baffled by a tricky little woman, almost it seems to me; and still less afraid are the white pillars, and the brilliant paintings that decorate the walls within.

As many people in the sad but lovely islands off the coast of Scotland believe in "doubles," as the old classic writers believed in man's "genius," so the ancient Egyptians believed in his "Ka," or separate entity, a sort of spiritual other self, to be propitiated and ministered to,

THE RAMESSEUM, THEBES

PAINTED FOR THE CENTURY BY JULES GUÉRIN

presented with gifts, and served with energy and ardor. On this temple of Deir-el-Bahari is the scene of the birth of Hatshepsu, and there are two babies, the princess and her Ka. For this imagined Ka, when a great queen, long after, she built this temple, or chapel, that offerings might be made there on certain appointed days. Fortunate Ka of Hatshepsu to have had so cheerful a dwelling! Liveliness pervades Deir-el-Bahari. I remember, when I was on my first visit to Egypt, lunching at Thebes with Monsieur Naville and Mr. Hogarth, and afterward going with them to watch the digging away of the masses of sand and rubbish which concealed this gracious building. I remember the songs of the half-naked workmen toiling and sweating in the sun. And I remember seeing a white temple wall come up into the light with all the painted figures surely dancing with joy upon it. And they are surely dancing still.

Here you may see, brilliant as yesterday's picture anywhere, fascinatingly decorative trees growing bravely in little pots, red people offering incense which is piled up in mounds like mountains; Ptah-Seket, Osiris receiving a royal gift of wine, the queen in the company of various divinities, and the terrible ordeal of the cows. The cows are being weighed in scales. There are three of them. One is a philosopher, and reposes with an air that says, "Even this last indignity of being weighed against my will cannot perturb my soaring spirit." But the other two, sitting up, look as apprehensive as old ladies in a rocking express, expectant of an accident. The vividness of the colors in this temple is quite wonderful. And much of its great attraction comes rather from its position, and from them, than essentially from itself. At Deir-el-Bahari, what the long shell contains—its happy murmur of life—is more fascinating than the shell. There, instead of being uplifted or overawed by form, we are rejoiced by color, by the high vivacity of arrested movement, by the story that color and movement tell. And over all there is the bright, blue, painted sky, studded, almost distractedly studded, with a plethora of the yellow stars the Egyptians made like starfish.

The restored apricot-colored columns outside look unhappily suburban when you are near them. The white columns with their architraves are more pleasant to the eyes. The niches full of bright hues, the arched chapels, the small, white steps leading upward to shallow sanctuaries, the small black foxes facing each other on little yellow pedestals—attract one like the details and amusing ornaments of a clever woman's boudoir. Through this most characteristic temple one roves in a gaily attentive mood, feeling all the time Hatshepsu's fascination.

You may see her, if you will, a little lady on the wall, with a face decidedly sensual—a long, straight nose, thick lips, an expression rather determined than agreeable. Her mother looks as Semetic as a Jew money-lender in Brick Lane, London. Her husband, Thothmes II, has a weak and poor-spirited countenance. Decidedly an accomplished performer on the second violin. The mother wears on her head a snake, no doubt a cobra-di-capello, the symbol of her sovereignty. Thothmes is clad in a loincloth. And a god, with a sleepy expression and a very fishlike head, appears in this group of personages to offer the key of life. Another painting of the queen shows her on her knees drinking milk from the sacred cow, with an intent and greedy figure, and an extraordinarily sensual and expressive face. That she was well guarded is surely proved by a brave display of her soldiers—red men on a white wall. Full of life and gaiety, all in a row they come, holding weapons, and, apparently, branches, and advancing with a gait of triumph that tells of "spacious days." And at their head is an officer, who looks back, much like a modern drill sergeant, to see how his men are marching.

In the southern shrine of the temple, cut in the rock as is the northern shrine, once more I found traces of the "Lady of the Under-world." For this shrine was dedicated to Hathor, though the whole temple was sacred to the Theban god Amun. Upon a column were the remains of the goddess's face, with a broad brow and long, large eyes. Some fanatic had hacked away the mouth.

The tomb of Hatshepsu was found by Mr. Theodore M. Davis, and the famous *Vache* of Deir-el-Bahari by Monsieur

Naville as lately as 1905. It stands in the museum at Cairo, but forever it will be connected in the minds of men with the tiger-colored precipices and the colonnades of Thebes. Behind the ruins of the temple of Mentu-Hotep III, in a chapel of painted rock, the Vache-Hathor was found.

It is not easy to convey by any description the impression this marvelous statue makes. Many of us love our dogs, our horses, some of us adore our cats; but which of us can think, without a smile, of worshiping a cow? Yet the cow was the Egyptian Aphrodite's sacred animal. Under the form of a cow she was often represented. And in this statue she is presented to us as a limestone cow. And positively this cow is to be worshiped.

She is shown in the act apparently of stepping gravely forward out of a small arched shrine, the walls of which are decorated with brilliant paintings. Her color is red and yellowish red, and is covered with blotches of very dark green, which look almost black. Only one or two are of a bluish color. Her height is moderate. I stand about five foot nine, and I found that on her pedestal the line of her back was about level with my chest. The lower part of the body, much of which is concealed by the under block of limestone, is white, tinged with yellow. The tail is red. Above the head, open and closed lotus flowers form a head-dress, with the lunar disk and two feathers. And the long lotus stalks flow down on each side of the neck toward the ground. At the back of this head-dress are a scarab and a cartouche. The goddess is advancing solemnly and gently. A wonderful calm, a matchless, serene dignity enfold her.

In the body of this cow one is able, indeed one is almost obliged, to feel the soul of a goddess. The incredible is accomplished. The dead Egyptian makes the ironic, the skeptical modern world feel deity in a limestone cow. How is it done? I know not; but it is done. Genius can do nearly anything, it seems. Under the chin of the cow there is a standing statue of the King Mentu-Hotep, and beneath her the king kneels as a boy. Wonderfully expressive and solemnly refined is the cow's face, which is of a dark color, like the color of almost black earth—earth fertilized by the Nile. Dignified, dominating, almost but just not stern, strongly intelligent, and, through its beautiful intelligence, entirely sympathetic ("to understand all, is to pardon all"), this face, once thoroughly seen, completely noticed, can never be forgotten. This is one of the most beautiful statues in the world.

When I was at Deir-el-Bahari I thought of it and wished that it still stood there near the Colonnades of Thebes under the tiger-colored precipices. And then I thought of Hatshepsu. Surely she could not brook a rival to-day near the temple which she made—a rival long lost and long forgotten. Is not her influence still there upon the terraced platforms, among the apricot and the white columns, near the paintings of the land of Punt? Did it not whisper to the antiquaries, even to the soldiers from Cairo, who guarded the Vache-Hathor in the night, to make haste to take her away far from the hills of Thebes, and from the Nile's long southern reaches, that the great queen might once more reign alone? They obeyed. Hatshepsu was appeased. And, like a delicate woman, perfumed and arranged, clothed in a creation of white and blue and orange, standing ever so knowingly against a background of orange and pink, of red and brown-red, she rules at Deir-el-Bahari.

On the way to the tombs of the kings I went to the temple of Kurna, that lonely cenotaph, with its sand-colored, massive façade, its heaps of fallen stone, its wide and ruined doorway, its thick, almost rough, columns recalling Medinet-Abu. There is not very much to see, but from there one has a fine view of other temples—of the Ramesseum, looking superb, like a grand skeleton; of Medinet-Abu, distant, very pale gold in the morning sunlight; of little Deir-al-Medinet, that pretty child of the Ptolemies, with the heads of the seven Hathors. And from Kurna the Colossi are exceptionally grand and exceptionally personal, so personal that one imagines one sees the expressions of the faces that they no longer possess.

Even if you do not go into the tombs, —but you will go,—you must ride to the tombs of the kings; and you must, if you care for the finesse of impressions, ride

on a blazing day and toward the hour of noon. Then the ravine is itself, like the great act that determines a temperament. It is the narrow home of fire, hemmed in by brilliant colors, nearly all—perhaps quite all—of which could be found in a glowing furnace. Every shade of yellow is there—lemon yellow, sulphur yellow, the yellow of amber, the yellow of orange with its tendency toward red, the yellow of gold, sand color, sun color. Cannot all these yellows be found in a fire? And there are reds—pink of the carnation, pink of the coral, red of the little rose that grows in certain places of sands, red of the bright flame's heart. And all these colors mingle in complete sterility. And all are fused into a fierce brotherhood by the sun. And, like a flood, they seem flowing to the red and the yellow mountains, like a flood that is flowing to its sea. You are taken by them toward the mountains, on and on, till the world is closing in, and you know the way must come to an end. And it comes to an end—in a tomb.

You go to a door in the rock, and a guardian lets you in, and wants to follow you in. Prevent him if you can. Pay him. Go in alone. For this is the tomb of Amenhotep II; and he himself is here, far down, at rest under the mountain, this king who lived and reigned more than fourteen hundred years before the birth of Christ. The ravine-valley leads to him, and you should go to him alone. He lies in the heart of the living rock, in the dull heat of the earth's bowels, which is like no other heat. You descend by stairs and corridors, you pass over a well by a bridge, you pass through a naked chamber; and the king is not there. And you go on down another staircase, and along another corridor, and you come into a pillared chamber, with paintings on its walls, and on its pillars, paintings of the king in the presence of the gods of the under-world, under stars in a soft blue sky. And below you, shut in on the farther side by the solid mountain in whose breast you have all this time been walking, there is a crypt. And you turn away from the bright paintings, and down there you see the king.

Many years ago in London I went to the private view of the Royal Academy at Burlington House. I went in the afternoon, when the galleries were crowded with politicians and artists, with dealers, gossips, quid nunes, and *flâneurs;* with authors, fashionable lawyers, and doctors; with men and women of the world; with young dandies and actresses *en vogue*. A roar of voices went up to the roof. Every one was talking, smiling, laughing, commenting, and criticizing. It was a little picture of the very worldly world that loves the things of to-day and the chime of the passing hours. And suddenly some people near me were silent, and some turned their heads to stare with a strangely fixed attention. And I saw coming toward me an emaciated figure, rather bent, much drawn together, walking slowly on legs like sticks. It was clad in black, with a gleam of color. Above it was a face so intensely thin that it was like the face of death. And in this face shone two eyes that seemed full of —the other world. And, like a breath from the other world passing, this man went by me and was hidden from me by the throng. It was Cardinal Manning in the last days of his life.

The face of this king is like his, but it has an even deeper pathos as it looks upward to the rock. And the king's silence bids you be silent, and his immobility bids you be still. And his sad, and unutterable resignation sifts awe, as by the desert wind the sand is sifted into the temples, into the temple of your heart. And you feel the touch of time, but the touch of eternity, too. And as, in that rock-hewn sanctuary, you whisper "Pax vobiscum," you say it for all the world.

MULLIGAN AND CASPAR

BY FREDERICK WALWORTH BROWN

WITH PICTURES BY JOHN SLOAN

THEY were about the most haphazard pair that ever consorted together since Noah's wonderful collection. Mulligan was Irish, six feet three long, with hair like a daub of red paint, and a face to stop the toothache. Caspar was probably Dutch, nine inches high, and built on the general lines of a snake. Mulligan was human, even if appearances were against him. Caspar was a dog, and a pup at that.

They loved one another extravagantly. Caspar slept on Mulligan's feet every night of his life, and bit him gently in the calf when he snored too loud. During the day he followed round so close to Mulligan's heels that they looked like a caricature of a centaur, or two sides of a perambulating right-angled triangle.

Mulligan, being Irish, was full of joyousness, while Caspar was never anything but solemn. I suppose this was due to his formation. He could n't cut capers as a pup should, for his legs never got more than four inches long. His legs always bothered Caspar. They were not long enough for a proper dog's, and they were n't quite short enough for a snake's. They were one of those unhappy mediums that are not good for much of anything. Caspar took seventeen steps to Mulligan's one, and his tongue was hanging out at the finish.

The best part of it was that Mulligan paid four dollars for Caspar as a "sure-enough hound-dog." He had a "hound-dog" head right enough, and the fellow that sold him swore he came of blooded stock, and promised to send Mulligan his pedigree. At that time Caspar was about three inches high and a foot long, and while Mulligan thought he was a mite short on altitude, he reckoned his legs would stretch some later on; so he paid over his four dollars, and took him.

Caspar's legs did grow, but apparently his body had such a start

"THEY LOOKED LIKE . . . TWO SIDES OF A PERAMBULATING RIGHT-ANGLED TRIANGLE"

of them that they became discouraged, and did not put as much spirit into their growing as they might. At any rate, his body kept right on adding cubits to its stature till in the end it had made Caspar a most astonishing object.

Mulligan, however, never would admit he was a fraud. He always stoutly maintained that Caspar was a hound, but that somebody had fed him whisky when he was young, and that it went to his legs and stunted them.

"Sometimes whisky 'll go to a man's head," he would say, "an' sometimes to his legs; an' it 's glad I am it did n't go to Caspar's head. 'T is him is no fool."

Mulligan's job was that of foreman of a section gang composed of a swarthy crew of padrone slaves from Naples. It was Mulligan's pride that if his was not the best-kept section in the division, at least there was none better, and to maintain this vaunt he drove his cohort of the sons of mighty Rome, as Cæsar in forced marches drove the conquering legions of their fathers through the plains of transalpine Gaul.

His cohort swore by Mulligan as the legions swore by Cæsar, and for much the same reason. Cæsar's conquests meant booty, and Mulligan's meant money for his slaves that did not necessarily go to the padrone. The division superintendent bestowed a quarterly bonus for the best-kept section in his division, and for three consecutive quarters Mulligan's gang had taken down the prize. The money being paid to Mulligan for distribution, the padrone never got his fingers on it, and the Neapolitans sang lauds to Mulligan.

Mulligan's own share he lavished on embellishments for Caspar. The first quarter's prize secured a handsome collar, the second a silver name-plate, and the third a gorgeous red blanket under which Caspar reposed with comfort on chilly nights.

The fourth quarter was now approaching its end, and Mulligan had been driving his gang mercilessly in the effort to secure the prize again. Shafer, who had Section Number 10, the next to the south, was openly making a bid for it, and Shafer had an advantage, owing to fewer embankments and cuts. But, on the other hand, Mulligan's section was in better shape to start with, and with the prestige of three previous successes, the gang worked willingly and hard.

The sides of cuts and embankments were graded to a painful regularity, the grass was cut along the right of way, the cinder roadbed had been raked and leveled with mathematical precision, and everything was in readiness for the tour of inspection. When they knocked off work that night, Mulligan cast an anxious eye toward the west.

"I 'm a bit fearful we 'll be havin' rain, Caspar," he said. "That 'll be bad for us, but, glory be! 't will be the same for Shafer."

Caspar barked once in solemn reply. Caspar's voice was one of his distinguishing features, and one of the strongest points of evidence in favor of his hound-dog ancestry. It was deep, melodious, and resonant, and, best of all, he used it sparingly. Much of it at one time would have been like the "Hallelujah Chorus" or a siren fog-horn, magnificent, no doubt, but fatiguing. But Caspar, with a wisdom surprising in one of his years, spoke rarely unless spoken to, and then with a brevity which enhanced the value of his remarks.

As Mulligan left his boarding house after supper, he took another look toward the west.

" 'T is rain we 'll be gettin' sure, Caspar," he announced.

"*Ra-a-a-w-r.!*" said Caspar.

"An' if she comes like she looks to be comin', she 'll wash out the gravel cut on the south end to beat the divil, an' me sweatin' over them dagoes the best part of a week for to level it. But Shafer 'll get it, too."

"*Ra-a-a-w-r.!*" agreed Caspar.

They proceeded to the tool-house, where Mulligan, being a bachelor, preferred to bunk. The sun set behind a mass of spreading black cloud in which lightning played in tongues of fire. Mulligan smoked his pipe before the shanty and watched the approaching storm, with Caspar sitting silent at his feet.

For half an hour the cloud seemed to make little progress, and Mulligan had even begun to hope that it might roll around to the south and light on Shafer while it passed him by, when with the effect of startling suddenness the bank of cloud swept to the zenith and the thunder

took on a crashing reverberation in place of the muttered rumblings.

Mulligan retreated within, and lighting his lantern, pulled a dog-eared novel from his pocket, and settled himself for a storm-bound evening. Mulligan's one indulgence was in strong literature. Romance had passed him by in the actual affairs of life, and with an instinctive craving he sought to remedy her slight by dipping deep in the loves of others.

The narrative in his hand was a most absorbing production. The noble lord and the beautiful scullion, the bloody-minded villain with treachery in his eye and a forged letter in his pocket—they were all there. The plot was as thick as cylinder oil and of the same greenish-yellow complexion.

Outside the thunder crashed in steady volleys of artillery, the lightning beggared the yellow flame of the lantern at every instant, and above on the roof the rain roared like a menagerie at meal-time; but what did Mulligan care? The villain had the beautiful scullion by the throat, his blood-shot eyes peered into hers, and the noble lord was still two pages from the scene!

Mulligan, with one work-coarsened finger pushing frantically along to aid his sight, was jumping the big words from sheer excitement, hardly breathing in his apprehension lest the noble lord should be too late, when Caspar put up his nose and spoke against the crashing thunder and the roaring rain.

Nothing but Caspar could have halted Mulligan in his mad pursuit of romance; but he always heeded Caspar. He tore himself from the narrative, the useful finger marking the place at the words, "'Infamous wretch!' she hissed," and looked inquiringly at Caspar, who was hugging the shanty door.

"What 's wrong wid ye, Caspar?" demanded Mulligan.

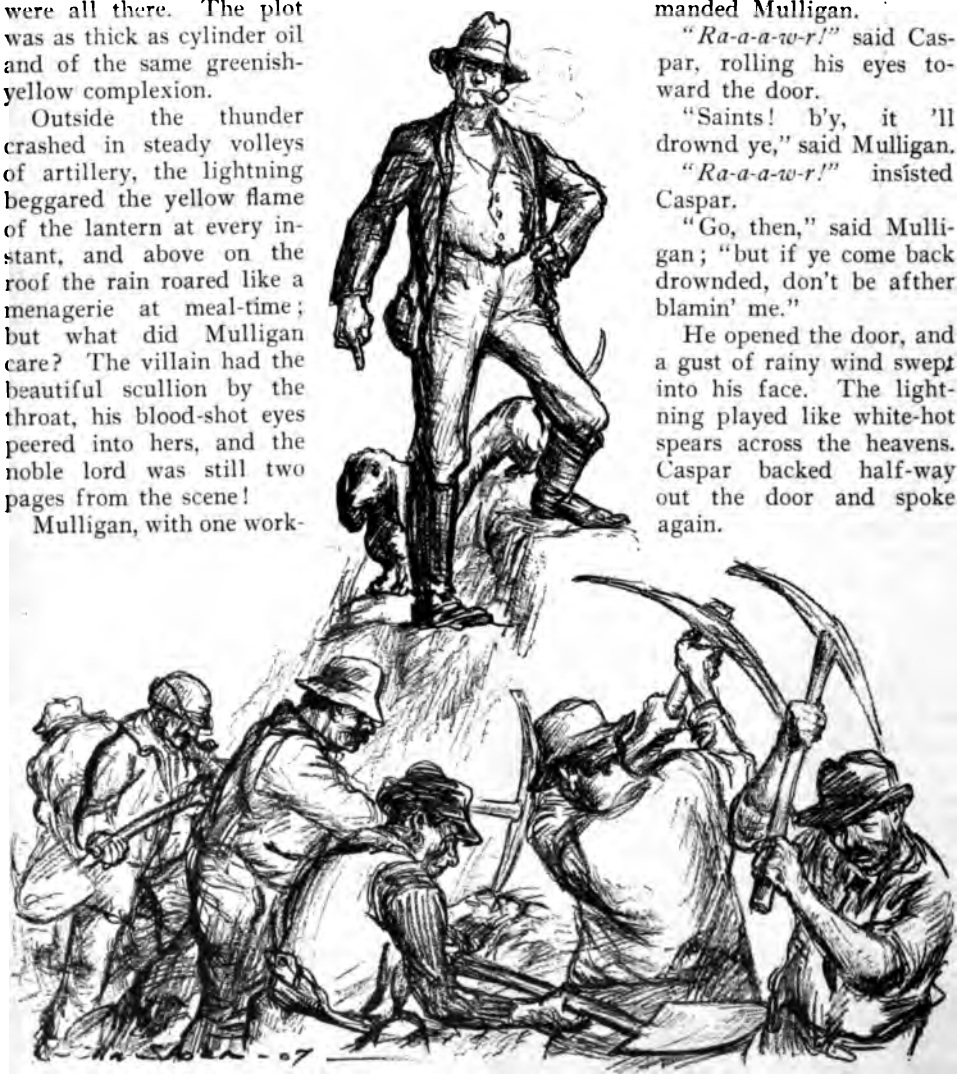
"*Ra-a-a-w-r!*" said Caspar, rolling his eyes toward the door.

"Saints! b'y, it 'll drownd ye," said Mulligan.

"*Ra-a-a-w-r!*" insisted Caspar.

"Go, then," said Mulligan; "but if ye come back drownded, don't be afther blamin' me."

He opened the door, and a gust of rainy wind swept into his face. The lightning played like white-hot spears across the heavens. Caspar backed half-way out the door and spoke again.



"HE DROVE HIS COHORT OF THE SONS OF MIGHTY ROME"

"For the love o' Mary, don't stand there in the dure!" cried Mulligan. "Come in or go out, one. Ye 're wantin' me wid ye? Saints! b'y, 't is no night to go bedanderin' over the counthry. Come in an' set quiet."

"*Ra-a-a-w-r!*" said Caspar in his best bass and backed some inches farther out. There was still the best part of a foot of him inside.

"Sure ye 've somethin' on yer mind. Belike I 'd best go wid yez," commented Mulligan.

He deposited the novel face downward, where he could resume the enthralment instantly upon his return, pulled a suit of oilskins over his clothes, knocked out his pipe, and plunged out after the overjoyed, if undemonstrative, Caspar. Through the lightning-riven darkness the right-angled triangle proceeded backward, so to speak, Caspar for once leading the way.

He was plainly in a hurry, and although anything in the way of speed was denied him by the very lines of his construction, it was yet clear enough to Mulligan that he was hastening at his very best pace. He led the way to the cut, plunged down the hand-car runway to the roadbed, and turned south between the rails. Mulligan followed, wondering.

On the ties Caspar made better progress. He seemed in a manner built for a track-walker. With his hind feet resting on one sleeper his fore feet fell naturally on the second in front, and he thus proceeded easily and comfortably, as though walking a plank-road.

A quarter of a mile south of the toolhouse the railway, still in a deep cut, swung a curve to the left. As they approached this curve, Mulligan, between the explosions of the thunder, heard sounds which caused him to quicken his pace beyond the possibilities of Caspar, and the dog was presently left behind as his master rushed forward.

Around the curve the lightning disclosed a busy scene. On the rails stood a hand-car, and above it on the side of the cut appeared a gang of laboring men. Picks and shovels were working diligently to help the forces of nature in the business of ruining Mulligan's carefully leveled banks of gravel. Between the rails stood a burly figure, whom Mulligan recognized at once as Shafer.

Mulligan was in full career to descend upon his perfidious competitor and abolish him from off the face of the earth when Shafer, satisfied with his accomplishment at that particular point, suddenly called off his men. As the seven Neapolitans, armed with picks and shovels, descended the bank, Mulligan discerned that the obliteration of Shafer must be postponed, and accordingly pulled up, though fairly frothing with rage. The odds of one against eight were too many, and discretion curbed his valor.

Shafer transferred his gang some fifty yards farther south, and began operations at a fresh point. The hand-car was carelessly left behind, and Mulligan saw the opening for the beginnings of revenge. With caution he approached it, using the intervals of darkness to rush forward, and crouching during the long flashes of the lightning. He reached it undetected, and halted for a glance down the track.

Shafer stood between the rails intent upon the business of earning the quarterly bonus by fair means or foul, and the degenerate sons of Italy were already at work high up the bank. Mulligan boarded the car. Caspar arrived panting, and Mulligan pulled him up by the slack of his neck. Then throwing off the brakes, he grasped the crank-bar, and the car moved away north.

With a clank and a rattle the car gathered way, Mulligan pumping the lever vigorously.

"Speak to them, Caspar!" he said. "The dirty marauders. Let them know we 're on to them. Speak, b'y!"

"*Ra-a-a-w-r!*" said Caspar to whom a ride on a hand-car was ever a vast amusement.

A yell behind announced discovery, and Mulligan grinned as he labored on the lever. Pursuit was hopeless, as well he knew. They surged around the curve, already going at an excellent one-man pace. Caspar squatted close, and from time to time announced his delight in his hound-dog voice. They passed the toolhouse at ten miles an hour, and continued half a mile beyond to the trestle over Deep Creek.

At the edge Mulligan stopped the car long enough to land Caspar, then pro-

ceeded slowly to the center of the narrow span. Beneath, the creek roared in a torrent swollen by the burst of rain. The bridge had no guard-rails, and alighting, Mulligan upturned one side of the car till it toppled over the edge and plunged down into the creek.

"And that 'll make trouble for me friend Shafer," said he as the splash came up to him.

He returned to Caspar, and, enjoining him to silence, started back toward the tool-house. A moment later he discerned the vanguard of the pursuers coming on the run, and took to the underbrush beyond the right of way till they had toiled past, the burly Shafer puffing in the rear.

"Come on now, b'y," said Mulligan, and started on at a run. Caspar toiled after, losing ground at every step. Past the tool-house and around the curve went Mulligan still at a run, and presently arrived at Shafer's latest point of operations.

Seven picks and seven shovels lay there unguarded, just as their wielders had dropped them at the call to pursue their flying means of transportation. Mulligan gathered them in a sheaf, clasped them to his bosom as gladly as Winkelried gathered in the spears, and hastened back to the shanty, encountering the weary Caspar on the way.

"THE CAR MOVED AWAY NORTH"

Locking the door, Mulligan lighted the lantern, deposited the confiscated implements in a corner of the tool-house under a concealing pile of such junk as accumulates in such places, and stripping off his oilskins, turned in for the night. The lightning had passed on in the forefront

of the storm, but the rain continued in a steady, drenching downpour; and as Mulligan listened to its pounding on his roof, he thought with satisfaction of Shafer and his cohort returning wearily afoot through rain and darkness to Section Number 10.

Bright and early next morning Mulligan and Caspar got to work with the Neapolitans to repair the ravages of the storm. The laborers found it hard to believe that one short thunderstorm could effect such damage. For rods the high bank on one side of the track had been torn into deep gullies and the debris deposited in the ditch below. Here and there appeared the waterworn tracks of hobnailed shoes, but the effete sons of Italy could not read the signs.

"Buta, Meester Mulligan, why is she deestroy only ona one side?" cried one of them, and pointed to the opposite embankment, which by contrast appeared to have escaped unscathed.

"Niver mind," replied Mulligan. "Git busy wid yer shovels now. Mebbe 't was the way the wind blowed."

He was driving them with explicit directions that were accomplishing marvels of rapid restoration when a north-bound freight pulled through, and slowed to allow Shafer and two of his cohorts to alight. Shafer appeared worried as he approached.

"Say, Mulligan," he began, "have you seen anything o' my hand-car?"

"Hand-car!" said Mulligan. "Ye ain't lost yer hand-car!"

"Yes, I have," said Shafer.

"Lost yer *hand-car!*" said Mulligan. "W'y, man, a hand-car ain't no breastpin. How c'u'd ye lose her?"

"Somebody stole it, o' course," said Shafer.

"But don't ye lock yer tool-house at night?"

"Sure; but somebody busted the lock," lied Shafer. "I think they come this way with it."

"An' what makes ye think they come this way wid it?" asked Mulligan, with interest. "Go on wid yer worruk, ye domn dagoes!" he shouted to his minions, who had paused to listen. "This here is between Mr. Shafer an' me."

"W'y, if they 'd went south," said Shafer, "Forbes would 'a' heard 'em pass the tower at the junction, an' reported 'em."

"Did ye ask Forbes if he heard 'em?"

"No; but he 'd 'a' reported 'em if they 'd went that way. You ain't seen it, eh?"

"I 've not seen yer car on my section this mornin', Mr. Shafer," answered Mulligan; "but I 've not been to the north end. I 've worruk enough here. The rain raised the divil wid this cut, as ye see."

He looked Shafer squarely in the face as he spoke, and the boss of Number 10 shifted uneasily. "An' the strange thing of it is, the damage is all on the wan side," went on Mulligan. "It must 'a' rained murtherous on this side an' next to none over there. How 'd it serve you?"

"Oh, I got a couple o' bad pieces," said Shafer. "But if I had my car an' my tools, I could mend 'em in a hurry."

"Tools!" said Mulligan. "Ye ain't lost yer tools, too?"

"Every shovel an' pick in the shanty," returned Shafer, bitterly. "An' here the old man 'll be down in a day or two fer inspection, an' I got nothin' to work with."

"Sure now that 's tough," agreed Mulligan. "If I had n't this bit of a washout to mend, I c'u'd lend ye some; but I 'm usin' all mine, as ye see. Go on wid yer worruk, ye dark-complected Eyetalians! W'u'd ye lay down to rest ivery time I turrn me back to speak wid a friend? Git busy, I tell ye!"

"I 'm up against it, I guess," said Shafer. "Think they 'll make me pay for the car an' the tools?"

"When yer house was broke into an' them stole!" cried Mulligan. "No, I don't see how they can make ye pay in them circumstances. Now, if ye 'd been out wid the car an' the tools, takin' them, say, some place ye had no business fer to be, an' lost 'em, same as ye might lose a ring off yer finger, then belike they 'd hold ye raysponsible."

Shafer glanced at him critically, with suspicion burning in his eyes, but Mulligan's face was guileless.

"Well," said Shafer, "I guess I 'll take a look further on. Mebbe they 've left her up the road a piece."

"Good luck to yez!" returned Mulligan. "It 's that sorry I am I can't l'ave

ye the use o' my tools; but ye see how I 'm fixed."

At that moment Caspar, who had been reposing in the sun-warmed grass on the top of the bank, rose, and looked down upon them. After a scrutinizing observation of Shafer, he lifted up his voice.

"*Ra-a-a-w-r!*" said Caspar, without warning, and Shafer halted and wheeled toward the sound. He seemed to recognize an acquaintance in that voice. From his eager manner one might have thought Caspar had been his dog and that Mulligan had stolen him.

"Whose dog is that?" he demanded.

"Mine," said Mulligan, proudly. "Come along down here, Caspar," he called, and Caspar glided over the edge of the bank, slid to the bottom like a legless reptile, and, approaching, assumed his proper position as the base of the right-angled triangle.

"*Ra-a-a-w-r!*" he said again, with a sidelong look at Shafer.

Mulligan regarded him with the blind pride of a parent. " 'T is a grand voice he 's got, eh, Shafer?" he said. "Once ye 've heard it, ye 'll niver fergit it."

"MULLIGAN GATHERED THEM IN A SHEAF"

Suspicion had grown perilously near to certainty in Shafer's eyes. He looked quickly from Caspar to Mulligan and back again at Caspar.

"Never heard a voice like it," he said absent-mindedly, and moved off.

"Never did, eh?" said Mulligan, dryly. "Well, good luck to yez!"

Shafer departed with his two Italians on the doubtful trail of a strayed handcar, and Mulligan with a chuckle returned to his gang. By working hard all

day and cleaning up odds and ends at breakneck speed next morning, they succeeded in putting the section in top shape once more before the superintendent's car came through that afternoon. As the special moved slowly into the section, Shafer dropped off, and Mulligan seized the hand-rail of the back platform and swung aboard.

Here stood the "old man," impassively whittling a pine stick in long, smooth shavings, and, as Mulligan well knew, taking note of every cinder and every pebble within the limits of the right of way. Slowly the train pulled through Mulligan's three miles. The "old man" said never a word, but his shrewd little eyes took on a look of satisfaction as the level banks of the cut came into view. They rumbled over Deep Creek trestle and out of its diminishing waters Mulligan saw projecting what appeared to be the lever of a hand-car.

At the end of the section Mulligan prepared to swing off, when the "old man" turned to him for the first time.

"You win, Terence," he said. "There is n't a better-looking piece of road than that in the United States."

"Thank ye, sor," said Mulligan, and dropped off.

Next day Shafer turned up again.

"Say, Mulligan," he began at once, "if you know anything of my car an' tools, tell me. I 'm like to be fired fer losin' 'em."

"Well," said Mulligan, slowly, "I 've some tools in the shanty I dunno the owner of. If ye can prove they 're yours, ye can have them. An' there 's the hand-bar of a car stickin' out o' Deep Creek, an' fer aught I know there may be a whole car under it. Ye can have that, too, but ye 'll need the wreck crew to git it."

"Then ye lied to me," snapped Shafer.

"No, I did n't lie to ye," said Mulligan, taking a step nearer; "but, Shafer, next time ye 're afther comin' over to my section wid yer domn Eyetalians an' yer hand-car an' yer tools, wid the malicious intent fer to tear down me embankments, lemme advise ye as a friend to stay home. That way ye 'll keep out o' trouble."

"*Ra-a-a-w-r!*" agreed Caspar in his deepest bass.

PROTEUS

BY E. R.

IN MEMORY OF WILLIAM SHARP ("FIONA McLEOD")

THE house upon the chalk-cliff hears the sea
That chides and babbles there, and every word
A wave, repeating still the tune he heard;
The thrush upon the balsam, from the tree
Gives earth's reply; and warm and fragrantly
The early wall-flower breathes across the sward
Articulate perfume, in a rich accord
Embodying for us Proteus' memory.
Is he a part with wind and morning light?
His ashes lie far south in Sicily,
Not far from Etna; but the flame they spent
It is a spirit, one with day and night,
Changed with the changes of the earth and sea,
And wrapt about with fire's old element.

HOW CARTY CARTERET PROPOSED

BY DAVID GRAY

Author of "Gallops," etc.

BARCLAY slowly guided his horse through the mounted throng to the spot where Mr. Carteret Carteret was sitting on a brown thoroughbred watching the hounds as they came straggling out of the spinney. They had drawn blank. The fox was not at home. When Barclay reached his friend he pulled up, as if chance had brought him there, and said nothing. After a few moments he began, as if an idea had just come to him:

"It has occurred to me, Carty," he said, "that if we brought American horses to England, we could make a lot of money."

"That idea has occurred to others," replied Carty, without turning his head. He was absorbed in the enjoyable discovery that the scene before him was like a hunting-print. The browns of the wood and bracken, the winter green of the hill pastures, the scarlet coats, the gray sky of the English winter, were all happily true to art. "As I say," he went on, "the idea has occurred to others, but I have never heard that any one made money."

"That is because they have n't sent over good horses," said Barclay. "Suppose we brought over only such thoroughbred horses as we raise on the Wyoming ranch."

"I don't think it would make any difference," said Carty. "There is a prejudice against American horses."

"Exactly," said Barclay; "and the way to meet it would be to have them ridden and handled by a well-known Englishman. In fact, I have the man in mind."

"Who?" asked Carty.

"Young Granvil," was the answer.

Why Barclay should be interested in making money out of a horse business or in any other way had perplexed Carty, for it was not according to his habits of mind. Now it became clear to him, and he suppressed a cynical smile. "I don't suppose Lady Withers has discussed this matter with you," he observed.

"In a general way, yes," replied Barclay; "but it was my suggestion."

"Of course," said Carty.

Barclay paused awkwardly for a moment, then he said: "Why should n't I talk it over with Lady Withers? She is a very intelligent woman, and a good judge of a horse?"

"An excellent judge of almost everything," said his friend, "and especially of young men. My son," he continued (Barclay was five years his junior), "it is commendable of Lady Withers to provide for the Hon. Cecil James Montague Granvil. He is her nephew and flat broke, and he needs people to look after him because he is almost less than half-witted. But that is no reason why you should be the person to look after him."

"You are unjust to Cecil," said Barclay, "and most unkind in your insinuations as to Lady Withers. This was my own idea entirely, and I think it would be profitable for both of us. You know you are always complaining because I don't take more interest in the ranches."

"If I have been unkind to Lady Withers," said Carty, "I am going to be much more so."

Barclay looked challengingly. "What do you mean?" he demanded.

"Lady Withers," said Carty, "is a widow, aged forty-four,—you can verify

that in Burke,—a man-eater by temperament and habit. You are twelve years younger than she, with a great deal more money than is good for you. Whether she intends to marry you I don't pretend to know, but it is not unlikely. At any rate, you are unquestionably on the list as a source of income."

Somewhat to Mr. Carteret's surprise, Barclay listened calmly.

"Do you really think Lady Withers considers me eligible?" he asked.

"She does, if she has any true conception of your income."

Barclay smiled a pleased smile. "I shall not stop to discuss Lady Withers's age," he said. "Have you any objections to her aside from that?"

Carty looked at him with outward calm, but inwardly he was filled with horror. "Are you engaged to her?" he asked.

"I am not," said Barclay.

"Then I shall tell you," he went on, "that I have objections. Their nature I have no time to disclose at present further than to say that any woman who puts a nice girl like her niece upon the horse she is riding to-day is a bad lot."

Barclay's expression changed. "What is the matter with the horse?" he demanded.

"I 'm not sure that I know *all* that is the matter with him," said Carty, "but I would n't ride him over a fence for the Bank of England."

"Do you know that, or are you just talking?" said Barclay.

"I ought to know," said the other. "I owned him. After what he did to me, I ought to have shot him. We 'd better jog along," he added, "or we shall get pocketed and never get through the gate."

The huntsman had called his hounds and was carrying them to the next cover, and Carty set his horse to a trot and struggled for a place in the vast scarlet-coated throng that surged toward the gate leading out of the meadow. At the same time Barclay disappeared.

"I hope he tells Lady Withers about the horse," said Carteret to himself. "If she does n't keep her hands off him, I shall tell her several things myself."

Just at that moment the eddying currents of the human maelstrom brought him alongside a slender little figure in a weather-beaten habit and a bowler hat jammed down to her ears over a mass of golden hair. Although the knot of hair was twisted cruelly tight, and although the hat did its best to cover it, even a man's eye could see that it was profuse and wonderful. A glance at the horse, and he knew that he was beside Lady Mary Granvil, Lady Withers's niece. "Good afternoon," he said and she turned toward him. It was a sad rather than a pretty face, but one's attention never rested long upon it, for a pair of gray eyes shone from under the brows, and after the first glance one looked at the eyes.

"Good afternoon," he said again. The eyes rather disconcerted him. "Do you happen to know anything about that horse you 're riding?"

"It 's one that my aunt bought quite recently," said the girl. "She and Cecil wished me to try it."

"I hope you won't think me rude," said Carteret, "but I once owned him, and I think you 'll find this horse of mine a much pleasanter beast to ride. I 'll have the saddles changed."

Lady Mary looked at him, and a light flashed in her gray eyes. "You are very good," she said, "but this is my aunt's horse, and my brother told me to ride it." She forged ahead, and disappeared in the currents of the crowd.

"I did that very badly," he said to himself, and fell into the line and waited for his turn at the gate.

He and Barclay, Lady Withers, and many other people were stopping the week-end at Mrs. Ascot-Smith's, who had Chilliecote Abbey, and when he got home that afternoon he went at once to the great library, where the ceremony of tea was celebrated. The daylight was fading from the mullioned windows as it had faded on winter afternoons for three hundred years. Candles burned on the vacant card-tables, while the occupants of the room gathered in the glow of the great Elizabethan fireplace and conversed and ate. As he approached the circle, Lady Withers turned and saw him.

"Did you have another run after we left?" she asked.

"Yes," said Carty; "rather a good one."

"I am so glad," she said.

She looked at him, and her eyes beamed. There was a display of red lips and white teeth, and a sort of general facial radiation. It was an effort usually fatal to guardsmen, but it affected Mr. Carteret like the turning on of an electric heater, and he backed away as if he felt the room were warm enough.

"Tell me," she went on in her soft, delightfully modulated voice, "are n't you interested with Mr. Barclay in some farms?"

"We own two ranches together," said Carty.

"Yes, that was it," said Lady Withers; "and you raise horses on them."

Carty knew what was coming. "Yes; ranch horses," he said dryly.

"And such good ones, as Mr. Barclay was telling me," said Lady Withers. "He made me quite enthusiastic with his account of it all, and he is so anxious to have dear Cecil manage them in England; but before Cecil decides one way or the other I want your advice."

Carty looked at her and stroked his mustache. His opportunity to save Barclay had come.

"My advice would be worth very little," he said; "but I can give you all the facts, and of course Barclay—well, he can't."

A shade of apprehension crossed Lady Withers's face. "And why not?" she demanded.

"I should rather not go into that," said Carty. "Of course the great objection to the scheme is that it would be unprofitable for Mr. Granvil, because no one would buy our horses."

"But would n't they," said Lady Withers, "if they were good ones?"

"Major Hammerslea can answer that question better than I," said Carty. He looked toward that great man and smiled. The major was the author of "The British Hunter, and How to Ride Him," and Carty knew his views.

"No one," said the major, impressively, "would buy an American horse if he desired to make or possess a really good hunter."

"But why advertise that they were American?" observed Lady Withers, blandly.

"How could you hide it?" said the major.

"Exactly," said Carty.

"Furthermore," observed the major, his interest in the controversy growing, "the output of a single breeding institution would scarcely make it worth Cecil's while to manage an agency for their distribution."

"I think you don't understand," said Lady Withers, "that Mr. Carteret has a large place."

"My friend the Duke of Westchester," began the major, "has in his breeding farm eight thousand acres—"

"But I 've no doubt that Mr. Carteret's is very nearly as large," interrupted Lady Withers.

"I don't think size has anything to do with it," said Carty, uneasily. "The fact is, we don't raise the kind of horse that English dealers would buy."

"I think size has much to do with it," replied the major.

"I wish," said Lady Withers, "that you would tell Major Hammerslea exactly how large your farms are."

"I don't know exactly," said Carty. "There is something over a million acres in the Texas piece, and something under six hundred thousand in Wyoming."

"I thought so," said Lady Withers, calmly, and the major walked over to the table and took a cigar. "Looking at it from all points of view," she continued, after a pause, "it would be just the thing for Cecil. He is intelligent with regard to horses."

"But I don't wish to go to Texas," said the Hon. Cecil, who had joined the group. "They say the shootin' 's most uncommon moderate."

"It is n't necessary *yet* for you to go to Texas," said Lady Withers, coldly. "Mr. Carteret and I are arranging to employ your talents in England."

"Of course another objection," said Carty, "is that Granvil is too good a man to waste on such an occupation. The horse business is very confining. It 's an awful bore to be tied down."

"You are absolutely right about that," said the Hon. Cecil, with a burst of frankness. "You don't know what a relief it is to be out of the Guards. Awfully confining life, the Guards."

"I think," said Lady Withers, apparently oblivious to the views of her nephew, "that Mr. Barclay takes rather

the more businesslike view of these matters. It is he, I fancy, who looks after the affairs of your estates; and I should judge," she continued, "that, after all, his advice to a young man like Cecil with a very moderate income would be wiser. I believe very much in an occupation for young men."

Carty saw that his time had come. He looked at Lady Withers and smiled sadly. "Of course I 'm very fond of old Barclay," he said in a lower tone, "and of course he is awfully plausible—" Then he stopped, apparently because Major Hammerslea was returning with his cigar.

"What do you mean?" asked Lady Withers.

Carty made no direct reply, but moved toward the piano, and Lady Withers followed. "It is best to speak plainly," he said, "because, after all, business is business, as we say."

"Exactly," said Lady Withers. Her teeth had ceased to gleam. The radiance had left her face, though not the bloom upon it. Her large, beaming eyes had contracted. She looked twenty years older.

"The fact is," said Carty, steadily, "that Barclay is not the business manager of our ranches. He is not a business man at all. Indeed, he is so unbusinesslike that everything he 's got is in the hands of a trustee. He is allowed only a part of his income, and he gets that monthly, like a remittance-man. He is not in actual want; but—"

"I see," said Lady Withers, coldly. "I had misunderstood the situation." She turned and crossed to one of the card-tables and sat down.

After she had gone, Carty lighted a cigarette and went out. It was his intention to go to his room, have his tub, and change. His mind was relieved. He had no fear that Lady Withers would either beam or radiate for a young man whose fortune was in captivity to a trustee. He had saved Barclay, and he was pleased with himself. As he passed through the twilight of the main hallway, the front door opened, and Lady Mary Granvil and Barclay entered side by side. It was the girl's voice that he heard first.

"Please go at once," she was saying.

"But there 's no hurry," said Barclay.

"Please, at once," said the girl. There was something in her tone that made Carty turn from the stairs and go forward to meet them.

"I 've snapped my collar-bone," said Barclay. "It 's nothing."

The girl drew back a step into the heavy shadow of the corner, but Carty did not notice it. "So old True Blue has put you down at last," he said.

"Yes," said Barclay; "that is—"

"He was riding my horse," said Lady Mary.

"I see," observed Carty.

"The horse was all right," said Barclay, hurriedly. "It was my own fault. I took hold of his head at a piece of timber. It was n't the horse you thought it was," he added rather anxiously. "It was one they got from Oakly, the dealer."

Now, Carty had sold the horse to Oakly, yet he said nothing, but stood and looked from one to the other. Disturbing suspicions were springing up in the depths of his mind.

The girl broke the silence. "You ought to get it set without any more delay," she said; "you really ought. It will begin to swell. Go up, and I shall have them telephone for the doctor."

"You are quite right," said Carteret; "but I 'll see about the doctor."

He turned and started toward the end of the hallway, searching for a bell. Presently it occurred to him that he had no idea of the doctor's name, and that there might be several doctors. He came back noiseless upon the heavy rug and all but invisible in the dusk of the unlighted hallway. Suddenly he stopped. The girl had been watching Barclay as he went up the stairs. As he passed out of sight, she turned and dropped into a chair with a little sigh, like one who has been under a strain. On the table beside her lay the silk muffler in which his arm had been tied. She took it up and began folding it. Then she smoothed it with curious little strokings and touches, and then suddenly pressing it to her cheek, put it down and disappeared through the morning-room doorway in a confusion in which she had surprised herself. The young man stepped back behind a curtain, and when he was sure that Lady Mary was not coming back, instead of ordering the doctor, he went to Barclay's room.

"I should like to know," he began.

"how it was that you were riding Mary Granvil's horse?"

Barclay met his look steadily. "I wanted to try it with a view to purchase," he answered. "You know Lady Withers had said she wished to sell it."

"Excuse me for being plain," said Carteret, "but my opinion is that no man would have ridden that horse when hounds were running unless he wanted to marry either the woman who owned it or the woman who was riding it."

"Well?" said Barclay.

Carty smiled. "Is it Lady Withers?" he asked.

"No," said Barclay; "it is n't Lady Withers."

"I 'm glad it 's the other one," said his friend. "When are you going to announce your engagement?"

Barclay shook his head. "I 'm up against it, Carty," he said.

"Does n't fancy you?" said Carty.

Barclay nodded.

"Well," said Carty, "I don't know any compelling reason why she should; but nice women have married worse men than you. Did she tell you that you had absolutely no chance?"

"She has n't said it in words," said Barclay, "but it 's what she would tell me if I came to the point about it."

"Have n't you asked her?" said Carty.

"No," said Barclay.

Carty gave an exclamation.

"It 's what makes the situation difficult," the youth went on. "I know she does n't care for me, and I can't bother her much because if Lady Withers thought I wanted to marry her—well, you know what she 'd do."

"Well," said Carty, "if she is n't forced to marry *your* money, she 'll have to marry Tappingwell-Sikes's, and, on the whole, I think she 'd prefer your railroads to his beer."

"What Sikes may do," said Barclay, "is not my business; but I want no woman to marry me if she does n't want to."

"Your sentiments are not discreditable," observed his friend; "but, after all, she may want to. You can't be sure until you ask her."

"Yes, I can," said Barclay. "I know how she feels. It 's right, too. I 'm not good enough for a girl like that."

"That is not an original sentiment," said Carty, "yet it may be true. However, it is a great mistake to act upon it when you are making love. A girl does n't want an apology, she wants a hero."

"In the second place," Barclay continued, "Captain Brinton has the inside track. He 's the man she cares about."

"No," said Carty, decisively; "they 're too much together in public."

Barclay shook his head dismally.

"My boy," continued the older man, "I 'm not surprised that you 're in love with Mary Granvil; I am myself, and, what 's more, I 'm not going to have her thrown away on a bounder like Tappingwell-Sikes. If you don't propose to her, I shall. I 'll keep my hands off for three weeks, and then look out."

Barclay smiled. "You don't frighten me very much," he said.

"But I 'm in earnest," said Carty. "It 's time for me to get married. I 'm not the kind for a grand passion, and that 's all in my favor when it comes to making love. In fact, my indifference to women is what makes me so attractive." He examined the broken collar-bone, sent a servant to telephone for the doctor, and left the room. "Now," he said to himself, "I 've got to go to Lady Withers and *un*save Barclay." And he went to the library where they were having tea.

It was Lady Withers's dummy, and the cards being excessively bad, she had risen and was walking about. As Carteret entered, she glanced at him coldly; but as he continued to approach, she held her ground.

"I have just had an idea," he began with an air of mystery.

"How very interesting!" observed Lady Withers. She neither beamed nor gleamed nor radiated.

"Yes," he went on, "it suddenly dawned upon me that you really wanted Cecil to have something to do."

"Really?" said Lady Withers.

"Exactly," said Carteret. He was making heavy weather, but he kept on. "You see, my first idea was that you were merely interested in bringing American horses to England, as it were, don't you see, for the humor of the thing—Haw! haw!"—He laughed painfully,—"and so, you see, I took Cecil's very natural view of the matter, that it would be a great

bore, don't you see, not realizing in the least that you wished it for his own good. Now I think, if you are serious about it, which of course I never fancied, that Cecil would be just the man to manage an agency and see that the horses were broken and schooled and got ready for the dealers to buy; and more than that, I think he ought to have a large share of the profits, don't you?"

"I must say," said Lady Withers, frankly, "that I do."

"And I think," he continued, "that he ought to have a salary besides."

"It seems only reasonable," she replied, "when you think of Cecil's influence and that sort of thing, to say nothing of his experience with horses. I happen to know that Lord Glen Rossmuir got five thousand pounds merely for going upon the board of the United Marmalade and Jam Company, and he gets a salary beside."

"And Cecil is far abler than Glen Rossmuir," said Carty.

"Far," said Lady Withers.

"And one more thing," said Carty; "what I said about Barclay's trustee was somewhat misleading, because, don't you see, the trust comes to an end in six weeks."

"And then," said Lady Withers, "do I understand that he will have control of his own fortune?"

"Unconditionally," said Carty. "And I may say that he is so very well off that he does n't have his name in the telephone-book, which in New York is something like being a duke."

"When will the first ship-load of the horses arrive?" asked Lady Withers.

Carty was taken aback, but an idea came to him. "It has just occurred to me," he said, "that a neighbor of ours in Wyoming is sending over some horses in the course of the next few days. I could wire him and have him bring over two or three for samples—patterns, you call them; and then, if they are what you approve of, we shall have a ship-load come over."

"Excellent!" said Lady Withers. "Wire him at once, and you also had better wire your manager, so that there may be no delay."

"I will," said Carteret. "And, by the way," he added, "if Cecil should need an assistant, do you think Captain Brinton would do?"

Lady Withers thought a moment, and looked doubtful. "He 's a nice boy," she said, "and without a penny; but he 's so mad about Christina Dalrymple that he would be good for nothing to lighten Cecil's duties. He bores poor dear Mary nearly to death confiding to her his love-affairs."

"Then we can leave the position of assistant manager open," said Carty.

"It would be better," said Lady Withers. She began to beam again. "In fact, I have another nephew; but I must play," she added, and went back to the card-table. "Cecil," she observed, before the hand began, "there will be some of Mr. Barclay's horses delivered at the Hall in a fortnight from now. Will you make your plans to be there for a few days?"

The Hon. Cecil was dealing, but he stopped. "I tell you it 's all rubbish, these American horses," he said petulantly. "And besides, they buck like devils. It 's an awful bore."

"Not any more than any thoroughbred young English horses might buck," said Carty. "They may kick and play, but it 's nothing."

"Cecil is only joking about the bucking," said a soft voice from the chimney-corner, and Carty recognized Lady Mary. "Cecil can ride anything that was ever saddled," she added.

"Still, it is a bore," said the Hon. Cecil.

"One word," said Carty in an undertone to Cecil. "Please tell Lady Withers that I 'm going to buy that horse your sister was riding."

"Good horse," said the Hon. Cecil, and he went on with his dealing.

Carty did not add that he was going to have him shot and fed to the hounds. Instead, he went back to the fireplace, where the gray eyes were gleaming in the firelight.

"You must n't keep Mr. Carteret from cabling," Lady Withers called from the bridge-table; "and while I think of it," she added, "won't you and Mr. Barclay come to Crumpeton for a week as soon as the horses arrive? I shall write you. Do you think that Mr. Barclay will come?"

"I think it probable," said Carty.

The firelight suddenly ceased to gleam

upon the gray eyes. They were turned toward the floor.

"That is very nice," said Lady Withers, arranging her cards; "but you must n't let me detain you. You know they might just miss a steamer."

"I 'm off," said Carty, and he left the room.

The party at Mrs. Ascot-Smith's dispersed next day. Carty went back to his own house, which he had done over in the American manner, to get warm, and to have a bath in a porcelain tub. Barclay returned with him to nurse his collar-bone. As he was unable to hunt, he went to the meets in a motor, and watched for the slim little figure in the weather-beaten habit. What he saw neither cheered nor reassured him.

"It is very natural," he said gloomily to Carty, "but there are at least a dozen men after her. Besides Sikes, there were four guardsmen who rode to cover with her, and then old Lord Watermere butted in. He 's looking for a third wife. You know yourself that when a man pays any attention to a woman out hunting it 's because he likes her."

"I don't know what their intentions are," said Carty; "but as far as I am concerned, you have three weeks less one day in which to propose to her. I want to do the fair thing," he continued, "and I advise you that the psychological moment would be while the collar-bone is a novelty. There is an American buggy in the stable, and an American trotting horse that drives with one hand. *Verb sap.*"

"But it is n't done in England," said Barclay.

"Buggy-riding," said Carty, "or its equivalent, is done wherever there is a man of spirit and a young lady with intuitions. The trouble with you," he went on, "is that you are too modest on the one hand and too self-important on the other. If you are not good enough for the girl, you need n't fear that Lady Withers will give you the preference over Sikes. This is the last advice I 'm going to give. Henceforth I act on my own account."

Barclay smiled doubtfully, but said nothing.

"I mean it," said Carty.

That afternoon at tea a telegram arrived from which Barclay gathered that his mother was in Paris, afflicted with a maid with chicken-pox, and that she was frantic with the sanitary regulations of the French government.

"Could n't I go?" said Carteret.

"No," said Barclay, "there are twenty-eight words in this despatch. It is a hurry-call for me." He took the night train.

Three weeks later he came back. He arrived late in the afternoon and found his companion before the fire looking thoughtfully at a note which he held in his hand. "I 'm glad to see you back," said Carty. "Have you proposed to Mary Granvil?"

"I," said Barclay. "No. How could I in Paris? Why?" There was an anxiety in his manner which suggested that he was not as resigned as he said he was.

"If you have n't been bungling," said Carty, "blessed if I know what has happened."

"Is it announced?" asked Barclay. "Is it Sikes?"

"Read Lady Withers's note," said Carty.

Barclay took the note and read:

DEAR MR. CARTERET:

You will doubtless not be surprised at my request that you remove your horses at once from my stables. It is a disappointment to me that an unforeseen change in my plans makes it impossible for me to have you and Mr. Barclay at Crumpeton this week.

Sincerely yours,
Constantia Granvil Withers.

"It 's Sikes," said Barclay.

"It may be," said Carty. "I ought to have taken the matter into my own hands a week ago."

"You don't mean you are in earnest," said Barclay.

"You will very soon find out," said Carty. "I have no false delicacy about proposing to a lady merely because I 'm not sure she 's in love with me."

At ten o'clock the next morning he and Barclay were sitting in the motor in front of Crumpeton, while the footman explained that the ladies were at the stables and Major Hammerslea was with them. Carty told the chauffeur to go to the stables, and there they got out. Standing saddled on the floor of an open box-stall was a showy-looking chestnut thorough-

bred horse. As was only natural, the occupants of the motor stopped to examine him, and Carty gave an exclamation of surprise. "If I am not mistaken," he said, "that is one of our Prince Royal colts." He looked carefully at the inside of the foreleg just below the armpit, and found a small brand. "It is," he announced, "By Jove! he *is* a good-looker!"

While he was doing this, Lady Withers's stud groom, Tripp, came out and touched his cap. " 'E 's a nice one, sir," said Tripp.

"He is," said Carty. "Is the other one as good?"

"Other one, sir?" said Tripp. "Wot other?"

"The other American horse that came with him," said Carty.

"This one only come 'alf an hour ago," said Tripp. " 'E 's Major Hammerslea's 'oss. 'E bought 'im last week at Tattersalls."

"You must be mistaken, Tripp," said Barclay; "this is one of the horses that we had sent out to Mr. Cecil."

"Beggin' your pardon, sir," said Tripp; "this is *not* one of the 'osses sent out to Mr. Cecil; this is Major Hammerslea's 'oss. The hannimals that arrived from America are in the lower stables."

"Thank you," said Carty; and they passed on in the direction indicated by Tripp. "There is no use wasting breath on that blockhead," he said to Barclay.

In the court of the lower stables they came upon Lady Withers and the major inspecting some two-year-olds.

"Good morning," said Carty. "I gathered from your note that you are dissatisfied with the horses. Would it be too much to tell me why?"

"It was my idea," said Lady Withers, "that Cecil should undertake the management of a horse agency, not a zoo."

"I am still in the dark," said Carteret, "but you speak as if they had given you some trouble."

"My dear fellow," said the major, "it has turned out precisely as I said it would."

"But it can't be anything very serious," said Carty.

"Oh, no—it is nothing serious," said Lady Withers, "to have two grooms in the hospital with fractured limbs, and to have no insurance upon them, to have Cecil bitten in the shoulder, to have my breaking harness torn to pieces and Tripp giving me notice. No one would consider that serious."

"There must be some mistake about this," said Carty. "As I told you, these horses were apt to buck playfully, but, if properly handled, would cause no trouble."

"It may be playfulness," said Lady Withers; "I saw one of them buck the saddle over his forelegs and head."

"That is a fact," said the major. "I had read of such a thing, but had never believed it possible."

"It is possible," said Carty, "but not with our horses."

"My dear sir," said the major, "as I was saying to Lady Withers, your horses may be very good horses in their own place in America, but they are not at all according to English ideas."

"At the same time," observed Carty, "I noticed that you are riding one of them."

The major looked at him in amazement. "I ride an American horse! What do you mean, sir?" he demanded.

"The chestnut horse," began Carty, with a gesture toward the upper stable.

"The chestnut horse," said the major, "I bought at Tattersalls three days ago. I know nothing about him except that he was quite the image of Prince Royal, a great sire that I once owned."

"He ought to look like him," said Carty; "Prince Royal is his father. I 'm certain about it because he 's marked with our Prince Royal brand."

The major and Lady Withers looked at Mr. Carteret, and then at each other. Their eyes seemed to say, "We must humor this person until attendants from the madhouse can be brought to secure him."

"Perhaps," said Lady Withers, "you would care to see *your* horses."

"I should like to see the other one," he said stubbornly, and they went into the stable.

Lady Withers paused before a box-stall which was boarded up to the ceiling. She cautiously opened the upper half of the door, and peered through the grating. Inside was a strange, thick-shouldered, goose-rumped, lop-eared brown creature covered with shaggy wool. It stood on

three legs, and carried its head low like the cat family.

"To me," said Lady Withers, "it looks like a bear; but I am assured that it is a horse. I would advise you not to go near it. This is the one that bit dear Cecil."

The two Americans gazed in amazement.

"A charming type of hunter," observed Lady Withers.

Carty made no reply. He was trying to think it out, but was making no headway. While thus engaged his eyes wandered down the stable passage, and he saw one of his own grooms approaching. Almost anything was pleasanter than contemplating the creature in the box-stall, so he watched the man approach. "I beg pardon, sir," said the man, "but the butler sent me to find you, sir, with a telegram that came just after you had left, sir."

Carteret tore open the envelop and read the message, which was a long one. As he finished a slight sigh escaped him. "This may interest the major," he observed, "and possibly explain various things." He handed the despatch to Lady Withers, who opened her lorgnette and began to read it to the major.

Police have Jim Siddons, one of our horse foremen. Has been drunk for week. Confesses he sold your horses at auction, but don't know where. Believes he shipped you two outlaws. Smallpox, brand, arrow V, and Hospital, brand, bar O. Hospital dangerous horse. Killed three men. Look out. Very sorry.

Reilly.

"Who is Reilly?" asked Lady Withers.

"Reilly," said Carty, "is the horse superintendent of Buffalo Bill's show. You see Buffalo Bill is the neighbor to whom I cabled."

"Then—" began Lady Withers, but the major interrupted her.

"Does this mean," he demanded, "that I have bought a stolen horse?"

"It means," said Carty, "that if you will accept an American horse from Mr. Barclay and myself, we shall be very much flattered."

"Really?" said the major. He began to discourse, but stopped as he saw that neither Carty nor Barclay was listening. Instead, they were trying to make out the brand on the creature in the box-stall.

"I can see the end of the arrow," said Carty. "This is Smallpox. Where is the bad one—Hospital?"

"Where is the other one?" asked Lady Withers of a stable-boy.

"In the back stable yard, your Ladyship," said the boy. "Lady Mary is riding him."

Each one of the four looked at the other spellbound with horror.

"Lady Mary!" gasped the major.

Carty and Barclay started for the back stable yard, but Barclay got there first. As he was opening the gate, Carty caught up. "Keep your head," he observed. There were sounds of hoofbeats, exclamations from grooms and other indications of battle. They went in and saw Lady Mary sitting on the back of a creature rather more hairy and unpleasant-looking than Smallpox. Her face was pink with exertion, but otherwise she looked as neat, unruffled, and slim as she always did in the saddle. Hospital had paused, and was gazing about out of the back of his eyes in sour wonder. He was not defeated. He was merely surprised that his preliminary exhibition had not left him alone with the saddle. When there was only the saddle to get rid of he usually got down to business and "bucked some," as they say in Western regions.

Lady Mary nodded as they entered, and her lips parted in a little smile.

"Good morning," said Carty. He saw that there was no time to be lost. "I 've something extremely important to tell you. Will you be good enough to get your leg well clear of the pommel and slip off that horse?"

"Well, really," said the girl, laughing, "it is so unpleasant getting on that I should rather you told me as I am."

"I will explain afterward," said Carty, "but you would oblige me very much by slipping off that horse immediately."

The girl looked at him. "I see now," she said, "you are afraid I 'll get bucked off."

"It would be no disgrace," he answered; "you are not sitting on a horse, but on an explosion."

"It would be a disgrace to get off because you were afraid," said the girl. "Besides," she continued in a lower voice, "I 'm very sorry for the way in which my

aunt and Cecil have acted in this matter. You warned them that the horses might buck playfully. You know the Granvils are supposed to ride." She broke off and spoke to the horse, for Hospital had satisfied his curiosity as to the newcomers, and was walking sidewise, deciding whether he would buck some more or roll over.

Barclay started for the brute's head, but his good arm was seized and he was thrust back. "My dear girl," said Carty, going a step closer, "if you have any feelings of humanity,"—he looked very grave and spoke in a low voice, but there was a smile in his eyes,—"I say, if you have any feelings of humanity," he repeated, "get off that horse at once. Here is a young man with something extremely important on his mind that is for your ear alone, and he 'll unquestionably get killed if he goes near enough that horse to tell you about it." The quick flush of color that came into her face told him that she understood. He turned, and without glancing back hurried out of the paddock.

Just outside the gate he ran into Lady Withers, the major, and Mr. Tappingwell-Sikes, who had just arrived. They had been following as fast as they could.

"What has happened?" demanded the major, much out of breath.

"I don't know," said Carty; "but we 'll all know in a few minutes."

Lady Withers looked at him in amazement, and tried to brush past; but he barred the way. "There is nothing you can do," he said. "If she chooses to stay on Hospital, it 's too late to get her off without a breeches-buoy. If she got down, these are moments when she must n't be interrupted."

"Are you mad?" said Lady Withers, "or am I?"

"Neither of us is mad," said Carty, "but I have just proposed to Lady Mary, and I am anxious to see what she is going to do about it."

Lady Withers's mouth half opened in astonishment.

"This is extraordinary," she said, but that was all. She looked at Mr. Tappingwell-Sikes, and then again at Mr. Carteret.

"Perhaps," said the major, "it would be well for Mr. Sikes and me to withdraw."

"Your presence is very agreeable," said Carty; "but really there is nothing that you can do." The major and Mr. Tappingwell-Sikes withdrew.

"But I did n't know that you were interested in Mary," said Lady Withers, coming to her senses. "Perhaps, I had better have a word with her. The dear child is so young that she may not know her own mind."

"I think she does by this time," he replied. The gate opened, and Barclay and Mary Granvil stood in the gateway. "I 'm rather sure of it," he added. "You can see for yourself."

"But—" said Lady Withers, looking accusingly at Mr. Carteret. She was fairly dumfounded.

"It was I that proposed," said Mr. Carteret, "but the beneficiary is apparently Barclay."

"It is," said Barclay.

All Lady Withers could do was to gasp hysterically, "How very American!"

"Not at all," said Carty. "The vicarious proposal is essentially European. I think," he added, "all that remains for you to do is to confer your blessing."

As Lady Withers gazed at her niece she saw in those gray Granvil eyes the magical light that is so sad to those that are without it, and she saw in her face the loveliness and other consequences of being sweet. The ghosts of what she herself might have had and what she herself might have been thronged back to her. Her hard, world-scarred heart trembled; tears stood in her eyes, and without speaking and without a single false beam or sparkle she took the girl to her breast and kissed her.

Carty turned away and followed the major and Tappingwell-Sikes. There was something in his throat that he felt would make it difficult for him to say anything intelligible.

THE REMINISCENCES OF LADY RANDOLPH CHURCHILL

BY MRS. GEORGE CORNWALLIS-WEST

NINTH PAPER: A VISIT TO JAPAN IN 1894

WAR WITH CHINA—A THEATER AUDIENCE—LIFE AND CUSTOMS OF THE COUNTRY—A JAPANESE SUMMER RESORT—TOKIO—GARDENS AND SHOPS—NIKKO AND ITS TEMPLES—THE MIKADO'S PALACE

[ON the 27th of June, 1894, Lord and Lady Randolph Churchill left London for a tour around the world, first coming to New York for a brief visit to America. After a short sojourn at Bar Harbor, they crossed the continent by the Canadian Pacific Railway to Vancouver, and then made a detour by sea to San Francisco, returning to Victoria to catch the steamer to Yokohama. For lack of space the details of their American experiences must be deferred to the volume which is to be made of this series on its conclusion.—THE EDITOR.]

THE *Empress of Japan,* in which Randolph and I sailed from Victoria for Yokohama in the summer of 1894, proved to be an ocean palace, clean and comfortable, and, much to my delight and appreciation, the saloons were decorated with quantities of Japanese plants and shrubs. The Chinese waiters, too, were a novelty. Dressed in their butcher-blue or white, they looked picturesque. Among the passengers were Baron Speck von Sternburg, now German Ambassador at Washington, and Mr. Villiers, the war correspondent of "The Graphic." We were greatly interested and excited at the thought that we should find Japan in a martial state, as the Chinese and Japanese war was then at its height; and, not knowing Japan, we anticipated stirring scenes and sights. Great were to be the doings of Mr. Villiers, who expected to go at once to the front.

On arriving, we found that the harbor of Yokohama was laid with torpedoes and submarines, and the captain had to get a government boat to pilot us in. I was glad to leave the ship, as the Pacific had been anything but peaceful. Rough seas, gray and leaden skies, constant rolling and pitching, besides the monotony, had begun to weary us.

Immediately on anchoring in the harbor, we found ourselves surrounded by a shoal of craft of all sizes and shapes, from a steam-launch to a sampan, Japanese junks hovering on the outside of the crowd. I watched the motley crew for some time, their various costumes—or the want of them—amusing me much. On a government launch were some little military men, *dorés sur toutes les coutures,* coming to greet the Japanese officers we had on board. Much bowing and scraping took place. We were surrounded by sampans trying to get out of the way, manned by coolies dressed only in white cotton Eton jackets and a bright bit of blue stuff bound round their heads, a great contrast to the gorgeous uniforms. We were not sorry to get ashore and betake ourselves to the hotel.

There we found many war correspon-

dents, who looked very dejected, as they were not allowed to join the army. Mr. Villiers managed later to get to the front, but with such restrictions that I imagine his reports could have been of little value, as he was denied the use of the telegraph, and everything he wrote had to be submitted to the minister of war for supervision.

We were told that there had been a great Japanese victory the day before, and this made the war more popular than ever, although we could not see many signs of rejoicing. I gathered from the different people I met that the situation was being forced by the government, to create a diversion from internal troubles. I was told that the English in Japan rather sympathized with the Chinese, whereas, when later we went to China, we found the situation there just the reverse. Although the Chinese had the men and the money, they hated fighting, as was proved by the result of the campaign. I have always thought that the Japanese were very badly treated by Europe in general and England in particular in not being allowed to reap the fruits of their victory. Even in the recent Russian war, although conquerors, they were not allowed a free hand.

After the cold of the Pacific, the damp heat of Yokohama was very trying, and we stayed only a few days before going up to Myanoshita, in the hills.

Before leaving Yokohama, I went to the theater, which certainly was unlike anything I had ever seen before. We sat on the floor of our so-called box, and had tea like the crowd. And such a crowd! It was an endless source of interest and amusement to watch them, whole families—mothers-in-law and daughters-in-law, children of all ages, and parents of different generations, fathers, sons, and grandsons. All had their dinners with them. Little trays were produced—tiny boxes full of rice; bowls containing weird food-stuffs, pink, white, and green; seaweed on rice cakes; raw fish, and nameless yellow condiments; tea in microscopic cups, of course, with no milk or sugar. The Japanese cannot understand Europeans putting milk in their tea, as, according to them, it has a strong smell. The children were dressed and undressed during the entr'actes, and people smoked, slept, ate, talked, and fanned themselves. It was certainly a great contrast to see a little "musmé" such as Pierre Loti describes, daintily dressed in the gayest of kimonos and smartest of *obis,* sitting between a coolie wearing nothing but a loose cotton jacket and an old hag nursing a baby. Although it was true that most of the men had little on, and the thermometer was 85 degrees, the atmosphere was not impossible, as I am sure would have been the case in a European theater under similar circumstances. The plays have usually fourteen or fifteen acts, and last all day, and sometimes two. This particular one not having an actress such as Sadi Yacco to interpret it, was quite unintelligible to me; but I admired the grace of the actresses, their easy movements when dancing, and the way they managed their tight clothes. Imagine my surprise when I found out afterward that they were all men! Up to a few years ago men and women did not act together in Japan, the theatrical companies being composed of either one sex or the other. But a change has come over them, and there are now mixed companies.

One afternoon I visited the nursery gardens of Böhmer, where I saw quantities of the stunted shrubs and trees so dear to the Japanese heart, and with which they love to decorate their miniature gardens. I bought several, including a century-old maple about ten or twelve inches high, the tiny leaves of which were at that moment bright red. On my return to England I gave this little tree to the Princess of Wales, who was delighted with it; for all I know it may still be alive. The whole place was perfumed by the gold and white "moxa," and I longed to bring some away, as well as the huge gardenia and daphne plants, which were as large as ordinary lilac bushes. Baron Sternburg, who was with me, proposed that we should walk back from the gardens, but we soon lost ourselves, and, hot and dusty, took refuge in an inviting-looking tea-house while we sent for a jinrikisha. The place was evidently not frequented by Europeans, as the little maids who waited on us hovered about me with the greatest curiosity, and before I could stop them, one had put on my gloves, another had seized my hat, which I had

taken off, placing it on her greasy, black locks, and a third was strutting about with my parasol. At last they became quite obstreperous, and it was only when my companion promised them sake that they left us in peace.

On leaving Yokohama, we said good-by to our steamer friends, and started by train for Myanoshita.

At the station there was a great crowd: naked coolies; tradesmen in flowing kimonos, carrying Mrs. Gamp umbrellas and topped by monstrous pot-hats; artisans in blue cotton tunics, with the description and badge of their trade printed on their backs in white, or inclosed in a circle of black on a red ground; to say nothing of masses of women. The married ones were easily recognized by their shaved eyebrows and blackened teeth, in which hideous custom they indulge in order to remain faithful to their husbands, but which conceivably might produce the reverse effect on the husbands themselves. Among them were a number of girls, their shiny hair stiff with camelia oil, and adorned with combs, tiny chrysanthemums, and coral beads, their painted faces breaking into a smile if you looked at them. The motley crowd, which was reinforced at every station, walked, stumped, and toddled into the train, which consisted of a few diminutive carriages more like a glorified toy than anything else. Most of these people were mounted on clogs, making a loud and curious noise.

After two hours of slow winding between soft-green hills covered with feathery vegetation, we arrived at Kodga, where we got into a tramway (made in Birmingham), and rattled for an hour through one long street, which comprised endless villages. The weather being hot, the inhabitants, including the babies, were carrying on their various vocations in front of their open houses, minus their clothes. All seemed hard at work and good-humored. The Japanese are proverbially fond of children, who, for fear they should be lost, are each made to wear a little metal ticket with name and address attached. Attractive as they undoubtedly are, it is a mistake to say that they never cry; and it is equally untrue to say that smells do not exist in Japan. Defective drainage and stale fish do not, as a rule, remind one of the "perfumes of Araby." We stopped occasionally to change the wretched horses. Japanese horses have no quarters, and are sorry-looking quadrupeds; Chinese horses, on the other hand, have no shoulders. At Yumoto we all got into jinrikishas, each with two men, one to pull and the other to push, and we proceeded at a trot up the stoniest road I have ever traveled. Once we stopped at a tea-house, where the landlady, with much in-drawing of breath (to show her civility by not breathing in one's face) and with much bowing and rubbing of knees, gave us Japanese tea in the usual cups without handles, and the pink-and-white cakes one sees everywhere, impossible, dry, musty horrors. Our jinrikisha-men, the perspiration pouring from their brown bodies, took off their white jackets (their one garment) and proceeded to wash and dash water over themselves from the pump near by. The pump was pretty and picturesque, consisting as it did of two bamboos, one brown, the other dark green; in one of which there was a large bunch of wild flowers, while from the other the clear mountain stream poured into one of those delightful big Japanese tubs. The face of my maid (a prim, highly respectable person) was a study as the men resumed their mushroom hats and girded up their loins afresh. In consequence of my having treated them to sake at the tea-house, we were trotted briskly up to the Fujiyya Hotel.

The place looked pretty and quaint, and the calm and peace were welcome, but it was disappointing to find the hotel full of Europeans, mostly pale, jaded people from Hong-Kong, Shanghai, and even Singapore, come to recruit in the fresh air of Myanoshita, which is 3000 feet above the level of the sea.

We passed a pleasant fortnight there. I never tired of the mountains, with their changing shadows, deep gorges, and rushing streams and cascades, with here and there a peep of the sea in the distance to rejoice the eye. The vegetation was a great source of interest and pleasure, it was all so new and so attractive: on our journey up I counted fifty-five different kinds of agricultural products and shrubs. The number of little villages and houses dotted about everywhere afforded a good glimpse of Japanese peasant life. All

seemed hardworking, contented, and good humored. One day we went to the Lake of Hakone, carried thither in straw chairs supported on bamboo sticks by four men, not a very comfortable mode of progression. They had a wonderful way of changing places with one another to relieve the load on their shoulders, and doing so without shaking one in the least.

At a bend of the mountain path we suddenly came upon a large Buddha carved in the side of the rock. Innumerable prayers in the shape of bits of paper stuck on sticks were planted before him; his legs were crossed, and the soles of the feet were turned up to show that he never sullied them by contact with things earthly. The look of eternal peace which characterizes all the effigies of Buddha is due, I think, to the closed eyes being so far apart, the serene and slightly smiling mouth adding to the unfathomable expression.

Japanese photographers are such excellent artists that they always manage to find the most picturesque point of view. If, in visiting some place, one does not follow in their footsteps, one is apt to be disappointed and think they must have idealized. These were my feelings at Lake Hakone, although I realized its beauty. We crossed the lake in two sampans, our noses in the air, gazing at the clouds for the *point de mire* of all Japan, Fuji-yama, the great, the sacred. But as usual she had veiled herself in a cloud of mist, and not having as yet seen her, I was fain to be content with her presentment on my new kimono, which I found on returning to the hotel. We walked back part of the way over very rough ground steaming with sulphurous springs.

Mr. Le Poer Trench, the English Minister, had arrived, and we were delighted to make his acquaintance; and also that of Professor Basil Hall Chamberlain, whose book, "Things Japanese," over which I had been poring with enthusiasm, is a standard work for all English-speaking people. They brought us the news of the great battle of Pyong-yang, where the Japanese claimed to have killed 20,000 Chinamen; and of a naval engagement where six Chinese and three Japanese ships were sunk and blown up. Mr. Trench, who was unmarried, had not at that time been very long in Japan. His health was not of the best, as the climate of Mexico, his previous diplomatic post, had not suited him. A thin, pleasant man of about forty-five; I found him a great acquisition. We used to take long walks together, climbing the most precipitous hills.

The three weeks of absolute rest at Myanoshita did Randolph much good, everything was so reposeful, from the quiet Japanese landscape, with its soft grays and greens, to the bevy of little "musmés" who waited upon us, moving silently and swiftly about in their stocking-feet, always smiling and gentle.

Intending to go to Tokio, we were obliged to retrace our steps to Yokohama, where we stayed two nights. There we found considerable excitement in the harbor over the arrival of four large German ironclads on their way to Korea to "watch" the progress of the war. We could not but think it a pity that the British seemed so apathetic and unrepresented. The Japanese were getting very much "above themselves," and the English government had rather given in to them over the last commercial treaty. So at least thought the English residents and merchants. The war was the one topic in the town. I went to a popular theater to see a play representing the battle of Pyong-yang. It was densely crowded, and with difficulty we got places in the gallery. In the last act the Chinese troops, represented by three Chinamen, were perpetually being killed by twenty Japs, who rushed about bugling incessantly, brandishing swords, letting off rifles, and enjoying it madly. In the center of the revolving stage was a cardboard town which was presently lighted up with red lights, the climax being reached when a small, yellow general in a smart European uniform rushed out from the smoke, and in a piping treble made a speech to the army of twenty, all there to a man. At this a paroxysm seized the audience, and they became so excited that we fled. Wata, my jinrikisha-man, asked me if it was not "good big play."

Although the distance to Tokio was only eighteen miles, we took nearly two hours to get there. We met a train full of soldiers going to the front; there was much cheering, and many *sayonaras* were exchanged. Fuji-yama, or "Fuji," as they

affectionately call her, showed herself for the first time. The top alone was visible, and that only for a few moments, the "Peerless One" retiring again behind the clouds. The expedition to the top is, I believe, very tiring, but most thrilling. Descending, one "toboggans" on one's feet through the ashes. This was done by Sir Harry Parkes and his wife forty years ago, they being the first Europeans allowed to ascend the mountain, which up to that time had been held sacred from the foot of the Western stranger.

I was astonished to find Tokio such a vast place; it covers an area as large as that of London. The distances are enormous, and I pitied the poor jinrikisha-boys, who often trotted for miles for a very small remuneration. We went to the Shiba Temples and saw the tombs of the shoguns. The inner temple is full of large stone-and-bronze lanterns, which are the offerings and tributes to the dead from their royal relatives. To go into the temple we had to take off our boots, while an apathetic priest looked on, his shaven head shaped like an emu's egg, and his somewhat tawdry kimono making him appear anything but prepossessing. We duly visited the shrines, admired the beautiful frescoes and lacquered ceilings; the gold-lacquered doors of great value; the carvings, ten or twelve inches deep, representing flowers and birds marvelously true to nature; and, last but not least, the plain stone urn over the grave of each shogun, the only ornament being the three gold asarum leaves, the crest of the Tokugawa royal family. Next we went to the tombs of the forty-seven ronins, the brave and wonderful men, who, having revenged their ruined and murdered master by killing his powerful enemy, all performed hara-kiri, and have been worshiped ever since. The tomb of the chief ronin, O-ishi-Kura Nosuke, was covered with flowers and paper prayers, and there was a large basket of cards hanging on the door, to which of course we contributed ours. Mr. Trench invited us to luncheon at the British legation, where we met, among others, Captain Brinkley and Professor Chamberlain. The legation showed signs of the last earthquake, which must have been a severe one, as evidences of it were everywhere. Although more than two months had passed, repairs were still being made.

Another day we lunched with Captain Brinkley, to see his wonderful collection of china and bronzes. Captain Brinkley, a resident of Japan for over forty years, was the editor or proprietor of "The Japan Mail." A man of great influence and vast information, he was most pleasant to meet. Every notable person who came to Japan, or wished to write about the country, consulted him as a walking encyclopedia. He told me that of all the searching inquisitions to which he had ever been subjected the severest was that of Lord Curzon of Kedleston (then George Nathaniel Curzon). For four hours he plied him with questions, which, notwithstanding Captain Brinkley's knowledge of the country, were often difficult to answer. He spoke of him with unbounded admiration as being the cleverest man he had ever met. Captain Brinkley's wife, a Japanese lady who had been married to him some years, did the honors of his house with that wonderful grace and gentleness of which Japanese women alone seem to have the secret. The extraordinary refinement and high-bred look of a well-born Japanese is most attractive. Dressed in a kimono of neutral-tinted silk, with a discreet *obi,* and a soft, pale-pink *eri,* or collar, and with a beautiful, old gold-lacquered comb in her shiny-black hair, this lady presented a very different appearance to the bedizened geisha, with the rainbow-colored garments which is the accepted European idea of Japanese women. The late Mrs. Bishop, writing about Japan, says that to one who has lived there for some time, European women, however ladylike, appear in comparison loud and vulgar in their voices and manners. Through an interpreter, an English lady who seemed a sort of *dame de compagnie,* Mrs. Brinkley and I were able to carry on a conversation. In speaking of their education, obedience, I was told, played the greatest part. "There are the three obediences," said my hostess, "the child's obedience to its parents, the wife's to the husband, and the mother's to the eldest son." Presently we plunged into the mysteries of "Peach bloom," *"Sang de bœuf,"* and *"Famille verte"* as bit by bit the celebrated collection was brought in from a godown,

From a photograph taken in San Francisco, en route to Japan

LADY RANDOLPH CHURCHILL

LORD AND LADY RANDOLPH CHURCHILL IN JAPAN

or fireproof house, next door. In this custom, Captain Brinkley copied the Japanese, who always keep everything of value in such a place, each house having one of its own. A few objects are particularly selected according to the season of the year, and are placed in an alcove in the principal room. After being admired for a fortnight or so, these are sent back, and others are brought in their place. In this way the treasures can be properly appreciated, and each time appear as fresh revelations. The Japanese consider, not perhaps without reason, that Europeans crowd their houses in an absurd manner, and make them look like shops.

We ended our pleasant day by being taken to see the houses and gardens of Mr. Iwasaki, a magnate of Tokio, our host having arranged the visit beforehand. After a long drive in a landau, which was driven by a Japanese coachman garbed in a dark-blue kimono and mushroom hat, with a *belto*, or groom, dressed in the same way, on the box, we came to the two houses. One was European, full of fine things, while the other, in which the owner lived, was Japanese. Having removed our shoes, we were taken over it. I wish I could describe its fascinations; but where there were no ornaments, no furniture, no pictures save a kakemono here and there, no curtains, no color anywhere, it is difficult to say wherein lay the charm. And yet it was charming. The fineness of the matting, the beauty and workmanship of the woodwork, the lacquer frames of the screens, which were so adjusted that they parted

at a touch without a sound, the extraordinary cleanliness everywhere, and, above all, the different little courts on which the rooms looked, were delightful. The bath-room particularly pleased me. Made of some light-colored wood, it shone like satin and felt like it. A delicate carving round the base of the wall, representing flights of birds, formed a dado; two large wooden tubs of the same wood stood at the end of the room, encircled by brass bands beautifully polished, and half a dozen tubs of different sizes stood on a low table; the window looked out upon a small court with one large magnolia-tree and a very old gray-stone lantern. Another room, a *sanctum sanctorum*, where the "tea ceremonies" were held, gave upon a wild scene ten feet square, where jagged rocks, prickly bushes, and rushing torrents spanned by stone bridges, made the urbanities and rigid etiquette of these ceremonies appear a pleasant contrast. The smoking-room, made by opening and closing a screen, looked out upon a lake artificially and cleverly planned, with beautiful trees and shrubs on its banks, and rocks of strange and varied colors. These rocks alone cost a fabulous sum, and had been brought from a great distance. The lake was fed from the sea, and as the sun was setting we watched the fish jumping high in the air. Walking round the gardens until it was nearly dark, every turn of the path presented an absolutely new aspect, the variety being marvelous. The gardens and houses covered twenty-four acres, and seemed four times that size. On our return to the European house, we found rows of servants and tables set out, with all manner of cakes, sandwiches, and tea, waiting for us. As Mr. Iwasaki did not live there, I remembered being astonished at the elaborate preparations. Captain Brinkley told me he thought it was a delicate Japanese hint to him not to bring strangers too often. Japanese, unlike their European brethren, do not care to be thought rich, and although hospitable, are not fond of showing their houses.

One night I went out for a walk in the main street after dinner, escorted by our guide. The Imperial Hotel of Tokio, although magnificent, was rather stuffy, and every sort of insect came in at the windows, from mosquitos to green grasshoppers three inches long. In the streets,

TRAVELING IN A STRAW CHAIR

people and vendors were selling their wares on the pavement. The open screens of the private houses permitted us to look through them; at one the sound of a samisen attracted me, and I could not resist stopping and looking in. Beyond two rooms, by a not over-bright light, I saw a little Japanese woman sitting on a mat singing softly in a minor key, accompanying herself on the samisen. I asked Matsuda if the women minded publicity. Looking very shy and uncomfortable, he said, "Oh, Japanese no look in—not good manners." I felt fearfully crushed.

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THE SIMPLICITY OF THE HOME OF A JAPANESE NOBLE

Shopping expeditions were always amusing. A Japanese woman who spoke English, the wife of Mr. Trench's valet, took me with her, and I invested in some fascinating *obis*, Mrs. Tetsu helping me with her excellent taste. Next we went to a curio-dealer. There seemed to be no shop, but we walked into a tiny garden, where, seated on the floor of a small house, was a smiling old man, who received us with many bows, placing cushions for us. Tea and shiny, brown cakes were brought in; he then produced a few little boxes, and, with much undoing of pale blue-and-green tapes and unfolding of silk handkerchiefs, showed us lovely old bits of lacquer, china, and bronze. The more I admired, the more he smiled and brought forth treasures, handling the things tenderly as though he loved them, which was altogether enticing. I could not help comparing this curio-dealer with those of Yokohama, where they try to please foreign taste by forcing themselves to forget all that is best in Japanese art, producing vulgar atrocities to catch the eye, such as gold-lacquered vases overladen with cloisonné placques. There is a form of Japanese art which seems to consist in the beauty of blemish; a vase to which no historical interest is attached, to our eyes without beauty of form or color, is of the highest value to the Japanese for the sake of certain blotches or imperfections. I believe they will give any price for what they consider such a curiosity, and no one has ever been able to explain to the most inquisitive mind the reason why.

Pierre Loti, in one of his charming descriptions of Japan, mentions the "Imperatrice Printemps" in such glowing terms that I was very desirous of seeing her. Mr. Trench arranged an audience, but unfortunately it never came off, owing to her Majesty's illness, and my being obliged to leave Tokio. I give the Lord Chamberlain's letters on the subject, as they are amusing:

Imperial Palace, September 21, 1894.

MY DEAR MINISTER: I am glad your Excellency came back here so soon, I sent telegraph to Myanoshita this morning.

I think Lady Randolph Churchill and you will be received by her Majesty the Empress on the 26th, however I shall not fail communicate to you *at once* when the day and hour of the audience is fixed.

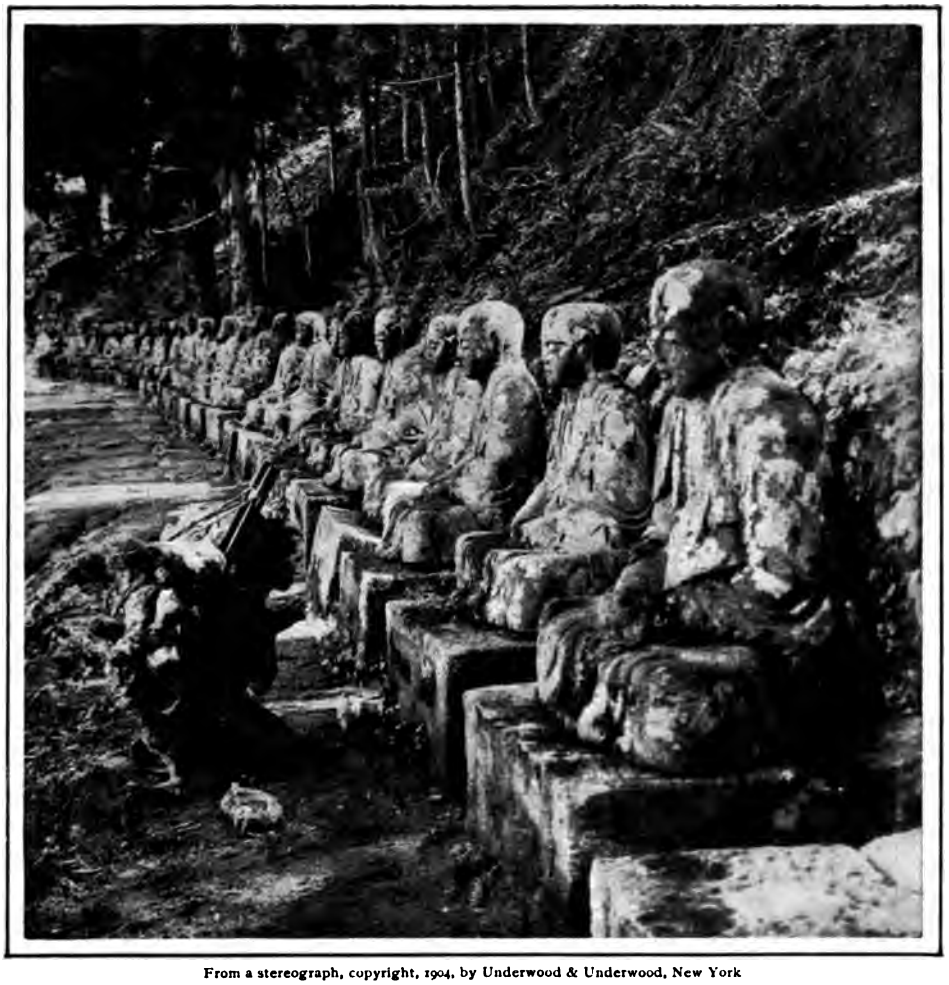
I think Mr. Ito told you this morning about lady's dress was mistake, the rule of our Court being that a lady, at such audience time, wears long dress and high neck without a bonnet.

If a lady being a traveler, has not got the said costume I remember she appeared in morning dress having permission of the Empress beforehand.

I remain,
Yours faithfully,
S. Sannomiya.

Imperial Palace, September 24, 1894.

MY DEAR MINISTER: I am sorry to inform you that her Majesty the Empress, as I informed you on Saturday by Mr. Ito, will not be able to receive any one at least till the end



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THE UNCOUNTABLE STONE IMAGES NEAR NIKKO

of this month, for doctor advised to so do this morning.

I think Lady Randolph Churchill may make a short trip during the time, it would be better for her.

I remain,

Yours very truly,

S. Sannomiya.

October 5, 1894.

MY DEAR MINISTER: I have at once informed to her Majesty the Empress that Lady Randolph Churchill is going to leave Tokio, she says she feels much sorry for not being able to receive the Lady owing to her indisposition.

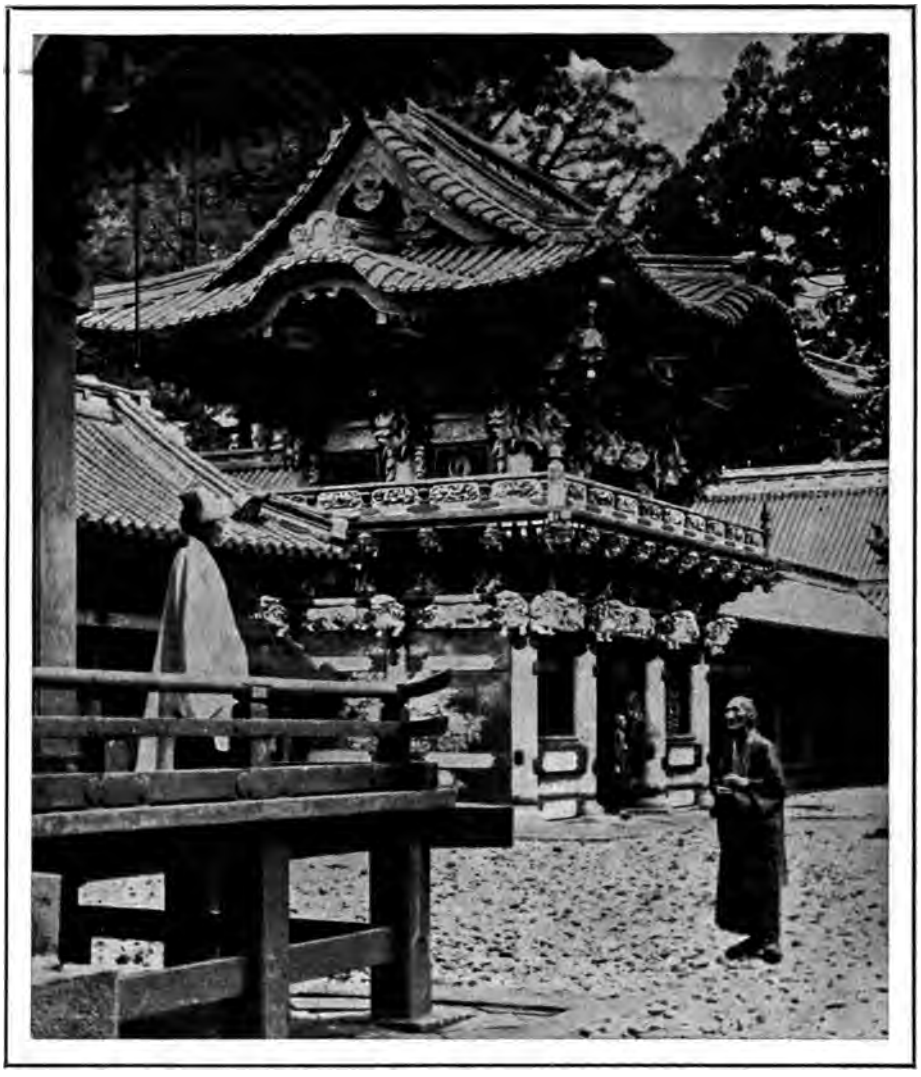
I enclose you a letter of permission for the old Palace, Nijio castel, and other two small palaces.

Yours very truly,

S. Sannomiya.

Following beaten tracks, we went to Nikko, where the first thing to attract my eyes was the "Sacred Bridge," which is very beautiful, the big, red-lacquered arch spanning the white, turbulent waters of the rushing Daya-Gawa, standing out in picturesque contrast to the dark-green avenue of magnificent cryptomerias. The public is not allowed to cross it, and the Emperor does so only once a year. A garish electric light at one end was rather an eyesore, but reminded one of Japan's "go-aheadness," which puts pot-hats on its men and telegraph-poles in sight of its gods.

It was about eight or ten degrees colder at Nikko than at Tokio, and we shivered in our little summer rooms, notwithstanding attempts at a charcoal fire. We made



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THE YOMEIMON GATE AT NIKKO

many expeditions, one day to the falls of Kiri-furi-notaki, and on another we walked to see the stone images at Kamman-sa-fuchi, said to be the offerings to the gods of Nikko of Shodo Shonun, the "Opener of the Mountains," who lived somewhere about the seventh century, and was supposed to be a very holy man. We counted the figures, and each made out a different number, which was quite the correct thing to do; for, according to the legend, no two people are able to count them alike. Close by an inaccessible stone in mid-stream, with the Sanskrit word "Hamman," carved on it, was pointed out to us. Kobe Daishi, a saint, is supposed to have thrown his pen at the stone, and marked it forever.

Armed with a special permit which Mr. Trench had obtained for us, we were able to visit the inner shrines of the two finest temples, Iye-yasu and Iye-mitsu. Great expectations generally mean disappointments, but the realities and beauties of the former temple far surpassed my imagination. The surroundings of the shrines were most beautiful: the grand, solemn approach of huge cryptomerias; the imposing flights of stone steps covered with the moss of ages; the splendid

granite *Torii* standing out in solitary grandeur against the sky, making a fine picture; and half-hidden in the dark-green foliage a quaint five-storied pagoda, its color giving the touch of warmth needed. The temple has been so often described that I cannot venture on it; indeed, one might visit it every day for a week and not master its beauties. The marvelous carvings, the frescoed ceilings, the gold lacquer, the bronzes, and the lovely old brocades, were entrancing. With our special permit we were treated with much respect, being received by the chief priest in person, supported by six minor priests. After passing the Yomeimon Gate, which is truly wonderful, with its hundreds of dragons and carved flowers, we passed under another, Karamon by name, and so into the temple, where the two priests knelt at the entrance of the inner shrine, one in bright green, with a conical black cap, the other in a transparent white garment. Inside this holy of holies the chief priest also knelt. The light was so dim I could not make out what he had on, and I confess, what with the solemnity of the priests, the gorgeousness of the surroundings, the dim religious light, and the air heavy with incense, I felt my curiosity must be kept under, and did not like to gaze about too much. Here Matsuda, our guide, prostrated himself, beating his head so many times that I wondered it did not ache. The shrine consisted of a rather small but beautifully decorated room, with a lacquered ceiling, containing only a few glass cases on the floor, with the swords and armor of Iye-yasu, the deified shogun. A fourth door of beautiful gold lacquer opened into the last shrine, which is shown only to the Mikado and the chief priest, and which contains the effigy of Iye-yasu. Through Matsuda we conveyed our thanks to the chief priest, a venerable old man with a pleasant smile, who was dressed in a pale-blue net garment over white, and a conical black hat with two cords passed under his chin.

The inner shrine of the Iye-mitsu, which we also went to see, was much larger, and had gold columns all round the room; on a low table in the center were some sacred missals, incense-burners, and vases with gold lotus flowers; a very fine canopy was suspended over it. This, being a Buddhist temple, contained more things than that of Iye-yasu, which was Shinto, and therefore simpler. Near by the sacred white pony "Jimme" was kept "for the use of the god," in a sumptuous stable in one of the courts. On our way back we met a family party of three struggling up the steps in a torrent of rain, the inconvenience of their costume being thoroughly demonstrated. Monsieur, in a brown kimono with a *soupçon* of white petticoat showing over his socks and high wooden pattens, a huge square pot-hat, a pair of spectacles, and a voluminous Japanese umbrella completing the costume. Madame, not a hair out of place, a sham camelia sticking up straight in front of the shiny black *pouf,* and a mauve tassel hanging in the vicinity of her left ear, something in the nature of a green cord, a coral bead or two, and a couple of combs making up her coiffure. She wore a light-gray kimono, on the sleeves of which her crest was embroidered in coral; her *cri* was of pale mauve; a black satin *obi,* with some gold characters on it, and an extra high pair of pattens, made up a very effective dress; but, oh! the blackened teeth, which proclaimed her respectability! Why must virtue be so ugly? I must not leave out "Bébé," strapped on its mother's back, fast asleep; his head, with its tiny tuft falling backward as though it would drop off, and the bright red crape kimono, with green flowers, made him look exactly like a Japanese doll.

Deluges of rain drove us away from weird, mystical Nikko. It was not possible to resist the elements, and after changing our clothes and boots three times in one day, we succumbed.

We fitly ended our visit to Japan by staying at the best place last, Kioto, the ancient capital, which is considered the art center of Japan. We were enchanted with its quaintness and local color. The view from our rooms at Yaami's Hotel was most pleasing, and the first evening of our arrival I gazed for a long time at the thousand twinkling lights of the city lying in the valley at our feet, the mountains forming a background in the twilight.

We saw all the sights of Kioto in ten days, visiting many curiosity-shops, which

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A FUNERAL IN JAPAN

were most enticing, and spending many hours at the cloisonné, satsuma, and silk factories. Here I was shown beautiful modern productions which quite equal any ancient Chinese or Japanese. Although it is said that all the really fine objects of art have left Japan and China, and are to be found in America or in London, there were many very attractive things.

The streets at night were a most attractive sight, particularly Theater Street, in which no jinrikishas were allowed. It was crowded with people and lighted up with Chinese lanterns. Outside each theater wonderful paintings were exhibited, representing the different blood-curdling dramas going on within. We went into a theater of actresses, and saw two acts of the usual impossible-to-comprehend Japanese play: wonderful clothes, *daimyos* in full war-costume, females in distress, tears and sobs, which were echoed by the audience, and of course hara-kiri, which was performed in detail and at much length.

The Mikado's palace, which we visited, had endless reception-rooms, with the usual screens and fine matting. The Emperor squats when receiving Japanese, but sits in a chair when giving audience to Europeans. Some of the ceilings were highly decorated. His private study was a pleasantly situated room looking south upon a garden and small artificial lake; its absolute quiet and peacefulness seemed very reposeful. The castle being older, and having belonged to the shoguns, was more decorated, everywhere the golden Tokugawa crest, gorgeous ceilings, and highly lacquered screens. In the two or three audience-chambers the Mikado's

chrysanthemum replaced the three lotus leaves. One room was particularly nice, with a small raised platform, where the Emperor, arriving from a side room, would sit when he received. On the left was a recess in which were a few lacquered shelves ornamented with bits of old cloisonné, but of a lovely blue they seem unable to produce nowadays. A few curious screens completed the rooms. After Nikko I was too *blasé* of temples to go and see many in Kioto; but I did visit one with thirteen hundred and thirty-three gold-lacquered life-size images of Kwannon, the Goddess of Mercy; also the new, unfinished, colossal temple of Shokonsha, where one saw great stacks of rope made of human hair, offerings from the women of Japan. Near by was a hideous great mound, which made us shudder, containing, as it did, Korean ears and noses, trophies of war!

The Governor of Kioto, Nakai by name, died while we were there. He formed part of the escort to Sir Harry Parkes when the latter, on his way to have an audience with the Mikado, was attacked by some two-sworded men, which made a great stir in Japan at the time. We saw the funeral procession from a curio-dealer's shop in one of the principal streets, which was lined by a quiet throng, all dressed in blue (the mourning color). Masses of flowers in big baskets were carried before the hearse, which had the appearance of a Noah's ark borne on men's shoulders; through the sliding panels, which were open, one caught sight of a cocked hat and feathers. Immediately behind came a jinrikisha, with the daughter of the deceased entirely in white, with her face enameled to match. An enormous crowd followed, dressed in kimonos, and all wearing pot-hats of every conceivable shape, many with white cotton gloves. The effect was ludicrous. If people wonder what becomes of all the old hats, they have but to go to Japan.

One of our last expeditions was to the Lake of Biwa. It was a long and dusty road, and I found the jinrikisha very tiring; the sights on the way, too, were unpleasant. It was pitiful to see a mass of toiling peasants doing the work of beasts, dragging and pushing carts with huge loads up hill and down dale. All looked exhausted, and in most cases a woman was harnessed in front with a rope across her chest. I noticed one poor creature spitting blood when she reached the top of the hill. The lake was splendid, and we had a fine view from a temple. The street where the Cesarewitch (the present Emperor) was attacked was pointed out to us. The two jinrikisha-boys who saved his life were pensioned, and, it is said, given so much money that they lead an idle life, and are ruined by drink. The biggest pine-tree in Japan grows at Biwa, which, although curious, with its innumerable gnarled roots and branches growing into the ground, is so propped up with poles that one can hardly tell which is the tree, and in consequence its symmetry is lost.

We also saw the rapids of Katsuregawa, being skilfully forced up them in a sampan. The hills on each side looked lovely, with every sort of autumnal tint, the red maple leaves just turning. The monotony of our long drive back was relieved by a most beautiful sunset, the moon rising while the sky was still of the brightest pink with glimpses of turquoise blue, the trees and quaint cottages standing out in deep brown against it.

We rejoined our ship, the *Ancona*, at Kobe, on our way to China, more than sorry to leave Japan, restful country of enchantment, land of courteous men and soft-voiced women. For months my ears still listened for the two most characteristic sounds in Japan—the *tap-tap* of the little pipe as it is emptied before being refilled, and the mournful notes of the reed lute which the blind *masseur* plays as he walks through the village street.

(To be continued)

THE TENT-MAKER

BY WALDO CURYEA WALKER

I

DRUMS! Or else something strangely like drums, Mahroub thought, as he looked up with a frown of perplexity. He tossed from his lap the ill-smelling strips of goat-skin that he was stitching together, and his eye ran quickly over the desert that lay like a hot copper grid in front of him. But he could see nothing. The Dahna lolled as inert as ever between its dunes, which tumbled away to the north. Dubiously, Mahroub turned and glanced at Soldan, who sat cross-legged in the sand beside him. Soldan had also pushed aside his goat-skins, but across his bare thighs lay a lute, and now and then his hand strummed idly across the strings. His head was dropped, and he was staring down at the sand; but he saw nothing, for he was in a dream. Mahroub grunted sarcastically to himself, and, then drawing his goat-skins back across his lap, resumed his stitching.

"Billahi!" at length muttered Soldan, fretfully; and he jerked up his heel and rubbed it irritably, for the sand was growing hot. "Goat-skins, tents; tents, goat-skins,—" Mahroub looked up curiously, —"and nothing else. Could I have but one season to myself, just to think things, and just to sing things—*billahi!* Tents, goat-skins!"

Mahroub turned away wearily. A tent-maker is a tent-maker, and if a man were to be more than a tent-maker, it would have been so in the beginning. Huh! There it was again. If those were not drums—

"Mahroub, why should we stay tent-makers?" queried Soldan in a speculative drawl.

"We were born tent-makers," answered Mahroub, sharply, without lifting an eyelash.

"But there are better things, prettier things, to do."

"When I make my seams straight," interrupted Mahroub, looking pointedly at Soldan's neglected work, "and when my stitches are all the same,—a thumbnail long,—and my goat-skins fit together without rumpling, that 's as pretty a thing as I want to do."

"Oh, Mahroub, thou 'lt always be a tent-maker."

"I will always be a tent-maker until Allah takes me to his bosom and makes me something more."

"Not I, Mahroub; not I." Soldan's jaw set. "They still call me boy, but am I not a man? Wait until I make manifest."

Drums! *Billahi!* It was drums, as plain as plain could be, and Mahroub sprang to his feet, and stood peering out toward the sky-line, which weaved like an undulating rope.

"Oh, Mahroub," cried Soldan, eagerly recollecting a certain interesting matter, "Haroun will let me take his camels. Four nights hence, then, Mahroub, thou and Ab and I; then the Wady Nedjran; then Layla. And," he added bitterly, "perhaps then we may make manifest."

Mahroub faced about alertly. At last they were going for Layla, of whom Soldan had sung so long and so loud since he had seen her in the bazaar at El Ghail. Good. It would first be a tricky approach, perhaps a fight, before they seized her, and then the race back under the stars. Mahroub filled his lungs deeply, gratefully. Any girl that could set two of the sheik's own wise men chattering away about her in excited whispers, as Abba Mul and Abba Hadj had,—Mahroub had heard them that very morning, —such a girl, even though her mother

was a cloth-seller, was worth—well, worth going for.

Soldan jumped up nervously and listened.

"*Billahi!* The drums!"

And more than that, they were the war-drums, and the sound of them came from the other side of the camp at their backs. They turned around together. People were beginning to pour from the camp, like ants from a hill. Naked children were rushing pellmell down the zigzag lanes between the tents. Bedouins, tossing off their burnooses in their hurry, jumped after them. Women, bare to the waist, left their steaming morning pots and peeked from under the sides of the tents after the running crowd. And, *huza!* far out on the Dahna to the south was a huge cloud of dust rolling along slowly like a great, lazy boulder toward the camp. And from out of it came the gulping roll of drums. The two young tent-makers made after the throng.

"The hunting-party, eh?" cried Mahroub, as they approached the great tent, the roomy abode of the sheik himself.

"Why?"

"The sheik said."

"Bah!" panted Soldan, as he sprinted on, "War-drums."

Hardly had he said it when Soldan noticed out of the corner of his eye a knot of silent, solemn women huddled close together, as if for protection, in the door of the tent. They were the wives of the sheik, and they were bare-faced, and ugh! how they were scowling! Conspicuous in front of them was Haidee, the favorite, the last one Rahbaad had stolen —a girl from the Sarw Madhig hills. The drums had beaten that time, too; but, ho! Haidee was scowling worst of all!

"She has the most to lose, I wonder," snickered Soldan, as he suspected a thing or two. And he caught up with Mahroub.

"It is no hunting-party, Mahroub, and, pouf! on we go!"

By the time the two tent-makers had joined the pressing, jostling mob, which had already overflowed cordially upon the desert itself, the mysterious cloud of dust had grown wider and thinner and there they were,—the camel-men, Rahbaad's invincible *Muharib,*—and they were dashing joyously down upon the waiting people for all they were worth.

Just as the hoofs of the on-coming camels were kicking pebbles and sand into the faces of Mahroub and Soldan and the others, the squadron seemed to split in the middle and slacken. From the middle out dashed Rahbaad, the sheik, upon a splendid racing camel, and the sheik's fat, bull face was livid with a gloating smile. Excitedly the crowd made way; but there was a sudden scream as Rahbaad drove his beast through a group of children that could not escape for the press. But the grin never left his face, and he headed straight for the great tent.

Trailing Rahbaad closely were two camels, abreast. On one was Ammed, his body-servant, whose nose was sliced off in a scuffle up near the Wady Shibwan; and on the other camel was saddled a *haudaj,* a sort of litter that the sand-men use when their women are with them. Behind the curtains it seemed that there was an occupant. Ammed was leading this camel not with a thong, not with a rope, but with a chain; yes, with a chain. All the tribesmen saw the chain, and they roared with laughter. That told: Rahbaad, amorous old robber, had stolen another girl. And Soldan remembered Haidee scowling in the door of the tent, and it made him laugh; and he nudged Mahroub in the ribs, and they both laughed. Those in the crowd looked at the chain again, and then they all laughed: the crowd, at the old robber; Soldan, at Haidee. Ho-ho! And how they did take on!

The people surged out, and for a moment the two camels were forced to slow down. Without any warning the wind caught at the curtains on the sides of the *haudaj,* and wrenched them loose. They flapped wildly, and then were swept up out of the way, and fell tightly upon the top of the litter. The girl looked up in amazement. Her veil was down,—it had been so warm behind the curtains,—and her large, black eyes stared out angrily at the upturned faces. Her small hands fingered nervously in the raven ringlets of her flowing hair.

The crowd roared again, half in amusement over her predicament, half in loyalty to her dark beauty.

Suddenly a warmth of recognition came into her face as she looked down into the crowd. Then she gave a little gasp of surprise, fell back weakly, and burying her head in her arms, she broke into a convulsive sobbing. The crowd drew back, and the camels moved on.

The crowd again laughed, Mahroub laughed. He turned hilariously on Soldan; but immediately his laughter froze as he looked at Soldan's face, for it was blanched as though by death, and in his eyes there was the mad spark of frenzy.

"What—Soldan—what!"

Soldan averted his face, and made no answer, but with head down he groped out ahead of him with weak arms, like a blind, old man. With Mahroub supporting him, he stumbled back across the glaring sands to the palm-tree. He dropped down, picked up his goat-skins, and resumed his stitching as though nothing had happened. Only he stitched faster than he had ever stitched before, and the seams were grotesquely crooked.

Intuitively, Mahroub thought of the chatting of the wise men that morning, and then he understood. The girl was Layla, and the sheik owned her veil.

"Mahroub," called Soldan in a faint voice.

"Ay?"

"Hast thou ever been to El Mebir?"

"*Illahi!* no!" laughed Mahroub, with a certain shiver. "El Mebir is full of devils. It is haunted by dead unbelievers. No one ever goes there now."

"No one ever goes there," repeated Soldan in a dull voice; "that is what I thought. No one ever goes there—now." And a wan smile played for a moment across Soldan's ashen face.

The next day, and the day after that, Soldan was a puzzle. He bent himself to his tent-making as though his grief had crushed him back to it, a penitent. And Mahroub rested easier. Perhaps the blow was providential. A tent-maker is a tent-maker, and day-dreams get him into trouble. But Mahroub did not know that, in addition to the camels, Soldan had secretly bargained with Haroun for two lances,—tufted with black ostrich feathers, such as the Muharib use,—and a crooked knife. Neither did Mahroub know that in exchange for these Soldan had deeded Haroun his entire tent-making kit, to be delivered when he should take the camels. And neither did Mahroub know, nor did any one else, that by night Soldan was haunting the great tent of Sheik Rahbaad like a tireless bird of prey. Once Ammed detected him, and Soldan had had to take to his heels; but he had escaped without being recognized.

Finally, on the third night, while Rahbaad was in counsel with the wise men,—Abba Mul, Abba Hadj, and the others,—Soldan saw his chance. It was then only the work of a moment, a scratching on the side of the tent, a whisper, and, almost before he knew it, Layla had slipped out under the tent and lay snug in his arms.

"*Ma-shukah!*" he whispered, trembling with excitement.

"*Ma-shuk,*" Layla answered wistfully, placing her finger upon the dimple in his chin, just as she always did.

A shaggy, starved camp-dog limped by them, and as he passed, he bared his dripping fangs and growled, and then hurried on.

"*Ma-shukah,*" interrupted Soldan, anxiously, "if I find the way, wilt thou still go with me?"

"Ever, ever, *ma-shuk,*" she cried passionately; "ever."

"Too loud, *ma-shukah!*" he warned her.

She looked around as though she had heard some noise, but the night was dark and still.

"I have camels ready, and we will try to reach El Mebir," he whispered. "Now, here is a powder—for sleep. Give it to the sheik—in his coffee is best—at even; to-morrow at even. The simoon is coming, but if we go to-morrow night, we can make El Mebir before the wind rises. As soon as he drinks the drink, bury this bracelet that is on thine arm—bury it here in the sand where we are now. I will find it. I will know. In the middle of the night I will come and toss sand against the side of the tent,—here where we stand,—and it will seem as though blown by the wind. Three times will I toss it, and three times three. Then do thou come quickly to the door."

Soldan handed Layla a little packet in glistening oiled paper—the powder. She took it and slipped it carefully into her blouse. But suddenly she wriggled from

his arms, and in a moment she had disappeared into the tent. He was alone.

The growling dog passed by again, white foam trailing from his jaws.

Instantly, it seemed, two hard, bony hands from behind gripped Soldan by the throat. They squeezed until his eyes seemed to push from their sockets. He felt a dull blow upon the head, and then he forgot.

When Soldan awoke, he was flat on his back, with every nerve pounding. His eyes smarted as he looked up at the stars overhead. Gradually he realized that there was a hot breathing against the soles of his feet. He lifted his head,—oh, how it pained him!—and there was the foamy-mouthed, red-eyed wolf-dog sniffing hungrily at his toes. He flung out his foot and struck the ravenous brute soundly upon the muzzle, and it fled silent and limping, with its tail between its legs.

Soldan shuddered.

By degrees he began to hear talking inside the tent.

"Where is he, Ammed?"

"At the door."

"Dead?"

"No. I did not presume, my master."

"Go. Do it."

"My thanks, my master."

Soldan heard Ammed approaching eagerly, but Soldan was too bruised even to rise.

"Ammed," unexpectedly roared Rahbaad's checking voice, "bring him in here instead."

"Ay, my master," growled Ammed, as vexed as he dared to be, and roughly he caught Soldan by the hair and dragged him before the sheik.

Graven in the dimness like an ebony statue, his head thrown back, his grizzled, bearded chin pointing into the air, Rahbaad stood motionless, but consumed with fury. His arms were crossed heavily upon his breast, and his fists were doubled tightly under his arm-pits. Ammed had just told his story.

"Thou didst see all this, Ammed?" he asked as the servant settled back.

"Ay, my master."

Rahbaad's eyes blazed, and Ammed grinned at Soldan, and Soldan prayed devoutly that he might never again be made to look upon a man who had no nose when he should grin, especially under a torch.

"Ammed, if he were a man, we would kill him; if he were a boy, we would banish him: but as he is a tent-maker, we can only whip him."

Tent-maker! Perhaps sometime the odds would be even, thought Soldan, as he ground his teeth together, then he would make manifest how much more than a tent-maker he was. Then—but the first lash screamed through the air, and laid a welt upon Soldan's back.

When at last Ammed laid aside the bloody, unraveled whip, Soldan could hardly stand. Ribbons of streaming flesh lay, crisscross, on his back, and two thick streams of blood trickled down his bare limbs. Rahbaad dismissed him, and as he turned to go, the sheik showered a handful of biting pepper into the cuts on his back.

Soldan in torture turned boldly upon him, and looked him fearlessly in the eye.

"I am thy tent-maker, my master, but I have hopes of something better."

And wild with pain he staggered out of the musty tent, and the night was cool to his back.

Time passed without apparent incident until the fifth day. Along in the first hour of the morning, Rahbaad woke from a drugged stupor. He stumbled unsteadily to his feet, and his hands clasped at his throbbing temples as he swayed to and fro. Slowly his swollen, bovine eyes looked around the room. He started. He went over to Layla's couch. His hand groped tremblingly over the pillow. Nothing. Layla's couch was empty.

He reeled to the door, but there he halted abruptly. Directly at his feet was huddled Ammed, with his knees cramped up against his chin. Over Ammed's breast his shirt was stiff with dried blood. Protruding from his left lung was a crooked knife such as tent-makers use, and it was plunged to the hilt. Then Sheik Rahbaad knew. The veins in his forehead swelled ominously, and he shook with the fury of his cursing. He peered out across the Dahna, and he snapped his teeth as he saw that there was a crimson haze over the sky, and that a crimson haze overcast the desert, like the smile on the face of a murderer who had no nose. Unconsciously the sheik recoiled from the

corpse of Ammed. A strange air pressed painfully upon his aching ear-drums, as with the tips of two strong fingers. But Rahbaad shrugged his shoulders and swore quick vengeance by all the oaths of Allah, simoon or no simoon.

Forthwith the sheik called out ten of his fiercest Muharib on their fastest stallions. Old men tried to dissuade him, and pointed up warningly toward the sky; but Rahbaad looked at them with contempt, and pointed eloquently down at the foot-prints in the sand before his door. From there the trail ran east straight out into the desert, where no doubt camel-tracks soon began. Beyond that was the great empty space, and so where could the fugitives go? Besides, his milk-white stallions could double on the camels. *Subhanallah!* He would get them yet, simoon or no simoon; but Rahbaad forgot El Mebir.

So, back, old men! Mount, Muharib! And, *huza!* off they were, the eleven stallions, like so many streaks of driving mountain snow in the vague morning twilight.

Slowly the doors of the tents closed one by one. Rahbaad had known and risked, and the people crept back under their blankets, and the camp returned to its sleep.

Stealthily a frothing, red-eyed dog limped tigerishly around the corner of the great tent. He sniffed at the air, and then at the corpse of Ammed. His tongue licked the noseless face hungrily, and then with a sudden snap his jaws closed on the dead man's throat.

Already there was a hum in the air as of a rising wind. And the Dahna was left to its own.

II

RAHBAAD had known, and yet he had risked, simoon or no simoon, and Rahbaad must surely have lost. The simoon had come, and was going, but it had done its work.

For the first time in two days the sun showed its face, and now at evening on the second day it appeared low in the west, like a gory disk, sliced in two by the horizon, and opalescent in the dense haze.

The Dahna lay about El Mebir like a running tide, still heaving, still tempestuous. The winds skimmed great waves of sand off its surface, and whipped them down into the hollows, and then across the stilted crests of the dunes, until the face of the Dahna seemed continually moving, strangely like the running of the sea off Aden. And then the moaning, the awful moaning, as though the desert was telling its story.

It was growing darker. As a ship can emerge with startling suddenness from a fog, exactly so appeared the exhausted horse and rider. The rider was bent far forward, his head buried in the horse's mane; his arms clasped blindly, desperately around the drooping neck. The reins had dropped and lay over the horse's ears. The two were far spent.

Once the horse lifted its head as with human intelligence, caught sight of the tossing palms, and then plunged on again through the shifty footing with redoubled tenacity. At almost the same time the rider slipped off the saddle to one side, and his arms fell weakly from about the horse's head. The horse slackened and stopped. The rider after much difficulty regained his seat, and mechanically the horse started on again.

Finally they passed the lone palm-tree that has been cut off from the oasis; but of a sudden the horse's speed diminished. It staggered abruptly, and the rider pitched heavily over its head, and fell headlong upon the sand. The horse stopped amazed, and then, limping up to where its master lay, dropped its beautiful head and nosed tenderly about his face. Puzzled, it whinnied anxiously in his ear, and when there was no response, settled back patiently until there should be. But blood was pouring from the horse's nostrils; the eyes were swelled to bursting; the ears dropped lifelessly. The sweating flanks were twitching, and rose and fell rapidly like a quickly worked bellows when the camp-fire is low. Once powerful, now the milk-white stallion tottered feebly. Once the right fore-leg bent out, and the Arabian sank down with a sharp groan; but bravely it struggled to its feet. Again it nosed about its master's face; again it whinnied in its master's ear; again it waited. This time the rider turned over upon his side. He brushed back the hood of his burnoose and pressed his cheek affectionately

against the horse's soft throbbing nose. As though at last satisfied that his duty was done, the gallant horse seemed to surrender. The legs gave way, and the animal crashed over on its side. The eyelids fluttered, and the eyes rolled up under them until only the whites were visible. The flanks collapsed; there was a dry rumble down the length of the graceful throat, and the Arabian was dead.

The rider lifted his fat, bull face, aghast, and then he fell sobbing upon the stallion's head. The man was Rahbaad.

The sun had disappeared; it was dark. The scurrying sand-waves were settling. All that was left was the east wind moaning, moaning, this time as though in requiem for all lost horsemen.

By the time Rahbaad revived sufficiently to make for the oasis, where he knew there was water for his parched, swollen tongue, pitch darkness had fallen all about, although there was a hint of a moon far down in the east. Shuffling through the slipping sand for what he thought was an interminable time, Rahbaad felt firmer ground grow beneath his feet. The trees were thicker; he was colliding with more of them, and there was a wholesome smell in the air as of plants that drank freely.

But he stopped, startled. He reached out his hand; his fingers working nervously, defensively. He heard a single footfall to the right. For a moment from behind one of the trees he caught a gleam as from twin coals, as from eyes, as from human eyes! Then there was nothing, and Rahbaad strode on still weakly, yet more carefully, and fully on his guard.

From the shadows ahead of him he knew that at last the moon was coming up.

The smell of the plants had become fresher; the shadows were denser. The path elbowed around a tree, and then the moonlight glinted off water. Rahbaad knew that it was a well. He rushed toward it frenziedly, but just as he dropped to his knees upon the brink, and was about to bury his head in the cool waters, the two gleaming eyes appeared again, just across the spring, behind a bush. He growled angrily, and then in an abandon of recklessness plunged his head into the well up to his neck. He swallowed the water in great gulps, and then drew up, grunting with relief. Uneasily he looked up with the suspicion that he was still being watched. And sure enough, there were the eyes; they had not moved a jot.

Rahbaad reached for the knife that was always in his belt, but he had lost it in the wild ride through the simoon. He realized that he was unarmed, and at that he trembled. Prudently he drew back the hand that had been groping at his side for a rock, and he became as silent as he could. He changed tactics, for he was without arms. He must be quiet like a mouse. Banish thought of combat, hush! He must walk softly and make no noise. He must hide, for there, there, were the eyes. And Rahbaad the bold crept away noiselessly from the well, and his fat, bull face worked with dread. It was a sight to see.

Crawling carefully along the path that ran through the jungle undergrowth with labyrinthine twists and circlings, Rahbaad finally found himself behind a thick-set bush, and there the path stopped. His bare foot touched a soft, crumbling morsel, and he stepped back uncertainly. Stooping cautiously, he touched it with his finger, and instantly a welcome smile lighted his face. It was a half-eaten crust of bread. He thrust it, whole, into his mouth, and though it burned his swollen tongue, he bolted it ravenously. He stepped up closely to the bush and peered through an interstice formed by the breaking of a twig—by the recent breaking of a twig, for the bark was still slimy—and just at the foot of the bush was the spring. *Billahi!* it was from behind this very bush, then, that the eyes—and he backed away. But before he could turn, a lance tore through the bush from across the spring, and hit with a thud against his chest. Rahbaad rolled over senseless. However, he soon recovered, much to his surprise, and he sat up, aching and bewildered. Beside him lay a slim, black lance. He felt for its point. He stopped, thunderstruck: it had none. The head had been taken off. There was nothing more deadly than a stubby crest of black ostrich feathers.

Of black ostrich feathers? Flat on his stomach, Rahbaad crawled up and, close to the ground, peeked across the spring. He gasped. There were the eyes. Almost at once he was hit in the back with

another lance. It only clipped him on the shoulder-blade; but it stung wickedly. And it, too, was blunt, and in the path behind were two more eyes!

Rahbaad cried hoarsely, and springing up, he dashed into the heavy undergrowth. The interlaced branches checked him at every step; but he fought tremendously, and burst his way through them.

Eyes, eyes, lances with Muharib tips, and a crust of bread! Was the place haunted? This was as awful as El Mebir could be at its worst, even though this was not El Mebir, since there was no ruined temple. But just then Rahbaad glanced up over the tops of the closely packed hedgings, and there, silvery pale in the moonlight, loomed the peristyle. Hardly did he have time to reflect on this when he happened to glance down at his feet. A brown asp, its horns straight above its eyes, was slowly writhing off. It was good that the sheik had not made that next step. Completely unnerved, he stumbled ahead weakly, brushing aside the bushes hesitatingly. A broken branch snapped sharply somewhere behind him. He stopped, turned, screamed. Back in the thicket gleamed six eyes, side by side.

Rahbaad broke away, and clear of the haunted jungle, he leaped through the entrance to the temple, and in an agony of terror he raced blindly between the piles of rock, and soon dropped breathless in front of the altar. A small fire, freshly fed, was burning brightly; but Rahbaad did not stop to consider. Things were swimming past him in a haze, and every now and then would flash the eyes, the eyes, and then things would swim again. His mouth was gaping; his fat, bull face seemed to quiver flabbily; his lungs tossed violently. The last thing he remembered, a gray figure, shrouded in a burnoose, rose like a wraith at the end of the altar. All that was visible were the eyes, and they gleamed like the garnets in the turbans of the beys at Medina. Rahbaad choked and fell prone upon his back. His senses left him.

At once the figure uncovered his head. It was Soldan. He stooped, and spreading Rahbaad's burnoose, emptied out upon it the dates and the black bread that he had carried in the skin sack slung over his wrist. He smiled rather happily, for he knew that Rahbaad would not have done this for him. All this entered into the making manifest.

As he was stepping back, an asp crawled from a little hole under the altar, and, coiling its head, nodded lazily back and forth, and then struck swiftly. Soldan, however, had noticed just in the nick of time, and he bent his knees quickly. The heavy folds of the burnoose sagged loosely upon the ground, and the snake's nose hit harmlessly upon them.

Whether it was bravado or not was not clear, but catching the asp deftly behind the ears, Soldan thrust it hissing into the skin sack, and pulled the strings. He smiled, and shrugged his shoulders; but at that he winced sharply. The scabs on his back were sore. Rahbaad did not deserve dates and bread, but the odds this time were to be even.

Bitterly Soldan lifted the sack and seemed to weigh it thoughtfully. Then he glanced down at the prostrate sheik. His jaw set, and he looked again wonderingly at the sack. His eyes opened as at an idea.

"Making manifest," he mumbled. Then Soldan hurried away.

When Soldan returned to the spring, Layla was having her difficulties with Mahroub, who, squatted near the brink, was rocking slowly back and forth in a boiling rage.

"He is wroth, *ma-shuk*," she confided warningly to Soldan as he approached; "he—"

"I could have knifed him," broke in Mahroub, angrily, "when he came down to the spring. I could have slain him, and thou sheared the points from the spears!"

"*Sulh*, Mahroub," soothed Soldan; "that is not making manifest. The odds are to be even, and I have said it."

"Who ever heard of such things!" sneered Mahroub. "When the work lies ready, when the twine is in the needle's eye, then—stitch!"

"Mahroub, I gave him bread that he might eat of other bread. I sheared our lances when he was about to find us that he might be left for the sharpest of lances. He has screamed, and when I make him scream again he will see, as though he saw his own face in a pool,

Drawn by Jay Hambidge. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"ALL IN A MOMENT IT ARCHED ITS NECK LIKE A SWAN'S"

that his tent-maker is better than he. Ho, ho! That his tent-maker is braver than he!"

"What, *ma-shuk,*" asked Layla, doubtfully, "is this other bread?"

"It is not baked by hands, *ma-shukah,* and its leaven is the leaven of shame."

"But, *ma-shuk,* this sharpest of lances?"

"It is the fiber of the heart, *ma-shukah.* It is tipped with scorn, and is cast from the fearless eye."

"Yet, tell me, *ma-shuk,* what will make him to scream? Will it be huge like one of the Muharib, and ride on a camel? Will it roar like the simoon, and be mighty to slay in great numbers?"

"Ay, *ma-shukah,* it will be huge like the point of a needle. It will roar like the smooth tooth of the asp—and yet be mighty to slay in great numbers. It will be vasty as death,—the great tent of all,—when the curtains drop down forever. It will be vile as death, when the doors have been shut, and a stench has been loosed in the darkness. Vasty as that—and as vile."

Soldan turned scornfully and went back up the path, and he carried the skin sack carefully. Mahroub looked questioningly at Layla and wondered.

Rahbaad was just finishing the dates and the bread. His cheeks bulged gluttonously, and his eyes were half-closed, like a sleepy ox to whom the cud is the full measure of living. And he ate, and he did not consider what he ate, or the source of the bounty. There was no pepper.

At this juncture Soldan and Layla, both hidden in burnooses, appeared silently around the altar. Nimbly the girl vaulted upon the top of the rock and seated herself, crouching like a little gray cat. Slowly Soldan walked around in front of her, until he was above the sheik, and facing him.

Rahbaad looked up, and unconsciously his hands fell around the food, much as a dog claims his bone. But then his teeth began to chatter, and his limbs to tremble. Things were still swimming past him; but as soon as he caught the eyes gleaming behind the hood, he tumbled back upon the sand, and a look of craven entreaty came into the bull face.

Soldan smiled grimly behind his hood, and carefully unwound the skin sack from his wrist. He deposited it upon the sand, handy, yet out of Rahbaad's reach. He wrapped the burnoose snugly about his limbs, and stroking it smooth down to the ankles, he lay down flat upon his stomach.

Layla raised her head, amazed.

Soldan nodded peremptorily at Rahbaad, and the sheik comprehended and obeyed like a child. Rising, he lay down flat upon his stomach likewise. Things were still swimming past him, and more rapidly.

Soldan stared intently into the fat face, but Rahbaad, blinking his eyes fearfully, looked away, and anxiously watched the full skin sack. On one side of them was the fire, on the other the altar and the girl, and she was beautiful like a nymph at dawn as the moonlight fell about her, for her hood had slipped.

Finally Soldan extended his bare, left forearm, and placed it between himself and Rahbaad, so that it made a line between the altar and the fire. He nodded at Rahbaad's right arm, and, still cowed, the Bedouin slowly pushed out his right arm and placed it parallel with Soldan's. The two arms were less than a hand-span apart. The two fists lay toward the fire, and the elbows lay toward the altar. But Soldan never shifted his hood, and continued to gaze intently across the bridge of his arm at Rahbaad. Once, as though compelled, the latter lifted his eyes squarely to the other's. Immediately they dropped to the sack, and he caught his breath huskily.

After a long, racking pause, Soldan drew the sack around and laid it with its neck-opening between the two bare arms. He began to untie the thong around the sack. He then depressed the neck until it was touching the floor of the temple. The folds of the sack began to swell, and within it there was the lazy squirming of the captive.

In a flash Rahbaad recalled what a narrow escape he had had in the thicket from an asp. He bit nervously at his bearded lips, and a hot sweat began to stand out in beads upon his knobbed brow. His blood-shot eyeballs were bulging, and his breath, bursting rapidly from his nostrils, blew little clouds of dust from the floor.

The grip of Soldan's hand on the sack

loosened. The neck opened, and slowly there protruded an ugly head, with horns straight above eyes that snapped with anger. There was a short little hiss.

Layla rose slowly, horror-stricken, and then sank upon straight, trembling arms.

And the hand on the sack did not flinch, and the eyes did not rise from Rahbaad's.

The snake's head was almost free when with a shudder and a muffled scream Rahbaad jerked his arm back. His fat face dropped upon the floor, and tears poured from his beefy eyes. Soldan's hand tightened quickly on the bag, and the snake was arrested; but it hissed angrily and strove to free itself; but in vain. Impulsively Rahbaad shoved back his arm, and his face lifted, and it was burning with shame.

"The scream!" breathed Soldan, triumphantly.

Again the arms were parallel. Suddenly, without any warning, Soldan's grip on the sack relaxed completely. He squeezed the body of the snake through the opening, and tossed the sack over his shoulder. This time told.

Slowly the asp crawled ahead until it was directly between the two arms; directly opposite the men's eyes. As though to tantalize, the asp turned its head and looked quizzically into both faces. Then it slowly coiled itself into a compact, powerful cone.

The sweat had increased on Rahbaad's brow. Drop after drop trickled down the thick bridge of his nose and splashed upon his fat arm. His arm was trembling, and his muscles were drawn and taut in their effort to control it so that it would not attract the attention of the snake. Soldan's arms lay full and free, not a tendon straining.

Beating with her fists impotently upon the hard granite, Layla was shivering.

The asp raised its head. Its eyes glistened with an evil light. It turned slowly, slowly toward Soldan. Just for a moment his eyes closed bitterly, and then they opened again and continued to stare at Rahbaad. At any rate, he had made them even. He had done what Rahbaad would never have done, even if he did lose.

Layla's breast was heaving. A sickly grin of relief drew over Rahbaad's face.

Slowly the asp began to swing back and forth, back and forth, lazily, rhythmically. But still Soldan stared at Rahbaad and still the asp was swinging. Then it halted, upraised, about to strike. Rahbaad laughed a dry laugh; but at the relaxation his arm began to tremble violently. The asp's head jerked erect, rigid, attracted by the agitation. Its wicked eyes burned with inquiry. Then it whirled its flat head abruptly toward Rahbaad. All in a moment it arched its neck like a swan's and darted from its coils. There was the thud of its nose against the soft flesh of Rahbaad's arm, and the fangs bit deep.

Layla swooned.

Soldan brushed his hood back from his head with a wild sweep, and smothered the asp under the sack. Like lightning he reached out exultantly, and catching Rahbaad violently by the beard, with all the daring of a man who had made manifest he thrust up the chin until Rahbaad could not help but look him in the face.

"Thy tent-maker, O sheik—thy tent-maker!"

NOTES ON LORADO TAFT

BY HENRY B. FULLER

LORADO TAFT, the most prominent of our Western sculptors, was born at Elmwood, Illinois, of New England parentage, in 1860. In 1879, he was graduated from the Illinois State University, where his father was a member of the faculty. He went abroad in 1880, and passed three years in Paris at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts. On returning to America, he settled in Chicago, where he has since resided. His mother (also of a good old down-East family) was the source from which he drew his talent.

The earlier years of Mr. Taft's professional career were narrowly conditioned by the naïf demands and appreciations of a new and simple society. In such circumstances, one naturally makes busts of the living and of the dead, whether distinguished or non-distinguished; and one executes soldiers' monuments. A wider field and a fairer future opened out with the coming of the World's Columbian Exposition, and the young artist grasped his first conspicuous opportunity when he contributed two tall decorative groups to flank the entrance of the Horticultural Building: "The Sleep of the Flowers" and "The Awakening of the Flowers." An analogous contribution was made for the adornment of the succeeding exhibition at St. Louis: two groups, with outstanding figures, representing "The Mountain" and "The Prairie."

With maturing years, our artist has left the merely decorative side of sculpture behind him. He has searched his heart, and has come to view with increasing penetration a wider segment of human life. The transition to this newer stage was marked by his heroic group entitled, "The Solitude of the Soul." This presents four figures, two male and two female, partly imbedded in and partly detached from a central core. With sealed eyes and groping gestures these typical personages show that not even the closest intimacy may insure complete understanding, and they embody the touching, disquieting truth that each one of us, despite the best will on all sides, must pass through this life more or less alone.

Mr. Taft's next important work was drawn, with admirable felicity, from his own proper environment. This was the fountain-group of five female figures called, "The Great Lakes." High-standing Superior starts the descending stream; Michigan, Huron, and Erie give sisterly aid; and crouching Ontario, with outstretched arm, directs the flood onward toward the sea.[1] This subject, so manifestly apposite,—indeed, so inevitable,—merely awaited the man. Recognition, both general and official, followed with gratifying quickness. A permanent fund for the decoration of the city of Chicago having been recently established by private beneficence,[2] an enlarged copy of "The Great Lakes"—most graceful and appropriate work—will find a worthy place in the growing scheme of embellishment for the South side system of parks and boulevards.

The latest of Mr. Taft's large groups, "The Blind," illustrates the crucial situation in Maeterlinck's "Les Aveugles," and follows upon a performance of this poignant play which was lately given by

[1] This group was reproduced in THE CENTURY for July, 1906.

[2] A sum of $1,000,000, bequeathed by Mr. B. F. Ferguson, a retired lumberman, to be administered "entirely and exclusively under the direction of the Board of Trustees of the Art Institute of Chicago in the erection and maintenance of enduring statuary and monuments of stone, granite, or bronze, in the parks, along the boulevards, and in the public places," to be expended by the various boards of park commissioners."

MOTHER AND CHILD IN THE GROUP, "THE BLIND," BY LORADO TAFT

"THE BLIND." FROM THE PLASTER MODEL BY LORADO TAFT

(SUGGESTED BY MAETERLINCK'S DRAMA "LES AVEUGLES." SHOWN AT BALTIMORE IN THE EXHIBIT OF THE NATIONAL SCULPTURE SOCIETY, 1908)

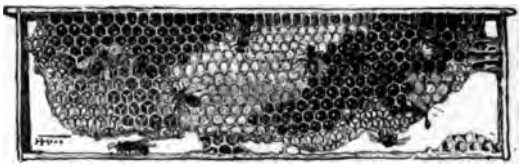
the sculptor and his associates at their summer camp on the Rock River. The dozen sightless ones—old or younger, strong or feeble, sane or half-mad—now realize at last that their priest and leader is dead, and that their only hope for guidance rests with the infant around whom they crowd and grope.

Among other recent works, one may mention busts of Illinois worthies—Governor Oglesby and General Logan—for the Memorial Hall of the Grand Army of the Republic, in the public library building, Chicago. More important is a colossal statue of Washington for the campus of the State University at Seattle. This sets forth our first President, in long military cape and sword of state, as an idea. The figure is severely abstract and architectonic, a presentation of great dignity and power.

But sculpture, pure and simple, is only a single element in Lorado Taft's busy life. To gain the opportunity for such achievement as has already been noted, and to indulge his enthusiastic desire for the artistic betterment of Chicago and the Middle West, he has had to spend a large part of his best years in copious exegesis and comment. Though he maintains three studios,—one at the center of the town, one in the suburbs, and one at Eagle's Nest Camp, near Oregon, Illinois,—yet the lecture-platform and the railway-train continue to claim a good share of his time. He has delivered some two thousand lectures upon art subjects. To this educational side of his work he has brought, in notable union, a high seriousness of purpose and a winning *intimité* of manner. From 1886 to 1907 he was instructor at the Chicago Art Institute; from 1892 to 1902 he was a lecturer in the university extension department of the University of Chicago; and even today he is often on the wing, with his paraphernalia and his assistants, engaged in demonstrating to North, South, West, and, of late, the East, what a sculptor's studio is like, and what goes on within it. By such means, in his present environment, does he earn for the ideal the privilege of subsisting and a continued right to function.

Mr. Taft's teaching has not been without its creative side. He possesses the happy faculty of contriving large *projcts* that provide coöperative play for the wits and fingers of many students. Two of these pieces of concerted endeavor may be recalled: a "Funeral Procession," which presented many mourners and pall-bearers in severe and stately garb; and a "Scene in the Temple," where the woman taken in her sin was shown surrounded by a varied circle of Jews dominated by a single Roman soldier. In such compositions each member of the class has been accustomed to take an allotted figure.

So much free discourse, indulged in year after year, could hardly, in the end, avoid the printed page. In 1903, Mr. Taft published his "History of American Sculpture," a genial and thorough work much appreciated alike by professional, amateur, and student. His activities, besides impinging on literature, have also taken a slant, partly by reason of several ambitious projects yet to be realized, in the direction of architecture. Last year, at the Convention of the American Institute of Architects, held in Chicago, Mr. Taft was made a corresponding member of that body, an honor to be interpreted in the broadest sense. He was welcomed not only as a coadjutor of architects, not only as an unwearied promoter, by word and by deed, of the general cause of art, but as a man. Indeed, it is largely as a citizen, giving freely of his best for the common good, that Lorado Taft has taken his firm hold upon the friendly appreciation of his own city and gained the sympathetic regard of his artistic confrères assembled there from throughout the land.



MRS. BIRKIN'S BONNET

BY L. ALLEN HARKER

THE very first time that the baby went out, the monthly nurse carried her to see Mrs. Birkin; and as she marched with slow and stately tread up the narrow garden path to the cottage, a swarm of bees settled all over both infant and nurse. Fortunately the nurse was a Cotswold woman, and knew full well that if a swarm of bees settles upon an infant during the first month of its existence, and departs without stinging, it is a very lucky omen. And people born in other parts of the world will agree as to the good fortune of the latter contingency.

Mrs. Birkin in her porch, and the nurse in her cloak of bees, stood like two statues in the hot sunshine of that September afternoon, the nurse hardly daring to breathe, lest by some inadvertent movement she should change so stupendous a piece of luck into disaster.

Presently the brown cloud lifted itself from the white bundle in the anxious nurse's arms and passed with its own triumphant music to some other place.

The baby still slept sweetly, oblivious alike of good or evil fortune. Mrs. Birkin, her ruddy cheeks pale under the weather-stains of years, came forth from her cottage as the nurse tottered to meet her, holding out the baby and exclaiming hysterically: "Take her, take her, and let me sit down somewhere, for my legs won't bear me no longer!"

"The Lard be praised!" cried Mrs. Birkin, seizing the baby. "That there lamb 'll be lucky an' good-lookin', an' she 'll 'ave a good 'usban' for sure. Bless 'er! Them bees knows what they be about, an' 't is plain they knew as you was Cotsal barn an' bred, an' was n't none of them faintin', scritchin' women as don't rekkernize the Lard's voice, not when 'E 'ollers in their yer."

Then, seated on the little wooden seats on each side of the tiny porch, the women proceeded to sing the size and the exceeding beauty of the new baby, who seemingly preferred the soothing lullaby of the bees, for she woke up and "hollered" with surprising vigor.

A little later the baby paid her visits to Mrs. Birkin in a fine, white perambulator, and, as that worthy woman put it, "You did n't know where you was" before that remarkable infant toddled up the cobbled path to the cottage quite unassisted.

Time slips by noiseless and fleet-footed in a quiet Cotswold village, even as in noisier and more strenuous places, and "Squoire's little darter" grew into "our young lady." To be sure, there were other young ladies in the neighborhood, for the village is large and cheery, with many nice places around; but the other young ladies were in no way remarkable. No swarm of bees had settled on any of them in infancy. For it really seemed as if some of the sturdy sweetness of the bees had passed into the baby they thus honored. As was said of jolly Dick Steele, "she was liked in all company because she liked it."

And now the village was upside down with excitement, for our young lady was going to be married, and Mrs. Birkin was to have a new bonnet for the great occasion.

Mrs. Birkin felt that she had an unusually important part to play in the festivities attendant on this great event, for our young lady's father, who had an excellent memory for dates, had decreed that the wedding-day should be on the anniversary of the day on which, nineteen years be-

fore, the swarm of bees had distinguished his daughter. Such a thing had never happened since, though plenty of babies had come both to Mrs. Birkin's village and the other villages round about, and you may be sure that Mrs. Birkin knew all about every baby that arrived within a ten-mile radius. She is an authority upon babies. She is one of those women who is everybody's mother because she has no living children of her own. In the churchyard, under the green mound that now marks the humble resting-place of Mr. Birkin, there were once two tiny graves where, side by side, lay Mrs. Birkin's twin sons. And for the sake of those two babies, dead these forty years, Mrs. Birkin's heart had kept young and kind, and full of love for all other babies. So that it came about that the very crossest infant ever born into a world it seemed to find singularly unattractive was good with Mrs. Birkin, and in consequence she was in great request with busy mothers.

Nor was it only the babies who loved Mrs. Birkin. Little girls brought their dolls for her to dress, and little boys, even bad little boys, whose grubby hands were against every other man, woman, or child in the village, refrained from pillaging Mrs. Birkin's garden, and had been known to weed it for her, all for love.

For months past, in fact, ever since our young lady's engagement was announced, Mrs. Birkin had pondered the great question of the Bonnet. She had not had a new bonnet for six years. Four years before that, again, she had indulged in a widow's bonnet, in which, on Sundays, she did honor to the memory of the departed Birkin; until the crape grew green with age, and our young lady herself suggested that the time had come when Mrs. Birkin's somewhat mitigated woe might find expression in head-gear less indicative of intense gloom.

In our village, except "of a Sunday," the question of costume is extremely simple. The men wear corduroy; the women, lilac or pink print, with sunbonnet to match. There are those who wish that the wearing of these uniforms extended to Sundays,—the villagers, in the week, are so much more in harmony with the beautiful, gray, old houses,—but those who, like "Squoire," love these people well, would not for the world debar them from the wearing of that finery dear to the heart of woman in cottage and castle alike.

Squoire drives a coach, and often on Saturday afternoons he will pull up in the very middle of our one street and shout, "Any one for the town?" And, sure enough, three or four eager damsels and matrons bustle out of their cottages, are packed in as inside passengers, and away goes the coach to distant "Ziren," where country folk can see the shops and make their purchases, Squoire bringing them and their bundles home in the evening again, and never a penny to pay for carriage hire.

Three times lately had Mrs. Birkin made this journey to "Ziren," rightly so called from its many fascinations. She had flattened her nose against the plate-glass windows of that stately shop in the market-place where there were displayed hats of the most bewitching beauty, and fabrics so delicate that Mrs. Birkin fairly caught her breath at the mere idea of any one daring to wear them. It was undoubtedly an entrancing vision, that shop; but then nothing was priced, and there were no bonnets in that window, and for a bonnet Mrs. Birkin had come to look.

At the corner of Black Jack Street, not quite in the market-place, but facing it, was another shop. Here there were hats and bonnets in plenty, marked in plain figures for all to see, and there was one, manifestly a bonnet "suitable for a elderly person," that positively fascinated Mrs. Birkin. Of white straw was it, trimmed with scarlet geraniums and elegant excrescences of watered ribbon of a delicate mauve shade—a truly bridal bonnet, fitted to grace even the marriage of our young lady herself. But its cost was twelve and sixpence, a truly prohibitive price for Mrs. Birkin—"A'most a month's keep," she sadly whispered to herself. She went away from that window. She walked right round the market-place, she looked into every milliner's window, she gazed upon other bonnets; but there was nothing to compare with the creation compounded of scarlet geraniums and mauve ribbon in the shop in Black Jack Street. All the same, Mrs. Birkin went home with only three yards

of scouring flannel to show for her day's shopping.

But she dreamed of the bonnet, and her waking hours were haunted by its beauties. "I can't afford no more nor ten shillin's," she said to a neighbor with whom she discussed the question. "Mebbe if I waits, her 'll get a bit faded, and they 'll put un down in proice."

Thrice more did Mrs. Birkin avail herself of Squoire's kindness and drive in the coach to Ziren, and on the third occasion she screwed up her courage to enter the shop, and in trembling tones demanded of the young lady behind the counter whether there was any chance of the bonnet—for it still graced the window—"bein' a bit cheaper for cash. I could n't pay for un to-day," she added; "but next week I be comin' in again, an' if so be as her were two shillin' less, I med manage un."

The young lady was good-natured and approachable. She even lifted the bonnet from its stand in the window, and proposed that Mrs. Birkin should try it on.

This Mrs. Birkin did, though her knees knocked together during the process, and she was fain to confess that her handsome, sunburnt face was assuredly "uncommon set off" when framed in the scarlet geraniums and pale mauve ribbons.

"Of course I can't promise that it won't be gone before next week," said the young lady. "It 's a very attractive article; but if it is still here, we might be able to meet you. You would n't like me to put it aside for you, to make sure?" she suggested.

But here Mrs. Birkin was firm. "No," she said; "if so be as you has a chanst to sell it, far be it from me to stand in your way. But if it be still yer, when I do come back, then, if I 've got the money, I 'll 'ave she. The ribbons is gettin' a bit faded," she added shrewdly; and with that parting shot, Mrs. Birkin hurried from the shop to buy yellow soap.

She was not well off, even as such a term is modestly read in a Cotswold village community. For one thing, she was far too fond of giving. For another, although she "went out days" when she got the chance, and was as sturdy and healthy at sixty as many women are at forty, yet she could no longer work in the fields in summer, a long day's haymaking being more than she could stand. Squoire let her live in her cottage rent free, for the departed Birkin had been one of his laborers; moreover, his daughter was very fond of Mrs. Birkin, and that went a long way with Squoire. He also had obtained for her of late, from certain mysterious powers called "Guardians," an allowance of three and sixpence a week, so that with what she could earn Mrs. Birkin got on fairly comfortably. The bonnet money was money saved up for years against illness, but "Law bless you!" she said, " 't is only once in a way. That there bonnet 'll sarve me till I be put away in churchyard along of Birkin, an' if I don't go foine to see that there blessed lamb married to her good gentleman, when be I to go foine? You just tell me that."

The day of the wedding was drawing near. Only six days now till the great day itself. But Mrs. Birkin was still bonnetless. In vain did she count her savings over and over again; by no arithmetical process could they be persuaded to amount to more than eleven shillings and fivepence three farthings. Squoire sent round word that he would drive the coach into Ziren that afternoon and that anybody might go that liked. Mrs. Birkin went, carrying with her her whole worldly wealth.

Once in the market-place, she hurried to the shrine of the Bonnet. It was still there, and on it was a card bearing the reassuring legend, "Much reduced; only nine and elevenpence halfpenny."

Mrs. Birkin paused outside that she might savor the sweets of purchase by anticipation. For fully five minutes did she stand gloating over the bonnet—her bonnet, as she already felt it to be, and she was on the point of entering the shop when she caught sight of a neighbor on the other side of the road, one Mrs. Comley, who held by the hand a small and exceedingly dirty boy about ten years old. His free hand was thrust into one of his tearful eyes, and sobs shook his small frame. It was plain that Ernie Comley was in grievous trouble. Mrs. Comley, too, looked flushed and miserable. She was an unhealthy-looking, undersized little woman whose somewhat dreary days were passed in futile attempts to overtake her multifarious duties. Mrs. Comley

was no manager; and it was not surprising, for one weakly baby was hardly set upon its bandy legs before another appeared to claim her whole attention. Comley was a farm-laborer with twelve shillings a week, so that the charitable made excuses for Mrs. Comley. Besides, she "did come from Birmiggum," and the Cotswold folk felt that that explained any amount of slackness and general incompetence.

It was not in the nature of Mrs. Birkin to pass by any one in trouble. She forgot her bonnet for the moment, and hurried across the road to inquire the cause of Ernie's tears.

"We come by the carrier this morning," Mrs. Comley explained,—it was like her to pay for the carrier when Squoire would have brought her for nothing,—"I 'ad so much to do, an' Ernie 'e done nothing but w'ine an' cry somethin' dreadful all the time because I told 'im plain 'e can't go to no weddin's, nor no treats after, neither. Do you know what that boy 've bin an' done? 'E 've gone an' tore the seat clean out of 'is Sunday trowsies, an' there ain't a bit of the same stuff nowhere. We 've bin an' tried all over the place; an' go in corderoys 'e shall not, shamin' me before all the neighbors, as is nasty-tongued enough as it is. 'E be the most rubsome child I ever see. There ain't no keepin' 'im in clothes, that there ain't."

Mrs. Comley gave the "rubsome" Ernie a spiteful shake, which caused that unhappy urchin to burst into renewed and louder sobs.

"There, there," said Mrs. Birkin, soothingly, "don't 'ee take on so! There 's sure to be summat as can be done, and I 'm sartin of this, as our young lady 'ad far sooner 'e come in 'is corderoys than stopped away. She said most partic'lar as she 'oped *heverbody* 'u'd come. There, Ernie, then, don't 'ee take on so." And Mrs. Birkin patted the boy's shoulder with a kind, comforting hand.

"I tell you as there ain't nothing as can be done," Mrs. Comley retorted fretfully. "Them cloes is tore about shockin'. They was n't new when 'e got 'em, an' 'e be that rubsome they 've all fell to pieces. 'T ain't only the trowsies. And do you mean to tell me that 'e could go to hany weddin' like this 'ere?"

Mrs. Birkin fell back a step that she might the better regard the lachrymose Ernie, and sorrowfully she came to the conclusion that his mother was right; for, indeed, his appearance was the reverse of festal. Although his corduroy trousers had so far withstood his rubsome tendencies, his jacket had given way at the elbows, and he looked altogether as disreputable a small boy as could be met in a summer's day.

"I tried to get 'im a suit at the Golden Anchor, if they 'd only 'ave let me take it on credit; but they be that 'ard—'cash with horder,' that 's their style. An' it 's no manner of use me a-goin' to any of the big tailors: they would n't so much as look at me. There, Ernie, do 'old that row. You 'll never be missed in all that crowd. No one 'll know but what you was there."

This reflection seemed in no way to comfort Ernie, who burst forth into a loud howl, and was dragged down the market-place by his weary and incensed parent.

Mrs. Birkin stood where she was, immersed in thought. Across the road the bonnet shop beckoned beguilingly, and her work-worn hand tightened upon her purse. Slowly she crossed the road, and once more stood staring at the bonnet. How beautiful it was! How brilliant its geraniums, how crisp and dainty its bosses and twists of ribbon! "It be like the bit o' carpet beddin' under Squoire's drawin'-room windows, that 'a be," said Mrs. Birkin to herself.

She stared so hard at the bonnet that her eyes grew misty, and the card with "much reduced" danced before her; but still she did not go into the shop. She stood like a statue for nearly five minutes, still staring at the bonnet; but she no longer saw it. What she saw was her own potato-patch last autumn; and in it, hard at work, was Ernie Comley, digging her potatoes for her because her lumbago was so bad.

"What do it matter for a hold image like me what I do wear?" she muttered. Then she turned from the window that held her heart's desire, and hurried down the market-place after Mrs. Comley and the rubsome Ernie.

She found them staring gloomily into the window of the ready-made clothes shop.

"You come in along o' me," she cried excitedly. "There 's a suit in that window, 'This style eight and eleven three,' as 'll just do for Ernie, allowin' for growth. I 'll buy it for un, an' you can pay me back a bit at a time, as is most convenient. Come on in."

The suit was bought, and presently Ernie, dirty, and as cheerful as he had been tearful a few minutes before, emerged from the doorway, hugging a large, brown paper parcel.

"I must do my shoppin' sharpish," Mrs. Birkin said as she came out of the shop, "or else Squoire 'll be back before I be ready. Good afternoon to you. No; don't you never name it. 'T is no more than you 'd 'a' done for me."

To herself she murmured as she hurried up the market-place: "I don't suppose as she 'll ever pay I, she 's but a slack piece; but I could n't abear as that boy should n't 'ave none of the fun. We 're none on us young but once."

MRS. BIRKIN'S Sunday bonnet was black, and although a black dress for best is not only permissible, but suitable, for an elderly cottager even at a wedding, to wear a black bonnet upon so festive an occasion is to commit a solecism of the most glaring kind.

Mrs. Birkin was a woman of much resource. Once the bonnet of her dreams had become an impossibility, owing to the expense of Ernie Comley's wedding garment, she set herself forthwith to manufacture another as like the one in the shop window at Ziren as her means would allow.

To that end she purchased a small, a very small, pot of cream enamel; red flowers, of a nondescript kind it is true, but still red, and plenty of them for the money; and three yards of pale lavender ribbon. She then picked all the trimming off her old bonnet, washed it, dried it in the oven with the door well ajar lest the precious thing should "scarch." When dry, she enameled it cream, inside and out, and when the enamel in its turn had dried, she trimmed the rejuvenated bonnet with the new flowers and ribbon. And a very imposing confection it looked. and quite unlike anything to be seen in any window of the Ziren shops. Mrs. Birkin herself felt certain misgivings about it; but she had done her best, and by her best she must abide.

It happened that the night before the wedding our young lady's maid was packing her going-away trunk, talking the while about the villagers and their excitement over the morrow. This maid was "own niece" to Mrs. Birkin, but she was not proud of the relationship. She was a smart young woman who had traveled, and she looked down upon her simple old aunt with, at the best, a tolerant sort of amusement.

"You 'll see some wonderful costumes to-morrow, Miss," she said as she folded dainty garments. "The whole village has got something new. My old aunt now—not that you 'll have time to notice such as she—but you never saw such a bonnet as she 's gone and trimmed for herself. A silly old woman, that 's what I call her. She 'd saved up quite a nice bit of money, and was going to have a new bonnet out of a shop in the town they sets such store by, though 't is n't much more than a village to them as have traveled, is it, Miss? Well, what does she go and do but lend the money as she 'd saved for her bonnet to a woman in the village to buy a suit for one of them nasty, mischievous little boys, so that he could come to your weddin' and the treats an' that? 'T was n't aunt told me, else I 'd have given her a piece of my mind. A fool and his money 's soon parted."

Our young lady turned almost fiercely upon her maid. "I think it was perfectly lovely of Mrs. Birkin," she cried, with a ring in her voice that warned that sharp girl she had in some way offended. "I wish there were more people like her in the world. It would be a kinder, better place. There 's nothing here one half so beautiful as that bonnet of hers."

The maid went on folding lace petticoats in silence, for there was a sound of tears in her young lady's voice. She wondered at the curious ways of the gentry; one never knew where to have them.

THE church was packed for the wedding. Only the seats on one side of the central aisle had been reserved for the guests; by special request of the bride, the other side was kept for the villagers, first come, first served, with no distinctions whatsoever. Mrs. Comley was there, with Ernie, all

new suit and hair-oil. Mrs. Birkin came a full hour and a half before the service, and secured a corner seat next the aisle from which wild horses could not have dragged her.

The priest had said his say, the organist was thundering the wedding-march, the wedding was over, and the bride, her veil thrown back from her radiant face, was coming down the aisle on her proud young husband's arm. Mrs. Birkin, tearful and exultant, stood in her place devouring the pretty spectacle with eager, kind old eyes. As the bride reached Mrs. Birkin's pew she stopped, slipped her hand from the bridegroom's arm, and turning, flung both her own, bouquet and all, round Mrs. Birkin's neck. She kissed the old woman before the whole church and whispered loudly in her ear: "Mrs. Birkin dear, that 's the most beautiful bonnet I ever saw."

In another moment she was gone. The last pair of bridesmaids had passed, and after them, visitors and villagers alike thronged into the sunshine. Mrs. Birkin, her bonnet much awry, owing to the heavy bridal bouquet, strayed out with the rest in a sort of solemn rapture. She had been honored above all other women on that great day.

"Wot did 'er say to you?" asked Mrs. Comley, enviously, when they got outside.

Mrs. Birkin laughed. "Bless 'er sweet face!" she exclaimed triumphantly, "if her did n't go and think 't was a bran' new bonnet as I 'd got on! I must 'a' made un over-smartish, that I must."

THE LAST CURTAIN

BY WALTER PRICHARD EATON

"IT might come to-day, or it might come next week," said the doctor, putting on his gloves. "He may be delirious. You must let me know if he is, and I will come at once, though there is little any of us can do."

The woman in the hall hovered with short, aged steps at the doctor's heels. Old as she was, she could still be described as chubby. She was pretty, too, with the prettiness of a lively woman who has not grown old in heart. But her vivacity was put aside now by anxious tenderness.

"Is the nurse all right, Doctor? Are you sure she knows her business?" she asked solicitously.

"She 's the best nurse we ever had at the hospital," he answered kindly. "But of course she 's not the same as an old friend. It was splendid of you to come 'way down here to nurse him, and at your age, too. Has he no relatives?"

"Not a soul," she answered.

"Why did he never marry?" the doctor asked. "Funny—I remember him so well—used to be taken to see him play when I was only knee-high. And he was so handsome, and everybody said he had such charming manners, both on the stage and off. Father used to declare he could give points to Edward Everett. He should have had a family. Why was it?"

Her sweet mouth trembled as the old lady looked up in the doctor's face. "Well," she answered, "we players are n't always happy in our marriages, I 'm sorry to say. Perhaps he was afraid."

"But surely he had your example," the doctor smiled. "All Boston is proud of your life and your family."

The woman turned her face quickly away. "I did n't marry an actor," she said.

"But he need n't have married an act—" The doctor broke off his sentence abruptly. Then he added gravely and gently: "I used to see you two in 'Adri-

enne Lecouvreur.' Do you remember? And 'The School for Scandal,' too. You were both so good!"

"*He* was great," said the old lady. "He played six hundred parts in his life, and all of them correctly and finely. Who can do that nowadays, I should like to know?"

The doctor whistled. "Why," said he, "now an actor plays one part for two or three seasons, does n't he? He *was* a remarkable man!"

"He was the greatest comedian we 've ever had," she answered proudly.

The doctor patted her hand. "Now, the nurse is all right, and I 'll come again after dinner, anyway," he said. "Good-by."

"Good-by," she answered, and smiled brightly up at him, though her eyes were dim.

The doctor went out into the narrow side street under the shadow of Beacon Hill, where all the low, red brick houses, flush with the walk, were replicas of the old comedian's home; and, stepping into his buggy, drove toward the ampler regions of the Back Bay. The woman, shutting the door behind him, climbed slowly up the stairs, past engraving after engraving in beautiful mezzotint of eighteenth-century theatrical portraits; past a great photograph, framed in ebony and signed, of Booth's sad, sweet face as *Hamlet;* past a bronze bust of Shakspere in the landing-niche, to the second story. There she sat down in the large, dim front room to rest, first listening anxiously a moment at the door to the rear apartment.

How familiar that front room was to her! Not so much because she had sat there times innumerable in the past, as for its thousand objects in quaint juxtaposition that one and all reminded her of the theater, of the old stock-company days at the Museum, when the pride of the American stage had been that company. On the mantel stood the great loving-cup presented to the comedian in this very room one midnight after his last performance, a token not only from the city, but from the nation, of the esteem in which he was held. She knew every famous name that was engraved upon its side with his. They were the names of her friends, too. Above it hung his portrait, the heavy wig, lion-like, abundant, the bright, kindly eyes, the wide, sensitive mouth, the erect figure, not without a touch of stiff, courtly grace. How admirably the artist had rendered him, suggesting the play of emotions over that handsome old face; for it was a portrait painted in his declining years. Her portrait, also, hung on the opposite wall, in powder and satin as *Lady Teazle.* It was hung, as the Japanese display their pictures, quite alone, in curious contrast to the other walls, which were loaded with prints and portraits. And the effect was to honor it, to mark it as an object apart. She got up and stood before it. Was she, then, once so slender and once so beautiful? For the face was beautiful, for all its assumption of petulant pride. She stood a little straighter as she looked, and tried once more to assume that petulant, haughty attitude. Then suddenly realizing where she was, her shoulders drooped lower than before, and she moved weakly to a sofa, the tears of pity and remembrance in her eyes.

The sofa held her in luxurious leather depths. In some play, she recalled—the name had gone from her—the comedian had been called upon to fall suddenly on a sofa, and, objecting in the words of Dundreary to "sitting down two inches before a fellah expects it," had bought this couch himself for a property, sending it over to the theater, to the amusement of the company. Dundreary! Should n't his picture be about somewhere? Yes, there it was above the book-case, an enormous photograph bristling with whiskers, and radiating amiable asininity. It was flanked by a dusty marble bust of Garrick, and a blond wig on a pole. The old lady's eyes wandered over the books, row upon row of them, in browned calf and leather, with here and there the yellow paper of a novel staring boldly forth. But there was one long shelf filled only with scores, even hundreds, of small, paper-backed pamphlets. They were soiled and worn. She got up again, and took out some of these pamphlets. The paper covers, it was evident, had been neatly stitched on by hand, and the titles written in great, firm characters above the actor's signature. They were plays, the leaves filled with marginal notes, stage directions, comments, cuts. They

were the pieces he had played during his sixty years of activity, his thumbed and dog-eared pocket prompt-books. It was an enormous array—Shakspere, Sheridan, Goldsmith, jumbled in with "The Iron Chest," "Box and Cox," Tom Taylor, Robertson, Byron, and authors whom even she had forgotten. The light was failing too fast to read them now. The woman put the dusty little volumes back, and as she did so, it seemed to her as if she were placing something in a tomb.

She moved slowly about the room, pausing by a little gilt chair that had once adorned *Camille's* boudoir, by a cabinet where *Cap'n Cuttle's* wooden hand, with the fork screwed in, reposed in company with Garrick relics, with precious coins and a peach-blow vase, with *Sir Peter's* powdered wig and a second folio of Shakspere. Presently the door from the rear apartment opened, and the nurse came softly out.

"How is he?" cried the old lady, hastening to her tremulously.

"Resting quietly now," said the nurse in cool, steady tones. "If you will watch with him, I think I 'll go out for a bit of air."

"Is he conscious yet? Will he know me?" the woman pleaded.

The nurse took her hand gently. "He will never be conscious again," she answered. "You must n't expect it."

"I know I ought n't to," the other said. "We 're old, he and I. I 've seen most of those I love leave me, some without a word. Death ought to be easy for us old folks. But it is n't, it is n't, dearie! If he could only recognize me once, and just say good-by!"

The nurse patted her hand. "There, there," she said soothingly, "remember, he 's not suffering at all; it 's just as if he were asleep. I 'll be back in less than an hour."

The old lady kissed the young one impulsively, and passed into the rear room.

The dying actor lay upon his clean iron bed, gazing with eyes that saw nothing at the framed playbill on the wall, the first bill that ever bore his name, far down below the magic "Macready." Save for this playbill and a few portraits, and the old man's wig on a dressing-stand in the corner, the room was almost ascetically bare—a room for the elementary events of birth or death. The low winter sun sent in a single shaft through the purple window-panes, which struck on the bed with a kind of uncanny theatrical suggestion, as of a spot-light. It illuminated his pale, withered hands,—fine, slender, nervous hands,—but left his face mercifully in shadow. It was a face with death upon it, the cheeks fallen, emphasizing the heavy wrinkles like marks of parentheses about the wide, sensitive mouth, the gazing eyes quite sightless now, without fire or their habitual twinkle of merriment. And above the face no falling lock of heavy hair swept his brow. The head looked curiously small without that leonine sweep of hair. Nobody while he was in health had ever seen the comedian without his luxuriant wig, so carefully tended. His old friend, even now at his death-bed, felt a twinge of sympathy almost like shame in looking upon him—on the sparse, feeble threads of white, that only an actor would have sought to hide, and only an actor would understand as a tragedy. What could be the harm? Gently the woman took the heavy black wig from the dresser, and, raising his head, adjusted it with professional expertness. Then something of the leonine aspect was restored: it was her old friend's face, indeed, though death was upon it.

She took his cold hand and patted it with her chubby, warm ones. The unseeing eyes turned toward her without recognition. For a while she sat so by the bedside. Then suddenly he began to stir, and his lips opened to speak.

"What is it? What is it?" she cried.

The lips struggled silently with the words, and a light of intelligence struggled behind the unseeing eyeballs. Then, almost without warning and in spite of her frantic efforts to push him back, the old comedian sat up in bed. As he did so, he came into the shaft of sunlight that was higher now, passing over the bed and casting his shadow, the shadow of that leonine head, against the far wall of the room. The eyes danced terribly with fun. He raised one hand with an awkward gesture. Over his shrunken face came a look of loutish stupidity that would have been comical had it not been so tragic.

"Dost thou not suspect my place?" he cried, his throat finding words. "Dost

thou not suspect my years? O, that he were here to write me down an ass! But, masters, remember that I am an ass; though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an ass. No, thou villain, thou art full of piety, as shall be proved upon thee by good witness. I am a wise fellow, and, which is more, an officer, and, which is more, a householder, and, which is more, as pretty a piece of flesh as any in Messina, and one that knows the law, go to; and a rich fellow enough, go to; and a fellow that hath had losses; and one that hath two gowns and everything handsome about him. Bring him away. O, that I had been writ down an ass!"

The voice had grown stronger and more unctious as the speech progressed, till they were the echoes of *Dogberry's* very own that died in the chamber. The deaf ears listened to the storm of laughter and applause.

His watcher, herself half in hysterics with fright and pity and a horrid desire to laugh at the waked memories of that inimitable performance, strove to push him back upon the bed, repeating over and over, "Lie down, dear; lie down, dear." But he threw her off with spasmodic strength, and suddenly began singing in a cracked voice, while his hands went through the motion of digging with a spade:

"But age, with his stealing steps,
Hath claw'd me in his clutch,
And hath shipped me intil the land,
As if I had never been such."

He motioned as if tossing something up with a grunt, and went on:

"A pick-axe and a spade, a spade,
For and a shrouding sheet:
O, a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet."

Then the head turned slowly round, the eyes twinkled, and the voice replied saucily to Hamlet's unheard, "Whose grave is that?" "Mine, sir."

"Lie down! Oh, lie down!" moaned the woman. Her words broke the train of suggestion, and for a space the light faded almost out of the old comedian's face. His memory was groping in its dim chambers of the past. Then the light came suddenly back. He drew himself up haughtily. Here was no clown, but a proud gentleman, outraged, suffering. "A very clear account, upon my word; and I dare say the lady will vouch for every article of it," he cried, with icy scorn.

He waited for the response. There was none. Pain, bewilderment, anger, came over his countenance. "Quick, quick, the cue!" he hissed as to a prompter, and his mouth and fingers contracted in an agony of suspense.

The actress could not bear that appeal. "For not one word of it, Sir Peter!" she cried.

"How!" said the figure on the bed, "don't you think it worth while to agree in the lie?"

"There is not one syllable of truth in what that gentleman has told you," answered the woman at the bed-side.

"I believe you, upon my soul, ma'am!" cried the old comedian, the throb of a noble passion in his voice. The woman was too moved to go on, but he did not wait this time. "Ay, let her alone, sir," he flung angrily at *Joseph*. "You 'll find she 'll make out a better story than you, without prompting."

Then he waited again.

The woman jumped the next speech to the cue, and the dying actor met it with, "Now, I believe, the truth is coming indeed!" Again she gave him his cue, *Joseph's* "Notwithstanding all this, Sir Peter, Heaven knows,—" and he turned upon the invisible *Joseph,* drawing himself up to his full height. "That you are a villain!" he exclaimed. "And so I leave you to your conscience."

"You are too rash, Sir Peter," said the woman, continuing *Joseph's* lines. "The man who shuts out conviction by refusing to—"

"Oh, damn your sentiments!" shouted the figure on the bed, in a voice that rang through the chamber.

The eyes remained blazing for a moment, the shoulders erect, the whole face transfigured. Then, as if a curtain had indeed descended, the fire went out, the poor body collapsed, the face fell out of the shaft of sunlight into the shadow of the pillow, and lay there white and sightless. The old lady buried her face on his hand and shook with hysterical sobs.

So the nurse found her, and led her gently away to the leather couch in the

dim library, and telephoned for the doctor.

"Him—go to him," she said, when the doctor arrived.

It was quite dark when the nurse and the physician came through the door from the chamber. The nurse lighted the gas, and then the two took the old actress by both hands. "It was quite painless," they said. "He looks peaceful and happy."

She turned her face up at them, trying to smile through her tears. "He played his old parts," she said. "He played his best part, and I played it with him! That was something, after all, was n't it?"

She paused and looked about the room. "Dearie, won't you light the candles on the mantel by his portrait?" she asked. "He always loved candle-light."

The nurse did so, and turned down the gas. The doctor helped the old lady rise. Her step had become feebler; she tottered as she moved toward the chamber door. "Now I can go in to him," she said, "and see how peaceful he looks. There are no such actors any more."

TOPICS OF THE TIME

COPYRIGHT IN MECHANICAL MUSIC

THE devoted and patient labor of the Joint Committees on Patents of the two Houses of Congress in their effort to frame a satisfactory copyright bill—a labor which has now extended over three years—bids fair to reach results at the short session of Congress next winter. The testimony, either in addresses at public hearings or in documents filed, is substantially all in, and the work of drafting a final bill has been intrusted to a subcommittee which is to do its work during the vacation. The attitude of the committees has been catholic and open-minded, and the members (especially the chairmen, Senator Smoot and Representative Currier) have felt their responsibility in framing a new act which shall become, by the soundness of its principles and the adequacy of its remedies, the law of the land for many years to come. In bringing about such legislation the committees will achieve for themselves an honorable reputation of the sort that compensates for all the toil and cynical discouragement that invest the daily work of the conscientious legislator.

The chief stumbling-block has been the inability to reconcile the interests of composers and of those engaged in the reproduction of music by mechanical means. After the latter had fought vigorously the plain ethical principle involved,—that a composer is entitled to compensation for all commercial use of his music,—suddenly, at the last moment of the hearings, with a candor that in the circumstances does them great credit, they acknowledged the main contention, pleading only for an equal chance at the business involved. So a bill has been introduced by Mr. Washburn of Massachusetts recognizing the right, and endeavoring to meet the difficulty by providing that any piece of music so reproduced by one manufacturing company may be reproduced by any other on the payment to the composer of a percentage, as yet undetermined in the bill.

This seems on the face of it the fairest of fair play. But we greatly mistake the situation if the practical working out of the idea does not create more difficulties than it cures. Has the law ever before addressed itself to the providing of business for any private branch of commerce? *Opportunities* of business, yes; but not even in the tariff or the Interstate Commerce Law has the principle been laid down that one shall not sell or refuse to sell his wares as he may choose. Would it establish a principle of equality to compel a livery-stable-keeper to let his horses at the same rate to any one who comes?

Is it wise that Congress should undertake to regulate private business, by fixing a percentage of profit, which may be too high one year and too low the next? And by what complicated and expensive machinery analogous to the internal revenue service will Congress supervise the exercise of the new right it is designed to confer? Why should not this right be analogous to all the other rights possessed in copyright property,—a multitude in kind,—and the operation of the law be left to the simple law of contract? The principle of "common carrier"—the right of any one to be served and at the rate of any other—is certainly not applicable here. It is the pure and simple principle of property, the essence of which is *the right not to sell.*

Now, what is back of this straining to make a new sort of property in music mechanically reproduced? First, what seems to us a confusion with the monopoly of patents; and, secondly, the fear that a certain reproducing company may become a trust, because it has had the enterprise to obtain contracts for the output of certain composers. We believe this fear, in the constitution of things, is groundless, and that it is directly in the public interest, as against dangerous trusts, that a composer should choose his agent, rather than be compelled to choose many agents, some of whom may be financially irresponsible, and none of whom he can compel to present his music unmutilated. One has only to apply the principle to his own business to see how subversive it would be of the stability of the commercial world. How much better that, as in the case, in 1891, of the uncompensating reprinters of books, the law should confer upon the mechanical companies the opportunity of ownership, instead of a chance to scramble with a score of rivals for a divided market. As for the "trust," there can never be any such thing in copyright material. There never has been a book trust and never will be, for you cannot "corner" creative talent. It is a constantly recurring, invisibly growing crop.

Again, Congress has not been authorized by the Constitution to confer any rights to authors except "exclusive" rights for limited terms, and it is difficult to see how such a right as the one proposed could fail to be declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court. Moreover, as every one knows, had it been suspected that this question would ever arise, a composer's copyright in the mechanical reproduction of his music would have been provided for explicitly in the Act of 1891.

The American Copyright League, representing the authors' interests, is so confident that a measure which shall be both constitutional and workable cannot be devised, that it has announced that it will not oppose, by reason of the attempt to do so, any bill that in a separate provision shall recognize the composer's ethical interest in the commercial reproduction of his work.

A HIGH PRICE TO PAY FOR WATER

APROPOS OF THE GRANT OF THE HETCH-HETCHY VALLEY TO SAN FRANCISCO FOR A RESERVOIR

TOO little was said at the White House Conference of the conservation of one of our chief resources, our great natural scenery, though Mr. Horace McFarland made an impassioned appeal for its protection as a national asset. This is in no sense a local question. The Palisades and Highlands of the Hudson, the White Mountains, the Adirondacks, Niagara, the Yellowstone Park, the Arizona Cañon (to name but the chief of such treasures), belong to the whole country, and their invasion by special interests or their diversion to commercial uses should be a matter of the most vigilant scrutiny.

The Secretary of the Interior, for reasons which doubtless appear to him good and sufficient, and with the approval of the President, has made over to the City of San Francisco, on certain conditions, as a reservoir for its water supply the wonderful Hetch-Hetchy Valley, one of the most beautiful gorges of the Sierra, which, as part of the Yosemite National Park, was set aside in 1890 by reason of its scenery for the recreation and use of all the people. This action has, on the face of it, the authority of a congressional provision (of February 15, 1901) by which the Secretary of the Interior may grant water privileges in the three National Parks of California, *"if not incom-*

patible with the public interest." Whether the United States Supreme Court would hold that such authority extends to the destruction to so large an extent of the original purpose of the reserve, may yet be the subject of adjudication.

In a matter relating to public lands the presumption is in favor of any course taken by President Roosevelt, Secretary Garfield, and Forester Pinchot. As our readers know, we have vigorously supported their enlightened services to the cause of forest conservation, as we have the services of preceding administrations. It was in this magazine that the movement for the creation of the Yosemite National Park first took public form in 1890, and the chief reason urged upon the Public Lands Committee for making the reservation—and we know whereof we speak—was to rescue from private invasion and for public use the rare beauty of the Hetch-Hetchy and of the Cañon of the Tuolumne River, which flows through it. We therefore have particular regret that we do not find satisfactory the reasons officially given for the Administration's extraordinary step, which, logically, would place the great natural scenery of the country at the service of any neighboring city which should consider its appropriation necessary or even desirable.

Let us say at once that we hold human life more sacred than scenery, than even great natural wonderlands, vastly as they contribute to save life and promote happiness; and if that were the issue, if San Francisco could not otherwise obtain an abundant water supply, we should be willing to dedicate to that purpose not only Hetch-Hetchy, but even the incomparable Yosemite itself. But this is not the contention of Secretary Garfield in the official document granting the request. The Administration's position is not that the step is a last resort, that no other source is adequate, but that Hetch-Hetchy affords the most abundant and cheapest available supply of pure water. Even this is stoutly denied by the opponents of the scheme, who contend, moreover, that a dozen other adequate systems may be found. Eminent and disinterested engineers have declared the present supply excellent and capable of ample development, as the water companies claim, and since the city fixes the water-rates, and at need may condemn and acquire these sources at reasonable cost, there would seem to be no dangerous "monopoly." Indeed, the permission to dam the beautiful valley into a lake is conditional upon the previous exhaustion by the City of the resources of Lake Eleanor, which is also in the National Park. Other conditions are attached and compensations agreed upon which are believed by the Secretary to be safeguards of the public interests, with the important omission, however, to provide safeguards against the destruction of the scenery; but the fact remains, that of this great reservation, which is as large as the State of Rhode Island, the northern third—for the watershed of the valley even above the Tuolumne Meadows must go with the valley itself—is to be withdrawn from the use of the people of the whole United States and given to the City of San Francisco. This involves a new principle and a dangerous precedent, and is a tremendous price for the nation to pay for San Francisco's water, and the burden of proof that it is *necessary* is upon those who advocated the grant. It is not enough that it should be thought merely *desirable.*

It is idle to attempt to discredit such defenders of the public's previous rights in the valley as John Muir and many other members of the Sierra Club and other like organizations by calling them "sentimentalists" and "poets." Cant of this sort on the part of people who have not developed beyond the pseudo-"practical" stage is one of the retarding influences of American civilization and brings us back to the materialistic declaration that "Good is only good to eat." Most of those who oppose the grant live in San Francisco and vicinity and are deeply interested in the future of that redoubtable city; but they know the growing vogue of the few camping-grounds of the health-giving park, into which, in the torrid and dusty summer the people of the lowlands swarm in "the pursuit of happiness"; they know the exceptional beauty of the Hetch-Hetchy, only surpassed in the Sierra by the neighboring Yosemite and by the distant and not easily accessible King's River Cañon; they know, also—to meet on its own ground the argument

of cheapness—the money value of California's great natural attractions and that once to destroy the beautiful valley floor by flooding will be to render it irrecoverable.

There is one ground of hope that the danger may be averted. By the time it can be demonstrated that Lake Eleanor is not adequate, it is likely to be generally recognized that a pure water supply need not depend upon mountain resources, but may be obtained by filtration from streams of less pure quality. Meantime the citizens of San Francisco, who (alone of Californians!) are to vote upon the question, will do well to exhaust every other possibility of meeting their needs before giving their consent to the ruin of one of their imperial State's greatest natural treasures. We are confident that this issue would be the one most approved by the officials at Washington, who from conscientious motives, have given assent to local official demands.

OPEN LETTERS

The New York Public Schools Athletic League

ALTHOUGH the newspapers have been filled with descriptions of the work of The Public Schools Athletic League, yet there are comparatively few who know anything about it. The reason for this is that the news concerning it has been printed in the sporting columns, which a large class of the community never read. Consequently, they are utterly ignorant of the fact that although only a little more than three years old, the league is conceded to be the largest athletic organization in the world. They are also ignorant of the much more important facts, that by the games and exercises which it has instituted it has raised the physique of the great army of boys who attend the public schools of Greater New York over twenty per cent., has similarly improved their morale, and has correspondingly improved the discipline of the schools which they attend; that in doing this, it has raised and expended over $40,000, all of which has been contributed by private persons, and that it has induced the City of New York to spend $400,000 in purchasing and equipping four athletic fields for the use of the children.

The league was started in December, 1904, by a number of members of the Board of Education and others interested in athletics. Its founders appreciated that the enormous spread of the city and its increased population had rendered the streets in congested districts too crowded to permit the city boy to obtain the exercise which a country boy receives, and through which he attains his physical and, to a great extent, his mental development. That the boys, instead of working off their superfluous energies in wholesome games, as nature intended that they should, became members of "gangs," and addicted to vicious practices. Consequently, not only was their physique decidedly below normal, and growing steadily worse, but their morals and habits were correspondingly deteriorating. This naturally affected the discipline of the schools, where the number of boys becoming ungovernable was so rapidly increasing that the restoration of corporal punishment in the schools was being seriously advocated. The schools did what they could in the matter, but the numbers attending them were so great that the only physical exercise which they could provide was a brief instruction in callisthenics.

There is not room here for a detailed account of the work of the league. Briefly, it selected its officers from prominent men in the Board of Education, from men who were leaders in athletics, and, last but not least, from well-known business men, who furnished the financial support without which nothing could be accomplished.

The exercises which it has established cover all branches of athletics. They are mainly running, particularly in relay races. They also include high-jumping, pole-vaulting, "putting the shot," basket-ball, swimming (in the public baths), and particularly base-ball. This has been a great feature, as last year there were over 106 teams, the ultimate winners displaying remarkable skill.

The league has received strong support from many influential men. Probably the greatest assistance which has been given it was by President Roosevelt, who at the beginning not only accepted the office of its honorary vice-president, but wrote a public letter commending its work, which as an indorsement has proved to be of the greatest value. A large number have given many

valuable prizes for competition. In addition to these prizes for experts, the league has established a "button," which it gives to each boy who annually passes a certain simple standard of "chinning," running, and jumping. The purpose of this is to reach the individual boys who otherwise might not become interested in the games because they think they do not possess sufficient athletic ability to enable them to be selected to represent their schools in the contests.

From the beginning, the league has enforced an inflexible rule that no boy would be permitted to compete in any contest unless he was certified by his principal to be up to a certain standard in conduct and deportment.

The result which has been attained can only be described as remarkable. There is scarcely a public school in New York in which there is not a strong athletic feeling. Not only have a number of fine athletes been developed, but, as has been said, there has been a remarkable improvement in the physical development of the boys.

The efficiency of the schools has also been greatly helped. The boys who are interested in athletics are apt to be those hardest to control, and who do not take an interest in their studies. These, now, finding that the only way in which they can gratify their ambition to join in the contest is by becoming good scholars, have turned over a new leaf. A teacher said to me, "All the little toughs in my class have become saints, not because they want to be saints, but because they want to compete in your games." Consequently, principals and teachers are unanimous in the support of the league.

It is difficult to appreciate the immense numbers the league has to handle. There are over 600,000 children attending the public schools of New York, of which one half are boys. Of these, 150,000 are old enough to participate in the games, and are anxious to do so. This renders the work complicated as well as expensive.

Great difficulty has been experienced for the want of suitable space in which this great army of boys can exercise. All the school playgrounds, the roofs of the school buildings, and even the streets, have been utilized. The greatest help which has been received has been from the colonels of the various regiments that have permitted the use of their armories, without which favor little could have been accomplished.

The four new fields which the city is constructing are about completed, and some of them are in actual use. They will be fitted up in the most approved manner with racing tracks, grounds for jumping, and dressing-rooms, with lavatories, and will be found to be of the greatest possible value.

The league spares no pains to impress upon the boys that to succeed in the games they must not smoke cigarettes or indulge in vicious habits, and that to be an athlete means to be a square, honorable gentleman; that they must avoid anything mean or underhanded, and not attempt to take a dishonest advantage, and when their opponents win, must congratulate the victors. Principles of this kind were unknown to a great many of the boys, and it has not been at all an easy task to get them to understand them. The success which has been attained in this direction has been great, and the present tone in the schools in this direction is one that can be copied to advantage by a great many of the football and other teams of our colleges. The extent of the work can best be judged from the fact that the largest colleges think they do well when they get a few hundred to participate in one of their meetings, while a single one of our large schools will have 700 boys in its games, and the meetings of the league often have 1000 competitors.

One of the most valuable exercises which the league has introduced is that of teaching the boys of the high schools to shoot with a military rifle. This is accomplished by a very ingenious machine called the "sub-target gun machine," which has a military rifle attached, and which when aim is taken with this rifle at a target across the room, and the trigger is pulled, registers upon a miniature target the exact position which the bullet would have made on the target aimed at if the gun had been loaded. The league has installed one of these guns in each of the twelve high schools in the city, and the boys have become very expert. To prove to them that the skill attained with this machine was valuable in actual shooting, it annually holds a contest at Creedmoor, where the boys shoot at 100 and 400 yards. This has been greatly helped by President Roosevelt, who promised to write a letter of commendation and congratulation to the boy certified by the league to be the best shot during the year. The last match was shot at Creedmoor on June 29, 1907, and in it the boys displayed a skill in shooting which was fully equal to that of the ordinary National Guardsman, and in some instances was superior. The President's letter was won by Ambrose Scharfenberg of the Manual Training High School, Brooklyn, who made a record which was equal to that of an experienced rifleman.

If this system should be extended to the other high schools of the country, as it is likely will soon be the case, there should be at least 20,000 young men who are graduated from these schools every year who will be effective shots with a military rifle, a skill they will never lose. This in the course of time will give the country a supply of trained

marksmen among the mass of our people, which will make our volunteers, when called upon, efficient soldiers, thus constituting a guarantee of national peace. Our regular army is necessarily a small one, and when war comes, it must be supplemented by hasty levies of volunteers. The only way, therefore, by which the country will ever become prepared to defend itself in the case of war is to have the people as a mass trained in the use of the rifle, so that as citizen soldiers they will be formidable to their opponents. The value of this skill by citizens defending their liberties was first demonstrated by our ancestors in the Revolution, and recently by the manner in which the Boers were able to defend themselves against the greatly superior number of trained soldiers of the British Army.

George W. Wingate,
President Public Schools Athletic League.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

The Mythological Zoo

BY OLIVER HERFORD

With pictures by the Author

Drawn by Oliver Herford

VII—The Centaur

THE Centaur led a double life:
Two natures in perpetual strife
He had, that never could agree
On what the bill-of-fare should be;
For when the man-half set his heart
On taking dinner à la carte,
The horse was sure to cast his vote
Unswervingly for table d'oat.
A pretty sort of life to lead;
The horse in time went off its feed,
The hungry man was nigh demented,
When one day—oatmeal was invented!

Drawn by Oliver Herford

VIII—The Satyr

THE Satyr lived in times remote,
A shape half-human and half-goat,
Who, having all man's faults combined
With a goat's nature unrefined,
Was not what you would call a bright
Example or a shining light.
Far be it from me to condone
The Satyr's sins, yet I must own
I like to think there were a few
Good Satyrs who to heaven flew,
Whom, when Saint Peter, stern and proud,
Beheld, he cried, "No goats allowed!"
And slammed the gate so quickly to,
Only their human halves got through;
Whereat the kindly saint relented,
And that 's how Cherubs were invented.

Drawn by Oliver Herford

IX—The Hyppogriff

BIOLOGISTS are prone to sniff
At hybrids like the Hyppogriff.
In evolution's plan, they say,
There is no place for such as they.
A horse with wings could not have more
Than two legs, and this beast had four.
Well, I for one am glad to waive
Two of his legs, his wings to save.
I 'd even sell my auto — if
I had one — for a Hyppogriff.

After the Costume Ball

(TO MARIAN, AS "AN EARLY FLORENTINE")

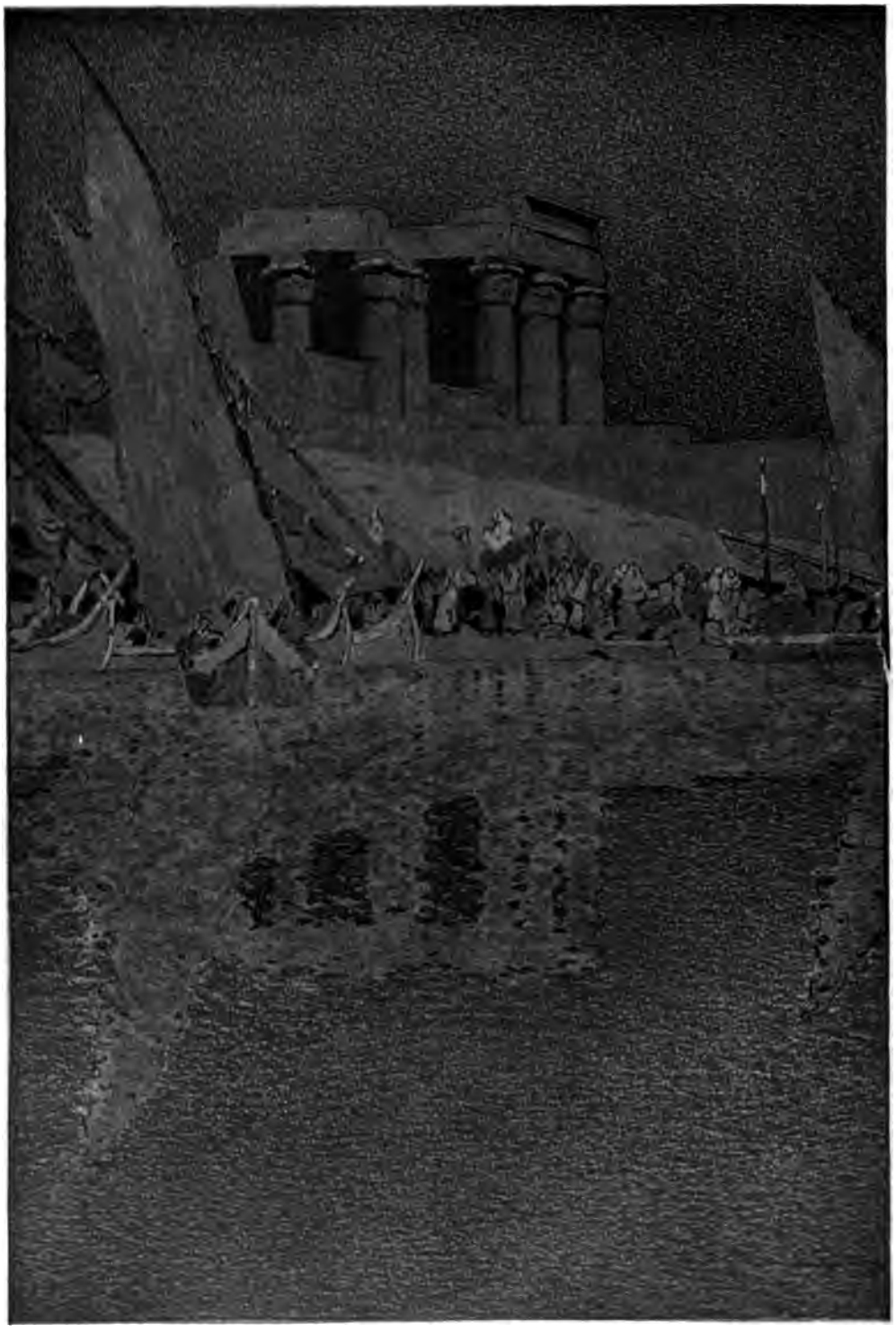
BY SAMUEL F. BATCHELDER

WHEN bronzed Vespucci back to Florence
came,
Christening two continents by freakish fate,
Had he but known the music of thy name
He would have begged thee for their
sponsor straight.
Yet glad am I thou wast not there, sweet dame,
When bronzed Vespucci back to Florence came.

When Galileo's wonder-working glass
Brought down the stars to earth one
Tuscan night,
Not one that through his trembling ken did pass
As thy dear eyes shone even half as bright.
'T is them I 'd liefer gaze in, radiant lass,
Than Galileo's wonder-working glass.

When the great doge Foscari wed the sea
And maidens danced in Venice all night long,
The best they footed not as fluently
As thou last night amid that rainbow throng.
Thou wouldst have changed his mind, I
warrant me,
When the great doge Foscari wed — the sea!

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK



THE TEMPLE OF KOM OMBOS

PAINTED FROM NATURE BY JULES GUÉRIN

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

VOL. LXXVI SEPTEMBER, 1908 No. 5

THE WRIGHT BROTHERS' AËROPLANE

BY ORVILLE AND WILBUR WRIGHT

WITH PICTURES FROM PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY THE AUTHORS

THE article which follows is the first popular account of their experiments prepared by the inventors. Their accounts heretofore have been brief statements of bare accomplishments, without explanation of the manner in which results were attained. The article will be found of special interest, in view of the fact that they have contracted to deliver to the United States Government a complete machine, the trials of which are expected to take place about the time of the appearance of this number of THE CENTURY.—THE EDITOR.

THOUGH the subject of aërial navigation is generally considered new, it has occupied the minds of men more or less from the earliest ages. Our personal interest in it dates from our childhood days. Late in the autumn of 1878, our father came into the house one evening with some object partly concealed in his hands, and before we could see what it was, he tossed it into the air. Instead of falling to the floor, as we expected, it flew across the room till it struck the ceiling, where it fluttered awhile, and finally sank to the floor. It was a little toy, known to scientists as a "hélicoptère," but which we, with sublime disregard for science, at once dubbed a "bat." It was a light frame of cork and bamboo, covered with paper, which formed two screws, driven in opposite directions by rubber bands under torsion. A toy so delicate lasted only a short time in the hands of small boys, but its memory was abiding.

Several years later we began building these hélicoptères for ourselves, making each one larger than that preceding. But, to our astonishment, we found that the larger the "bat," the less it flew. We did not know that a machine having only twice the linear dimensions of another would require eight times the power. We finally became discouraged, and returned to kite-flying, a sport to which we had devoted so much attention that we were regarded as experts. But as we became

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older, we had to give up this fascinating sport as unbecoming to boys of our ages.

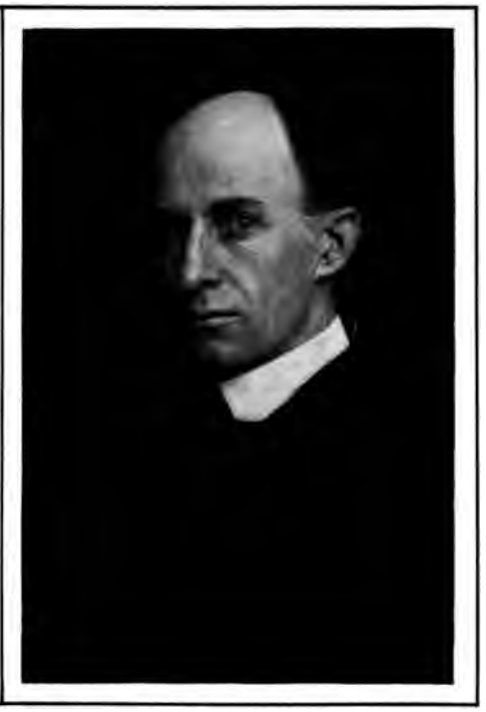
It was not till the news of the sad death of Lilienthal reached America in the summer of 1896 that we again gave more than passing attention to the subject of flying. We then studied with great interest Chanute's "Progress in Flying Machines," Langley's "Experiments in Aërodynamics," the "Aëronautical Annuals" of 1905, 1906, and 1907, and several pamphlets published by the Smithsonian Institution, especially articles by Lilienthal and extracts from Mouillard's "Empire of the Air." The larger works gave us a good understanding of the nature of the flying problem, and the difficulties in past attempts to solve it, while Mouillard and Lilienthal, the great missionaries of the flying cause, infected us with their own unquenchable enthusiasm, and transformed idle curiosity into the active zeal of workers.

In the field of aviation there were two schools. The first, represented by such men as Professor Langley and Sir Hiram Maxim, gave chief attention to power flight; the second, represented by Lilienthal, Mouillard, and Chanute, to soaring flight. Our sympathies were with the latter school, partly from impatience at the wasteful extravagance of mounting delicate and costly machinery on wings which no one knew how to manage, and partly, no doubt, from the extraordinary charm and enthusiasm with which the apostles of soaring flight set forth the beauties of sailing through the air on fixed wings, deriving the motive power from the wind itself.

The balancing of a flyer may seem, at first thought, to be a very simple matter, yet almost every experimenter had found in this the one point which he could not satisfactorily master. Many different methods were tried. Some experimenters placed the center of gravity far below the wings, in the belief that the weight would naturally seek to remain at the lowest point. It was true, that, like the pendulum, it tended to seek the lowest point; but also, like the pendulum, it tended to oscillate in a manner destructive of all stability. A more satisfactory system, especially for lateral balance, was that of arranging the wings in the shape of a

A GLIDING FLIGHT (WITHOUT MOTOR) FROM KILL DEVIL HILL, NEAR KITTY HAWK, NORTH CAROLINA, OCTOBER 21, 1903

These flights lasted from forty-five seconds to a minute and ten seconds. The inventors' camp and the ocean are observable in the distance.



From photographs by Hollinger

ORVILLE WRIGHT

WILBUR WRIGHT

broad V, to form a dihedral angle, with the center low and the wing-tips elevated. In theory this was an automatic system, but in practice it had two serious defects: first, it tended to keep the machine oscillating; and, second, its usefulness was restricted to calm air.

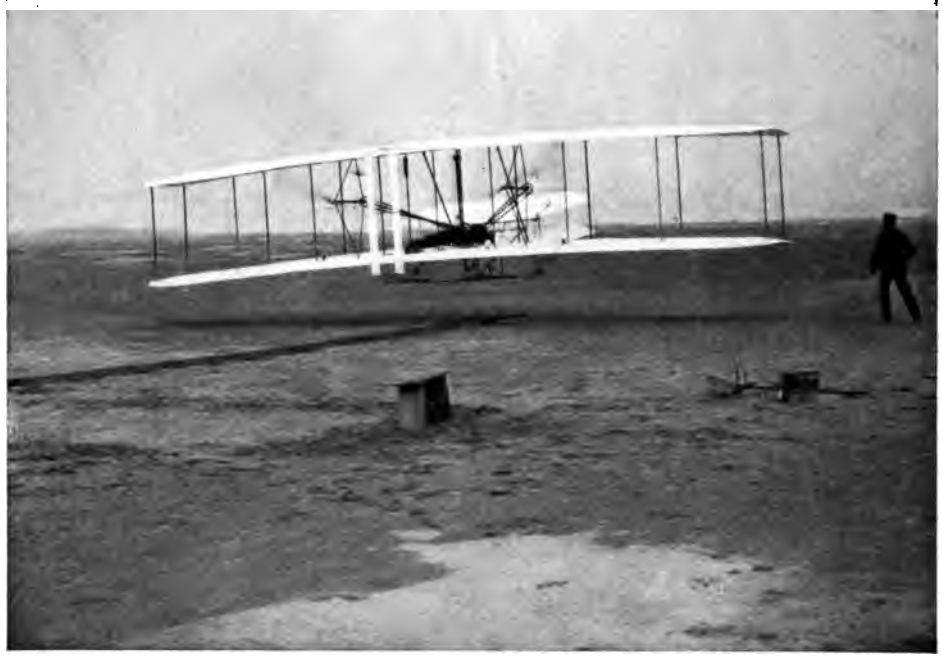
In a slightly modified form the same system was applied to the fore-and-aft balance. The main aëroplane was set at a positive angle, and a horizontal tail at a negative angle, while the center of gravity was placed far forward. As in the case of lateral control, there was a tendency to constant undulation, and the very forces which caused a restoration of balance in calms, caused a disturbance of the balance in winds. Notwithstanding the known limitations of this principle, it had been embodied in almost every prominent flying-machine which had been built.

After considering the practical effect of the dihedral principle, we reached the conclusion that a flyer founded upon it might be of interest from a scientific point of view, but could be of no value in a practical way. We therefore resolved to try a fundamentally different principle. We would arrange the machine so that it would not tend to right itself. We would make it as inert as possible to the effects of change of direction or speed, and thus reduce the effects of wind-gusts to a minimum. We would do this in the fore-and-aft stability by giving the aëroplanes a peculiar shape; and in the lateral balance, by arching the surfaces from tip to tip, just the reverse of what our predecessors had done. Then by some suitable contrivance, actuated by the operator, forces should be brought into play to regulate the balance.

Lilienthal and Chanute had guided and balanced their machines by shifting the weight of the operator's body. But this method seemed to us incapable of expansion to meet large conditions, because the weight to be moved and the distance of possible motion were limited, while the disturbing forces steadily increased, both with wing area and with wind velocity. In order to meet the needs of large machines, we wished to employ some system whereby the operator could vary at will the inclination of different parts of the wings, and thus obtain from the wind forces to restore the balance which the

wind itself had disturbed. This could easily be done by using wings capable of being warped, and by supplementary adjustable surfaces in the shape of rudders. As the forces obtainable for control would necessarily increase in the same ratio as the disturbing forces, the method seemed capable of expansion to an almost unlimited extent. A happy device was discovered whereby the apparently rigid system of superposed surfaces, invented by Wenham, and improved by Stringfellow and Chanute, could be warped in a most unexpected way, so that the aëroplanes could be presented on the right and left sides at different angles to the wind. This, with an adjustable, horizontal front rudder, formed the main feature of our first glider.

The period from 1885 to 1900 was one of unexampled activity in aëronautics, and for a time there was high hope that the age of flying was at hand. But Maxim, after spending $100,000, abandoned the work; the Ader machine, built at the expense of the French Government, was a failure; Lilienthal and Pilcher were killed in experiments; and Chanute and many others, from one cause or another, had relaxed their efforts, though it subsequently became known that Professor Langley was still secretly at work on a machine for the United States Government. The public, discouraged by the failures and tragedies just witnessed, considered flight beyond the reach of man, and classed its adherents with the inventors of perpetual motion.



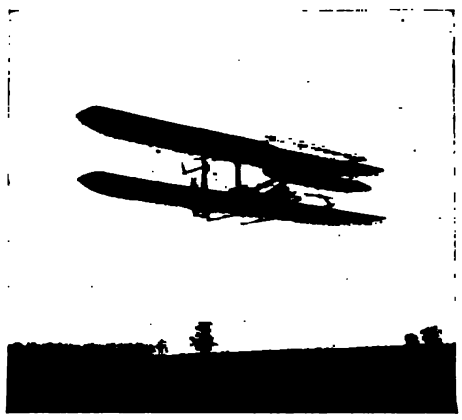
FIRST FLIGHT OF THE WRIGHT BROTHERS' FIRST MOTOR MACHINE, AT KILL DEVIL HILL, DECEMBER 17, 1903

This picture shows the machine just after lifting from the track, flying against a wind of twenty-four miles an hour.

We began our active experiments at the close of this period, in October, 1900, at Kitty Hawk, North Carolina. Our machine was designed to be flown as a kite, with a man on board, in winds of from fifteen to twenty miles an hour. But, upon trial, it was found that much stronger winds were required to lift it. Suitable winds not being plentiful, we found it necessary, in order to test the new balancing system, to fly the machine as a kite without a man on board, operating the levers through cords from the ground. This did not give the practice

anticipated, but it inspired confidence in the new system of balance.

In the summer of 1901 we became personally acquainted with Mr. Chanute. When he learned that we were interested in flying as a sport, and not with any expectation of recovering the money we were expending on it, he gave us much encouragement. At our invitation, he spent several weeks with us at our camp at Kill Devil Hill, four miles south of Kitty Hawk, during our experiments of that and the two succeeding years. He also witnessed one flight of the power machine near Dayton, Ohio, in October, 1904.



FLIGHT AT SIMMS STATION, NEAR DAYTON, OHIO, NOVEMBER 9, 1904

The machine described almost four complete circles, covering a distance of three miles in five minutes and four seconds.

The machine of 1901 was built with the shape of surface used by Lilienthal, curved from front to rear like the segment of a parabola, with a curvature $\frac{1}{12}$ the depth of its cord; but to make doubly sure that it would have sufficient lifting capacity when flown as a kite in fifteen- or twenty-mile winds, we increased the area from 165 square feet, used in 1900, to 308 square feet—a size much larger than Lilienthal, Pilcher, or Chanute had deemed safe. Upon trial, however, the lifting capacity again fell very far short of calculation, so that the idea of securing practice while flying as a kite, had to be abandoned. Mr. Chanute, who witnessed the experiments, told us that the trouble was not due to poor construction of the machine. We saw only one other explanation—that the tables of air-pressures in general use were incorrect.

We then turned to gliding—coasting down hill on the air—as the only method of getting the desired practice in balancing a machine. After a few minutes' practice we were able to make glides of over 300 feet, and in a few days were safely operating in twenty-seven-mile[1] winds. In these experiments we met with several unexpected phenomena. We found that, contrary to the teachings of the books, the center of pressure on a curved surface traveled backward when the surface was inclined, at small angles, more and more edgewise to the wind. We also discovered that in free flight, when the wing on one side of the machine was presented to the wind at a greater angle than the one on the other side, the wing with

[1] The gliding flights were all made against the wind. The difficulty in high winds is in maintaining balance, not in traveling against the wind.

THREE-QUARTER VIEW OF A FLIGHT AT SIMMS STATION, NOVEMBER 16, 1904

The location of the Springfield turnpike and the Springfield electric road is indicated by the trees.

THE START OF THE FIRST FLIGHT OF 1905

The machine is seen just leaving the track, the initial velocity being obtained by its own motive power, assisted by a cable with falling weight, rigged to the derrick, especially for use in calm weather.

the greater angle descended, and the machine turned in a direction just the reverse of what we were led to expect when flying the machine as a kite. The larger angle gave more resistance to forward motion, and reduced the speed of the wing on that side. The decrease in speed more than counterbalanced the effect of the larger angle. The addition of a fixed vertical vane in the rear increased the trouble, and made the machine absolutely dangerous. It was some time before a remedy was discovered. This consisted of movable rudders working in conjunction with the twisting of the wings. The details of this arrangement are given in our patent specifications, published several years ago.

The experiments of 1901 were far from encouraging. Although Mr. Chanute assured us that, both in control and in weight carried per horse-power, the results obtained were better than those of any of our predecessors, yet we saw that the calculations upon which all flying-machines had been based were unreliable, and that all were simply groping in the dark. Having set out with absolute faith in the existing scientific data, we were driven to doubt one thing after another, till finally, after two years of experiment, we cast it all aside, and decided to rely entirely upon our own investigations. Truth and error were everywhere so intimately mixed as to be undistinguishable. Nevertheless, the time expended in preliminary study of books was not misspent, for they gave us a good general understanding of the subject, and enabled us at the outset to avoid effort in many directions in which results would have been hopeless.

The standard for measurements of wind-pressures is the force produced by a current of air of one mile per hour velocity striking square against a plane of one square-foot area. The practical difficulties of obtaining an exact measurement of this force have been great. The measurements by different recognized authorities vary fifty per cent. When this simplest of measurements presents so great difficulties, what shall be said of the troubles encountered by those who attempt to find the pressure at each angle as the plane is inclined more and more edgewise to the wind? In the eighteenth century the French Academy prepared tables giving such information, and at a later date the Aëronautical Society of Great Britain made similar experiments. Many persons likewise published measurements and formulas; but the results were so discordant that Professor Langley undertook a new series of measurements, the results of which form the basis of his celebrated work, "Experiments in Aërodynamics." Yet a critical examination of the data upon which he based his conclusions as to the pressures at small angles shows results so various as to make many of his conclusions little better than guess-work.

To work intelligently, one needs to know the effects of a multitude of variations that could be incorporated in the surfaces of flying-machines. The pressures on squares are different from those on rectangles, circles, triangles, or ellipses; arched surfaces differ from planes, and vary among themselves according to the depth of curvature; true arcs differ from parabolas, and the latter differ among themselves; thick surfaces differ from thin, and surfaces thicker in one place

than another vary in pressure when the positions of maximum thickness are different; some surfaces are most efficient at one angle, others at other angles. The shape of the edge also makes a difference, so that thousands of combinations are possible in so simple a thing as a wing.

We had taken up aëronautics merely as a sport. We reluctantly entered upon the scientific side of it. But we soon found the work so fascinating that we were drawn into it deeper and deeper. Two testing-machines were built, which we believed would avoid the errors to which the measurements of others had been subject. After making preliminary measurements on a great number of different-shaped surfaces, to secure a general understanding of the subject, we began systematic measurements of standard surfaces, so varied in design as to bring out the underlying causes of differences noted in their pressures. Measurements were tabulated on nearly fifty of these at all angles from zero to 45 degrees, at intervals of 2½ degrees. Measurements were also secured showing the effects on each other when surfaces are superposed, or when they follow one another.

Some strange results were obtained. One surface, with a heavy roll at the front edge, showed the same lift for all angles from 7½ to 45 degrees. A square plane, contrary to the measurements of all our predecessors, gave a greater pressure at 30 degrees than at 45 degrees. This seemed so anomalous that we were almost ready to doubt our own measurements, when a simple test was suggested. A weather-vane, with two planes attached to the pointer at an angle of 80 degrees with each other, was made. According to our tables, such a vane would be in unstable equilibrium when pointing directly into the wind; for if by chance the wind should happen to strike one plane at 39 degrees and the other at 41 degrees, the plane with the smaller angle would have the greater pressure, and the pointer would be turned still farther out of the course of the wind until the two vanes again secured equal pressures, which would be at approximately 30 and 50 degrees. But the vane performed in this very manner. Further corroboration of the tables was obtained in experiments with a new glider at Kill Devil Hill the next season.

SIDE VIEW, SHOWING THE MACHINE TRAVELING TO THE RIGHT, WITH DOUBLE HORIZONTAL RUDDER IN FRONT, AND DOUBLE VERTICAL RUDDER BEHIND

This flight was made September 29, 1905, and the distance covered was twelve miles.

In September and October, 1902, nearly one thousand gliding flights were made, several of which covered distances of over 600 feet. Some, made against a wind of thirty-six miles an hour, gave proof of the effectiveness of the devices for control. With this machine, in the autumn of 1903, we made a number of flights in which we remained in the air for over a minute, often soaring for a considerable time in one spot, without any descent at all. Little wonder that our unscientific assistant should think the only thing needed to keep it indefinitely in the air would be a coat of feathers to make it light!

With accurate data for making calculations, and a system of balance effective in winds as well as in calms, we were now in a position, we thought, to build a successful power-flyer. The first designs provided for a total weight of 600 pounds, including the operator and an eight horse-power motor. But, upon completion, the motor gave more power than had been estimated, and this allowed 150 pounds to be added for strengthening the wings and other parts.

Our tables made the designing of the wings an easy matter; and as screw-propellers are simply wings traveling in a spiral course, we anticipated no trouble from this source. We had thought of getting the theory of the screw-propeller from the marine engineers, and then, by applying our tables of air-pressures to their formulas of designing air-propellers

suitable for our purpose. But so far as we could learn, the marine engineers possessed only empirical formulas, and the exact action of the screw-propeller, after a century of use, was still very obscure. As we were not in a position to undertake a long series of practical experiments to discover a propeller suitable for our machine, it seemed necessary to obtain such a thorough understanding of the theory of its reactions as would enable us to design them from calculation alone. What at first seemed a simple problem became more complex the longer we studied it. With the machine moving forward, the air flying backward, the propellers turning sidewise, and nothing standing still, it seemed impossible to find a starting-point from which to trace the various simultaneous reactions. Contemplation of it was confusing. After long arguments, we often found ourselves in the ludicrous position of each having been converted to the other's side, with no more agreement than when the discussion began.

It was not till several months had passed, and every phase of the problem had been thrashed over and over, that the various reactions began to untangle themselves. When once a clear understanding had been obtained, there was no difficulty in designing suitable propellers, with proper diameter, pitch, and area of blade, to meet the requirements of the flyer.

FRONT VIEW OF THE FLIGHT OF OCTOBER 4, 1905

REAR VIEW OF THE FLIGHT OF OCTOBER 4, 1905

In this flight twenty miles were accomplished in thirty-three minutes and seventeen seconds. The machine used in the extensive experiments at Kitty Hawk, North Carolina, last spring, was virtually of similar construction, adapted to two passengers.

High efficiency in a screw-propeller is not dependent upon any particular or peculiar shape, and there is no such thing as a "best" screw. A propeller giving a high dynamic efficiency when used upon one machine, may be almost worthless when used upon another. The propeller should in every case be designed to meet the particular conditions of the machine to which it is to be applied. Our first propellers, built entirely from calculation, gave in

useful work 66 per cent. of the power expended. This was about one third more than had been secured by Maxim or Langley.

The first flights with the power-machine were made on the 17th of December, 1903. Only five persons besides ourselves were present. These were Messrs. John T. Daniels, W. S. Dough, and A. D. Etheridge of the Kill Devil Life Saving Station; Mr. W. C. Brinkley of Manteo, and Mr. John Ward of Naghead. Although a general invitation had been extended to the people living within five or six miles, not many were willing to face the rigors of a cold December wind in order to see, as they no doubt thought, another flying-machine *not* fly. The first flight lasted only twelve seconds, a flight very modest compared with that of birds, but it was, nevertheless, the first in the history of the world in which a machine carrying a man had raised itself by its own power into the air in free flight, had sailed forward on a level course without reduction of speed, and had finally landed without being wrecked. The second and third flights were a little longer, and the fourth lasted fifty-nine seconds, covering a distance of 852 feet over the ground against a twenty-mile wind.

After the last flight, the machine was carried back to camp and set down in what was thought to be a safe place. But a few minutes later, while we were engaged in conversation about the flights, a sudden gust of wind struck the machine, and started to turn it over. All made a rush to stop it, but we were too late. Mr. Daniels, a giant in stature and strength, was lifted off his feet, and falling inside, between the surfaces, was shaken about like a rattle in a box as the machine rolled over and over. He finally fell out upon the sand with nothing worse than painful bruises, but the damage to the machine caused a discontinuance of experiments.

In the spring of 1904, through the kindness of Mr. Torrence Huffman of Dayton, Ohio, we were permitted to erect a shed, and to continue experiments, on what is known as the Huffman Prairie, at Simms Station, eight miles east of Dayton. The new machine was heavier and stronger, but similar to the one flown at Kill Devil Hill. When it was ready for its first trial, every newspaper in Dayton was notified, and about a dozen representatives of the press were present. Our only request was that no pictures be taken, and that the reports be unsensational, so as not to attract crowds to our experiment-grounds. There were probably fifty persons altogether on the ground. When preparations had been completed, a wind of only three or four miles was blowing, —insufficient for starting on so short a track,—but since many had come a long way to see the machine in action, an attempt was made. To add to the other difficulty, the engine refused to work properly. The machine, after running the length of the track, slid off the end without rising into the air at all. Several of the newspaper men returned the next day, but were again disappointed. The engine performed badly, and after a glide of only sixty feet, the machine came to the ground. Further trial was postponed till the motor could be put in better running condition. The reporters had now, no doubt, lost confidence in the machine, though their reports, in kindness, concealed it. Later, when they heard that we were making flights of several minutes' duration, knowing that longer flights had been made with air-ships, and not knowing any essential difference between air-ships and flying-machines, they were but little interested.

We had not been flying long in 1904 before we found that the problem of equilibrium had not as yet been entirely solved. Sometimes, in making a circle, the machine would turn over sidewise despite anything the operator could do, although, under the same conditions in ordinary straight flight, it could have been righted in an instant. In one flight, in 1905, while circling around a honey locust-tree at a height of about fifty feet, the machine suddenly began to turn up on one wing, and took a course toward the tree. The operator, not relishing the idea of landing in a thorn-tree, attempted to reach the ground. The left wing, however, struck the tree at a height of ten or twelve feet from the ground, and carried away several branches; but the flight, which had already covered a distance of six miles, was continued to the starting-point.

The causes of these troubles—too technical for explanation here—were not en-

tirely overcome till the end of September, 1905. The flights then rapidly increased in length, till experiments were discontinued after the 5th of October, on account of the number of people attracted to the field. Although made on a ground open on every side, and bordered on two sides by much traveled thoroughfares, with electric cars passing every hour, and seen by all the people living in the neighborhood for miles around, and by several hundred others, yet these flights have been made by some newspapers the subject of a great "mystery."

A practical flyer having been finally realized, we spent the years 1906 and 1907 in constructing new machines and in business negotiations. It was not till May of this year that experiments (discontinued in October, 1905) were resumed at Kill Devil Hill, North Carolina. The recent flights were made to test the ability of our machine to meet the requirements of a contract with the United States Government to furnish a flyer capable of carrying two men and sufficient fuel supplies for a flight of 125 miles, with a speed of forty miles an hour. The machine used in these tests was the same one with which the flights were made at Simms Station in 1905, though several changes had been made to meet present requirements. The operator assumed a sitting position, instead of lying prone, as in 1905, and a seat was added for a passenger. A larger motor was installed, and radiators and gasolene reservoirs of larger capacity replaced those previously used. No attempt was made to make high or long flights.

In order to show the general reader the way in which the machine operates, let us fancy ourselves ready for the start. The machine is placed upon a single rail track facing the wind, and is securely fastened with a cable. The engine is put in motion, and the propellers in the rear whir. You take your seat at the center of the machine beside the operator. He slips the cable, and you shoot forward. An assistant who has been holding the machine in balance on the rail, starts forward with you, but before you have gone fifty feet the speed is too great for him, and he lets go. Before reaching the end of the track the operator moves the front rudder, and the machine lifts from the rail like a kite supported by the pressure of the air underneath it. The ground under you is at first a perfect blur, but as you rise the objects become clearer. At a height of one hundred feet you feel hardly any motion at all, except for the wind which strikes your face. If you did not take the precaution to fasten your hat before starting, you have probably lost it by this time. The operator moves a lever: the right wing rises, and the machine swings about to the left. You make a very short turn, yet you do not feel the sensation of being thrown from your seat, so often experienced in automobile and railway travel. You find yourself facing toward the point from which you started. The objects on the ground now seem to be moving at much higher speed, though you perceive no change in the pressure of the wind on your face. You know then that you are traveling with the wind. When you near the starting-point, the operator stops the motor while still high in the air. The machine coasts down at on oblique angle to the ground, and after sliding fifty or a hundred feet comes to rest. Although the machine often lands when traveling at a speed of a mile a minute, you feel no shock whatever, and cannot, in fact, tell the exact moment at which it first touched the ground. The motor close beside you kept up an almost deafening roar during the whole flight, yet in your excitement, you did not notice it till it stopped!

Our experiments have been conducted entirely at our own expense. In the beginning we had no thought of recovering what we were expending, which was not great, and was limited to what we could afford for recreation. Later, when a successful flight had been made with a motor, we gave up the business in which we were engaged, to devote our entire time and capital to the development of a machine for practical uses. As soon as our condition is such that constant attention to business is not required, we expect to prepare for publication the results of our laboratory experiments, which alone made an early solution of the flying problem possible.

THE JUNIOR EXAMINER

AN EDUCATIONAL FANTASY

BY MARY L. LYLES

ABOUT a score of young women of varying degrees of youth and prettiness sat, or rather huddled, together in an upper room of the great building devoted by a mighty city to educational uses.

It was an afternoon of early September, and the heat reflected from the asphalt below poured in through the open windows, and added to the wretchedness of the group. They looked not unlike sacrificial lambs as they sat with apprehensive eyes staring at the inner door of the large room in which they were penned. It was the day of oral examinations for kindergartners, and behind that oaken barrier was hidden the examiner.

An occasional whisper broke the stillness as some timorous girl questioned her neighbor as to what she thought "he" was likely to ask.

"Ask? Whatever he *hopes* we don't know," was the embittered answer. "Why, I have been here five times, and I expect to keep on coming till—"

The opening door cut off the statement midway, and the Junior Examiner, trim, even jaunty, in his light suit and natty shoes, bowed gravely to the assembled lambs, and invited them into the mental slaughter-house. He was young, conscientious, consecrated to his work by much study of psychology and writing of themes on infantile characteristics; and he was apparently unaffected by the weather.

"I hate him for looking so cool," whispered one of the victims to her neighbor.

"You 'll hate him worse, and for other things," was the gloomy reply.

Then the weary work began. Program *versus* spontaneity, gifts and occupations, free play and games—all were brought up and discussed with such courage as lambs so deadly afraid of the shearer could summon. The ethical purpose underlying each was thoroughly considered until one bolder or more desperate than the others admitted letting the children "blow soap-bubbles because they liked to," and completed her ignominy by saying frankly that "she did n't mind the muss."

"Now," said the Junior Examiner, breaking in his blandest tone the hush that followed this avowal, "we will take up a few practical illustrations of the games."

The lambs, aghast at this last requirement, bunched hopelessly in a corner, and mingled bleats of protest and misery arose. "I just *can't*!" wailed one in answer to a whispered suggestion "I 've written pages on gifts and mother-plays, and I 've answered every one of his questions; but I can't be a chickadee, and no one need ask me!"

The Junior Examiner frowned. "If you object," he began stiffly, and his blue pencil gleamed like the sacrificial knife in his hand.

"Object?" There was a stir, and the prettiest and sweetest of the group disengaged herself from her weeping neighbor and moved toward the piano. "We 'd just *love* to,"—touching the keys lightly as she faced the now quiet group.—"Form your circle, children," and to the familiar strains of a kindergarten march, the "bunch" disintegrated, formed anew, and sank to the floor, crossing their feet and clapping their hands in true kindergarten fashion.

"Are there any games you specially care to see?" asked their leader, turning her mutinous, dark eyes upon the Junior Examiner. Her tone was deeply defer-

ential, but there was a bit of unlamb-like spirit in her gaze. The Junior Examiner was aware of an unpedagogic thrill, but stiffly expressed a wish that she would make her own selection. "First we will sing," and, led by the piano and the player's merry voice as well, the lambs bade good morning to all things available, averred their "hearts were God's little gardens," and welcomed "the glad new day." Then came the games: chickadees went flying through the air, even the recalcitrant consenting to be one of those fluffy birds and to waving her arms with the rest; "little mice went nibbling, and the old gray cat came creeping" to softened echoes of the gay music; and "little travelers" came and went, the last two from "examining-land, where they are all examining." These waved pencils and marked imaginary papers, and the Junior Examiner forgot his dignity, clapped his hands, and cried "Good!" Thus encouraged, the music grew gayer and gayer, and "little lassies" performed surprising feats, and "happy families" were made and unmade, with cheerfulness and even laughter.

Suddenly the player arose, and called another to her place. "Now we 'll do the wheelbarrow," she said, and turned a flushed, audacious face to the Junior Examiner. "*You* must be It."

How it happened, no one, not even the instigator of the act, will ever know. Maybe the rollicking music, maybe the memory of days when he was Susan Blow's prize pupil, maybe the laughing eyes and outstretched hands impelled him, but down went the Junior Examiner upon his hands, extending his neatly clad feet to be firmly grasped by two dainty hands. "Now, go!" and to the inspiring sound of the piano, the two began a tour of the room, amidst the hand-clapping of the circle.

Suddenly the driver's grip relaxed, the Junior Examiner's natty toes struck sharp upon the hard floor, and he looked up, to meet the amazed gaze of the City Superintendent!

The gay circle resumed the sacrificial lamb aspect, and faint bleats of horror stirred the air. The player sat rigid, with fingers firmly holding down the piano keys. Slowly the Junior Examiner got upon his feet and stood, staring helplessly at his chief.

Before either could speak, the instigator of the young man's downfall flung herself between him and his astonished superior.

"It was *my* fault," she cried, clasping the Superintendent's fatherly arm with both her hands. "I don't know what made me so silly, but *he*"—with a swift glance at the Examiner—"was so stiff, and—" A burst of tears finished the sentence.

The great man patted her heaving shoulders gently. "You were quite right, I am sure. A practical illustration—" He broke off to glance at the Examiner. "I think we may assume that these young ladies have passed, and may now be excused?" The Junior Examiner gave a limp assent, and opened the door that led for them to freedom.

In the silence that followed their departure, the Superintendent turned his benign gaze on the Junior Examiner, who, white and limp, gazed helplessly back.

"It might be well in future, Mr. Examiner, to confine your investigations to the theory of the games. The results are less exhausting." Then laying a kindly hand on the young man's shoulder, he added: "She was very pretty, was n't she? I presume at your age I should have been —by the by, *what* were you?"

"A wheelbarrow," stammered the Junior Examiner.

"I should have been a wheelbarrow myself," said the City Superintendent.

ANDREW JOHNSON IN THE WHITE HOUSE

BEING THE REMINISCENCES OF WILLIAM H. CROOK

WRITTEN BY MARGARITA SPALDING GERRY

FIRST PAPER

WHEN I left Washington to accompany Mrs. Lincoln and Tad on their journey back to Illinois, the new President was occupying temporary offices in the west front of the Treasury Building. On my return, I found that he had moved into the White House. He did not, however, take Mr. Lincoln's old office for his own use. Because of the larger office force, a change in the arrangement was necessary, and Mr. Lincoln's room was used by clerks. The President had his desk in the former anteroom, which had been enlarged by taking away the partition used by Mr. Lincoln to give him private access to the library. Mr. Johnson's secretaries worked in the corner room which we had become accustomed to associate with Mr. Nicolay and Mr. Hay.

I must admit that it was a relief to me not to see Mr. Johnson in the familiar corner of the office from which for so many days Mr. Lincoln's deep eyes had smiled a kindly good morning. The new President was different from the dead President, whom we missed every day. Even in his appearance he was as great a contrast to Mr. Lincoln as was possible where two men are of the same country, the same period and of somewhat the same class. He was short, while Mr. Lincoln was remarkably tall; he was burly, while Mr. Lincoln was gaunt. With his black hair and eyes and Indian-like swarthiness, he had an Indian-like impassiveness of expression. There was none of the lines in his face which, with Mr. Lincoln, showed just how many times he had laughed and how many times he had grieved. Instead of these, there were two lines of decision drawn from the corners of his mouth, and two from his nose. A strong nose and a square chin jutted toward each other from obstinate angles. Very few persons got beyond these things, and saw that he had a cleft in his chin. I know I did not for a long time; I imagine the women and children were quicker.

Even at that time Mr. Johnson was an unpopular man, and I shared in the common prejudice against him. Even before that April day when, in gloomy haste, he had taken the oath of office, circumstances determined that his position would be a difficult one. He had been thrust into responsibilities and honors to which no man had dreamed of his succeeding; his nomination to the Vice-Presidency had been a political accident. He was from the South, and had profited by the crime of a Southerner—a crime which had destroyed the one who, at the time of his death, was the best-loved man in the country. His origin and early conditions had been sordid, and of this sordidness he was entirely unashamed. Neither thing helped his position with a narrow circle of New England theorists who, with their inheritance of inflated ideals and incomplete sympathies, had come to replace, by way of aristocracy, the social traditions of colonial times.

In addition, there were certain drawbacks of a more personal nature. The unfortunate circumstances of his inaugu-

ration as Vice-President were fresh in people's minds. It had been currently reported that on that occasion Mr. Johnson was intoxicated. He had certainly acted in a manner to offend the men who were about him and to lower the Vice-President before his subordinates. Since then the matter has been explained. We all know now that he was then recovering from a severe attack of typhoid fever. He was not in a condition to go through even the simple ceremonial which marked Mr. Lincoln's second inauguration. In order that he might be able to perform his part in the exercises of the day, he had taken a stimulant. The effect of alcohol upon typhoid convalescents is well known, the smallest amount being intoxicating. This incident brought about a reputation for drunkenness which clung to the President throughout his administration. The slander was used by Mr. Johnson's enemies for their own purposes. To offset these disadvantages, there was nothing in Mr. Johnson's self-contained, almost somber manner to take possession of the hearts of those about him, as did the man with whom we were forced to compare him.

But I had not been many days about the White House before I began to change my opinion of Andrew Johnson. My prejudices against him began to die away. I grew to follow his directions with alacrity and to welcome his rare and laconic remarks. I was not alone in this change: all of the employees began to feel his influence. He was a man who, through association, swayed insensibly the men who were with him. I very soon began to realize that the reports of his drinking to excess were, like many other slanders, entirely without foundation. I will state here that during the years he was in the White House there never was any foundation for it. Except in the time of his absence in the autumn of 1865, I saw him probably every day, from the time of my return until he left, and I never once saw him under the influence of liquor. With regard to his life before and after this period, of course I can offer no direct testimony; but I have heard the indignant denials of the men who were associated with him. For my part, the record of his energetic and forceful life would be proof enough for me, even if I did not know from my own observation. No man whose wits were fuddled with alcohol could have done what he did in Tennessee and Washington. He drank, as did virtually most public men of the time, a notable exception being Mr. Lincoln. The White House cellars were well stocked with wines and whiskies, which he offered to his guests at dinner or luncheon, but in my experience he never drank to excess.

I learned another thing, too, and that was that the President was destined to conflict. He was a man who found it impossible to conciliate or temporize. As uncompromising as the terms of his speech, as straight as the challenge of his eye, Andrew Johnson's opinions and policies did not change. His goal being ahead of him, and seen in clear light, he neither saw nor considered possible an indirect path to that goal. It was inevitable, when other men were going in opposite ways, that there should be collision.

There was nothing of this conflict apparent at first, however; for there were practical details to absorb him. Mr. Johnson was a hard-working and business-like man. Except for an hour or so in the afternoon and at meal-times, he rarely left his desk until midnight. He immediately went to work to organize an executive office, which had never been done before. This was imperative, because of the mass of details caused by the end of the war. The numerous exceptions to the Amnesty Proclamation, embracing the cases of the men who had been the leaders of the Confederacy and all men possessing $20,000 or more of property, made it necessary to grant a great many pardons. At the beginning of his administration the President was prejudiced against the natural leaders, who, he considered, had led the South astray. The $20,000 exception to the first Amnesty Proclamation was his own idea, introduced because of his prejudice against aristocrats and in favor of the "plain people." It was generally expected that he would prove severe in his attitude toward the excepted classes; but he merely wished to make their probation long enough to enforce the lesson of loyalty upon them. Therefore the granting of pardons became part of the routine of office. From April 15, 1865, to June 15, 1866, I have been told that 1963 pardons

were granted. It is easy to see how much clerical work this matter alone entailed.

Mr. Johnson employed six secretaries, instead of two, as Mr. Lincoln had done. They were classified as one secretary and one assistant secretary, with the others detailed from the War Department. At the beginning, William H. Browning was the secretary, and Robert Morrow the assistant. Mr. Browning did not serve long, however. When he died, the President's son, Colonel Robert Johnson, took his place. For a time Mr. Cooper, representative-elect from Tennessee, while waiting the decision of Congress relative to the re-admission of Tennessee, served as secretary. Colonel Long, Colonel Wright Reeves, Major William C. Moore, and General Mussey were detailed from the War Department. For a long time Colonel Long had charge of the business of pardons.

Besides the private secretaries, Mr. Johnson had six clerks detailed from the departments to assist in the work of the office. These, as I said, were stationed in Mr. Lincoln's old room. For the first time in the history of the White House, records of the office were kept. There had never been anything before but lists of appointments. The books would repay any one's study. A small one which I have chanced to retain contains the first records of the case against the conspirators implicated with Booth in the murder of President Lincoln. In it Mr. Johnson submitted this question to the Secretary of War: Should the trial be delegated to a military tribunal? There are references to manuscripts in the case. Everything shows a painstaking desire to understand thoroughly the details. There is evidence, too, of a wish to consider the authority of the Secretary of War. One amusing entry is the plea of an Episcopalian minister who, too evidently disapproving, desired to be released from his obligation to pray for the President of the United States.

Mr. Johnson not only kept this official account of his actions, but preserved every letter of his correspondence. He had scrap-books of newspaper clippings compiled. After a time these were my special charge. All this material—records, correspondence, scrap-books—is now in the Manuscript Division of the Congressional Library at Washington. It is possible to see there, side by side with receipts for hats and shoes, and pink leaflets containing the Sunday School lessons of small grandchildren, the gravest political documents.

It was August, and the routine of the office was fairly under way, when the White House finally became the home of all the President's family. There were Mrs. Johnson, Colonel Robert Johnson, the President's son; Senator Patterson and his wife, who was the eldest daughter, with her children, Belle and Andrew; Mrs. Stover, a widow, with her three children, Lillie, Sarah, and Andrew. There was also a young son of the President, Andrew, who was sometimes called Frank, to lessen the confusion arising from the other two young Andrews. The eldest son, Charles, who had been a surgeon in the army, had died before this time. The White House has never been so full of children. They were an important interest in the President's life.

Mrs. Johnson was so much of an invalid that outside of intimate family friends very few knew her. She appeared only twice in public during her husband's administration. Still, her influence was a strong one, and it was exerted in the direction of toleration and gentleness. A slight movement of her hands, a touch on her husband's arm, a "Now, Andrew," made it easy to see that the woman who had helped him through his struggling youth and given her health to his service, who had taught him to write and had read to him through long winter evenings in the little tailor shop that his active mind might be fed while he was practising his trade, still held her place in his life. She was a sweet-faced woman who showed traces of beauty through the sharpened lines caused by the old-fashioned consumption which was wearing her out. Her face was not unlike that of the late Mrs. McKinley. The death of her eldest son was a blow from which she never fully recovered. The life in Washington was not a happy time for her. She told me herself that she was far more content when her husband was an industrious young tailor.

Mrs. Stover was not at the White House during all of her father's term,

and Mrs. Patterson was the real mistress of the establishment. No woman could have acted with greater sense or discretion. She had passed her girlhood days in Washington, had been educated at a school in Georgetown, and during the Polk administration had been a frequent guest at the White House, so she was not entirely unfamiliar with official life in the capital. She made no pretenses of any sort, but was always honest and direct. She said to a lady who called upon her soon after she came to the White House: "You must n't expect too much of us; we are only plain people from Tennessee." The very modesty of this statement is misleading. It is true that the Johnsons did not pretend to be leaders in the social life of Washington, and in their régime there was no joyousness, no special grace, in the White House festivities; there was, however, exactness in the discharge of social duties, and a homely dignity, equally free from ostentation and undue humility. The dinners and public receptions were more numerous than under Johnson's successors, and they were not lacking in brilliancy. Mr. Johnson quite understood the value and place of social functions.

The first public duty that confronted Mr. Johnson was the punishment of those who, together with Booth, had conspired to murder the late President and his cabinet. The question of the tribunal had first to be decided. Attorney-General Speed gave it as his opinion that it would be proper to confide the trial to a military court. The President submitted the matter to the Secretary of War, together with the opinion of the Attorney-General, and it was determined that the conspirators should be tried by a military tribunal. It was desired, because of the state of public feeling, to have the matter over as early as possible.

The punishment of Booth was taken out of the hands of the law when he shot himself. The trial of the others took place immediately. From the first there was no doubt of the guilt of Payne, who had attempted to murder Mr. Seward, the Secretary of State; of Herold, who failed to kill Mr. Johnson only through fear or lack of opportunity; or of Atzerodt, who was to have aided Herold. But there was doubt as to the degree of guilt of Mrs. Surratt. To this day, there are those who consider her guiltless of the worst. The haste with which it was felt necessary to conduct the affair may have prevented full justice being done her. However that may have been, the fact that it was a woman who was condemned to die made a large faction view her hanging with the greatest repugnance. There was a great deal of feeling on both sides.

On the morning of the day on which the execution was to take place, the daughter of the condemned woman, Miss Annie Surratt, attempted to see the President to make a personal appeal for her mother. When she arrived, she was met by Secretary Seward, who was coming out of the President's office. He told her that it was useless for her to see the President; nothing could be done for her. The President had given orders that no one was to be admitted. When Miss Surratt was quite convinced of the hopelessness of any further attempt, she went home. The poor girl's grief was pitiful. Herold's two sisters also came fruitlessly to the White House to plead for their brother.

Because of the false light in which the President stood, a great deal of criticism grew out of these circumstances. He was blamed because he did not pardon Mrs. Surratt, or have the verdict commuted to imprisonment for life. He was blamed more when it was learned that there had been a recommendation to mercy among the papers submitted to him by the court. The fact is, that Secretary Stanton, when he sent the papers to the President, kept back the note; Mr. Johnson did not know of it until afterward. When he did know of it, and of the fact that he was being blamed for not having interfered in the execution of Mrs. Surratt, he made a statement of his ignorance of the letter. Of course very few of those who had been condemning him ever heard the denial. The incident increased the President's unpopularity. I believe that, had he seen the judge's recommendation to mercy, he would have been only too glad to save the woman. It is difficult to understand Mr. Stanton's motive in the matter.

Even his refusal to give an interview to Miss Surratt and the Herold girls was the source of scandal. It was reported by the

Drawn by Harry Fenn, from a photograph

ANDREW JOHNSON'S TAILOR SHOP, GREENEVILLE, TENNESSEE

President's enemies that he was intoxicated on the day they called. This was absolutely false. I denied the story indignantly at the time, but a denial does very little good when a slander has started on its way. The President was hard at work all day, closeted most of the time with Secretary Seward. He had taken every means to understand the case. The records show his conscientious desire to investigate. He had come to the conclusion that he could not interfere. Therefore, he did not think it wise to have an unnecessary and painful interview.

In all my experience there never has been an administration, unless it be the later one of Mr. Cleveland, where there has been such complete misunderstanding between the mass of the people and the executive as in that of Andrew Johnson. In my recollection it stands out as a feverish time, when events occurred without reason, without sequence, and larger than life. The war had been a time of great emotions—of suffering, heroism, and the many virtues of hardihood and tenderness that war brings out. Afterward the reverse side was the one in evidence. The spectacle of sudden loss and sudden elevation to wealth and prominence was equally demoralizing to the mass of those fitted to do nothing but plod. One result of all this was that at Washington we saw everywhere a very fury for office-holding, an egotistical thrusting of small men into the affairs of state, avalanches of advice and blame, equally stupid, from men without the slightest claim to be heard, but accustomed, during the years of the war, to consider national affairs their own.

Only the President and his secretaries know how many thousands of requests for favors came from women. They seemed to regard Mr. Johnson as their appointed guardian. It is probable that there was some reason for the confidence with which these feminine ambassadors made their wishes known. Mr. Johnson had an amiable weakness for women, particularly for pretty women. Those of us who were on duty in corridors and in anterooms saw many evidences of this fact. It seemed to be a purely unconscious tendency. He found it hard to believe that anything but merit and need could lurk behind a pair of beseeching woman's eyes.

The masculine specialty of the time

was the crank. Every administration has them, of course, but they were particularly active during Mr. Johnson's administration. We learned how to handle them—with gloves, but effectually. One man named Grapevine I remember very distinctly. He came to see the President several times. Finally, one day, when he was told that the President would not see him, he became furious. He raved like a madman, and threatened to kill Mr. Johnson. He said:

"What are you all doing here? I am the President, and that man is an impostor." Then he tried to force his way in to the President. At that stage, of course, I took him in hand and put him under arrest. When he was examined, it was discovered that he was armed with a large bowie-knife. He was sent to the insane asylum.

Another day a brother of a Union General came to the White House. He said his business was of great importance; it could not be postponed. It was impossible for the President to see him at that time, and the man became very angry. We talked to him, and thought we had persuaded him to go away and try again another time. I saw that he was not quite sane, so I walked quietly downstairs with him and down the walk that led to the Treasury Department. About fifty paces from the White House I left him, thinking he would make no further trouble. As I turned my back, one of the doorkeepers called out:

"Look out! He is going to shoot you!" I turned, and saw him struggling with a soldier who happened to be passing just in time to knock up his arm as he aimed a pistol at me. There can be no doubt that, since he was armed with a perfectly new pistol, and since he tried to shoot the man who kept him from the President, he had intended to shoot Mr. Johnson. Episodes of that kind were of frequent occurrence in the White House. We dealt with them quietly, and they rarely got into the newspapers. It is usually a simple thing to manage cranks of both sexes. I have often had men and women refuse to leave the anteroom when they were told they could not see the President.

From a photograph by Giers, Nashville, Tenn.

ANDREW JOHNSON IN MASONIC REGALIA

"All right," I would say; "make yourself perfectly comfortable, madam. Try this chair." After the lady had waited long enough to be thoroughly tired and the President had left his office by another door, I would inform her that the President had left his office for that day and invite her to return to-morrow. They rarely came back, and there was never any disturbance.

It is perhaps not surprising that there should have begun, just at this time, an epidemic of dishonesty among those who wanted to make money out of the Government, to be matched, if the furor of disclosures and investigation through which we are now passing is any evidence, only by the one just ended. Then, however, it was the petty office-holders and a host of unprincipled hangers-on. The peculiar opportunities for easily made money offered by the times were a great temptation.

Before Mr. Johnson had been in office many months, it was discovered that a doorkeeper who stood at the entrance to the President's office had been charging an admission fee to those who wanted to approach the President with any of the thousands of requests that were made to him. The man had

amassed a comfortable little competence before the fact was discovered and he was removed.

On November 25, 1865, I resigned my position with the Metropolitan Police force to become the President's private policeman. From this time I was associated much more intimately with Mr. Johnson. I was with him almost as much as I was with President Lincoln when I accompanied him to City Point and Richmond. Virtually every day that Mr. Johnson went out driving, I went with him. Sometimes I rode by the side of the carriage on a saddle-horse which had been bought for Colonel Robert, but which he never rode. More often I sat by the President's side.

ANDREW JOHNSON, JR., SON OF PRESIDENT JOHNSON

The work of the executive office was complicated and unending. The President needed all of the long hours he spent at his desk. Sometimes, among all the difficulties presented to him to solve, a humorous episode occurred which freshened the atmosphere. After a while it would filter out to us who stood in corridors and anterooms. A man whose name was Gordon, I think, was very much exercised. He was in a panic because the negroes who were then the charges of the Freedman's Bureau in his district were dying fast. At that rate he figured that in about eight months the entire negro population would perish. He wanted the President to do something about it. A Southern woman who did not like the provisional governor in her State, and who was evidently a consumer of romance, suggested that the President should come there in disguise, and investigate for himself. Then there was one girl—a very young girl—who wanted a rest of several months to be given to her sweetheart in the army. She said he was "all tired out." She reminded the President that he had told her that their attachment ought to be tried, and he must acknowledge that it had been.

While Mr. Johnson was amused over these incidents, he talked little about passing events; in fact, he talked little about anything. I never saw a man who was more content to hold his own counsel. One thing was evident, however: the President was changing his mind about the Southern people. He had been so very bitter in regard to the rebellion, and apparently antagonistic to Mr. Lincoln's sympathetic tolerance, that every one expected severity in his measures toward the South. We now feel sure that Secretary Seward, who had been at one with President Lincoln, influenced President Johnson in those early days.

No one knows what were the rigors of Mr. Seward's position throughout this administration, standing between a vehement President and a vehement Congress, and attempting to influence each faction to readjust and modify its views. With Charles Sumner, Thaddeus Stevens, and men of their stamp he failed utterly. As had been the case all through Mr. Lincoln's administration, they refused to modify their radical principles. With the President he did not succeed completely. Could the world know of the fruitless and painful interviews which Secretary Seward had with these men, and then observe the spectacle of his steadfast loyalty to the President, of whose conduct he often disapproved, no man would emerge from the contentions of this period with more honor in the estimation of his countrymen. This, however, is to anticipate

ELIZA McCARDLE JOHNSON, WIFE OF ANDREW JOHNSON

the contention in which Mr. Johnson, yielding to what he believed to be Mr. Lincoln's policy toward the defeated South, and influenced by his own comprehension of conditions in the Confederate States, was moved to lay aside his own animosity toward the greater part of the Southern leaders. Toward some of them, —those whom he considered responsible for leading their region into rebellion,— he never softened.

The truth is that Mr. Johnson was not moved very much in his estimate of men by the way in which they had treated him personally. If they had failed in what he considered their public duty, he could be severe enough; but, except in two cases, I believe he felt no personal enmity to them. Of "Parson" Brownlow, his bitterest enemy in his own State, I heard Mr. Johnson speak most pleasantly. This is all the more remarkable when we remember that, having left nothing undone to defeat the President's wishes with regard to Tennessee, Brownlow telegraphed to Congress the news of the ratification of the Fourteenth Amendment with the insulting message, "Tell this to the dead dog of the White House!" In his public addresses he inveighed against Sumner and Stevens and Wendell Phillips, but when he met them he seemed wholly unprejudiced. One of his bitterest political enemies related that on the day following the vote on impeachment, when he had voted to impeach, he met Andrew Johnson, who smiled and held out his hand. In the same manner, in spite of his fierceness toward the rebellion, he was now made to believe in the loyalty of the South.

One thing that specially moved Mr. Johnson to this latter belief was the optimistic report made by General Grant after a tour through the heart of the Confederacy. He stated that he saw everywhere an intention to return to full allegiance to the Union as soon as the conditions of that return were established. When the report was sent to Congress, where it was pointedly ignored, Senator Sumner pronounced it a whitewashing message.

These are some of the motives that influenced the President's message to Congress when it assembled in December, 1865. I remember how great was the surprise at the tenor of the message, and how general the admiration at the dignity and clearness with which it was expressed. In the newspapers and in the conversation

COLONEL ROBERT JOHNSON, SON OF ANDREW JOHNSON

of men there was scarcely a dissenting voice; the President at once took a position as statesman which he had never occupied before. Men like George Bancroft cordially indorsed his attitude. The South felt that a champion had arisen. The only dissenting voice was from the extreme Northern element in Congress—the Radicals, as they were called.

While any discussion of President Johnson's public acts does not come strictly within the limits of my field of personal reminiscence, I feel that it is necessary to touch upon some features of the President's long contention with Congress.

I believe firmly that President Johnson wished to carry out the policy which had been advocated by Mr. Lincoln before he died. I believe, moreover, that it was substantially the policy which President Lincoln would have attempted to carry through, if he had lived. There is, however, this one point of difference: meeting the fierce opposition which the Radical element in Congress displayed, President Lincoln, who knew how to manage men and to compromise, would have yielded in minor points,where he could have done so and still carry out his policy of immediate and practical help for the South. It was in this one feature that President Johnson failed to meet the requirements of his position.

In President Lincoln's last speech he expressed, so far as he had been able to see his way, his plan of reconstruction. There should be a general amnesty, with a few exceptions. For the rest, when the South had banished slavery, it should be allowed to reorganize its State governments under the "Louisiana plan." The Louisiana plan was to allow the loyal minority in each State to form a government. Congress would recognize any republican form of government which should be established by insurgents who should have taken the amnesty oath and were regularly qualified voters in 1860, provided the votes cast were not less than one tenth in number of the votes cast that year. This plan of reconstruction rested upon the theory that the Southern States, having no right under the Constitution to withdraw from the Union, were still members of the Union. While rebels were present in each State, the loyal minority were still citizens of the United States, and had a right to representation in Congress.

Now, the war having been fought by the Federal authority upon just this principle, that the Southern States had no right to withdraw from the Union, President Lincoln's plan was merely the logical consequence of the theory. It presented difficulties and inconsistencies, no doubt, and it was hard to conceive seriously of States which, during the war, had been at the same time in and out of the Union; but, then, there was not a single theory prevalent at the time which did not present inconsistencies. Those who, with Thaddeus Stevens, had been most fierce in declaring that the Southern States had no constitutional right to secede, were most vehement, when the war was over, in maintaining that the Confederacy was a conquered power beyond the pale of consideration from good Republicans, and not to be restored to the Union until she had been soundly punished for her sins. The abolitionists who, with Charles Sumner, were most vehement in advocating the equal rights of man, were determined to foist upon the Southern States, without their consent, the franchise for the lately emancipated slaves, and to disfranchise the ruling element.

In his eagerly expected message President Johnson expressed the principle which had animated President Lincoln: the Southern States were still in the Union, their functions had been suspended, not destroyed. The Thirteenth Amendment, which abolished slavery, having been passed, and the amnesty oath having been taken, the next step was for their representatives to resume their seats in Congress. Congress had the right to determine on the eligibility of members. The question of negro suffrage was to be left to the States, as had been the matter of suffrage from the beginning. Before Congress had met, and pending their action, Mr. Johnson had begun the work of restoring the governments of those States which were ready to convene loyal assemblies, after the plan followed in Louisiana. There had been some dissension in the cabinet over the matter. Under the influence of the extreme Radicals, Secretary Stanton had endeavored to introduce a requirement as to negro suffrage, while Speed and Har-

MRS. MARTHA J. PATTERSON, DAUGHTER OF ANDREW JOHNSON

She was the wife of Judge David T. Patterson. The portrait is from a photograph taken in 1867, when she was mistress of the White House. These three portraits were taken during her residence there.

lan were in opposition. The latter two soon withdrew, as was

ANDREW J. PATTERSON

proper in the circumstances, while Stanton, apparently restored to sympathy, remained in office.

From the principles laid down in his message President Johnson never swerved. Every act passed by Congress that violated these principles he consistently vetoed. That the Freedman's Bureau Act and the Civil Rights Act would receive his condemnation was a foregone conclusion. From the comments of the press throughout the country there was no doubt that the mass of the people were with the President.

With the veto of the Freedman's Bureau

MARY BELLE PATTERSON

Act, which made no uncertain declaration of the President's intentions, began a most amazing chapter in the history of our Congress. Since a struggle was imminent, it was necessary to be sure of a two thirds Republican majority in order to pass acts over the veto. Every expedient was resorted to: a senator was rejected on a reëxamination of credentials, before approved; a would-be honorable senator was forced to break his pair. In order that another pair might not be broken, a dying man hurried to the Senate, only to find that the vote had been taken in haste to exclude his. It was by such means that

the bill was passed over the veto. But the majority was too small. It was proposed to admit two States, below the requirement of numbers, on an abolition platform dictated by the Radicals, in order to swell the number. One such State was actually admitted. An examination of the speeches in both House and Senate of those months shows them filled with a wild alarm, not for the country, but for the Republican party.

"We need their votes," said Charles Sumner of the negroes.

"If the Southern States are readmitted on equal terms, what of our majority?" was on every Radical tongue.

It is necessary to observe, moreover, that this opposition to any but the most radical and severe measures toward the South did not result from the action of President Johnson. Before the President's message had been sent to Congress the opposition had been thoroughly organized; the principle had been laid down that only Congress should preside over reconstruction. It had, moreover, been organized and powerful enough to oppose President Lincoln most bitterly in his efforts to restore the South without punitive measures. It had been in abeyance for a short time because the triumphant end of the war had made Mr. Lincoln virtually a dictator. But his death saved Abraham Lincoln from the bitterest struggle of his life.

Mr. Ward Lamon, who was one of the most intimate of Mr. Lincoln's friends evidently believed this. He said to Mr. Johnson (the letter can be produced):

> I had many and free conversations with him [Lincoln] on this very subject of reconstruction. I was made entirely certain by his own repeated declarations to me that he would exert all his authority to bring about an immediate and perfect reconciliation between the two sections of the country. As far as depended upon him, he would have had the Southern States represented in both houses of Congress within the shortest possible time. . . . He knew the base designs of the Radicals to keep up the strife for their own advantage. There can be no doubt that the Northern Disunionists would now be as loud in their denunciation of his policy as they are of yours. . . . If there be any insult upon his reputation which we should resent more than another, it is the assertion that he would have been a tool and an instrument in the hands of such men as those who now lead the heartless and unprincipled contest against you.

At the time that all these things were happening we saw at the White House no evidence that they affected the President in any personal way. He was such a reticent man that I was surprised at a speech he made on the 22d of February, 1866. A great crowd had assembled in the White House grounds. They wanted a speech. By reason of his unexpected championship of the Southern States, President Johnson had become a figure in the public eye. He began to speak to the crowd calmly and dispassionately. He spoke of the question at issue before the country. He said that there had been two extreme elements in the national life—that of the South, which, having asserted itself for slavery, had been suppressed; that of the North, which, now beginning to show itself, was just as intolerant. For himself he belonged to neither class. He was for the Union, slavery or no slavery. The "conscious intelligent traitors" should be punished; there should be amnesty for the multitude. . . . To admit that a State was out of the Union was the very thing the nation had been fighting against, insisting that this was something a State could not do.

The crowd became enthusiastic; the President began to speak more warmly. I know he must have been sore because of the revenge which Congress had taken for his veto of the Freedman's Bureau Act. For they had retaliated by refusing to admit the representatives of his own State, of whose record he was so proud and which he had done so much to keep loyal. He said that Congress was governed by "an irresponsible central directory" which did not represent the people—was no Congress. Some one in the crowd shouted:

"Name them!"

The President hesitated a moment, then he said:

"Yes, I will name them,"—at this there was great excitement,—"Thaddeus Stevens, Charles Sumner."

From this time on there was a great change in the way people regarded him. One man said to him:

"Your speech made me feel mortified." And I think this would express the feeling that most of Andrew Johnson's friends

MRS. MARY JOHNSON STOVER SARAH STOVER

LILLIE STOVER ANDREW J. STOVER

From photographs taken while at the White House

MRS. STOVER, DAUGHTER OF ANDREW JOHNSON, AND HER THREE CHILDREN

Mary Johnson married first Daniel Stover, who died in 1862. In 1869 she became the wife of William R. Bacon.

had about this most unfortunate matter. Still, he showed no feeling, but went on with the program he had made for himself. On the 18th of April a delegation of sailors and soldiers came to see him. He spoke to them in much the same tone as that of his speech of the twenty-second of February. He assured them of his unalterable determination to "stick to his position." He spoke contemptuously of men who, when he was battling for the Union in the Senate and in his own State, were "lolling in ease and comfort. . . ." Now they were attacking him, " . . . the whole pack, Tray, Blanche, and Sweetheart, little dogs and all, snapping at my heels." I suppose this was very undignified and bad policy, but the crowd enjoyed it, and nothing could have been a better description of the attacks made upon the President by certain men in Congress.

There is one thing which must be understood. These addresses of the President's seemed much more undignified to the country at large than to those who heard them. In the first place, the newspaper man, then as now, was on the outlook for a sensation. In fact, there was less regard for the truth then, even with

the better class of journals, than there is to-day. Party feeling and interests ran high, and editors were violently partizan.

More than this, Mr. Johnson's manner in delivering public speeches was one which could not be translated into newspaper language. I realized this when I stood near him on the portico while he talked to the soldiers and sailors. He had a calm, assured way of talking which gave the most startling remarks authority. His bearing was quiet and dignified, his voice low and sympathetic. He had one of the best voices for public speaking that I have ever heard. It was singularly penetrating; he could make it carry to the edge of the largest gathering without effort. Yet it was always a pleasant voice. I have been startled myself to read the same speech in the paper that I had heard the day before. One would think, from what was written, that a violent demagogue was brandishing his arms and shrieking at the top of his lungs. Mr. Johnson was an orator; half of what was said was in the personal relation between the audience and himself, and, being an orator, he was often swayed by the emotion of the crowd. Had he been sympathetically reported, the country would have had a different impression of him.

There is a story I have heard which illustrates both this magnetic quality of the man and his fearlessness. It was in the early days of the struggle in Tennessee, when he was hated by the whole secession element. He was to address a meeting in the town hall. He had been informed on good authority that half a dozen men were ready to shoot him as soon as he appeared before the audience. When he appeared on the platform, he advanced to the speaker's stand. Something held the crowd to silence while he deliberately pulled a pistol out of his pocket. He laid it on the table while a spellbound crowd hung on his movements. Then at last he spoke:

"I understand," he said in his placid way, "that the first business before the meeting is to shoot me. I move that the meeting proceed to business." During the few minutes that he scanned the audience there was breathless silence. At last, when no one moved, he began his address in rather a disappointed manner.

Except when the excitement of a crowd stirred him to intemperance, the President possessed the dignity of reticence.

As the summer came on, my drive with Mr. Johnson became a daily occurrence, and often lasted the greater part of the afternoon. We often took the children with us, and had a picnic. I think the greatest source of recreation the President had was in his grandchildren. His own youngest son was about thirteen at this time and had his own pursuits; but the grandchildren were always ready.

With a carriage full of children we would drive to some place by Rock Creek, Pierce's Mill, or elsewhere. There was one retired little meadow by the stream of which we were all fond. There the children would fish, wade, or pick flowers, and the President would watch them and reflect. We would drive home with the carriage filled with flowers.

When we were alone, we always stopped at some quiet and beautiful spot, where Mr. Johnson could walk for an hour or more, almost always in silence. He often went to Glenwood Cemetery. There was something in the peace of such a place that appealed to him. One day he had been wandering about in Glenwood reading the inscriptions on the tombstones when I heard him laughing. I went up to him. He did not laugh very often.

"Look there, Crook," he said, pointing to two graves side by side. On the first was, "Sacred to the Memory of my Wife —By her disconsolate husband." The other grave, dated two years later, was that of the second wife.

"It did n't take that fellow long to get over his first affliction, did it?" said the President.

I fully believe that, had the elections occurred immediately after the adjournment of Congress in the summer of 1866, the Radicals would have been defeated. It was not that the President had not made many enemies by his unwise speech on the 22d of February. It was because, even in New England, there was a general distrust of the Radical program. In April "Harper's Weekly" and "The Nation" had commented on the mischievous effects of the leadership of Thad Stevens. There was a strong sentiment against further punishment of the South. There was an abhorrence of negro suf-

frage; every measure to introduce it into the Northern States had been rejected. All of the efforts of the Radicals during the summer—Wendell Phillips making campaign speeches everywhere and proposing to impeach the President, Ben Butler touring the country denouncing the President, Sumner instructing large audiences in Massachusetts—would probably have been fruitless had Mr. Johnson himself not made his second great mistake.

As I have said before, the President was accustomed in making public speeches to come into personal relations with his audiences. In his career in Tennessee this method had been largely a factor in his success. Now, in his anxiety over the great questions at stake,—the issue to be determined by the fall elections,—he determined to make a direct appeal to the voters. There was to be a great ceremony at the unveiling of the Douglas monument at Chicago. Mr. Johnson made attendance on this the occasion for a partial tour of the country. Philadelphia, New York, Albany, Cleveland, St. Louis, and Chicago were to be visited. Secretaries Welles and Randall, with Secretary Seward, General Grant, and Admiral Farragut, were of the party.

Mr. Johnson had an unfortunate propensity for coining phrases which could be used to ridicule him. On one occasion he had referred to himself as the Moses who offered himself to lead the country out of bondage. He figured as "Moses" in street songs for months. On another occasion he had talked of "swinging round the circle" of political conviction from North to South. This projected trip was immediately labled "swinging round the circle," and the newspaper men of the country took out their writing pads prepared to have a thoroughly enjoyable time.

The President had always been a popular figure with newspaper correspondents. Whether he was to be admired or blamed, he was always an energetic and vivid personality. There was sure to be something to report. Again, the journals were yellow beyond possibility of emulation by the papers of to-day. The following is a specimen of the type in many of the news sheets throughout the country. "Andy, Andy, you are terribly popular with the rabble! Everything that smells, but does not perfume; everything rotten and mouldering, whatever is corrupt and putrifying, sticks to thee! Toads and owls howl to thee! Jackals and hyenas snuffle after thee. . . ." There were newspaper correspondents accompanying the party, but, as will be seen later, they were entirely unable to stem the tide of sensationalism. The tour was immediately pronounced an undignified departure from the custom of former Presidents. The unfortunate reputation for drunkenness which had fastened upon Mr. Johnson was made to do duty again, with rumors of immense stores of liquors which made the special cars traveling barrooms. The country prepared to be shocked.

The country was disappointed in the earlier stages of the journey. There was a moderate amount of enthusiasm in the reception of the party in Philadelphia and New York. In Albany the atmosphere was chilling; in Auburn there was a remarkable speech from Ex-President Fillmore against the Republican Party. At Cleveland the crowd was disorderly. The President was interrupted again and again; there was evidently an organized movement to prevent his speaking. He attempted to reply to insulting interruptions, lost his temper, was baited by the crowd, and for a time all semblance of dignity was lost. Ultimately he pulled himself together, silenced his tormentors, and closed triumphantly. At Chicago there was the same disorderly crowd, and undoubtedly preconcerted interruptions. The President was provoked into intemperance and a declaration that he would "kick the Radicals out." These unfortunate scenes were immediately telegraphed over the country, with every embellishment possible. They lost the President the elections; gave the Radicals an overwhelming majority; made possible the horrors of congressional reconstruction.

After this there was no possibility of stemming the tide of unpopularity. The President figured in the popular mind as almost a monster. "The Atlantic Monthly," which had always stood for all that was most conservative and careful in the country, published a series of studies, advertised widely by the magazine as "Remarkable articles on President Johnson," in which Mr. Johnson was

studied as though he were some abnormal product of an alien race. His traits are analyzed thus:

> . . . his gross inconsistencies of opinion and policy, his shameless betrayal of party, incapacity to hold himself to his word, his hatred of a cause the moment its defenders cease to flatter him, *his habit of administering laws he has vetoed* on the principle that they do not mean what he vetoed them for meaning, his delight in little tricks of low cunning. . . . It would seem that in dealing with such a man as Andrew Johnson, it is the part of wisdom to suspect the worst . . . a spiteful, inflated, and unprincipled egotist.

I watched him after he returned from this disastrous trip, when he was the most unpopular man in the country, and threats of impeachment were a matter of daily occurrence. His manner was absolutely as when he first took upon himself the cares of office. In our daily drives there was never a reference to what was passing. He spoke, when he spoke at all, about indifferent things. There was not an added line in his face. And yet there was evidence, from that time on, that he had learned his lesson; that, as he once said to me, when he was convinced that he had been wrong, he was ready to change. For never after this, so far as I remember, was he betrayed by the warmth of his feeling into an unwise public utterance. During the whole of the impeachment trial, when the temptation to appeal from his enemies to the "plain people" on whose final judgment he relied must have been almost overpowering, he refrained altogether from public speaking. His habit of bandying words with the mob was overcome.

The legislators came back to the second half of the Thirty-Ninth Congress elated over their victory at the polls, and convinced that it was in their power to carry their whole reconstruction program. There was the greatest dissatisfaction expressed with the constitutions of the Southern States, now largely reorganized. The new governments had passed repressive measures against the negroes. The Abolitionists considered that these measures virtually reënslaved the emancipated.

An incident which the Radicals seized upon as an evidence of the absolute failure of the President's reconstruction policy was an unfortunate riot over elections in New Orleans. He was accused of not having responded to the call of the Governor for Federal aid. Again the President explained that the telegram of the Governor had been withheld from him by Secretary Stanton. And again the country heard the charge, and not the refutation. And again it is hard to understand Secretary Stanton's action in this matter.

The activities of Congress of the winter and spring of 1866–67 were in two directions. A series of acts embodying the congressional theories of reconstruction were passed and a long investigation of the President's conduct was undertaken with a view to discovering grounds for impeachment. The first was tragic, culminating as it did in negro suffrage, the disfranchisement of the majority of the better class of Southerners, the dominion of carpet-baggers, terror and suffering for eleven States. The second was pure comedy, exhibiting the congressional species in farcical specialties. In their reconstruction acts Congress worsted the President, depriving him of control over the eleven States, over the army, and at last, in the Tenure of Office Act, over his own cabinet. In their attempts to prove him worthy of impeachment, the President's record worsted Congress. Even the two houses, full of enemies, could find no blot in it.

As fast as the reconstruction measures were passed, Mr. Johnson executed them. He held, with the Constitution, that his control over legislation ended with his veto. With relation to the matter of negro suffrage, Mr. Johnson's attitude was fully expressed in an interview which had taken place the year before. A deputation of leading negroes, headed by Frederick Douglas, called upon the President to plead for their right to the suffrage. Mr. Johnson's manner to them was quiet, even gentle. It was interesting to see how deftly he prevented the interview from becoming a discussion and utilized it to state his own position. He suggested emigration to them. He asserted that each community was better prepared to settle questions of suffrage than was Congress. He said that he opposed negro suffrage on the ground that, carried out, it would inevitably lead to a race war. He ended, "God knows I have no desire but the welfare of the whole human race."

With regard to the Impeachment Investigation,—there had been, since the President's veto of the first Freedman's Bureau Act, a continual rumble of threats of impeachment in both Houses of Congress. At last, in January, 1867, Mr. Ashley of Ohio, one of Mr. Johnson's most bitter enemies, introduced a resolution to investigate the course of the President with a view to impeachment. The Judiciary Committee was empowered to conduct the investigation, to summon witnesses, and to sit during the summer recess if necessary.

Throughout the investigation the President was calm and untroubled. When a bank employee went with embarrassment to inform him that his accounts were demanded, he laughed.

"Let them have them, if they want them. All of my business affairs are open to the world. I have nothing to be ashamed of."

It must not be considered that either the proceedings of the Judiciary Committee or the severity of congressional reconstruction was approved by the country at large. Mr. Ashley's virulence was so great that he had been reproved by the Speaker of the House. Many Radical newspapers throughout the nation disapproved of the measures passed by Congress. Even Senator Wilson, Charles Sumner's colleague from Massachusetts, who had been most vehement in his pleadings for the "poor, lowly, downtrodden freedmen," said of the white men on his return from a tour of the Southern States:

"For myself, I want no more punishments than have already been inflicted on these men. They have suffered and have been disappointed more than any body of men in the history of the world."

It seems hard to understand the hysteria which swept over both houses of Congress during these abnormal years. It has been very generally stated that the opposition aroused by the President's stubborn resistance to congressional control was responsible for it, that each antagonist pushed the other into extremes. In one case this is undoubtedly true. The measures passed by Congress at the end of the struggle could not have been possible at the beginning. It was not that they were new, but that the President's action had aroused so much opposition that the element which had advocated these measures from the beginning came into control. The significant fact is that, while, on the part of the President, the contest goaded him into unwise public utterances, his policy was not altered by the bitterness of his feeling in one particular. The principles expressed in the first message, so generally applauded by the country at the time, were the same that dictated the last protest to Congress when he had failed to prevent the intemperate legislation that had disgraced it. The fault, if it were a fault, lay not in his having been hurried into inconsidered action, but in his not having compromised where he might have done so, with a yielding of theory, but not of practical kindliness, toward the South.

The long-brewing contention with Secretary Stanton came to a head during the summer of 1867. Mr. Stanton's career in Mr. Johnson's cabinet had been a curious one. It was generally known that, during Mr. Lincoln's administration, Mr. Stanton had frequently assumed that he alone was responsible for the maintenance of the government. Mr. Lincoln, who knew how to utilize every element that was presented to him, and was entirely without personal feeling, had very little difficulty in managing Stanton. He knew how to make use of his secretary's undoubted patriotism, his force, his earnestness; he knew how to harness his unruly temper. Lincoln was impervious to offense because of his humorous acceptance of conditions.

Mr. Johnson was not skilful in managing men—men whom he could not influence. From the first Mr. Stanton was an element of discord. A number of the Radicals had influenced him to introduce a negro-suffrage clause into the first reconstruction measures discussed by the cabinet. His natural harshness of nature led him to desire a severe policy toward the South. And yet, when it became apparent that the President and three members of the cabinet were in favor of carrying out the policy of Mr. Lincoln, he apparently acquiesced. At all events, he remained in the cabinet, while the other members who were in opposition resigned. Each of the President's messages, each of the vetoes, Stanton apparently approved. He was so strong in

pronouncing the Tenure of Office Act unconstitutional that he was asked to write the message accompanying the veto. He pleaded some indisposition, however, and avoided doing it.

The constant friction over the administration of the War Department became unbearable. Two instances have been given already where Mr. Stanton had withheld information from the President which he should have had—the note for mercy in the case of Mrs. Surratt and the telegram of the Governor of New Orleans asking for Federal aid. In both of these cases Mr Johnson's position before the country had been very much injured by the Secretary's action. What was left to the President of executive powers over the Southern States was nullified by Mr. Stanton's disposition to balk him at every turn. There can be no doubt that Mr. Stanton was sincere in his idea that it was necessary, in order to prevent the country from disintegration, that he remain in Mr. Johnson's cabinet. This delusion, fostered by years of autocratic power over his own department, was responsible for the lack of taste in Mr. Stanton's remaining in the cabinet of a man whose enemy he was. It is another example of the lack of balance in the public life of the period.

The President had born this irritating defiance with what was, in a man of his type, remarkable patience.

In August, 1867, the President suspended Secretary Stanton from office, appointing General Grant in his place. It was during the recess of Congress. Under the Tenure of Office Act he had the right to suspend a member of his cabinet during the recess of Congress, so he was strictly within his rights. The contest would come later, when the removal was reported to Congress for approval. Mr. Stanton had no course but to yield, and General Grant performed the duties of the office. Up to this point there had been, on the whole, pleasant relations between Mr. Johnson and General Grant. Grant was the popular idol; his friendship was an important item.

It was in the same summer that the President and I were on our way home one evening in what is now Rock Creek Park. A summer storm came up, and it began to rain in torrents. We were well outside the limits of the present city when we came upon a poor woman struggling along the road. She had a heavy baby in her arms, and her shabby clothes were already soaked through with the rain. Mr. Johnson ordered the driver to stop and take her in. She climbed up, trying not to soil the cushions with her dripping clothes. The President sat opposite her, when the carriage was rolling on again, saying nothing, as was his habit, but looking at the mother and baby with very kind eyes. She lived on what is now Florida Avenue—which we called Boundary Street then, between Fourteenth and Fifteenth streets. When we stopped opposite her little two-story frame house, Mr. Johnson got out and helped her out and up the steps. She never knew that it was the President who had taken her home. When we got back to the White House, Mr. Johnson told Slade, the steward, to give the driver a hot toddy. He had been sitting on the box through all the storm, and did not have his oilskins to protect him. Mr. Johnson, although he never seemed to be taking much notice of what was going on about him, always saw things like that.

(To be continued)

A MAN OF MANY FRIENDS

BY MARIE LOUISE GOETCHIUS

HENRY JENNINGS FOWLER was short and stocky, and his face began well with a pair of fine, brown setter eyes, although it ended very badly in a weak chin. He wore many checked suits, and changed his ties three times a day; his wardrobe was as full of useless fripperies as that of a vain young girl. His passion in life was sociability. From the time he started trying to make friends in school to the man state, where his boyish efforts to please first became pathetic, he sought patiently the company of men. Women seemed to him less desirable, but if they were pretty according to his lights, or if they were easy to talk to, he would precipitate himself among their chiffons like an affectionate dog, always finding a *bon mot* for them, which usually fell lifelessly on indifferent ground. The trouble was that he tried too hard. He did not himself smoke, but he carried cigars in his pocket for his friends and many who were not; he was far from fond of drinking, but whenever he saw a circle of empty glasses he offered a round of drinks; he lent his most cherished books to people who seldom read, and he never forgot the spirit of Christmas.

Unfortunately, Fowler showed no sense of discrimination in his longing for popularity and recognition. A stranger soon became an acquaintance, and an acquaintance was always a friend. He liked to think of himself being clapped on the back and treated as a fellow-man; he liked to have every one who would, call him by his first name; he liked to entertain, and since there are always those who accept invitations on the principle of not missing any of life's ripe fruits, he seldom had empty places at his table. He belonged to more clubs than he could possibly use, he subscribed to everything any one asked him to, he paid cheerfully his five dollars a place at political dinners, never neglecting to bring the menus and favors away with him; he had the fatal habit of lending money, and he tipped too liberally those who waited on him.

When his life seemed at its fullest,—that is, when the maximum of people were allowing him to be generous to them,—Fowler married. Some latent happy instinct guided his choice to the little dove woman who cooed in soft, gray notes her undying admiration for him, who considered him already what he was trying to be, and who was content to sit at home waiting for him to come back from his clubs and tell her his latest joke, his latest success, his latest plan to overwhelm some expectant friend.

Part of the year they lived in the country. He loved flowers almost as passionately as he loved people. He was never without some gay little bloom in his buttonhole, preferably pansies—"Such bright flowers," he would remark fondly of them. It pleased him to walk through his garden in the mornings, his little wife trotting adoringly behind him, agreeing at once with his disposition of the flower-beds, his criticisms and remarks on their condition, his pleasure in the ones that repaid his care, his distress over the recalcitrant ones. He had studied the science of gardening, and spoke fluently upon it, volunteering advice, encouragement, or material aid to his neighbors whose blooms were not prospering so well. "Send So-and-so a basket of those sweet peas," he would say. "They will come in handy. He told me he expected a houseful over Sunday." And though most probably So-and-so did not invite him over on that Sunday, at least effusive thanks for the sweet peas were given him by telephone. Occasionally his wife

would remark timidly: "Don't you think it is about time, dear, that the ——s asked us to something? They have been here quite often." Such an outburst displeased him and made him uncomfortable. He always excused the neglectful ones for the sake of his own dignity. "I don't see why they should," he would reply. "Mr. —— has been very kind, very kind indeed. We were sitting together at the club yesterday, and he ordered drinks, asked my advice about an important business matter, and was most cordial."

Among his best friends there was a Great Man, a guest-of-honor man who made speeches at dinners, dabbled in politics, called presidents of banks and railroads by their first names, and had lots of money. He happened to have been born on the same day as Henry Jennings Fowler, and to the latter's mind a bond of brotherhood existed in consequence. Every 22d of May the Great Man received a telegram worded playfully, "Congratulations on being as young as I am. H. J. F."; every speech that the papers copied elicited a letter of praise from H. J. F.; every Christmas a rare book or print was sent to him by H. J. F., and the Great Man, being truly above small things, accepted telegrams, letters, books, sent his friend an autographed picture, called him "Hen" for short, and dined with him once a year. It was an innocent pride of Henry Jennings to refer to this great man on all occasions. He had some dim idea that it elevated his position among men to be known as the friend of a power, and in his small world perhaps it did, for the men whose company he coveted were snobbish enough to be provincial, and a name went a long way with them. Besides, it is not a hard tax on one's good nature to clap a man on the back who will listen to your pet story, laugh at the right place, and order you a drink.

"I have been sitting watching 'the men' "—he always called them "the men" —"play poker this afternoon," he would say to his wife when he came home to her all aglow with his pleasures. "That Jenkins is mighty nice. Remind me, my dear, I lost a bet to him of a case of champagne. Leech came up to me and said, 'Hello, Hen J., how does the garden bloom?' Young Willis is going to be a fine boy; we sat together for a while today. He is very pleasant-mannered. 'Hello, Mr. Fowler,' he said to me, 'come and have a drink.' I took a horse's neck with him."

"Did Smith speak of the newspaper clipping you sent him?"

"Oh, yes," would cry Henry Jennings, his whole face brightening; "we had a good laugh over it." And so it went on.

But there came a day when having lent more of his money than he had to lend, it being understood that none of it ever came back; having lost many bets on things he knew very little about to people who knew a great deal about them; having remembered too many birthdays and Christmases, Fowler found his capital dwindling. The income from that capital, you see, had been too small to keep his friends, so the capital had to go. Not being in active business, he began to speculate, and then, indeed, it became serious. The little wife tried hard to appreciate her husband's increasing popularity, but her smiles at his success shivered themselves to pieces against the menacing shore of debt, and reckoning day reared itself as impassive and gray as a giant rock upon this shore. They had to economize, that was certain. So Fowler went without his usual importation of English winter suits in order that he might send out his Christmas presents that year, but the brand of cigars which he could offer his friends grew cheaper, and soon these cigars became a magnificent joke among "the men." Also he fought shy of big circles; it meant more drinks. However, he still tried to be a good fellow. He still summoned *bon mots* to his command, and still sent books on Christmas to the Great Man; only, after a while, he sent books from his own wonderful library—first editions which he had picked up abroad, special pets of his.

The next winter his wife cut down household expenses so that he could pay his dues at the clubs; but this he did n't know. Henry must have his men; he was too popular with them to drop out. He was still happy, although not as radiantly so as if he could have given more; and his generosity being forced to diminish, he tried to make up for it by an exaggerated facetiousness of manner, which

meant pathetically well, but received scant patience.

Five of his clubs had ladies' days, the sixth found no use for women within its reposeful precincts, but to each of the five other ladies' days Fowler conducted his wife ceremoniously, showing her every year the same pictures on the walls, the same rooms, and his favorite reading-chair, joking with the waiters and the porters before her just to show how popular he was, presenting to her any men who happened to be available, and in general giving an exhibition before her admiring eyes of a man among men. And how happy it all made him!

There came a ladies' day when, wearing a suit two years old, a handkerchief with holes in its body from frequent washings, but with a gorgeous purple border, a tie that had been buried in his wardrobe for so long that it was new, a pansy boutonnière, and five inferior cigars in his pocket (when one does not smoke oneself it is difficult to appreciate what bad form an inferior cigar is), he repaired with his little dove wife to the club. It was a particularly smart ladies' day, and all "the men" were there. He tried to appear the sprightliest and happiest of the buzzing kaleidoscopic throng, and his little wife clung to his arm, smiling a set-piece little smile, while he bore her along through the rooms, stopping to address "the men" on the way, or to offer one of his cigars. The Great Man was there. Henry Jennings dragged his little wife up to him.

"Hello, Hen," said the Great Man, genially. He had just been asked to preside at a very important dinner, and he was in a particularly pleasant mood.

"Wonderful man that," remarked Henry Jennings when they had passed on.

"You and he are so congenial, are n't you, dear?" said the little wife. Henry Jennings squared his shoulders.

"We both know a good thing when we see it," he laughed. He had temporarily forgotten his troubles in this warm, cordial atmosphere. As they went from one room to another the crowd pushed them in between some portières, where they stood for a short breathing space while he wiped the heat of sociability off his face with a plain white handkerchief which was hidden at the bottom of his pocket beneath the showy one. "That Smith is a mighty—" he began, when, from the other side of the curtain Smith's voice rose, loud, unmistakable.

"Lord!" it said, "will you look at this cigar Hen J. gave me; and my shoulder still aching with the crack he handed it. Will somebody please suppress him! We 're all getting sick of him and his everlasting jokes." The voice retreated slowly as Smith moved off. "They say he 's losing on the market, so it won't be—"

Henry Jennings and his wife did not look at each other. They pushed aside the curtain and walked once around the room. After a first quiver on her little face Mrs. Fowler turned bravely to her husband. "Dearest," she said, "there 's so much noise I can't hear anything. I 'm quite deafened with it. Let 's go home."

Henry Jennings glanced at her quickly, but her big, gray eyes told him nothing. He did not see the flicker of the hurt, wild thing disappearing in their depths. "As you say, my dear," he answered, and his voice sounded strangely quiet. "It *is* rather noisy here."

On the way out they came across several of "the men." He started as if to speak to them, but the words choked in his throat, and he coughed nervously instead. The little wife guided him behind them. She chattered almost gaily as they walked out. "Let 's go to ——'s for dinner," she suggested. So, even though he could not really afford it, Henry Jennings, from the just-trampled-on generosity of his heart, turned slow steps toward the restaurant. Through dinner he tried to answer her attempts at conversation, but there was a dumb, hurt look in his eyes which, although of course no one could really be blamed for it, was still very painful to see. Only one cigar was left. At the end of dinner he put his hand in his pocket to give it to the head waiter, hesitated, and finally went on with it still in his pocket.

The next day at his usual hour he dressed carefully, kissed his wife, and apparently started for the club; but when he got on the avenue, he walked instead up and down it until he was tired, then went into the ——, sat at a little table alone in the café, drank some mineral

Drawn by F. Walter Taylor. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"FROM THE OTHER SIDE OF THE CURTAIN SMITH'S VOICE ROSE, LOUD, UNMISTAKABLE"

water and at dinner-time went home. His wife did not question him, but he started to explain that he had taken a day off just for a change. By the end of a nice little dinner he was trying to laugh and joke as before. He did not know that she knew.

Oh, yes, he went to his club again. He resigned from four of them, to economize, he said, but the remaining one saw him regularly every day, with this difference: he was evidently proving something to himself. Instead of joining the group about the fire, he would seat himself at some distance from it and, with elaborate indifference, pretend to read a paper while he waited to see if any of "the men" would come to him. They always nodded pleasantly to him, some of them even called a "Hello, Hen J." across the room, but no one ever came. No one begged him to join the group, and no one asked him to dinner. He grew to be a familiar figure, sitting alone, rather bowed about the shoulders, looking out of the window or reading, always reading the same paper. As he walked by the group on his way home, if some one spoke to him, he would stop, his face brightening, and at the slightest encouragement he would have sat down by them again; but they had gotten out of the habit of expecting him to, and none of them thought of asking him. That was all: none of them thought.

At home the little wife tried with all her slender strength to cheer him up; but she was n't a man, and he could n't clap her on the back and—oh, there is always a difference. He pretended all this time that things were as they had been. He told her stories that had been told him some time ago, and he made up imaginary conversations between himself and "the men." She listened, applauding his every word.

But all this was a strain, and he soon began to show it. His hands trembled a great deal, he walked more slowly than is natural, and he seemed to have lost the savor of things. Once only did he recover a touch of his old-time enthusiasm. At a certain dinner the Great Man made a wonderful speech. The headline world seized upon it the following morning, editorials were written upon it, men quoted it, sermons referred to it. It was the speech of the year, and Henry Jennings, sitting alone in the club window, read it with his forlorn heart beating excitedly. He almost ran home to his wife that evening to read it aloud to her, and the next day he composed a letter to the Great Man congratulating him in wholesouled words on his success. The Great Man really meant to answer that letter when he received it, but somehow there were so many demands on him,—you understand how it is,—and the matter slipped his mind, so that Henry Jennings watched the mail every morning in vain.

About this time stocks went up, and he made a little money; but he did not seem to care much about it. Then he fell ill, the doctor was sent for, and a trained nurse called; so the money came in handy, after all. He lingered on for several months. The little wife, knowing it could not last, made up her mind to a very shocking deception. Every time the telephone bell rang down-stairs she told him it was one of "the men" calling up to ask how he was; every time the door-bell rang she told him it was one of "the men" inquiring for him,—no, they could n't see him until he was stronger,—every day or so she would order pansies sent to him, and tell him that they came from the Great Man. It was worth it. He lay in his bed and talked now sanely, now deliriously, about his friends. "I thought some time ago," he confided to her, "that I was kind of dropping off; but I must have imagined it. You might send a case of that Moselle we have lying in our cellar, doing nothing, to Smith. You said he called up yesterday, did n't you?" And in the meanwhile every one had forgotten, so simple is it to forget.

Three days before his birthday Henry Jennings died. He died perfectly content; he hardly realized what was happening. After the first convulsion of grief,—the shuddering, tearing grief that pulls and shakes and crushes,—the little widow dragged herself together and began to make arrangements for the funeral. No one helped her except the doctor. The family, usually expected to rally at funerals, even though it lives apart at other times, had become virtually extinct. A few distant cousins and aunts, who had their own troubles, sent tele-

grams, put on white shirt-waists, black tailor suits, black bands on their coats, refused a few dinner invitations, and considered their duty done. There was no one to go, no one to follow Henry Jennings to his last resting place except the little widow, and she knew that if he knew, it would spoil his rest. How could she be sure that he did not know?

His funeral was to be on his birthday. The day after he died, she put on her long crape veil for the first time, called a cab, drew down the shades, and told the coachman to drive to the Great Man's house. From her tremendous, storm-tossed love a resolution had grown. Henry Jennings should have a man, a great man, at his funeral. She was ushered into the library, and soon the Great Man came in. He did not even know that Henry Jennings had died until he saw the widow's pale little face staring at him from out its crape frame; then he was very distressed, oh, very distressed indeed—so distressed that he forgot to look at his watch, and in consequence missed a business appointment. But he was also puzzled at this unusual visit from the widow. She soon enlightened him. She told him the whole pitiful story—how much his friendship had meant to her husband, how he had hungered for friends, how "the men" had forgotten him, how happy he was at the end when he thought they were remembering him, how she had sent the pansies, and how the funeral was to be on his birthday. She was big enough to forget her pride, the little widow.

"H'm!" said the Great Man, "that is sad and horrible. Poor, poor Hen; I always liked him. His birthday, you say?"

"And yours," cried the little widow, tremulously. "He never forgot you. Don't you remember the telegrams? I hope you will come to-morrow. Oh, please come! It would make him so happy."

The Great Man walked over to the window. "I have made an engagement," he said at last, "but of course—I 'll come."

The next day the little widow and the Great Man walked together beside the sleeping Henry Jennings. The Great Man carried a huge bunch of pansies, and for once he forgot that he was great and shed a very human tear over his friend. But "the men" at the club did not hear of it until one of them, looking idly through the death-notices, came across the name. Then they all stopped playing poker a moment, shook their heads, and said: "Pshaw! poor old Hen J.! I wondered where he had gone." And they all determined to write to the little widow. And they all forgot.

THE SPUR

BY ALDIS DUNBAR

BECAUSE of your strong faith, I kept the track
Whose sharp-set stones my strength had well-nigh spent.
I could not meet your eyes if I turned back:
So on I went.

Because you would not yield belief in me,
The threatening crags that rose, my way to bar,
I conquered inch by crumbling inch—to see
The goal afar.

And though I struggle toward it through hard years,
Or flinch, or falter blindly, yet within,
"You can!" unwavering my spirit hears:
And I shall win.

MAIN APPROACH TO THE BUILDING OF ARTS
The grove at the left of the building has been utilized for an outdoor theater.

THE BUILDING OF ARTS AT BAR HARBOR

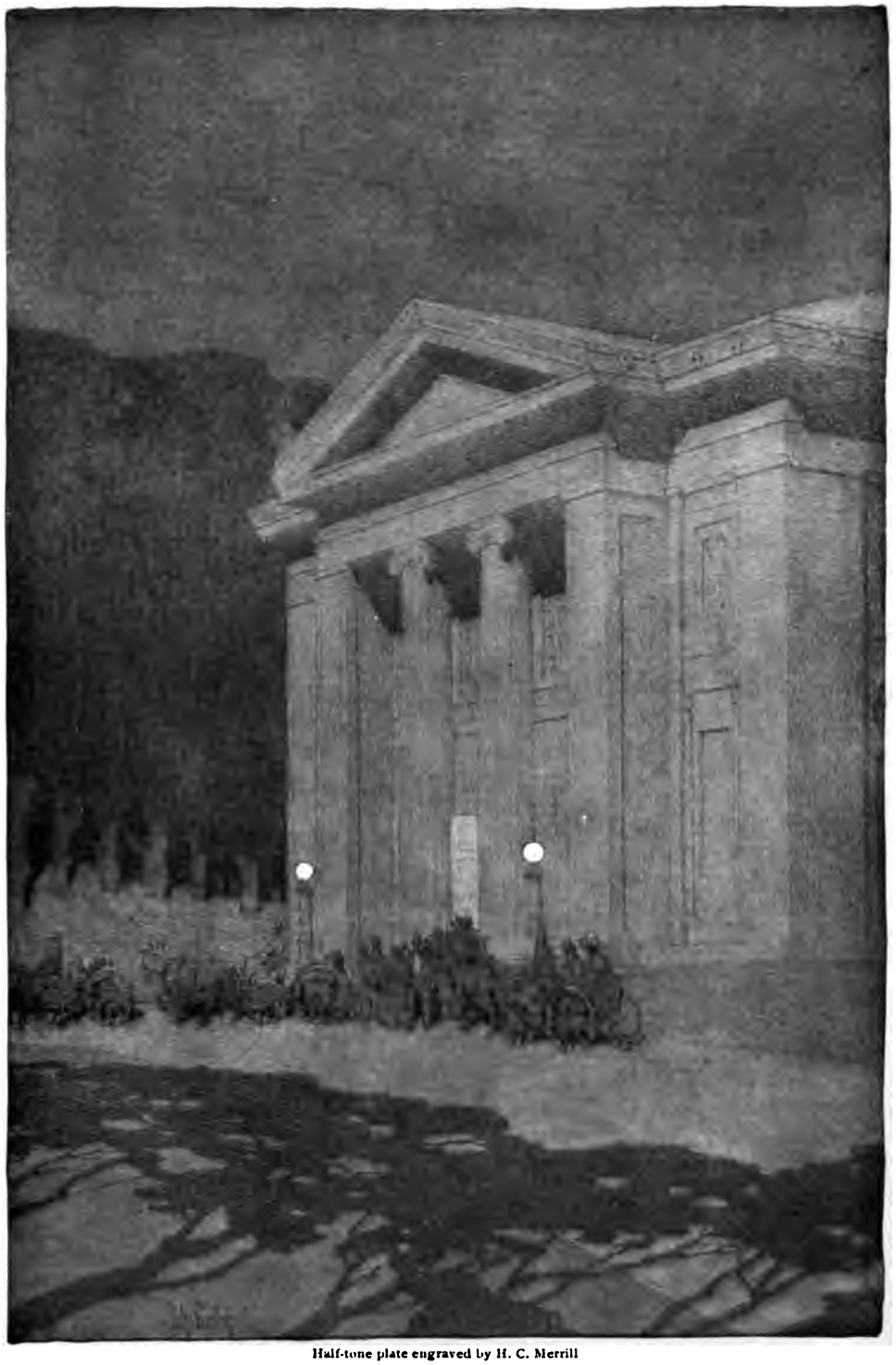
BY OWEN JOHNSON

IT greets the eye, in the first surprise of its red-tiled roof, its marshaled columns, and its fine proportions, like a glimpse of some forgotten Grecian temple. Nobly set into the slope of the hill, with a background of cool groves, and accentuating the dark, bare-topped mountains of the island,—the highest on our Atlantic coast,—the Building of Arts meets the perplexed visitor with the graceful dignity of a serene age. One listens for the echoes of a shepherd's pipe or seeks among the tree-trunks the flitting passage of a flowing robe.

If it were nothing but a beautiful monument, admirable in mass and in detail, Mr. Lowell's Building of Arts would justify its existence. But, more than this, it is the expression of a unique and interesting purpose. Created by a few public-spirited summer residents[1] to supply a focus for the abundant artistic and intellectual life of Bar Harbor, the Building of Arts already, in the first short season of its occupation, has produced a marked impression by the creation of a distinct musical atmosphere. The high plane of the season's work in music may be inferred from the fact that among those who have taken part are such distinguished artists as Madame Emma Eames, Mrs. Francis L. Wellman (Emma Juch), David Bispham, Vladimir de Pachmann, Cortlandt Palmer, and many members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The stage is not intended for elaborate dramatic representations, and during the first summer only such plays as were presented on the green, and which have an outdoor atmosphere could be said to be appropriate. Of such the "Midsummer Night's Dream," one of several given by the Ben Greet Company, was the most successful. The classical costumes and colors, seen in a stage of open forest, were suggestively in keeping with the Building of Arts at the right of the audience. Mendelssohn's music was given by members of the Boston Symphony, concealed in a clump of bushes, and the groups of dancers and the tripping processions of woodland figures gave an antique gaiety to the moonlit night. The summer of 1909 will probably see the completion of a Greek amphitheater, which is to be constructed near-by against the slope of the hill, the spectators facing the colonnade of the building. With this addition, it will be possible to give open-air performances of Greek and Elizabethan drama, as well as frequent festivals by the choral society of the village. Orchestral and vocal performances will continue to be given in the hall, which by an admirable arrangement of doors and windows can virtually be thrown open to the breezes in warm weather, while one may get charming glimpses of trees and hills. The graded lawn at the side of the building will serve for floral exhibitions, to which at night

[1] For the working out of the scheme credit is due to Messrs. George Dorr, Henry Lane Eno, George W. Vanderbilt, Mrs. Henry F. Dimock and Mrs. Robert Abbe.



Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

ENTRANCE OF THE BUILDING OF ARTS, BAR HARBOR. (ARCHITECT: GUY LOWELL)

DRAWN BY JULES GUÉRIN

the shadowed background of the white building, set with soft electric lights, will lend a fairy illusion.

Each year the committee will seek for its program events of unusual, even national interest—a Molière comedy with Coquelin, a Shaksperian production by Forbes Robertson, the appearance of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, or the advent of a great prima donna or pianist.

The influence of such an organization, if successful, will be such that insensibly this program may widen in scope to include important exhibitions of painting or sculpture, or addresses by distinguished speakers on topics of broad interest.

The Building of Arts, still in its development, is an interesting problem, and the impulse of which it is the expression is of deep significance. It is in this country the first conspicuous effort on a large scale to crystallize the diverse elements that form the summer colony into a real society, having as its objective the highest esthetic and intellectual stimulation—not only to encourage liberally the arts of America, but to contribute to self-education and to the helpful mingling of city and village life. The movement is in capable hands and has every prospect of success.

Manifestly, if such great summer colonies as Bar Harbor, Newport, and Southampton shall undergo such an evolution the importance to the artistic life of the country from the stimulus will be great. Perhaps from such sources, removed from the conflict of commercialism, may come the beginnings of an intellectual atmosphere of great moment.

In view of the fact that this is the first structure of its kind in America for such a purpose, some practical details may be of interest and use.

The Building of Arts is severely classic in design, and represents a selective adaptation of several of the best Greek models. In plan it is rectangular and rests, as do many of the Greek temples, upon a broad stylobate in which steps are cut, leading to the main entrance and the loggias. The columns which support the roof over the loggias and the porch are similar to those of the Erectheum and the Propylæa. The smaller Corinthian order of the pavilions is taken from the small Odeion, or shrine, found near the Temple of Olympian Zeus.

One interesting feature of the design, that in this country is somewhat unusual in so severely classic a building, is the use of color. The tones are the same as were used by the Greeks, although out of deference to the New England love of severity they are not used quite so vividly or over such large surfaces as in Athens.

The porch at the westerly end forms the main entrance to the building where three pairs of doors lead to a large foyer separated from the auditorium by the piers which support the balcony. The stage is at the east end of the building and has been arranged with a wooden sounding-board and movable sides.

The auditorium, seating 400, is 37 feet by 70 and is lighted at the level of the balcony by twelve large windows with heavy Greek grilles opening out on the loggias and the porch. Between these windows are panels of simple Greek moldings. At each side of the auditorium are three pairs of doors giving access to the loggias and so arranged that the auditorium, the loggias, the proposed amphitheater on the north and the terrace on the south may be used together. The ceiling is composed of forty-five large plaster coffers adapted from those of the Ionic porch of the Propylæa. At the center of each is a large classic rosette, the central portion of each alternate one being reproduced in glass and in these are placed the electric lights.

SITE OF THE BUILDING OF ARTS
Bar Harbor is on the right and the Kebo Valley club on the left.

THE RED CITY

A NOVEL OF THE SECOND ADMINISTRATION OF WASHINGTON

BY S. WEIR MITCHELL, M.D.

Author of "Hugh Wynne," "Constance Trescot," etc.

XIX

THE only man known to me who remembered Schmidt is said to have heard Alexander Hamilton remark that all the German lacked of being great was interest in the noble game of politics. It was true of Schmidt. The war of parties merely amused him, with their honest dread of a monarchy, their terror of a bonded debt, their disgust at the abominable imposition of a tax on freemen, and, above all, an excise tax on whisky. Jefferson, with keen intellect, was trying to keep the name Republican for the would-be Democrats, and while in office had rebuked Genêt and kept Fauchet in order, so that, save for the smaller side of him and the blinding mind fog of personal and party prejudice, he would have been still more valuable in the distracted cabinet he had left.

Schmidt looked on it all with tranquillity, and while he heard even the horrors of the Terror with regret for individual suffering, regarded that strange drama much as an historian looks back on the records of the past.

Seeing this and the man's interest in the people near to him, in flowers, nature, and books, his attitude of mind in regard to the vast world changes seemed singular to the more intense character of De Courval. It had for him, however, its value in the midst of the turmoil of a new nation and the temptations an immense prosperity offered to a people who were not as yet acclimated to the air of freedom.

In fact Schmidt's indifference, or rather the neutrality of a mind not readily biassed, seemed to set him apart, and to enable him to see with sagacity the meaning and the probable results of what appeared to some in America like the beginning of a fatal evolution of ruin.

Their companionship had now the qualities of one of those rare and useful friendships between middle age and youth, seen now and then between a father and son, with similar tastes. They were much together, and by the use of business errands and social engagements the elder man did his share in so occupying De Courval as to limit his chances of seeing Margaret Swanwick; nor was she entirely or surely displeased. Her instincts as a woman made her aware of what might happen at any time. She knew, too, what would then be the attitude of the repellent Huguenot lady. Her pride of caste was recognized by Margaret with the distinctness of an equal but different pride, and with some resentment at an aloofness which, while it permitted the expression of gratitude, seemed to draw between Mrs. Swanwick and herself a line of impassable formality of intercourse.

One of the lesser accidents of social life was about to bring for De Courval unlooked-for changes and materially to affect his fortunes. He had seemed to Schmidt of late less troubled, a fact due to a decision which left him more at ease.

The summer of 1794 was over, and the city gay and amusing. He had seen Carteaux more than once, and seeing him, he had been but little disturbed. On an evening in September, Schmidt and he went as usual to the fencing-school. There

Drawn by A. I. Keller. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"SHE THREW THE FAIRY TISSUE ABOUT PEARL'S HEAD, SMILING AS SHE CONSIDERED THE EFFECT"

were some new faces. Du Vallon said, "Here, Schmidt, is an old friend of mine, and Vicomte, let me present Monsieur Brillat-Savarin."

The new-comer greeted De Courval and his face expressed surprise as he bowed to the German. "I beg pardon," he said—"Monsieur Schmidt?"

"Yes, at your service."

He seemed puzzled. "It seems to me that we have met before—in Berne, I think."

"Berne. Berne," said Schmidt, coldly. "I was never in Berne."

"Ah, I beg pardon. I must be mistaken."

"Are you here for a long stay?"

"Only for a few days. I am wandering in a land of lost opportunities."

"Of what?" asked Schmidt.

"Oh, of the cook. Think of it, these angelic reed-birds, the divine terrapin, the duck they call canvas, the archangelic wild turkey, unappreciated, crudely cooked; the Madeira—ah, *mon dieu!* I would talk of them, and, behold, the men talk politics! I have eaten of that dish at home, and it gave me the colic of disgust."

"But the women?" said a young *émigré.*

"Ah, angels, angels. But can they make an omelet? The divine Miss Morris would sing to me when I would speak seriously of my search for truffles. Oh, she would sing the 'Yankee Dudda'[1] and I must hear the 'Lament of Major André.' Who was he?"

De Courval explained.

"It is the truffle I lament. Ah, to marry the truffle to the wild turkey."

The little group laughed. "Old gourmand," cried Du Vallon, "you are still the same."

"Gourmet," corrected Savarin. "Congratulate me. I have found here a cook—Marino, a master, French of course, from San Domingo. You will dine with me at four to-morrow; and you, Monsieur Schmidt, certainly you resemble—"

"Yes," broke in the German. "A likeness often remarked, not very flattering."

"Ah, pardon me. But my dinner—Du Vallon, you will come, and the vicomte, and you and you, and there will be Messieurs Bingham and Rawle and Mr. Meredith, and one Jacobin,—Monsieur Girard,—as I hear a lover of good diet—ah, he gave me the crab which is soft, the citizen crab. Monsieur Girard—I bless him. I have seen women, statesmen, kings, but the crab, ah! the crab 'which is soft.' "

All of them accepted, the *émigrés* gladly, being, alas! none too well fed.

"And now, adieu. I must go and meditate on my dinner."

The next day at four they met at Marino's, the new restaurant in Front Street then becoming fashionable.

"I have taken the liberty," said Bingham, "to send half a dozen of Madeira, 1745, and two decanters of grape juice, what we call the white. The rest—well, of our best, all of it."

They sat down expectant. "The turkey I have not," said Savarin; "but the soup—ah, you will see—soup *a la reine.* Will Citizen Girard decline?"

The dinner went on with talk and laughter. Savarin talking broken English, or more volubly French.

"You are to have the crabs which are soft, Monsieur Girard, *en papillotte,* more becoming crabs than women, and at the close reed-birds. Had there been these in France, and the crab which is soft, and the terrapin, there would have been no Revolution. And the Madeira—perfect, perfect, a revelation. Your health, Mr. Bingham."

Bingham bowed over his glass, and regretted that canvasback ducks and terrapin were not yet in season. The *émigrés* used well this rare chance, and with talk of the wine and jest and story (anything but politics), the dinner went on gaily. Meanwhile Girard, beside De Courval, spoke of their sad experiences in the fever, and of what was going on in the murder-scourged West Indian Islands, and of the ruin of our commerce. Marino in his white cap and long apron stood behind the host, quietly appreciative of the praise given to his dinner.

Presently Savarin turned to him. "Who," he asked, "dressed this salad. It is a marvel, and quite new to me."

"I asked Monsieur de Beauvois to do me the honor."

"Indeed! Many thanks, De Beauvois," said the host to a gentleman at the

[1] He so writes it in his "Physiologie du goût."

farther end of the table. "Your salad is past praise. Your health. You must teach me this dressing."

"A secret," laughed the guest, as he bowed over his glass, "and valuable."

"That is droll," said De Courval to Bingham.

"No; he comes to my house and to Willing's to dress salad for our dinners. Ten francs he gets, and lives on it, and saves money."

"Indeed! I am sorry for him," said René.

Then Mr. Bingham, being next to Girard, said to him: "At the State Department yesterday, Mr. Secretary Randolph asked me, knowing I was to see you today, if you knew of any French gentleman who could act as translating clerk. Of course he must know English."

"Why not my neighbor De Courval?" said the merchant. "But he is hardly of Mr. Randolph's politics."

"And what are they?" laughed Mr. Bingham. "Federal, I suppose; but as for De Courval, he is of no party. Besides, ever since Freneau left on account of the fever, the Secretaries are shy of any more clerks who will keep them in hot water with the President. For a poet he was a master of rancorous abuse."

"And who," said Girard, "have excelled the poets in malignancy? Having your permission, I will ask our young friend." And turning to René, he related what had passed between him and Mr. Bingham.

Somewhat surprised, René said: "I might like it, but I must consult Mr. Schmidt. I am far from having any political opinions, or, if any, they are with the Federals. But that would be for the Secretary to decide upon. An exile, Mr. Girard, should have no political opinions unless he means to become a citizen, as I do not."

"That seems reasonable," said Bingham, the senator for Pennsylvania, overhearing him. "Your health, De Courval, I commend to you the white grape juice. And if the place please you, let it be a receipt in full for my early contribution of mud." And laughing, he told Girard the story.

"Indeed, sir, it was a very personal introduction," returned René.

"I should like well to have that young man myself," said Girard in an aside to Bingham. "This is a poor bit of advancement you offer—all honor and little cash. I like the honor that attends to a draft."

The senator laughed. "Oh, Schmidt has, I believe, adopted De Courval or something like it. He will take the post for its interest. Do you know," he added, "who this man Schmidt may be?"

"I—no; but all Europe is sending us mysterious people. By and by the kings and queens will come. But Schmidt is a man to trust, that I do know."

"A good character," cried Schmidt, coming behind them. "My thanks."

"By George! It was lucky we did not abuse you," said Bingham.

"Oh, Madeira is a gentle critic, and a good dinner does fatten amiability. Come, René, we shall get on even terms of praise with them as we walk home."

The party broke up, joyous at having dined well.

As they went homeward, Schmidt said: "Our host, René, is not a mere gourmet. He is a philosophic student of diet, living in general simply, and, I may add, a gentleman of courage and good sense, as he showed in France."

"It seems difficult, sir, to judge men. He seemed to me foolish."

"Yes; one is apt to think not well of a man who talks much of what he eats. He recognized me, but at once accepted my obvious desire not to be known. He will be sure to keep my secret."

When at home, after dinner—and it was not yet twilight—they sat down with their pipes, René laid before his friend this matter of the secretaryship.

Schmidt said: "My work is small just now, and the hours of the State Office would release you at three. You would be at the center of affairs, and learn much, and would find the Secretary pleasant. But, remember, the work may bring you into relations with Carteaux."

"I have thought of that; but my mother will like this work for me. The business she disliked."

"Then take it, if it is offered, as I am sure it will be." "He is very quiet about Carteaux," thought Schmidt. "Something will happen soon. I did say from the first that I would not desire to be inside of that Jacobin's skin."

The day after, a brief note called De Courval to the Department of State.

The modest building which then housed the Secretary and his affairs was a small dwelling-house on High Street, No. 379, as the old numbers then ran.

No mark distinguished it as the vital center of a nation's foreign business. René had to ask a passer-by for the direction.

For a brief moment De Courval stood on the outer step before the open door. A black servant was asleep on a chair within the sanded entry.

The simplicity and poverty of a young nation, just of late having set up housekeeping, were plainly to be read in the office of the Department of State. Two or three persons went in or came out.

Beside the step an old black woman was selling peanuts. René's thoughts wandered for a moment from his Norman home to a clerk's place in the service of a new country.

"How very strange!"—he had said so to Schmidt, and now recalled his laughing reply: "We think we play the game of life, René, but the banker Fate always wins. His dice are loaded, his cards are marked." The German liked to puzzle him. "And yet," reflected De Courval, "I can go in or go home." He said to himself: "Surely I am free,—and, after all, how little it means for me! I am to translate letters." He roused the snoring negro, and asked, "Where can I find Mr. Randolph?" As the drowsy slave was assembling his wits, a notably pleasant voice behind René said: "I am Mr. Randolph, at your service. Have I not the pleasure to see the Vicomte de Courval?"

"Yes, I am he."

"Come into my office." René followed him, and they sat down to talk in the simply furnished front room.

The Secretary, then in young middle age, was a largely built man and portly, dark-eyed, with refined features and quick to express a certain conciliatory courtesy in his relations with others. He used gesture more freely than is common with men of our race, and both in voice and manner there was something which René felt to be engaging and attractive.

He liked him, and still more after a long talk in which the duties of the place were explained and his own indisposition to speak of his past life recognized with tactful courtesy.

Randolph said at last, "The office is yours if it please you to accept."

"I do so, sir, most gladly."

"Very good. I ought to say that Mr. Freneau had but two hundred and fifty dollars a year. It is all we can afford."

As René was still the helper of Schmidt, and well paid, he said it was enough. He added: "I am not of any party, sir. I have already said so, but I wish as to this to be definite."

"That is of no moment, or, in fact, a good thing. Your duties here pledge you to no party. I want a man of honor, and one with whom state secrets will be safe. Well, then, you take it? We seem to be agreed."

"Yes; and I am much honored by the offer."

"Then come here at ten to-morrow. There is much to do for a time."

Madame was pleased. This at least was not commerce. But now there was little leisure, and no time for visits to the Hill, at which the two conspiring cupids, out of business and anxious, smiled, doubtful as to what cards Fate would hold in this game; and thus time ran on.

The work was easy and interesting. The Secretary, courteous and well-pleased, in that simpler day, came in person to the little room assigned to De Courval and brought documents and letters which opened a wide world to a curious young man, who would stay at need until midnight, and who soon welcomed duties far beyond mere French letter-writing.

By and by there were visits with papers to Mr. Wolcott at the Treasury Department, No. 119 Chestnut Street, and at last to Fauchet at Oeller's Hotel.

He was received with formal civility by Le Blanc, a secretary, and presently Carteaux, entering, bowed. De Courval did not return the salute, and, finishing his business without haste, went out.

He felt the strain of self-control the situation had demanded, but, as he wiped the sweat from his forehead, knew with satisfaction that the stern trials of the years had won for him the priceless power to be or to seem to be what he was not.

"The *ci-devant* has had his little lesson," said Le Blanc. "It will be long before he insults another good Jacobin."

Carteaux, more intelligent, read otherwise the set jaw and grave face of the Huguenot gentleman.* He would be on his guard.

The news of the death of Robespierre, in July, 1794, had unsettled Fauchet, and his subordinate, sharing his uneasiness, meant to return to France if the minister were recalled and the Terror at an end, or to find a home in New York, and perhaps, like Genêt, a wife. For the time he dismissed De Courval from his mind, although not altogether self-assured concerning the future.

XX

"AND now about this matter of dress," said Miss Gainor.

"Thou art very good, Godmother, to come and consult me," said Mrs. Swanwick. "I have given it some thought, and now I do not see the wisdom of going half-way. The good preacher White has been talking to Margaret, and I see no reason why, if I changed, she also should not be free to do as seems best to her."

"You are very moderate, Mary, as you always are."

"I try to be; but I wish that it were altogether a matter of conscience with Margaret. It is not. Friends were concerned in regard to that sad duel and considered me unwise to keep in my house one guilty of the wickedness of desiring to shed another's blood, Margaret happened to be with me when Friend Howell opened the subject, and thou knowest how gentle he is."

"Yes. I know. What happened, Mary?"

"He said that Friends were advised that to keep in my house a young man guilty of bloodshed was, as it did appear to them, undesirable. Then, to my surprise, Margaret said: 'But he was not guilty of bloodshed.' Friend Howell was rather amazed, as thou canst imagine; but before he could say a word more, Miss Impudence jumped up, very red in the face, and said: 'Why not talk to him instead of troubling mother? I wish he had shed more blood than his own.' "

"Ah, the dear minx! I should like to have been there," said Gainor.

"He was very near to anger—as near as is possible for Arthur Howell; but out goes my young woman in a fine rage about what was none of her business."

"And what did you say?"

"What could I say except to excuse her, because the young man was our friend, and at last that I was very sorry not to do as they would have had me to do, but would hear no more. He was ill-pleased, I do assure thee."

"Were you very sorry, Mary Swanwick?"

"I was not, although I could not approve the young man nor my child's impertinence."

"Well, my dear, I should have said worse things. I may have my way in the matter of dress, I suppose?"

"Yes," said the widow, resigned. "An Episcopalian in Friends' dress seems to me to lack propriety; but as to thy desire to buy her fine garments, there are trunks in my garret full of the world's things I gave up long ago."

"Were you sorry?"

"A little, Aunt Gainor. Wilt thou see them?"

"Oh, yes. Margaret," she called, "come in."

She entered with De Courval, at home by good luck. "And may I come, too?" he asked.

"Why not?" said Mistress Gainor, and they went up-stairs, where Nanny, delighted, opened the trunks and took out one by one the garments of a gayer world, long laid away unused. The maid in her red bandana head-gear was delighted, having, like her race, great pleasure in bright colors.

The widow, standing apart, looked on, with memories which kept her silent, as the faint smell of lavender, which seems to me always to have an ancient fragrance, hung about the garments of her youth.

Margaret watched her mother with quick sense of this being for her something like the turning back to a record of a girlhood like her own. De Courval had eyes for the Pearl alone. Gainor Wynne, undisturbed by sentimental reflections, enjoyed the little business.

"Goodness, my dear, what brocade!" cried Miss Wynne. "How fine you were, Mary! And a white satin, with lace and silver gimp."

"It was my mother's wedding-gown," said the widow.

"And for day wear this lutestring will fit you to a hair, Margaret; but the sleeves must be loose. And lace—what is it?" She held up a filmy fabric.

"I think I could tell." And there, a little curious, having heard her son's voice, was the vicomtesse, interested, and for her mildly excited, to René's surprise.

Miss Gainor greeted her in French I dare not venture upon, and this common interest in clothes seemed somehow to have the effect of suddenly bringing all these women into an intimacy of the minute, while the one man stood by, with the unending wonder of the ignorant male, now, as it were, behind the scenes. He fell back, and the women left him unnoticed.

"What is it, Madame?" asked Margaret.

"Oh, French point, child, and very beautiful."

"And this other must be—"

"It is new to me," cried Miss Wynne.

"Permit me," said the vicomtesse. "Venetian point, I think—quite priceless, Margaret, a wonder." She threw the fairy tissue about Pearl's head, smiling as she considered the effect.

"Is this my mother?" thought her son, with increase of wonder. He had seen her only with restricted means, and knew little of the more luxurious days and tastes of her youth.

"Does you remember this, missus?" said Nanny.

"A doll," cried Gainor, "and in Quaker dress! It will do for your children, Margaret."

"No, it is not a child's doll," said Mrs. Swanwick. "Friends in London sent it to Marie Wynne, Hugh's mother, for a pattern of the last Quaker fashions in London—a way they had. I had quite forgotten it."

"And very pretty, quite charming," said the vicomtesse.

"And stays, my dear, and a modesty fence," cried Miss Wynne, holding them up. "You will have to fatten, Pearl."

Upon this the young man considered it as well to retire. He went down-stairs unmissed, thinking of the agreeable intimacy of stays with the fair figure he left bending over the trunk, a mass of black lace in her hand.

"Spanish, my dear," said Madame, with animation; "quite a wonder. Oh, rare, very rare. Not quite fit for a young woman—a head veil."

"Are they all mine, Mother?" cried Margaret.

"Yes, my child."

"Then, Madame," she said, with rising color and engaging frankness, "may I not have the honor to offer thee the lace?"

"Why not?" said Gainor, pleased at the pretty way of the girl.

"Oh, quite impossible, child," said the vicomtesse. "It is quite too valuable."

"Please!" said Pearl. "It would so become thee."

"I really cannot."

"Thy roquelaure," laughed Mrs. Swanwick, "was—well—I did remonstrate. Why may not we too have the pleasure of extravagance?"

"I am conquered," said Madame, a trace of color in her wan cheeks as Mrs. Swanwick set the lace veil on her head, saying: "We are obliged, Madame. And where is the vicomte? He should see thee."

"Gone," said Miss Gainor; "and just as well, too," for now Nanny was holding up a variety of lavender-scented delicacies of raiment, fine linens, and openwork silk stockings.

René, still laughing, met Schmidt in the hall.

"You were merry up-stairs."

"Indeed we were." And he gaily described his mother's unwonted mood; but of the sacred future of the stays he said no word.

"And so our gray moth is become a butterfly. I think Mother Eve would not have abided long without a milliner. I should like to have been of the party upstairs."

"You would have been much enlightened," said Miss Wynne on the stair. "I shall send for the boxes, Mary." And with this she went away with Margaret, as the doctor had declared was still needful.

"Why are you smiling, Aunt?" said Margaret.

"Oh, nothing." Then to herself she said: "I think that if René de Courval had heard her talk to Arthur Howell, he

would have been greatly enlightened. Her mother must have understood; or else she is more of a fool than I take her to be."

"And thou wilt not tell me?" asked the Pearl.

"Never," said Gainor, laughing—"never."

Meanwhile there was trouble in the western counties of Pennsylvania over the excise tax on whisky, and more work than French translations for an able and interested young clerk, whom his mother spoke of as a secretary to the minister.

"It is the first strain upon the new Constitution," said Schmidt; "but there is a man with bones to his back, this President." And by November the militia had put down the riots, and the first grave trial of the central government was well over; so that the President was free at last to turn to the question of the treaty with England, already signed in London.

Then once more the clamor of party strife broke out. Had not Jay kissed the hand of the queen? "He had prostrated at the feet of royalty the sovereignty of the people."

Fauchet was busy fostering opposition long before the treaty came back for decision by the Senate. The foreign office was busy, and Randolph ill pleased with the supposed terms of the coming document.

To deal with the causes of opposition to the treaty in and out of the cabinet far into 1795 concerns this story but indirectly. No one was altogether satisfied, and least of all Fauchet, who at every opportunity was sending despatches home by any French war-ship seeking refuge in our ports.

A little before noon, on the 29th of November, of this year, 1794, a date De Courval was never to forget, he was taking the time for his watch from the clock on the western wall of the State House. As he stood, he saw Dr. Chovet stop his chaise.

"*Bonjour,* citizen," cried the doctor. "Your too intimate friend, Monsieur Carteaux, is off for France. He will trouble you no more." As usual, the doctor, safe in his chaise, was as impertinent as he dared to be.

Too disturbed to notice anything but this startling information in regard to his enemy, De Courval said: "Who told you that? It cannot be true. He was at the State Department yesterday, and we were to meet this afternoon over the affair of a British ship captured by a French privateer."

"Oh, I met him on Fifth Street on horseback just now—a little while ago."

"Well, what then?"

"'I am for New York,' he said. I asked: 'How can I send letters to France?' He said: 'I cannot wait for them. I am in a hurry. I must catch that corvette, the *Jean Bart,* in New York.' Then I cried after him: 'Are you for France?' And he: 'Do you not wish you, too, were going? Adieu. Wish me *bon voyage.*'"

"Was he really going? We would have heard of it."

"*Le diable,* I think so; but he has a mocking tongue. I think he goes. My congratulations that you are rid of him. Adieu!"

"Insolent!" muttered De Courval. Was it only insolence, or was it true that his enemy was about to escape him? The thought that he could not leave it in doubt put an instant end to his indecisions.

"I shall not risk it," he said, and there was no time to be lost. His mother, Margaret, the possible remonstrance from Schmidt, each in turn had the thought of a moment and then were dismissed in turn as he hurried homeward. Again he saw Avignon and Carteaux' dark face, and heard the echoing memory of his father's death-cry, "Yvonne! Yvonne!" He must tell Schmidt if he were in; if not, so much the better, and he would go alone. He gave no thought to the unwisdom of such a course. His whole mind was on one purpose, and the need to give it swift and definite fulfilment.

He was not sorry that Schmidt was not at home. He sat down and wrote to him that Carteaux was on his way to embark for France and that he meant to overtake him. Would Schmidt explain to his mother his absence on business? Then he took Schmidt's pistols from their place over the mantel, loaded and primed them, and put half a dozen bullets and a small powder-horn in his pocket. To carry the pistols, he took Schmidt's saddle-holsters. What next? He wrote a note to the Secretary that he was called out of town on business, but would return next day,

and would Schmidt send it as directed. He felt sure that he would return. As he stood at the door of Schmidt's room, Mrs. Swanwick said from the foot of the stairs: "The dinner is ready."

"Then it must wait for me until to-morrow. I have to ride on a business matter to Bristol."

"Thou hadst better bide for thy meal."

"No, I cannot." As Mrs. Swanwick passed into the dining-room, Margaret came from the withdrawing-room, and stood in the doorway opposite to him, a china bowl of the late autumnal flowers in her hands. Seeing him cloaked and booted to ride, she said:

"Wilt thou not stay to dine? I heard thee tell mother thou wouldst not."

"No; I have a matter on hand which requires haste."

She had learned to read his face.

"It must be a pleasant errand," she said. "I wish thee success." Thinking as he stood how some ancestor going to war would have asked for a glove, a tress of hair, to carry on his helmet, he said: "Give me a flower for luck."

"No; they are faded."

"Ah, I shall think your wish a rose—a rose that will not fade."

She colored a little and went by him, saying nothing, lest she might say too much.

"Good-by!" he added, and went out the hall door, and made haste to reach the stables of the Bull and Bear, where Schmidt kept the horses De Courval was free to use. He was about to do a rash and, as men would see it, a foolish thing. He laughed as he mounted. He knew that now he had no more power to stop or hesitate than the stone which has left the sling.

He had made the journey to New York more than once, and as he rode north up the road to Bristol in a heavy downfall of rain he reflected that Carteaux would cross the Delaware by the ferry at that town, or farther on at Trenton.

If the doctor had been correct as to the time, Carteaux had started at least an hour and a half before him.

It was still raining heavily as he rode out of the city, and as the gray storm-clouds would shorten the daylight, he pushed on at speed, sure of overtaking his enemy and intently on guard. He stayed a moment beside the road to note the distance, as read on a mile-stone, and knew he had come seven miles. That would answer. He smiled as he saw on the stone the three balls of the Penn arms, popularly known as the three apple dumplings. A moment later his horse picked up a pebble. It took him some minutes to get it out, the animal being restless. Glancing at his watch, he rode on again, annoyed at even so small a loss of time.

When, being about three miles from Bristol town, and looking ahead over a straight line of road, he suddenly pulled up and turned into the shelter of a wood. Some two hundred yards away were two or three houses. A man stood at the roadside. It was Carteaux. René heard the clink of a hammer on the anvil.

To be sure of his man, he fastened his horse and moved nearer with care, keeping within the edge of the wood. Yes, it was Carteaux. The doctor had not lied. If the secretary were going to France, or only on some errand to New York, was now to De Courval of small moment. His horse must have cast a shoe. As Carteaux rode away from the forge, De Courval mounted, and rode on more rapidly.

Within two miles of Bristol, as he remembered, the road turned at a sharp angle toward the river. A half mile away was an inn where the coaches for New York changed horses. It was now five o'clock, and nearing the dusk of a November day. The rain was over, the sky darkening, the air chilly, the leaves were fluttering slowly down, and a wild gale was roaring in the great forest which bounded the road. He thought of the gentler angelus of another evening, and, strange as it may seem, bowed his head, and like many a Huguenot noble of his mother's race, prayed God that his enemy should be delivered into his hands. Then he stopped his horse and for the first time recognized that it had been raining heavily and that it were well to renew the priming of his pistols. He attended to this with care, and then rode quickly around the turn of the road, and came upon Carteaux walking his horse.

"Stop, Monsieur!" he called, and in an instant he was beside him.

Carteaux turned at the call, and, puzzled for a moment, said: "What is it?"

And then at once he knew the man already at his side.

He was himself unarmed, and for a moment alarmed as he saw De Courval's hand on the pistol in his holster. He called out, "Do you mean to murder me?"

"Not I. You will dismount, and will take one of my pistols—either; they are loaded. You will walk to that stump, turn, and yourself give the word, an advantage, as you may perceive."

"And if I refuse?"

"In that case I shall kill you with no more mercy than you showed my father. You have your choice. Decide, and that quickly."

Having dismounted as he spoke, he stood with a grip on Carteaux' bridle, a pistol in hand, and looking up at the face of his enemy. Carteaux hesitated a moment, with a glance up and down the lonely highway.

"Monsieur," said De Courval, "I am not here to wait on your decision. I purpose to give you the chance I should give a gentleman; but take care—at the least sign of treachery I shall kill you."

Carteaux looked down at the stern face of the Huguenot and knew that he had no choice.

"I accept," he said, and dismounted. De Courval struck the horses lightly, and having seen them turn out of the road, faced Carteaux, a pistol in each hand.

"I have just now renewed the primings," he said. As he spoke, he held out the weapons. For an instant the Jacobin hesitated, and then said quickly:

"I take the right-hand pistol."

"When you are at the stump, look at the priming," said De Courval, intently on guard. "Now, Monsieur, walk to the stump beside the road. It is about twelve paces. You see it?"

"Yes, I see it."

"Very good. At the stump, cock your pistol, turn, and give the word, 'Fire!' Reserve your shot or fire at the word—an advantage, as you perceive."

The Jacobin turned and moved away, followed by the eye of a man distrustfully on the watch.

René stood still, not yet cocking his weapon. Carteaux walked away. When he had gone not over half the distance René heard the click of a cocked pistol and at the instant Carteaux, turning, fired.

René threw himself to right and felt a sharp twinge of pain where the ball grazed the skin of his left shoulder. "Dog of a Jacobin!" he cried, and as Carteaux extended his pistol hand in instinctive protest, De Courval fired. The man's pistol fell, and with a cry of pain he reeled, and, as the smoke blew away, was seen to pitch forward on his face.

At the moment of the shot, and while René stood still, quickly reloading, he heard behind him a wild gallop, and, turning, saw Schmidt breathless at his side, and in an instant out of the saddle. *"Lieber Himmel!"* cried the German, "have you killed him?"

"I do not know; but if he is not dead, I shall kill him; not even you can stop me."

"Ach! but I will, if I have to hold you." As he spoke he set himself between René and the prostrate man. "I will not let you commit murder. Give me that pistol."

For a moment René stared at his friend. Then a quick remembrance of all this man had been to him, all he had done for him, rose in his mind.

"Have your way, sir!" he cried, throwing down his weapon; "but I will never forgive you, never!"

"Ach! that is better," said Schmidt. "To-morrow you will forgive and thank me. Let us look at the rascal."

Together they moved forward, and while De Courval stood by in silence, Schmidt, kneeling beside Carteaux, turned over his insensible body.

"He is not dead," he said, looking up at René.

"I am sorry. Your coming disturbed my aim. I am sorry he is alive."

"And I am not; but not much, *der Teufel!* The ball has torn his arm, and is in the shoulder. If he does live, he is for life a maimed man. This is vengeance worse than death." As he spoke, he ripped open Carteaux' sleeve. *"Sapprement!* how the beast bleeds! He will fence no more." The man lay silent and senseless as the German drew from Carteaux' pocket a handkerchief and tied it around his arm. "There is no big vessel hurt. *Ach, der Teufel!* What errand was he about? A packet of paper had fallen out with the removal of the hand-

kerchief. "It is addressed to him. We must know. I shall open it."

"Oh, surely not!" said René.

Schmidt laughed. "You would murder a man, but respect his letters."

"Yes, I should."

"My conscience is at ease. This is war." As he spoke, he tore open the envelop. Then he whistled low. "Here is a devil of a business, René!"

"What is it, sir?"

"A despatch from Fauchet to the ministry of Foreign Affairs in Paris. Here is trouble, indeed. You waylay and half-kill the secretary of an envoy—you, a clerk of the State Department—"

"*Mon Dieu!* Must he always bring me disaster?" cried René. He saw with utter dismay the far-reaching consequences of his rash act.

"It is to the care of the captain of the *Jean Bart,* New York Harbor. The Jacobin party will have a fine cry. The State Department will have sent a man to rob a bearer of despatches. Who will know or believe it was a private quarrel?"

"How could I know his errand?"

"That will not save you. Your debt is paid with interest, but at bitter cost. And what now to do?" He stood in the road, silent for a moment, deep in thought. "If he dies, it must all be told."

"I should tell it myself. I do not care."

"But I very much care. If he lives, he will say you set upon him, an unarmed man, and stole his despatches."

"Then leave them."

"That were as bad. I saw his treachery; but who will believe me? I must stay by him, and see what I can do."

Meanwhile the man lay speechless. René looked down at him and then at Schmidt. He, too, was thinking. In a moment he said: "This at least is clear. I am bound in honor to go on this hound's errand, and to see that these papers reach the *Jean Bart.*"

"You are right," said Schmidt; "entirely right. But you must not be seen here. Find your way through the woods, and when it is dark—in an hour it will be night—ride through Bristol to Trenton, cross the river there at the ferry. No one will be out of doors in Trenton or Bristol on a night like this. Listen to the wind! Now go. When you are in New York, see Mr. Nicholas Gouverneur in Beaver Street. At need, tell him the whole story; but not if you can help it. Here is money, but not enough. He will provide what you require. Come back through the Jerseys, and cross at Camden. I shall secure help here, go to town, get a doctor, and return. I must talk to this man if he lives, else he will lie about you."

"You will excuse me to the Secretary?"

"Yes; yes, of course. Now go. These people at the inn must not see you."

He watched him ride away into the wood. "It is a sorry business," he said as he knelt down to give the fallen man brandy from the flask he found in his saddle-bag.

Within an hour Carteaux, still insensible, was at Bisanet's Inn, a neighboring doctor found, and that good Samaritan Schmidt, after a fine tale of highwaymen, was in the saddle and away to town, leaving Carteaux delirious.

He went at once to the house of Chovet and found him at home. It was essential to have some one who could talk French.

"At your service," said the doctor.

"Why the devil did you send De Courval after Carteaux this morning?"

"I never meant to."

"But you did. You have made no end of mischief. Now listen. I need you because you speak French. Can you hold your tongue, if to hold it means money? Oh, a good deal. If you breathe a word of what you hear or see, I will half-kill you."

"Oh, Monsieur, I am the soul of honor."

"Indeed. Why, then, does it trouble you? Owing to your damned mischief-making, De Courval has shot Carteaux. You are to go to the inn, Bisanet's, near Bristol to-night, and as often afterward as is needed. I shall pay, and generously, if he does not—but, remember, no one is to know. A highwayman shot him. Do you understand? I found him on the road, wounded."

"Yes; but it is late."

"You go at once."

"I go, Monsieur."

Then Schmidt went home, and ingeniously accounted to Madame, and in a

note to Randolph, for René's absence in New York.

As he sat alone that night he again carefully considered the matter. Yes, if Carteaux died not having spoken, the story would have to be told. The despatch would never be heard of, or if its singular fortune in going on its way were ever known and discussed, that was far in the future, and Schmidt had a strong belief in many things happening or not happening.

And if, too, despite his presumed power to close Carteaux' lips, the injured man should sooner or later charge René with his wound and the theft of the despatch, Schmidt, too, would have a story to tell.

Finally—and this troubled his decisions—suppose that at once he frankly told Fauchet and the Secretary of State what had happened. Would he be believed by Fauchet in the face of what Carteaux would say, or would René be believed or that he had honorably gone on his enemy's errand? The *Jean Bart* would have sailed. Months must pass before the news of the reception of the despatch could in the ordinary state of things be heard of, and now the sea swarmed with British cruisers, and the French frigates were sadly unsafe. To-morrow he must see Carteaux, and at once let Fauchet learn the condition of his secretary. He returned to his trust in the many things that may happen, and, lighting a pipe, fell upon his favorite Montaigne.

He might have been less at ease could he have dreamed what mischief that despatch was about to make or what more remote trouble it was to create for the harassed President and his cabinet.

(To be continued)

THE SPELL OF EGYPT

AS REVEALED IN ITS MONUMENTS

FIFTH PAPER: EDFU—KOM OMBOS

BY ROBERT HICHENS

Author of "The Garden of Allah," etc.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM NATURE BY JULES GUÉRIN

PRAYER pervades the East. Far off across the sands, when one is traveling in the desert, one sees thin minarets rising toward the sky. A desert city is there. It signals its presence by this mute appeal to Allah. And where there are no minarets,—in the great wastes of the dunes, in the eternal silence, the lifelessness that is not broken even by any lonely, wandering bird,—the camels are stopped at the appointed hours, the poor, and often ragged, robes are laid down, the brown pilgrims prostrate themselves in prayer. And the rich man spreads his carpet, and prays. And the half-naked nomad spreads nothing; but he prays, too. The East is full of lust, and full of money-getting, and full of bartering, and full of violence; but it is full of worship —of worship that disdains concealment, that recks not of ridicule or comment, that believes too utterly to care if others disbelieve. There are in the East many men who do not pray. They do not laugh at the man who does, like the unpraying Christian. There is nothing ludicrous to them in prayer. In Egypt your Nubian sailor prays in the stern of your dahabiyeh; and your Egyptian boatman prays by the rudder of your boat; and your black donkey-boy prays behind a red rock in the sand; and your camel-man prays

when you are resting in the noontide, watching the far-off, quivering mirage, lost in some wayward dream.

And must you not pray, too, when you enter certain temples where once strange gods were worshiped in whom no man now believes?

There is one temple on the Nile which seems to embrace in its arms all the worship of the past; to be full of prayers and solemn praises; to be the holder, the noble keeper, of the sacred longings, of the unearthly desires and aspirations, of the dead. It is the temple of Edfu. From all the other temples it stands apart. It is the temple of the inward flame, of the secret soul of man; of that mystery within us that is exquisitely sensitive, and exquisitely alive; that has longings it cannot tell, and sorrows it dare not whisper, and loves it can only love.

To Horus it was dedicated,—hawk-headed Horus,—the son of Isis and Osiris, who was crowned with many crowns, who was the young Apollo of the old Egyptian world. But though I know this, I am never able to associate Edfu with Horus, that child wearing the side-lock,—when he is not hawk-headed in his solar aspect,—that boy with his finger in his mouth, that youth who fought against Set, murderer of his father.

Edfu, in its solemn beauty, in its perfection of form, seems to me to pass into a region altogether beyond identification with the worship of any special deity, with particular attributes, perhaps with particular limitations; one who can be graven upon walls, and upon architraves and pillars painted in brilliant colors; one who can personally pursue a criminal, like some policeman in the street; even one who can rise upon the world in the visible glory of the sun. To me, Edfu must always represent the world-worship of "the Hidden One"; not Amun, god of the dead, fused with Ra, with Amsu, or with Khnum: but that other "Hidden One," who is God of the happy hunting-ground of savages, with whom the Buddhist strives to merge his strange serenity of soul, who is adored in the "Holy Places" by the Moslem, and lifted mystically above the heads of kneeling Catholics in cathedrals dim with incense, and merrily praised with the banjo and the trumpet in the streets of black English cities; who is asked for children by longing women, and for new dolls by lisping babes; whom the atheist denies in the day, and fears in the darkness of night; who is on the lips alike of priest and blasphemer, and in the soul of all human life.

Edfu is the temple of "the Hidden One." It is not pagan; it is not Christian: it is a place in which to worship according to the dictates of your heart.

Edfu stands alone, not near any other temple, on the bank of the Nile between Luxor and Assuan. It is not very far from El-Kab, once the capital of Upper Egypt, and it is about two thousand years old. The building of it took over one hundred and eighty years, and it is the most perfectly preserved temple to-day of all the antique world. It is huge and it is splendid. It has towers one hundred and twelve feet high, a propylon two hundred and fifty-two feet broad, and walls four hundred and fifty feet long. Begun in the reign of Ptolemy III, it was completed only fifty-seven years before the birth of Christ.

You know these facts about it, and you forget them, or at least you do not think of them. What does all that matter when you are alone in Edfu? Let the antiquarian go with his anxious nose almost touching the stone; let the Egyptologist peer through his glasses at hieroglyphs and puzzle out the meaning of cartouches: but let us wander at ease, and worship, and regard the exquisite form, and drink in the mystical spirit, of this very wonderful temple.

Do you care about form? Here you will find it in absolute perfection. Edfu is the consecration of form. In proportion it is supreme above all other Egyptian temples. Its beauty of form is like a music. Its design affects one like the chiseled loveliness of a perfect sonnet. While the world lasts, no architect can arise to create a building more satisfying, more calm with the calm of faultlessness, more serene with a just serenity. Or so it seems to me. I think of the most lovely buildings I know in Europe—of the Alhambra at Granada, of the Cappella Palatina in the palace at Palermo. And Edfu I place with them—Edfu utterly different from them, more different, perhaps, even than they are from each other, but akin to them, as all great beauty is

mysteriously akin. I have spent morning after morning in the Alhambra, and many and many an hour in the Cappella Palatina; and never have I been weary of either, or longed to go away. And this same sweet desire to stay came over me in Edfu. The *Loulia* was tied up by the high bank of the Nile. The sailors were glad to rest. There was no steamer sounding its hideous siren to call me to its crowded deck. So I yielded to my desire, and for long I stayed in Edfu. And when at last I left it I said to myself, "This is a supreme thing," and I knew that within me had suddenly developed the curious passion for buildings that some people never feel, and that others feel ever growing and growing.

Yes, Edfu is supreme. No alteration could improve it. Any change made in it, however slight, could only be harmful to it. Pure and perfect is its design—broad propylon, great open courtyard with pillared galleries, halls, chambers, sanctuary. Its dignity and its sobriety are matchless. I know they must be, because they touched me so strangely, with a kind of reticent enchantment, and I am not by nature enamoured of sobriety, of reticence and calm, but am inclined to delight in almost violent force, in brilliance, and, especially, in combinations of color. In the Alhambra one finds both force and fairylike lightness, delicious proportions, delicate fantasy, a spell as of subtle magicians; in the Cappella Palatina a jeweled splendor, combined with a small perfection of form which simply captivates the whole spirit and leads it to adoration. In Edfu you are face to face with hugeness and with grandeur; but soon you are scarcely aware of either—in the sense, at least, that connects these qualities with a certain overwhelming, almost striking down, of the spirit and the faculties. What you are aware of is your own immense and beautiful calm of utter satisfaction—a calm which has quietly inundated you, like a waveless tide of the sea. How rare it is to feel this absolute satisfaction, this praising serenity! The critical spirit goes, like a bird from an opened window. The excited, laudatory, voluble spirit goes. And this splendid calm is left. If you stay here, you, as this temple has been, will be molded into a beautiful sobriety. From the top of the pylon you have received this still and glorious impression from the matchless design of the whole building, which you see best from there. When you descend the shallow staircase, when you stand in the great court, when you go into the shadowy halls, then it is that the utter satisfaction within you deepens. Then it is that you feel the need to worship in this place created for worship.

The ancient Egyptians made most of their temples in conformity with a single type. The sanctuary was the heart, the core, of each temple—the sanctuary surrounded by the chambers in which were laid up the precious objects connected with ceremonies and sacrifices. Leading to this core of the temple, which was sometimes called "the divine house," were various halls the roofs of which were supported by columns—those hypostyle halls which one sees perpetually in Egypt. Before the first of these halls was a courtyard surrounded by a colonnade. In the courtyard the priests of the temple assembled. The people were allowed to enter the colonnade. A gateway with towers gave entrance to the courtyard. If one visits many of the Egyptian temples, one soon becomes aware of the subtlety, combined with a sort of high simplicity, and sense of mystery and poetry, of these builders of the past. As a great writer leads one on, with a concealed but beautiful art, from the first words of his story to the last—the last words to which all the other words are ministering servants; as the great musician—Wagner in his "Meistersinger," for instance,—leads one from the first notes of his score to those final notes which magnificently reveal to the listeners the real meaning of those first notes, and of all the notes which followed them: so the Egyptian builders lead the spirit gently, mysteriously forward from the gateway between the towers to the distant house divine. When one enters the outer court, one feels the far-off sanctuary. Almost unconsciously one is aware that for that sanctuary all the rest of the temple was created; that to that sanctuary everything tends. And in spirit one is drawn softly onward to that very holy place. Slowly, perhaps, the body moves from courtyard to hypostyle hall, and from one

MOONRISE OVER THE GREAT PYLON OF EDFU

PAINTED FROM NATURE BY JULES GUÉRIN

hall to another. Hieroglyphs are examined, cartouches puzzled out, paintings of processions, or bas-reliefs of pastimes and of sacrifices, looked at with care and interest; but all the time one has the sense of waiting, of a want unsatisfied. And only when one at last reaches the sanctuary is one perfectly at rest. For then the spirit feels: "This is the meaning of it all."

One of the means which the Egyptian architects used to create this sense of approach is very simple, but perfectly effective. It consists only in making each hall on a very slightly higher level than the one preceding it, and the sanctuary, which is narrow and mysteriously dark, on the highest level of all. Each time one takes an upward step, or walks up a little incline of stone, the body seems to convey to the soul a deeper message of reverence and awe. In no other temple is this sense of approach to the heart of a thing so acute as it is when one walks in Edfu. In no other temple, when the sanctuary is reached, has one such a strong consciousness of being indeed within a sacred heart.

The color of Edfu is a pale and delicate brown, warm in the strong sunshine, but seldom glowing. Its first doorway is extraordinarily high, and is narrow, but very deep, with a roof showing traces of that delicious, clear blue-green which is like a thin cry of joy rising up in the solemn temples of Egypt. A small sphinx keeps watch on the right, just where the guardian stands; this guardian, the gift of the past, squat, even fat, with a very perfect face of a determined and handsome man. In the court, upon a pedestal, stands a big bird, and near it is another bird, or rather half of a bird, leaning forward, and much defaced. And in this great courtyard there are swarms of living birds twittering in the sunshine. Through the doorway between the towers one sees a glimpse of a native village with the cupolas of a mosque.

I stood and looked at the cupolas for a moment. Then I turned, and forgot for a time the life of the world without—that men, perhaps, were praying beneath those cupolas, or praising the Moslem's God. For when I turned, I felt, as I have said, as if all the worship of the world must be concentrated here. Standing far down the open court, in the full sunshine, I could see into the first hypostyle hall, but beyond only a darkness—a darkness which led me on, in which the further chambers of the house divine were hidden. As I went on slowly, the perfection of the plan of the dead architects was gradually revealed to me, when the darkness gave up its secrets; when I saw not clearly, but dimly, the long way between the columns, the noble columns themselves, the gradual, slight upward slope,—graduated by genius; there is no other word,—which led to the sanctuary, seen at last as a little darkness, in which all the mystery of worship, and of the silent desires of men, was surely concentrated, and kept by the stone forever. Even the succession of the darknesses, like shadows growing deeper and deeper, seemed planned by some great artist in the management of light, and so of shadow effects. The perfection of form is in Edfu, impossible to describe, impossible not to feel. The tremendous effect it has—an effect upon the soul—is created by a combination of shapes, of proportions, of different levels, of different heights, by consummate graduation. And these shapes, proportions, different levels, and heights, are seen in dimness. Not that jeweled dimness one loves in Gothic cathedrals, but the heavy dimness of windowless, mighty chambers lighted only by a rebuked daylight ever trying to steal in. One is captured by no ornament, seduced by no lovely colors. Better than any ornament, greater than any radiant glory of color, is this massive austerity. It is like the ultimate in an art. Everything has been tried, every strangeness, *bizarrerie,* absurdity, every wild scheme of hues, every preposterous subject—to take an extreme instance, a camel, wearing a top-hat, and lighted up by fireworks, which I saw recently in a picture-gallery of Munich. And at the end a genius paints a portrait of a wrinkled old woman's face, and the world regards and worships. Or all discords have been flung together pell-mell, resolution of them deferred perpetually, perhaps even denied altogether,—chord of B natural has been struck with C major, works have closed upon the leading note or the dominant seventh, symphonies have been composed to be played in the dark, or to be accompanied by a magic-lantern's

efforts, operas been produced which are merely carnage and a row,—and at the end a genius writes a little song, and the world gives the tribute of its breathless silence and its tears. And it knows that though other things may be done, better things can never be done. For no perfection can exceed any other perfection.

And so in Edfu I feel that this untinted austerity is perfect; that whatever may be done in architecture during future ages of the world, Edfu, while it lasts, will remain a thing supreme—supreme in form and, because of this supremacy, supreme in the spell which it casts upon the soul.

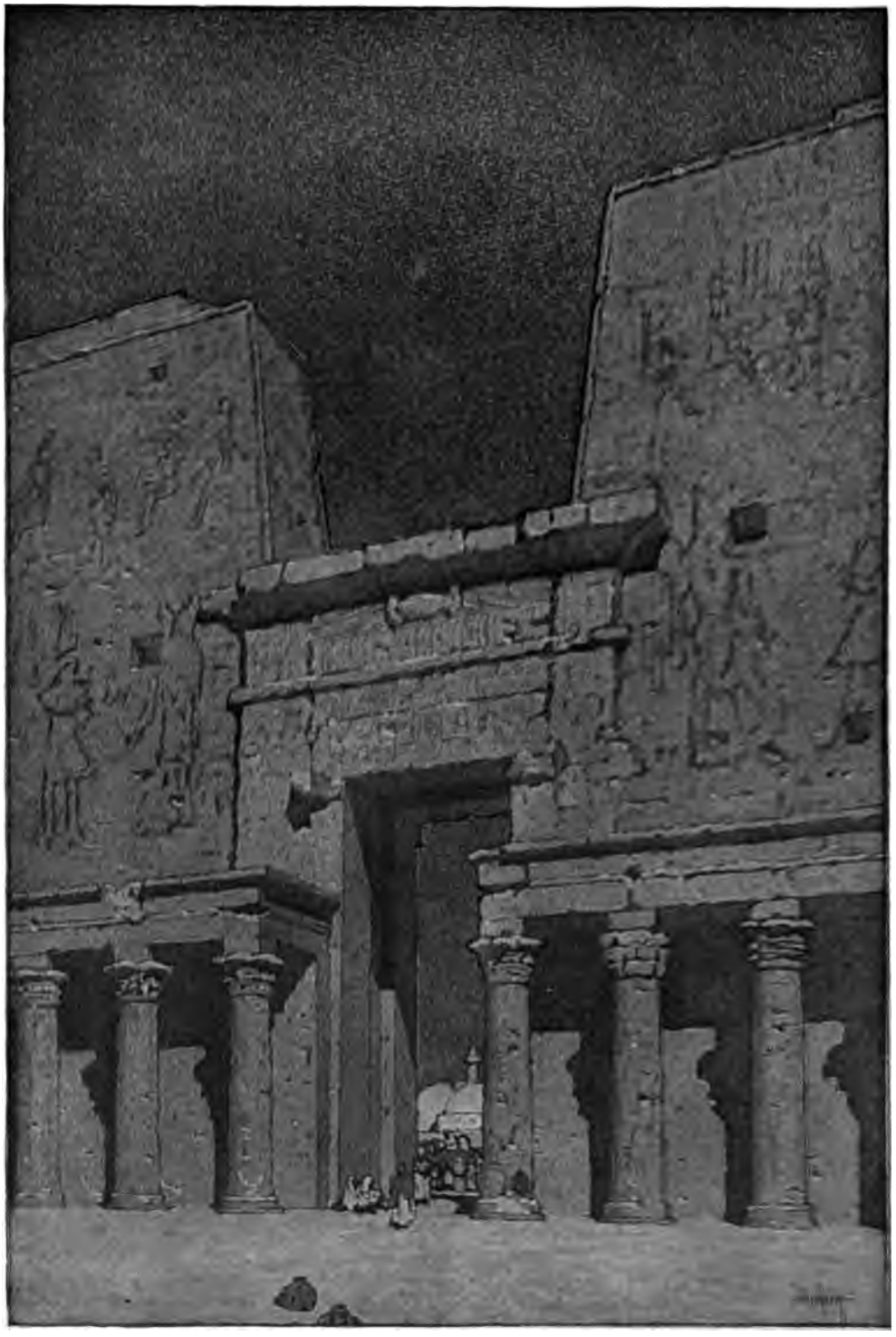
The sanctuary is just a small, beautifully proportioned, inmost chamber, with a black roof, containing a sort of altar of granite, and a great polished granite shrine which no doubt once contained the god Horus. I am glad he is not there now. How far more impressive it is to stand in an empty sanctuary, in the house divine of "the Hidden One," whom the nations of the earth worship, whether they spread their robes on the sand and turn their faces to Mecca, or beat the tambourine and sing "glory-hymns" of salvation, or flagellate themselves in the night before the patron saint of the Passionists, or only gaze at the snow-white plume that floats from the snows of Etna under the rose of dawn, and feel the soul behind Nature. Among the temples of Egypt, Edfu is the house divine of "the Hidden One," the perfect temple of worship.

Some people talk of the "sameness" of the Nile; and there is a lovely sameness of golden light, of delicious air, of people, and of scenery. For Egypt is, after all, mainly a great river with strips on each side of cultivated land, flat, green, not very varied. River, green plains, yellow plains, pink, brown, steel-gray, or pale-yellow mountains, wail of shadoof, wail of sakieh. Yes, I suppose there is a sameness, a sort of golden monotony, in this land pervaded with light and pervaded with sound. Always there is light around you, and you are bathing in it, and nearly always, if you are living, as I was, on the water, there is a multitude of mingling sounds floating, floating to your ears. As there are two lines of green land, two lines of mountains, following the course of the Nile; so are there two lines of voices that cease their calling and their singing only as you draw near to Nubia. For then, with the green land, they fade away, these miles upon miles of calling and singing brown men; and amber and ruddy sands creep downward to the Nile. And the air seems subtly changing, and the light perhaps growing a little harder. And you are aware of other regions unlike those you are leaving, more African, more savage, less suave, less like a dreaming. And especially the silence makes a great impression on you. But before you enter this silence, between the amber and ruddy walls that will lead you on to Nubia, and to the land of the crocodile, you have a visit to pay. For here, high up on a terrace, looking over a great bend of the river, is Kom Ombos. And Kom Ombos is the temple of the crocodile god.

Sebek was one of the oldest and one of the most evil of the Egyptian gods. In the Fayum he was worshiped, as well as at Kom Ombos, and there, in the holy lake of his temple, were numbers of holy crocodiles, which Strabo tells us were decorated with jewels like pretty women. He did not get on with the other gods, and was sometimes confused with Set, who personified natural darkness, and who also was worshiped by the people about Kom Ombos.

I have spoken of the golden sameness of the Nile, but this sameness is broken by the variety of the temples. Here you have a striking instance of this variety. Edfu, only forty miles from Kom Ombos, the next temple which you visit, is the most perfect temple in Egypt. Kom Ombos one of the most imperfect. Edfu is a divine house of "the Hidden One," full of a sacred atmosphere. Kom Ombos is the house of crocodiles. In ancient days the inhabitants of Edfu abhorred, above everything, crocodiles and their worshipers. And here at Kom Ombos the crocodile was adored. You are in a different atmosphere.

As soon as you land, you are greeted with crocodiles, though fortunately not by them. A heap of their black mummies is shown to you reposing in a sort of tomb or shrine open at one end to the air. By these mummies the new note is loudly



THE COURT IN THE TEMPLE OF EDFU

PAINTED FROM NATURE BY JULES GUÉRIN

struck. The crocodiles have carried you in an instant from that which is pervadingly general to that which is narrowly particular; from the purely noble, which seems to belong to all time, to the entirely barbaric, which belongs only to times outworn. It is difficult to feel as if one had anything in common with men who seriously worshiped crocodiles, had priests to feed them, and decorated their scaly necks with jewels.

Yet the crocodile god had a noble temple at Kom Ombos—a temple which dates from the times of the Ptolemies, though there was a temple in earlier days which has now disappeared. Its situation is splendid. It stands high above the Nile, and close to the river, on a terrace which has recently been constructed to save it from the encroachments of the water. And it looks down upon a view which is exquisite in the clear light of early morning. On the right, and far off, is a delicious pink bareness of distant flats and hills. Opposite there is a flood of verdure and of trees going to mountains, a spit of sand where is an inlet of the river, with a crowd of native boats, perhaps, waiting for a wind. On the left is the big bend of the Nile, singularly beautiful, almost voluptuous in form, and girdled with a radiant green of crops, with palm-trees, and again the distant hills. Sebek was well advised to have his temples here and in the glorious Fayum, that land flowing with milk and honey, where the air is full of the voices of the flocks and herds, and alive with the wild pigeons; where the sweet sugar-cane towers up in fairy forests, the beloved home of the jackal; where the green corn waves to the horizon, and the runlets of water make a maze of silver threads carrying life and its happy murmur through all the vast oasis.

At the guardian's gate by which you go in there sits not a watch dog, nor yet a crocodile, but a watch cat, small, but very determined, and very attentive to its duties, and neatly carved in stone. You try to look like a crocodile-worshiper. It is deceived, and lets you pass. And you are alone with the growing morning and Kom Ombos.

I was never taken, caught up into an atmosphere, in Kom Ombos. I examined it with interest, but I did not feel a spell. Its grandeur is great, but it did not affect me as did the grandeur of Karnak. Its nobility cannot be questioned, but I did not stilly rejoice in it, as in the nobility of Luxor, or the free splendor of the Ramesseum.

The oldest thing at Kom Ombos is a gateway of sandstone placed there by Thothmes III as a tribute to Sebek. The great temple is of a warm-brown color, a very rich and particularly beautiful brown, that soothes and almost comforts the eyes that have been for many days boldly assaulted by the sun. Upon the terrace platform above the river you face a low and ruined wall, on which there are some lively reliefs, beyond which is a large, open court containing a quantity of stunted, once big columns standing on big bases. Immediately before you the temple towers up, very gigantic, very majestic, with a stone pavement, walls on which still remain some traces of paintings, and really grand columns, enormous in size and in good formation. There are fine architraves, and some bits of roofing, but the greater part is open to the air. Through a doorway is a second hall containing columns much less noble, and beyond this one walks in ruin, among crumbled or partly destroyed chambers, broken statues, become mere slabs of granite and fallen blocks of stone. At the end is a wall, with a pavement bordering it, and a row of chambers that look like monkish cells, closed by small doors. At Kom Ombos there are two sanctuaries, one dedicated to Sebek, the other to Heru-ur, or Haroëris, a form of Horus in Egyptian called "the Elder," which was worshiped with Sebek here by the admirers of crocodiles. Each of them contains a pedestal of granite upon which once rested a sacred bark bearing an image of the deity.

There are some fine reliefs scattered through these mighty ruins, showing Sebek with the head of a crocodile, Heru-ur with the head of a hawk so characteristic of Horus, and one strange animal which has no fewer than four heads, apparently meant for the heads of lions. One relief which I specially noticed for its life, its charming vivacity, and its almost amusing fidelity to details unchanged to-day, depicts a number of ducks in full flight near a mass of lotus flowers. I remembered it

one day in the Fayum, so intimately associated with Sebek, when I rode twenty miles out from camp on a dromedary to the end of the great lake of Kurun, where the sand wastes of the Libyan desert stretch to the pale and waveless waters which, that day, looked curiously desolate and even sinister under a low, gray sky. Beyond the wiry tamarisk bushes, which grow far out from the shore, thousands upon thousands of wild duck were floating as far as the eyes could see. We took a strange native boat, manned by two half-naked fishermen, and were rowed with big, broad-bladed oars out upon the silent flood that the silent desert surrounded. But the duck were too wary ever to let us get within range of them. As we drew gently near, they rose in black throngs, and skimmed low into the distance of the wintry landscape, trailing their legs behind them, like the duck on the wall of Kom Ombos. There was no duck for dinner in camp that night, and the cook was inconsolable. But I had seen a relief come to life, and surmounted my disappointment.

Kom Ombos and Edfu, the two houses of the lovers and haters of crocodiles, or at least of the lovers and the haters of their worship, I shall always associate, because I drifted on the *Loulia* from one to the other, and saw no interesting temple between them, and because their personalities are as opposed as were, centuries ago, the tenets of those who adored within them. The Egyptians of old were devoted to the hunting of crocodiles, which once abounded in the reaches of the Nile between Assuan and Luxor, and also much lower down. But I believe that no reliefs, or paintings, of this sport are to be found upon the walls of the temples and the tombs. The fear of Sebek, perhaps, prevailed even over the dwellers about the temple of Edfu. Yet how could fear of any crocodile god infect the souls of those who were privileged to worship in such a temple, or even reverently to stand under the colonnade within the court? As well, perhaps, one might ask how men could be inspired to raise such a perfect building to a deity with the face of a hawk? But Horus was not the god of crocodiles, but a god of the sun. And his power to inspire men must have been vast; for the greatest conception in stone in Egypt, and, I suppose, in the whole world, the Sphinx, as De Rougé proved by an inscription at Edfu, was a representation of Horus transformed to conquer Typhon. The Sphinx and Edfu! For such marvels we ought to bless the hawk-headed god. And if we forget the hawk, which one meets so perpetually upon the walls of tombs and temples, and identify Horus rather with the Greek Apollo, the yellow-haired god of the sun, driving "westerly all day in his flaming chariot," and shooting his golden arrows at the happy world beneath, we can be at peace with those dead Egyptians. For every pilgrim who goes to Edfu to-day is surely a worshiper of the solar aspect of Horus. As long as the world lasts there will be sun-worshipers. Every brown man upon the Nile is one, and every good American who crosses the ocean and comes at last into the somber wonder of Edfu, and I was one upon the deck of the *Loulia*.

And we all worship as yet in the dark, as in the exquisite dark, like faith, of the Holy of Holies of Horus.

THE VAGRANTS OF THE BARREN

BY CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

Author of "The Kindred of the Wild," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY PAUL BRANSOM

WITH thick smoke in his throat and the roar of flame in his ears, Pete Noël woke up, shaking as if in the grip of a nightmare. He sat straight up in his bunk. Instantly he felt his face scorching. The whole cabin was ablaze. Leaping from his bunk, and dragging the blankets with him, he sprang to the door, tore it open, and rushed out into the snow.

But being a woodsman, and alert in every sense like the creatures of the wild themselves, his wits were awake almost before his body was, and his instincts were even quicker than his wits. The desolation and the savage cold of the wilderness had admonished him even in that terrifying moment. As he leaped out in desperate flight, he had snatched with him not only the blankets, but his rifle and cartridge-belt from where they stood by the head of the bunk, and also his larrigans and great blanket coat from where they lay by its foot. He had been sleeping, according to custom, almost fully clothed.

Outside in the snow he stood, blinking through scorched and smarting lids at the destruction of his shack. For a second or two he stared down at the things he clutched in his arms, and wondered how he had come to think of them in time. Then, realizing with a pang that he needed something more than clothes and a rifle, he flung them down on the snow, and made a dash for the cabin, in the hope of rescuing a hunk of bacon or a loaf of his substantial woodsman's bread. But before he could reach the door a licking flame shot out and hurled him back, half-blinded. Grabbing up a double handful of snow, he buried his face in it to ease the smart. Then he shook himself, coolly carried the treasures he had saved back to a safe distance from the flames, and sat down on the blankets to put on his larrigans.

His feet, clothed only in a single pair of thick socks, were almost frozen, while the rest of his body was roasting in the fierce heat of the conflagration. It wanted about two hours of dawn. There was not a breath of air stirring, and the flames shot straight up, murky red and clear yellow intertwisting, with here and there a sudden leaping tongue of violet white. Outside the radius of the heat the tall woods snapped sharply in the intense cold. It was so cold, indeed, that as the man stood watching the ruin of his little, lonely home, shielding his face from the blaze now with one hand then with the other, his back seemed turning to ice.

The man who lives alone in the great solitude of the forest has every chance to become a philosopher. Pete Noël was a philosopher. Instead of dwelling upon the misfortunes which had smitten him, he chose to consider his good luck in having got out of the shack alive. Putting on his coat, he noted with satisfaction that its spacious pockets contained matches, tobacco, his pipe, his heavy clasp-knife, and his mittens. He was a hundred miles from the nearest settlement, fifty or sixty from the nearest lumber-camp. He had no food. The snow was four feet deep, and soft. And his trusty snow-shoes, which would have made these distances and these difficulties of small account to him, were helping feed the blaze. Nevertheless, he thought, things might have been much worse. What if he had escaped in his bare feet? This thought

Drawn by Paul Bransom. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"OUTSIDE IN THE SNOW HE STOOD, BLINKING THROUGH SCORCHED AND SMARTING LIDS AT THE DESTRUCTION OF HIS SHACK"

reminded him of how cold his feet were at this moment. Well, the old shack had been a good one, and sheltered him well enough. Now that it would shelter him no longer, it should at least be made to contribute something more to his comfort. Piling his blankets carefully under the shelter of a broad stump, he sat down upon them. Then he filled and lighted his pipe, leaned back luxuriously, and stretched out his feet to the blaze. It would be time enough for him to "get a move on" when the shack was quite burned down. The shack was home as long as it lasted.

When the first mystic grayness, hard like steel, and transparent like glass, began to reveal strange vistas among the ancient trees, the fire died down. The shack was a heap of ashes and pulsating, scarlet embers, with here and there a flickering, half-burned timber, and the red-hot wreck of the tiny stove sticking up among the ruins. As soon as the ruins were cool enough to approach, Pete picked up a green pole, and began poking earnestly among them. He had all sorts of vague hopes. He particularly wanted his ax, a tin kettle, and something to eat. The ax was nowhere to be found, at least in such a search as could then be made. The tins, obviously, had all gone to pieces or melted. But he did, at least, scratch out a black, charred lump about the size of his fist, which gave forth an appetizing smell. When the burnt outside had been carefully scraped off, it proved to be the remnant of a side of bacon. Pete fell to his breakfast with about as much ceremony as might have sufficed a hungry wolf, the deprivation of a roof-tree having already taken him back appreciably nearer to the elemental brute. Having devoured his burnt bacon, and quenched his thirst by squeezing some half-melted snow into a cup of birch-bark, he rolled his blankets into a handy pack, squared his shoulders, and took the trail for Conroy's Camp, fifty miles southwestward.

It was now that Pete Noël began to realize the perils that confronted him. Without his snow-shoes, he found himself almost helpless. Along the trail the snow was from three to four feet deep, and soft. There had been no thaws and no hard winds to pack it down. After floundering ahead for four or five hundred yards, he would have to stop and rest, half-reclining. In spite of the ferocious cold, he was soon drenched with sweat. After a couple of hours of such work, he found himself consumed with thirst. He had nothing to melt the snow in; and, needless to say, he knew better than to ease his need by eating the snow itself. But he hit upon a plan which filled him with self-gratulation. Lighting a tiny fire beside the trail, under the shelter of a huge hemlock, he took off his red cotton neckerchief, filled it with snow, and held it to the flames. As the snow began to melt, he squeezed the water from it in a liberal stream. But, alas! the stream was of a color that was not enticing. He realized, with a little qualm, that it had not occurred to him to wash that handkerchief since—well, he was unwilling to say when. For all the insistence of his thirst, therefore, he continued melting the snow and squeezing it out, till the resulting stream ran reasonably clear. Then patiently he drank, and afterward smoked three pipefuls of his rank, black tobacco as substitute for the square meal which his stomach was craving.

All through the biting, silent day he floundered resolutely on, every now and then drawing his belt a little tighter, and all the while keeping a hungry watch for game of some kind. What he hoped for was rabbit, partridge, or even a fat porcupine; but he would have made shift to stomach even the wiry muscles of a mink, and count himself fortunate. By sunset he came out on the edge of a vast barren, glorious in washes of thin gold and desolate purple under the touch of the fading west. Along to eastward ran a low bridge, years ago licked by fire, and now crested with a sparse line of ghostly rampikes, their lean, naked tops appealing to the inexorable sky. This was the head of the Big Barren. With deep disgust, and something like a qualm of apprehension, Pete Noël reflected that he had made only fifteen miles in that long day of effort. And he was ravenously hungry. Well, he was too tired to go farther that night; and in default of a meal, the best thing he could do was sleep. First, however, he unlaced his larrigans, and with the thongs made shift to set a clumsy snare in a rabbit track a few paces back among the spruces. Then, close under the lee of

Drawn by Paul Branson. Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

"AT THE SIGHT OF HIM, EVERY ANTLERED HEAD WENT UP"

a black wall of fir-trees standing out beyond the forest skirts he clawed himself a deep trench in the snow. In one end of this trench he built a little fire, of broken deadwood and green birch saplings laboriously hacked into short lengths with his clasp-knife. A supply of this fire-wood, dry and green mixed, he piled beside the trench within reach. The bottom of the trench, to within a couple of feet of the fire, he lined six inches deep with spruce-boughs, making a dry, elastic bed.

By the time these preparations were completed, the sharp-starred winter night had settled down upon the solitude. In all the vast there was no sound but the occasional snap, hollow and startling, of some great tree overstrung by the frost, and the intimate little whisper and hiss of Pete's fire down in the trench. Disposing a good bunch of boughs under his head, Pete lighted his pipe, rolled himself in his blankets, and lay down with his feet to the fire.

There at the bottom of his trench, comforted by pipe and fire, hidden away from the emptiness of the enormous, voiceless world outside, Pete Noël looked up at the icy stars, and at the top of the frowning black rampart of the fir-trees, touched grimly with red flashes from his fire. He knew well—none better than he—the savage and implacable sternness of the wild. He knew how dreadful the silent adversary against whom he had been called, all unprepared, to pit his craft. There was no blinking the imminence of his peril. Hitherto he had always managed to work, more or less, *with* nature, and so had come to regard the elemental forces as friendly. Now they had turned upon him all together and without warning. His anger rose as he realized that he was at bay. The indomitable man-spirit awoke with the anger. Sitting up suddenly, over the edge of the trench his deep eyes looked out upon the shadowy spaces of the night with challenge and defiance. Against whatever odds, he was master. Having made his proclamation in that look, Pete Noël lay down again and went to sleep.

After the fashion of winter campers, and of woodsmen generally, he awoke every hour or so to replenish the fire; but toward morning he sank into the heavy sleep of fatigue. When he aroused himself from this, the fire was stone gray, the sky overhead was whitish, flecked with pink streamers, and rose-pink lights flushed delicately the green wall of the fir-trees leaning above him. The edges of the blankets around his face were rigid and thick with ice from his breathing. Breaking them away roughly, he sat up,

cursed himself for having let the fire out, then, with his eyes just above the edge of the trench, peered forth across the shining waste. As he did so, he instinctively shrank back into concealment. An eager light flamed into his eyes, and he blessed his luck that the fire had gone out. Along the crest of the ridge, among the rampikes, silhouetted dark and large against the sunrise, moved a great herd of caribou, feeding as they went.

Crouching low in his trench, Pete hurriedly did up his blankets, fixed the pack on his back, then crawled through the snow into the shelter of the fir-woods. As soon as he was out of sight, he arose, recovered the thongs of his larrigans from the futile snare, and made his way back on the trail as fast as he could flounder. That one glance over the edge of his trench had told his trained eye all he needed to know about the situation.

The caribou, most restless, capricious, and far-wandering of all the wilderness kindreds, were drifting south on one of their apparently aimless migrations. They were traveling on the ridge because, as Pete instantly inferred, the snow there had been partly blown away, partly packed, by the unbroken winds. They were far out of gunshot. But he was going to trail them down even through that deep snow. By tireless persistence and craft he would do it, if he had to do it on his hands and knees.

Such wind as there was, a light but bitter air drawing irregularly down out of the northwest, blew directly from the man to the herd, which was too far off, however, to catch the ominous taint and take alarm. Pete's first care was to work around behind the herd till this danger should be quite eliminated. For a time his hunger was forgotten in the interest of the hunt; but presently, as he toiled his slow way through the deep of the forest, it grew too insistent to be ignored. He paused to strip bark from such seedlings of balsam fir as he chanced upon, scraping off and devouring the thin, sweetish pulp that lies between the bark and the mature wood. He gathered, also, the spicy tips of the birch-buds, chewing them up by handfuls and spitting out the residue of hard husks. And in this way he managed at least to soothe down his appetite from angry protest to a kind of doubtful expectancy.

At last, after a couple of hours' hard floundering, the woods thinned, the ground sloped upward, and he came out upon the flank of the ridge, a long way behind the herd, indeed, but well around the wind. In the trail of the herd the snow was broken up, and not more than a foot and a half in depth. On a likely-looking hillock he scraped it away carefully with his feet, till he reached the ground; and here he found what he expected—a few crimson berries of the wintergreen, frozen, but plump and sweet-fleshed. Half a handful of these served for the moment to cajole his hunger, and he pressed briskly but warily along the ridge, availing himself of the shelter of every rampike in his path. At last, catching sight of the hindmost stragglers of the herd, still far out of range, he crouched like a cat, and crossed over the crest of the ridge for better concealment.

On the eastern slope the ridge carried numerous thickets of underbrush. From one to another of these Pete crept swiftly, at a rate which should bring him, in perhaps an hour, abreast of the leisurely moving herd. In an hour, then, he crawled up to the crest again, under cover of a low patch of juniper scrub. Confidently he peered through the scrub, his rifle ready. But his face grew black with bitter disappointment. The capricious beasts had gone. Seized by one of their incomprehensible vagaries,—Pete was certain that he had not alarmed them,—they were now far out on the white level, laboring heavily southward.

Pete set his jaws resolutely. Hunger and cold, each the mightier from their alliance, were now assailing him savagely. His first impulse was to throw off all concealment and rush straight down the broad-trodden trail. But on second thought he decided that he would lose more than he would gain by such tactics. Hampered though they were by the deep, soft snow, he knew that, once frightened, they could travel through it much faster than they were now moving, and very much faster than he could hope to follow. Assuredly, patience was his game. Slipping furtively from rampike to rampike, now creeping, now worming his way like a snake, he made good time down to the

very edge of the level. Then, concealment no more possible, and the rear of the herd still beyond gunshot, he emerged boldly from the covert of a clump of saplings and started in pursuit. At the sight of him, every antlered head went up in the air for one moment of wondering alarm; then, through a rolling white cloud the herd fled onward at a speed which Pete, with all his knowledge of their powers, had not imagined possible in such a state of the snow. Sullen, but not discouraged, he plodded after them.

Noël was now fairly obsessed with the one idea of overtaking the herd. Every other thought, sense, or faculty was dully occupied with his hunger and his effort to keep from thinking of it. Hour after hour he plodded on, following the wide, chaotic trail across the white silence of the barren. There was nothing to lift his eyes for, so he kept them automatically occupied in saving his strength by picking the easiest steps through the plowed snow. He did not notice at all that the sun no longer sparkled over the waste. He did not notice that the sky had turned from hard blue to ghostly pallor. He did not notice that the wind, now blowing in his teeth, had greatly increased in force. Suddenly, however, he was aroused by a swirl of fine snow driven so fiercely that it crossed his face like a lash. Lifting his eyes from the trail, he saw that the plain all about him was blotted from sight by a streaming rout of snow-clouds. The wind was already whining its strange derisive menace in his face. The blizzard had him.

As the full fury of the storm swooped upon him, enwrapping him, and clutching at his breath, for an instant Pete Noël quailed. This was a new adversary, with whom he had not braced his nerves to grapple. But it was for an instant only. Then his weary spirit lifted itself, and he looked grimly into the eye of the storm. The cold, the storm, the hunger, he would face them all down, and win out yet. Lowering his head, and pulling a flap of his blanket coat across his mouth to make breathing easier, he plunged straight forward with what seemed like a new lease of vigor.

Had the woods been near, or had he taken note of the weather in time, Pete would have made for the shelter of the forest at once. But he knew that, when last he looked, the track of the herd had been straight down the middle of the ever-widening barren. By now he must be a good two miles from the nearest cover; and he knew well enough that, in the bewilderment of the storm, which blunted even such woodcraft as his, and blurred not only his vision, but every other sense as well, he could never find his way. His only hope was to keep to the trail of the caribou. The beasts would either lie down or circle to the woods. In such a storm as this, as he knew well enough, no animal but man himself could hunt, or follow up the trail. There was no one but man who could confront such a storm undaunted. The caribou would forget both their cunning and the knowledge that they were being hunted. He would come upon them, or they would lead him to shelter. With an obstinate pride in his superiority to the other creatures of the wilderness, he scowled defiantly at the storm, and because he was overwrought with hunger and fatigue, he muttered to himself as he went, cursing the elements that assailed him so relentlessly.

For hours he floundered on doggedly, keeping the trail by feeling rather than by sight, so thick were the cutting swirls of snow. As the drift heaped denser and denser about his legs, the terrible effort, so long sustained, began to tell on him, till his progress became only a snail's pace. Little by little, in the obstinate effort to conserve strength and vitality, his faculties all withdrew into themselves, and concentrated themselves upon the one purpose—to keep going onward. He began to feel the lure of just giving up. He began to think of the warmth and rest he could get, the release from the mad chaos of the wind, by the simple expedient of burrowing deep into the deep snow. He knew well enough that simple trick of the partridge, when frost and storm grow too ferocious for it. But his wiser spirit would not let him delude himself. Had he had a full stomach, and food in his pockets, he might, perhaps, safely have emulated this cunning trick of the partridge. But now, starving, weary, his vitality at the last ebb, he knew that if he should yield to the lure of the snow, he would be seen no more till the spring sun should reveal him, a thing of horror to

Drawn by Paul Bransom. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

"IT LURCHED UPWARD WITH A SNORT, AND STRUGGLED AWAY FROM HIM"

the returning vireos and blackbirds, on the open, greening face of the barren. No, he would not burrow to escape the wind. He laughed aloud as he thought upon the madness of it; and went butting and plunging on into the storm, indomitable.

Suddenly, however, he stopped short, with a great sinking at his heart. He felt cautiously this way and that, first with his feet, fumbling through the deep snow, and then with his hands. At last he turned his back abruptly to the wind, cowered down with his head between his arms to shut out the devilish whistling and whining, and tried to think how or when it had happened. He had lost the trail of the herd!

All his faculties stung to keen wakefulness by this appalling knowledge, he understood how it had happened, but not where. The drifts had filled the trail, till it was utterly blotted off the face of the plain; then he had kept straight on, guided by the pressure of the wind. But the caribou, meanwhile, had swerved, and moved off in another direction. Which direction? He had to acknowledge to himself that he had no clue to judge by, so whimsical were these antlered vagrants of the barren. Well, he thought doggedly, let them go! He would get along without them. Staggering to his feet, he faced the gale again, and thought hard, striving to remember what the direction of the wind had been when last he observed it, and at the same time to recall the lay of the heavy-timbered forest that skirted this barren on two sides.

At length he made up his mind where the nearest point of woods must be. He saw it in his mind's eye, a great promontory of black firs jutting out into the waste. He turned, calculating warily, till the wind came whipping full upon his left cheek. Sure that he was now facing his one possible refuge, he again struggled forward. And as he went, he pictured to himself the whole caribou herd, now half foundered in the drift, laboring toward the same retreat. Once more, crushing back hunger and faintness, he summoned up his spirit, and vowed that if the beasts could fight their way to cover, he could. Then his woodcraft should force the forest to render him something in the way of food that would suffice to keep life in his veins.

For perhaps half an hour this defiant and unvanquishable spirit kept Pete Noël going. But as the brief Northern day began to wane, and a shadow to darken behind the thick, white gloom of the storm, his forces, his tough, corded muscles and his tempered nerves, again began to falter. He caught himself stumbling, and seeking excuse for delay in getting up. In spite of every effort of his will, he saw visions—thick, protecting woods close at one side or the other, or a snug log camp, half-buried in the drifts, but with warm light flooding from its windows. Indignantly he would shake himself back into sanity, and the delectable visions would vanish. But while they lasted they were confusing, and presently, when he aroused himself from one that was of particular heart-breaking vividness, he found that he had let his rifle drop! It was gone hopelessly. The shock steadied him for some minutes. Well, he had his knife. After all, that was the more important of the two. He plowed onward, once more keenly awake, and grappling with his fate.

The shadows thickened rapidly; and at last, blending with the insane riot of the storm, began to make strange, monstrous shapes. Unraveling these illusions, and exorcising them, kept Pete Noël occupied. But suddenly one of these monstrous shapes neglected to vanish. He was just about to throw himself upon it, in half-delirious antagonism, when it lurched upward with a snort, and struggled away from him. In an instant Pete was alive in every faculty, stung with an ecstasy of hope. Leaping, floundering, squirming, he followed, his open knife in hand. Again and yet again the foundered beast, a big caribou bull, buried half-way up the flank, eluded him. Then, as his savage scramble at last overtook it, the bull managed to turn half about, and thrust him violently in the left shoulder with an antler-point. Unheeding the hurt, Noël clutched the antler with his left hand, and forced it inexorably back. The next moment his knife was drawn with practised skill across the beast's throat.

Like most of our Eastern woodsmen, Pete Noël was even finicky about his

food, and took all his meat cooked to a brown. He loathed underdone flesh. Now, however, he was an elemental creature, battling with the elements for his life. And he knew, moreover, that of all possible restoratives, the best was at his hand. He drove his blade again, this time to the bull's heart. As the wild life sighed itself out, and vanished, Pete crouched down like an animal, and drank the warm, red fluid streaming from the victim's throat. As he did so, the ebbed tide of warmth, power, and mastery flooded back into his own veins. He drank his fill; then, burrowing half beneath the massive body, he lay down close against it to rest and consider.

Assured now of food to sustain him on the journey, assured of his own ability to master all other obstacles that might seek to withstand him, Pete Noël made up his mind to sleep, wrapping himself in his blankets under the shelter of the dead bull. Then the old hunter's instinct began to stir. All about him, in every momentary lull of the wind, were snortings and heavy breathings. He had wandered into the midst of the exhausted herd. Here was a chance to recoup himself, in some small part, for the loss of his cabin and supplies. He could kill a few of the helpless animals, hide them in the snow, and take the bearings of the spot as soon as the weather cleared. By and by he could get a team from the nearest settlement, and haul out the frozen meat for private sale when the game warden chanced to have his eyes shut.

Getting out his knife again, he crept stealthily toward the nearest heavy breathing. Before he could detect the beast in that tumultuous gloom, he was upon it. His outstretched left hand fell upon a wildly heaving flank. The frightened animal arose with a gasping snort, and tried to escape; but, utterly exhausted, it sank down again almost immediately, resigned to this unknown doom which stole upon it out of the tempest and the dark. Pete's hand was on it again the moment it was still. He felt it quiver and shrink beneath his touch. Instinctively he began to stroke and rub the stiff hair as he slipped his treacherous hand forward along the heaving flank. The heavings grew quieter, the frightened snortings ceased. The exhausted animal seemed to feel a reassurance in that strong, quiet touch.

When Pete's hand had reached the unresisting beast's neck, he began to feel a qualm of misgiving. His knife was in the other hand, ready for use there in the howling dark; but somehow he could not at once bring himself to use it. It would be a betrayal. Yet he had suffered a grievous loss, and here, given into his grasp by fate, was the compensation. He hesitated, arguing with himself impatiently. But even as he did so, he kept stroking that firm, warm, living neck; and through the contact, there in the savage darkness, a sympathy passed between the man and the beast. He could not help it. The poor beasts and he were in the same predicament, together holding the battlements of life against the blind and brutal madness of storm. Moreover, the herd had saved him. The debt was on his side. The caress which had been so traitorous grew honest and kind. With a shamefaced grin Pete shut his knife, and slipped it back into his pocket.

With both hands, now, he stroked the tranquil caribou, rubbing it behind the ears and at the base of the antlers, which seemed to give it satisfaction. Once when his hand strayed down the long muzzle, the animal gave a terrified start and snort at the dreaded man smell so violently invading its nostrils. But Pete kept on soothingly and firmly; and again the beast grew calm. At length Pete decided that his best place for the night, or until the storm should lift, would be by the warmth of this imprisoned and peaceable animal. Digging down into the snow beyond the clutches of the wind, he rolled himself in his blankets, crouched close against the caribou's flank, and went confidently to sleep.

Aware of living companionship, Noël slept soundly through the clamor of the storm. At last a movement against his side disturbed him. He woke to feel that his strange bedfellow had struggled up and withdrawn. The storm was over. The sky above his upturned face was sharp with stars. All about him was labored movement, with heavy shuffling, coughing, and snorting. Forgetful of their customary noiselessness, the caribou were breaking gladly from their imprisonment. Presently Pete was alone. The

cold was still and of snapping intensity; but he, deep in his hollow, and wrapped in his blankets, was warm. Still drowsy, he muffled his face and went to sleep again for another hour.

When he roused himself a second time he was wide awake and refreshed. It was just past the edge of dawn. The cold gripped like a vise. Faint mystic hues seemed frozen forever into the ineffable crystal of the air. Pete stood up, and looked eastward along the tumbled trail of the herd. Not half a mile away rose the forest, black and vast, the trail leading straight into it. Then, a little farther down toward the right he saw something that made his heart leap exultantly. Rising straight up, a lavender-and-silver lily against the pallid saffron of the east, soared a slender smoke. That smoke, his trained eyes told him, came from a camp chimney; and he realized that the lumbermen had moved up to him from the far-off head of the Ottanoonsis.

A CONSOLIDATION IN FATHERS

BY EVA MADDEN

IN a country where a very large proportion of the marriageable men emigrate, it is not possible that all the histories of all the ladies can be love-stories; and yet the events of a feminine life may be such that a lady may remain unwed and yet "live happily ever after."

It is perhaps a modern idea, but it was true of Fräulein Hildegarde, and the "dear God" of the Germans knows that she needed something to better things.

At least Luise the maid thought so, on a certain summer morning as she stood in the rear doorway of Herr Doctor Lange's comfortable residence. Luise was buxom and pink and white, and, as a rule, most amiable; but on this particular morning her face had lost its smile, her shoulders were shrugging disapproval. *"Ach Gott!"* she said *"Ach Gott!"* Before her blue eyes stretched the garden, its stone walls green with a century's ivy, its bushes heavy with flowers or fruit, water splashing in the marble basin of a tiny fountain, an iridescent-hued humming-bird flitting from bloom to bloom.

"Ach Gott!" she repeated, her eyes fastening on a table, white as to cloth, gay as to a vase of flowers, and spread with a "second breakfast," grown cold with long waiting. "That egg"—and Luise gazed at the dish—"was done just as the gracious Fräulein likes it. The coffee,"—she stepped over and felt the pot,—*"ach!* it is stone cold! *Gott!* but this is a hard house to live in!" Then her face changed.

"Good morning, Sister," she said as the black-clad figure of deaconess Elizabet appeared around the house angle. "Where is the Fräulein?" She shrugged her shoulders, and curled her full, red lips, jerking her large thumb in the direction of the upper rooms of the house.

Luise was not twenty, and her opinions, as yet uncrushed by the whacks of years, bounded forth like rubber balls, and being full of air, they rebounded with yet greater vigor if so much as touched by the tip of a finger of contradiction. The deaconess, however, had no mind to do aught but listen.

"Fourteen times in the night, Sister; it is terrible."

"I lived here ten years, Luise," said the deaconess, and drew a chair from the table.

"In fourteen years, Sister," proceeded Luise, unheeding, "the gracious Fräulein had never been out of this house for more than two hours at a time. No excursions, no theater, no coffee-drinkings. *Ach Himmel,* but German fathers are terrible!"

"German men, Luise," corrected the deaconess.

"It is always obey," continued the girl, "first your father, then your husband. *Ach Himmel,* Sister!"—the deaconess had once corrected Luise about her *"Ach Gott!"* so in her presence she amended her ejaculations,—"but you are well out of it."

The matronly-looking deaconess laughed, and laid a finger in a knowing way on one side of her fair-sized nose.

"Gewisz, Luise," she said—"certainly."

A voice sounded from the upper rooms before there could be an answer.

"Quick, Luise! Quick!" it called.

"The Herr Doctor!" And off shot the girl to the second story.

The deaconess sat down and waited. One must always wait for Fräulein Hildegarde. She was used to it, and, moreover, the garden was pleasant. As the water splashed in the basin, and the gold fish flashed to and fro, the deaconess reflected on the situation. "Fourteen years," she thought, "with the Herr Doctor, and ten with her mother. She is forty-four now, poor Hilde!" The memory of Fräulein Hildegarde as a girl, jolly, wholesome, clever, entertaining, suggested the question of matrimony. "But what chance had she?" thought the deaconess as there rose pictures of a young girl tied to the side of an invalid mother, bearing pillows, changing chairs, bringing in coffee, embroidering in a seat close by the side of the invalid, jumping at the sound of a second voice, stern, dictatorial, demanding compliance with a nod. Yet the face in the pictures was not that of a girl who was a weakling. "Nothing has ever crushed Hilde," thought Sister Elizabet, and she smiled, realizing vaguely how Hilde's was a philosopher's nature in the prison house of duty, chained by the habit of obedience, that bond of slavery which is the German woman's heritage from the women of all past ages. Luise's return interrupted her thoughts.

"Fräulein Hilde is coming," she announced, approaching the coffee-pot just as the Kaiser's letter-carrier appeared around the house angle, a smile on his red face, the mail in his hand.

"How is the Herr Doctor to-day?" He bowed to the deaconess, laid a letter on the table, and turned to the maid.

"Same as ever," snapped Luise, but her ill humor was for the mysterious Herr Doctor. On Schulze the postman she bestowed a smile entirely inconsistent with her announced opinions of his sex, and her china-blue eyes followed his stout, short figure entirely through the garden. As he fastened the rear gate, he turned for a look, and then Luise, blushing, bore away the untasted breakfast.

A moment later a step sounded on the stairs, a cheery "Luise, the coffee, please," and out came Fräulein Hildegarde, her large, white hands extended in warm welcome.

"Oh, dear Sister," she cried, "how pleasant!" And she kissed her guest warmly, first on one firm, red cheek, and then on the other.

There was not a trace of beauty about the daughter of the Herr Doctor, yet the mere sight of her gave actual pleasure. Large physically, and perhaps mentally, since her philosophy had saved her from wrinkles, she possessed a figure angular by intent of Nature, but cheerfully rounded by good German living; a mouth wholesomely large and winning in expression, its lines telling of victory, of strength and humor; hair inclined to red, and abundant; and eyes kindly and almost twinkling. Arranging the deaconess a chair at the table, she called Luise, gave orders, and soon they sat at breakfast.

"Perhaps"—Fräulein Hilde almost winked—"my papa may not call for some time. Let us pretend that he won't, at any rate, and enjoy our breakfast, *nicht wahr?* And our garden,—" Her eyes swept the circle of its greenness,—"is it not enchanting? Oh, Sister, *bitte, bitte,"* —and she poured coffee, passed sugar, cream, bread, butter, honey with the deftness of a good housekeeper and the pressing hospitality of a German hostess,—*"Ach ja, bitte, bitte."*

"Fourteen times last night, I hear. Oh, my poor dear Hilde!" said the deaconess, and laying a slice of bread on her plate, she pressed the hand of her hostess.

"Ach ja," Hilde's voice flagged; but quickly it recovered itself in questions concerning the deaconess's patients, herself, her family. With cheerful unconcern she banished her own affairs from the garden. And yet her troubles were not light ones. The deaconess knew the ins and outs of it all. Fourteen years

before, the Herr Doctor, professor in the gymnasium, a man of strong frame and much physical and mental energy, a teacher of philosophy, who practised not a jot or tittle of its law, in one moment had become a helpless, paralyzed block, his body useless, his dominant mental and moral characteristics to be intensified by inaction. Nurse after nurse had attempted to satisfy him; nurse after nurse had been dismissed by his orders.

"My daughter suits me better," he would storm. "Why don't you do that like Hilde? Blockhead! fool! drop that! drop it! Hilde! bring Hilde!"

He refused to eat and drink unless she fed him. She must arrange the bed, she must read to him, listen to his wailings. For fourteen weary years now he had pulled the string of his tyranny, and his daughter had danced day and night to the one tune of his will. Life with her meant only a series of jerks from what she would do to what the Herr Doctor demanded she must. And so it was on this bright Sunday morning, when the humming-bird darted in and out the flowers and the deaconess had come with her gossip.

"I should like very much to go to the theater this week," she began when, before her visitor could encourage her to rebellion, a cry of "Fräulein Hildegarde! Fräulein Hildegarde! The Herr Doctor!" sent her running.

Left to herself, the good deaconess shook her head, and then, with German thoughtfulness concerning food, she placed the cozies on the eggs and lighted the spirit-lamp beneath the coffee-pot.

"*Ach,*" and she murmured and thrust out her lower lip with a shrug of disgust, "these fathers! Always we women must obey them. But what are we to do when we have no money? There is no getting away from home unless we marry, and then, *Himmel!* there 's the husband." She smiled broadly.

"My niece," she remarked when Fräulein Hildegarde returned, "is gone to America. She will teach in a school in Chicago."

"*Gott sei dank!*" said Hilde, with fervor. "And her father gave consent?"

The deaconess shook her head.

"*Ach nein*, dear Hilde, Franz is furious, and so is my sister Minna. But why? Elsa is thirty, and why must she always remain at home and spend her life bringing in the coffee for visitors and doing needlework when her talent is for languages? I nursed an American lady, and she took our Elsa with her and found her a position."

"I once wanted to have a school, Sister," said Fräulein Hilde, with a wistful face; "but my father objected, and now the desire is gone, and I want only to be comfortable." With one of her warming smiles, she poured fresh coffee.

If she loved comfort, she was not to have it, for the cry of "The Herr Doctor!" again sent her racing. It never entered Hilde's head that her father was not to have all that he demanded. Stupid, you think? Yes, but, then, her training had not been along American lines. The Herr Doctor was a man, she, a woman, and, moreover, he was the father who supplied her with food and clothing. Her return for payment must be in obedience so long as she remained unmarried. Besides, you never met the Herr Doctor, and at forty-four chains whose links are habits make prisoners of independent impulses. Then, too, Hilde had a heart, and her father was as helpless as a child.

"This is my life, dear Sister," she said when the deaconess, with indignant protest, opened the old discussion. "And I must thank the dear God that I have no money worries."

"You might have married," ventured Sister Elizabet, remembering that Geheimrat von Romeike had once sought the well-to-do daughter of Herr Doctor Lange; also, that Otto Arndt had been in her favor until he had refused to live with the Herr Doctor if they married.

"Marry!" Fräulein Hildegarde's strong laugh seemed to rouse the little garden. "A thousand thanks, dear Sister, but, *bitte, bitte,* I have had enough of men, *nicht wahr?*" She made a funny face. Then her eye fell on her letter, and she scanned the address curiously. "Why, whom can it be from?" She opened it with German neatness just as the voice from above sounded violently. She was gone so long this time that the deaconess would have departed but for her curiosity concerning the letter whose closely written sheets—she counted eight of them—

lay where Hilde had dropped them. Presently Luise appeared.

"The gracious Fräulein begs that you will excuse her." She gathered up the sheets of the letter. "The Herr Doctor is awful, Sister. He is raging and storming, and Fräulein Hilde must stay there. She sends you *'Auf wiedersehen,'* and begs you to finish your breakfast in quiet."

So Sister Elizabet was forced to depart without having the news of the letter, and, going to Marienbad with a patient, did not see Fräulein Hilde again until her misery had found its twin, and there was no longer the same call to pity her. The summer had waned, the leaves of the Virginia creeper in the garden blazed red, hips were scarlet on the rose-bushes, and drifting leaves startled now and then the goldfish when, one autumn Sunday, Sister Elizabet again appeared at "Zweite Frühstück" time to visit Fräulein Hilde. To her surprise, the table in the garden was laid for two.

"Ach ja, Sister," said Luise; "there have been many changes. Fräulein—"

But at that moment there came forth from the house a lively-faced little lady whose physical presence one might describe as the aftermath of a certain vivacious beauty the pink and blond prettiness of which had begotten a habit of wearing clothes indicative of coquetry. She moved in quick, girllike movements not altogether lacking in a suggestion of humor now that the actor's age was uncertain.

"Faded, but thinks herself still young," was the Sister's quick, unflattering comment, as her eye noted cheeks once round and pale blue necktie.

Quickly Hildegarde followed, her face beaming at the sight of her guest.

"Oh, Sister! *Wie glücklich!"* She caught her visitor's hands in her own.

But what a change in her whole being! The old philosophical good humor had been sweetened by a look of content, almost joy.

"May I introduce my friend, Frau Lucan—Sister Elizabet Reinhart?" And she drew forward the little lady with an air of happy possession. "Luise, Luise, bring the coffee and a plate for the deaconess!" It was only rarely that the voice from above sounded and that Fräulein Hildegarde disappeared, but the little lady poured the coffee and chatted gaily until she, too, jerked at the sound of a voice. It was a masculine voice, also, old, and vibrating with dictatorial impatience. It came from the third story, and Frau Lucan fled with an "Excuse me, dear Sister; but it is my father. He is an invalid, and he needs me."

"Du liebe Zeit!" cried the astonished deaconess. "Two fathers! Two daughters! An invalid, and here in the Herr Doctor's house. Luise! Luise!"

But it was the two ladies who explained affairs when, later, laughing at the good sister's bewilderment, they returned to the table.

"Ja, dear Sister," said Hilde, pressing her hand, "my friend has a papa, also."

"Only," put in the little lady, eagerly, "I am modern, and have new ideas, so I do not spoil my father as Hilde does the Herr Doctor."

At which Hilde raised her eyebrows and laughed, while her eyes twinkled at the deaconess.

"Nein?" she said, *"Nein?"* and both ladies laughed when an "Anna, a moment," from the upper window left her alone with her guest.

"Do you remember, dear Sister," she said, drawing out a chair, "a letter which arrived for me on that very last Sunday that you called here? *Ja wohl?* Well, it was from Anna—Frau Lucan, you know. She was with me in that *pension* at Cassel, where I went the year before mother's illness, and she wrote to tell me that she had come to our city to live, that she was now a widow, and had the care of her father, just as I have of mine. Was n't that strange, Sister?" Fräulein Hilde smiled most humorously.

Then she told of the renewal of an old friendship, of her joy in Anna's companionship, of the difficulty about visiting, and the objections of the fathers.

"You are telling of us?" asked Frau Lucan as she fluttered from the doorway. *"Ja, ja,* Hilde; he will sleep now," and she dismissed her parent with a smile.

"Ach ja, dear Sister," she cried, speaking in vivacious tones, and with quick, short sentences, "we had such trouble about our visiting. I am an advanced German woman," she added, throwing up her chin with pride. "I have American friends. They have enthused me with ideas. I have emancipated myself, but,

alas! I cannot train my dear father. I am his one free daughter. The Herr Sanitas Rat Lucan was not successful in saving,"—she spoke his name hurriedly, —"and I must live with my papa. He has money, though not much; but we are Rhinelanders, and take things gaily—much more easily than you North Germans. Still,"—she smiled intelligently at Hilde, whose eyes twinkled responsively,—"a father is a father. I have my duties."

"Ja wohl," agreed the two listeners with an emphatic fervor, interrupted by a call of "Fräulein Hilde, the Herr Doctor!"

"He 's a dreadful old man, *nicht wahr?"* The lively little widow jerked her shoulder upward.

"The Herr Doctor?" Sister Elizabet raised her hands. *"Himmel, ja!"*

"The trouble with our friendship, dear Sister," Frau Lucan continued, "was, of course, the fathers, each of whom pulled harder when he felt his daughter escaping. Though I must say, dear Sister, my father is not like the Herr Doctor. *Nein,* it would be unjust to permit you to imagine so. He is old, and he is very German. He, however, is always polite, and never unreasonable. We tried, first giving up our afternoon naps, since our fathers at that time sleep also; but, alas, Hilde is fond of comfort, and grew too drowsy. Besides, the two fathers are monopolists and—"

"Were jealous, *natürlich,"* put in the deaconess with prescient surety, her head nodding, her lower lip pressing emphatically above the upper.

Frau Lucan laughed.

"And then," she said, and clapped her hands, the fingers of which wore several rings, "we had a grand idea, a magnificent one. Why not consolidate our papas? A trouble shared, is half cured. Why not one doubled?"

"And so," put in Hilde, who had returned noiselessly, "we 've brought the Herr Major here, and they live in the third story. Anna and I eat here together, when we can," she added with her twinkle, "and she helps me with my father, and I assist with the Herr Major. And"—her smile seemed to wrap her friend in an embrace of affection—"here we are, *nicht wahr?"*

The lonely heart of the deaconess stirred at the sight of the love which illuminated the two middle-aged faces. She realized quickly that here were two women whom happiness through men had passed by, for she had no doubt that the Herr Sanitas Rat had had a hand in the reaping of his wife's prettiness. Happiness might have rounded the angles.

"And, in spite of it all," said Hilde, "we two lead comfortable, laughing lives. Our consolidation is successful."

"And the Herr Doctor?"

Hilde laughed, and winked at the visitor.

"It reduces expenses," she said.

"Ah," nodded the deaconess, for she knew the Herr Doctor.

When she left, Hilde walked with her to the gate, where, in front of the house, was a pretty park, once the garden of a German poet, where a brook chattered beneath little rustic bridges. As the ladies stood and chatted, Hilde, in her practical way telling of the value of her new-found happiness, out came Frau Lucan to join them. As she walked in a fluttering, vivacious little fashion, the deaconess compared her mentally with butterflies which she had seen, their gay powder damaged or lost through whacks of wind or weather, yet moving with the airy grace so pathetic when divorced from unblemished beauty. But to Fräulein Hilde she was the representation of the gaiety and lightness of the outside life she had missed, and, as her friend approached, her plain face glowed, her eyes grew tender with admiration, and she held out a hand of welcome, just as two children ran from the trees of the park to one of the bridges where were black swans opening scarlet beaks in expectation of cake crumbs. Behind them followed a stout, prosperous-looking man with an air of amusing complacency, accentuated by a blond mustache trained upward between the rounding curves of his full, pink cheeks and of his nose too small in size for his importance. Heels together, he bowed.

"Wie gehen Sie, Otto?" the deaconess smiled.

"Ich danke Ihnen, sehr gut." The gentleman turned to Fräulein Hildegarde. "And how is the Herr Doctor?" he in-

quired with an upward glance at a certain second-story window.

"The same as ever, Otto," returned Hilde, pleasantly. "And your wife?"

Then, with an admiring air of showing a treasure, she drew forward her "dear friend, Frau Sanitas Rat Lucan."

Otto and the deaconess said *"Auf wiedersehen"* together, and departed with the boys. Sister Elizabet glanced back from the end of the walk. The two friends were still at the gate, hands clasped together, little Frau Sanitas Rat leaning against the stronger Hilde. As the deaconess waved a last "Auf wiedersehen" Hilde fled.

"Ach Himmel, the Herr Doctor!" thought the deaconess. "Poor Hilchen! At least," she reflected with the same feminine inconsistency which caused Luise to smile upon the postman, "the Frau Sanitas Rat has had a husband. Hilde has had nothing—only a home and the terrible Herr Doctor. And men laugh at female friendship," went on her thoughts, "and here 's this Otto here who gave up such a woman as Hildegarde the day that he knew he must live there. *Ja, ja,* Otto," she said aloud, for he was asking questions about the Herr Doctor; "he is quite the same. He always will be, and he may live on to be a hundred."

For fourteen years Otto had always been openly solicitous.

"And Hilde?" he continued, with patronizing interest.

"Hilde 's a saint," said the deaconess, tartly.

"About the Herr Doctor?" Otto's tone was one of surprise.

The head in its black cap and white tie nodded.

Otto Arndt set his lips, his expression increasing in consequential expression.

"I find it right, Sister," he announced. "What, tell me, is a daughter for if not to wait upon her sick father?"

The deaconess flashed him a look from her keen, unfeminine eyes.

"On her husband, perhaps, *nicht wahr,* Otto? When a daughter or wife does her duty, it seems she must always obey some man, if she 's German."

"Ja wohl," said Otto, missing the irony; "why not? To cook, to be a housewife, to obey her parents, then, her husband, is my ideal of a true German woman." And he rubbed his hands together, and gazed at the deaconess from the eyes of a face whose expression and coloring would not indicate that his virtues were purely domestic.

"Ja?" The deaconess raised her dark eyebrows. "Here is my street. *Auf wiedersehen,* Otto Arndt, and my best greetings to your wife."

"Auf wiedersehen," said Otto, amicably; *"auf wiedersehen."*

ONE SOUL

BY CHARLES BUXTON GOING

COULD any little lamp, though lifted high,
Lighten the void abysses of the sky?

Could a faint rose-leaf, blown into the sea,
Perfume the oceans of immensity?

Could one chord sound in melody so far
That all space echoed to the farthest star?

And yet your soul, amid the infinite,
Makes all a fragrant harmony of light!

THE GARDENS OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

BY KATE GREENLEAF LOCKE

WITH PICTURES FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY HAROLD PARKER

NATURE having prepared in southern California an immense amphitheater of encircling mountains sloping to the bluest of seas, with softly rolling foothills and spacious plains plentifully set with live-oak trees, what could the imagination suggest for the completion of the picture but the terraced villas of Italy and southern France, and the marble courts and fountains of the Alhambra?

To-day we have that coveted fulfilment. Not a single feature of the landscape, not a tone of its wonderful color, not a breath of its joy-giving atmosphere, is wasted on those who have built their houses on the hilltops, while their gardens riot over the slopes in a wealth of bloom which out-rivals that of any other known spot on earth. Here are the gardens of Italy without their grim suggestion of tragedy and gloom—the terraces, the fountains, and the marble courts.

From an esthetic point of view it is as important that certain localities should be settled by a class of people who will fit it to themselves as that they should be settled at all, and it is equally desirable that the improvements which are made should be along the lines which Nature had in mind when she arranged the setting for us.

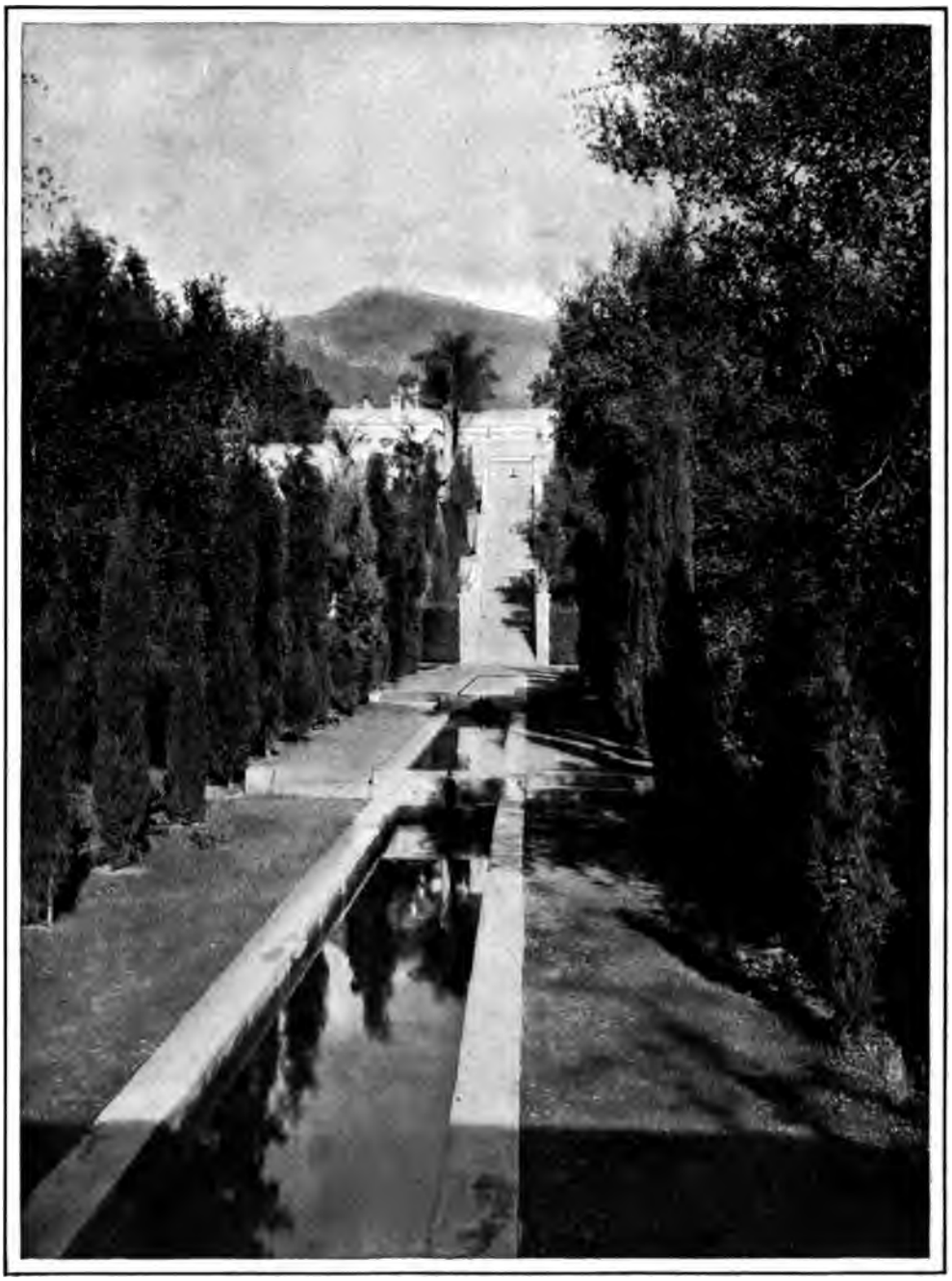
At Montecito, near Santa Barbara, one may look out over a greenery which scarcely varies with the seasons, and which is a growth of live-oaks, gnarled of limb, with tufts of glossy leaves, waving palms, magnolias, orange-trees, bananas, bamboos, figs and olives. This dark growth is varied with the light-green of the lace-like pepper-tree, and is pierced at frequent intervals with the spires of the Italian cypress.

At one point a low, white villa crowns a hill thus covered. There the evergreens seem to grow with a joyous abandon and to crowd up the steep slope to the house. Through the thick foliage a glimpse of the white stone steps of the terraces and their balustrades is caught; the pink tiles of the roof are left unshaded to the sun, and on the broad stone terraces at the top are silent pools of water which reflect the sky and the southern façade of the building. Down the hillside every terrace has its fountain or its pool, and at the foot of the steps and the base of the hill is built a casino with a Persian fountain at its entrance.

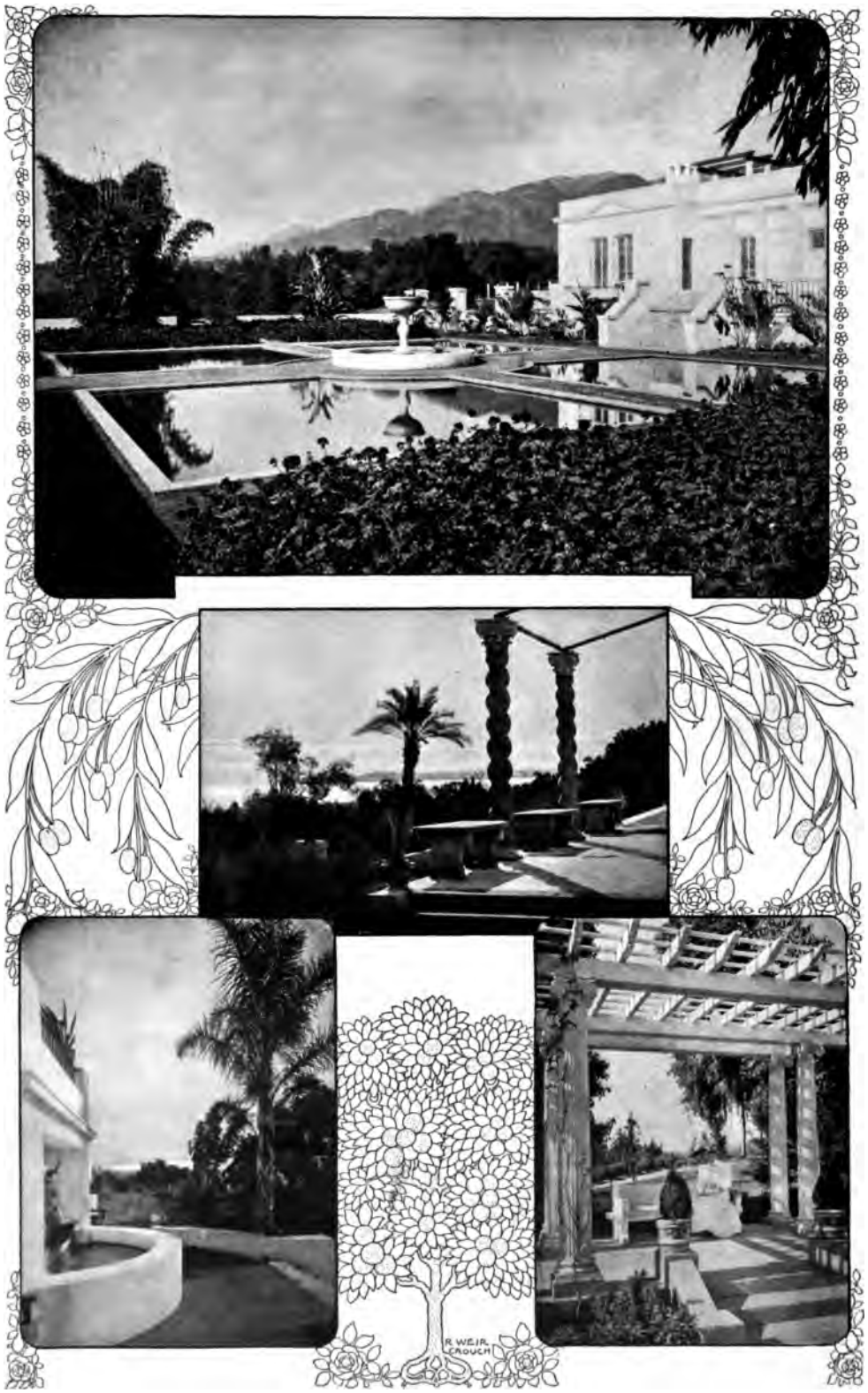
Mr. Joseph Waldron Gillespie spent a year in travel with his architect before the Persian garden of this place was laid out or his house was built. A great part of this time was passed in Persia, and the outcome of their stay is a Persian water-garden which fits perfectly into its surroundings.

When Mr. Gillespie selected a foot-hill of the mountains on which to place a villa of purely Italian construction, he chose it with a foresight for which one should be absolutely grateful. Looking off to the sea, with billows of green surrounding it, and nothing within view less pleasing to the eye than the white columns of its numerous pergolas, its stone steps, and marble seats, it seems to furnish the correspondence for which Nature called in the completion of this portion of her work.

Then, too, this garden not only surrounds the house; it penetrates to its in-



TERRACES AND POOLS OF MR. JOSEPH WALDRON GILLESPIE'S PERSIAN GARDEN, MONTECITO



SOUTH FAÇADE, EAST TERRACE, AND FOUNTAIN OF MR. GILLESPIE'S VILLA IN MONTECITO—
PERGOLA IN THE GARDEN OF DR. RUDOLPH SCHIFFMAN, PASADENA

PALM-GARDEN, LIVE-OAKS, AND "RISO RIVO" (LAUGHING RIVULET), AT THE HOME OF MR. CHARLES FREDERICK EATON, MONTECITO

terior, and flourishes there with equal beauty and vigor. Ten years ago, when Mr. Gillespie planted the cypresses, the palms, and the olives which were to be a setting for his villa, he also arranged a patio, or inner court, around which the house was to be built. The orange-trees and the bananas which he then planted have grown luxuriantly, and add more to the wonderful charm of the house than any other feature.

A court is only a baleful place when the airs are damp and the encompassing shadows gloomy; but when it is bathed in incessant sunshine, when it swims in an atmosphere of sparkling light, it becomes a place of fascination beyond words. Here the shadow of a marble arch, the flutter of a leaf, or the trilling of a bird, carries with it an unspeakable charm. It is as if one had grasped Dame Nature by the hand, and, drawing her indoors, held her captive within the innermost recesses of the home.

Across this court an Italian awning of pink and orange casts gay shadows on the steamer-chairs set on the stone flagging of the patio, birds sing among the glossy leaves of the orange- and banana-trees, and a fountain drips into a pool.

The entrance winds beneath a grove of immense, plumed cocoa-palms and date-palms; for Mr. Gillespie has transplanted here, and succeeded in acclimatizing, the rarest varieties of palms in the world. A thorough acquaintance with their habits and needs has enabled him to succeed equally with plants from the deserts of Arabia and from the jungles of Africa. He has dug up plants in South American forests with his own hands, and has transported young plants from Italy in his trunks. He is not only a friend, but a lover, of these rare and difficult growths, and they have responded to his affectionate care for them. It is a noticeable thing that few blooming plants are to be seen in Mr. Gillespie's garden; the prevailing color scheme of green and white remains unbroken and unworried by flowers, the abundant variety in shape and shade of the foliage plants furnishing forth a completely satisfactory effect. This is probably the reason why the roses are segregated in an inclosure where they bloom profusely, but are not permitted a part in the decorative effect of the grounds. That they do not resent their retirement, but contribute practically to their owner's needs, is evinced by the part they play in his domestic arrangements.

Within the white villa, the flagged floors and narrow stone passages of which are uncompromisingly foreign, and therefore thoroughly picturesque, there is a circular room which boasts no single piece of furniture save some Turkish tabourettes of exquisite workmanship. The roof of this room is domed, and pierced with small circular openings which permit a few mellowed notes of sunshine to light the room by day. By night a light as mellow comes from the alabaster lamps which swing from the roof. Around the walls a wide marble seat is built, cushioned with yellow velvet, and in the center of the stone floor is a circular pool surrounding a fountain which plays gently and musically in the gloom. Here it is that the rose-garden emerges from its seclusion and plays its part; for when coffee is served in this room after dinner, this pool is so heaped with splendid pink, or red, or white roses as almost to obscure the fountain. This is notable, for there are few places in the world where La France, American Beauty, or Kaiserin Augusta roses can be cut out of doors in great masses at nearly all seasons of the year.

The way to Mr. Gillespie's villa lends color to the delusion that one is on foreign soil; for it is steep and narrow, and leads through the little Spanish town of Montecito, where dark-eyed babies roll over the door-steps, and the sound of a soft foreign tongue is always to be heard.

Though the gardens of "Riso Rivo" (Laughing Rivulet), which is the home of Mr. Charles Frederick Eaton, have no architecture commingling with their shrubbery and no formality of design, they are possessed of a charm which is distinct from these things—which is distinct from every other garden. Having a great love of nature and a far-reaching insight as to what she may be coaxed, cajoled, and trained to accomplish, Mr. Eaton has used her resources unsparingly to obtain his results.

There is no classification into which these gardens may be fitted: they suggest the enchantment of Japan and the repose and dignity of Italy. There are clean-

FORMAL GARDEN AT THE HOME OF DR. RUDOLPH SCHIFFMAN, PASADENA

SOUTH SIDE OF A HOTEL PERGOLA, PASADENA

swept spaces of lawn holding trees so grouped that the full beauty of each bole and limb is clearly defined, and there are jungles of rich growth in which one may plunge and lose sight within a moment of any world save that of leaf and vine and frond and the purling sense of running water.

What at first gasp appears actual wizardry, upon reflection resolves itself into the conviction that here is not enchantment, but something higher—an art which is worthy of respect, and which may be emulated. Not a line of beauty, a tone, or a color value has been overlooked or left unused in the preparation of this picture.

In his palm-garden, Mr. Eaton has planted low-growing varieties under the flickering shadows of live-oak trees, and by a system of overhead sprinkling which is of his own invention he can at any time turn on a summer shower to patter on the palms below. Here the ground itself is completely hidden by English ivy, and except where it escapes at intervals to wreath the trunks and branches of the oaks, it forms a unique carpet, which gives more variety of form and shadow than would grass or any other greenery. At "Riso Rivo" the possibilities for beauty and effect which lie in the colors of bloom harmoniously blended have been utilized in the tropical suggestion of shapes and types of plants, in water reflections, in the music of running water, and in the cunning alternation of sunshine and shadow; and the picture is painted with an unerring instinct for artistic effect which never overshoots the mark.

On a miniature lake which is the central feature of the water-garden there is a boat pavilion wreathed and covered with blossoming vines. Around it grow closely tall, pink lotus flowers and broad-leaved water-lilies of all colors and varieties, their own reflections in the water doubling their beauty and value. Clumps of papyrus and numerous Egyptian water-plants also grow in this lake-garden, and when the boat-house moves noiselessly across the lake in obedience to a hidden cable, and the guests who are drinking

VISTA IN A HOTEL PERGOLA, PASADENA

afternoon tea within it are carried to different points from which to view the sea between the palm-trees, or to look down a sun-flecked vista through acres of live-oaks, or to rest near the bank in the refreshing shadow of the tree-ferns and palm garden, it seems that the happy and healthful satisfaction which Nature in her benign moods imparts to restless human beings could no further go.

The rose-gardens of Pasadena have been widely written of and pictured, and there is ample excuse for enthusiasm over them, but until recent years the decorative quality of their abundant bloom had not been utilized. The formal garden is exploiting all of these beautiful possibilities, and when a pergola is festooned with Maréchal Niel, Gloire de Dijon, and Marie Henriette roses, it loses something of formality, and gains an unearthly beauty. A brown-beamed pergola hung with *Begonia vinusta*, its masses of orange and flame-colored clusters dripping from overhead and clinging to the pillars, is something never to be forgotten; and a pink Tacoma floating its crape-like blossoms airily in a beautiful color combination with the pale violet bells of the *Solanum aurasia* and the waxen trumpet of the sweet-smelling mandevilla, brings a whimsical wonder if the Garden of Eden could have held anything more lovely.

The rug-weaver of the Orient has not a greater variety of beautiful colors and shades of color to draw upon in composing his picture than has the gardener of southern California. If he wishes to hang a curtain of lavender and green against his house, he has only to plant heliotrope there, and in an incredibly short space of time it will be looking in at second story windows. Within the space of a few weeks he can terminate a vista in his garden walk with a solid wall of flaming scarlet through the medium of geranium, and can cover an arbor with the blue plumbago so that the eye receives an impression of a pure mass of its elusive, delicate purple blues, to the utter exclusion of the framework which upholds it.

It is because of this fact of being able to obtain color in masses, in measure full

and running over, that this part of the world appeals to the landscape-artist.

A Gold of Ophir rose or a Beauty of Glazenwood frequently covers a dwelling so that the architecture of the house is completely lost to view, and one may realize the delight this affords the eye when it holds millions of blossoms. The single Cherokee rose makes white the hedges, and climbs and covers the adjacent trees, and this is often intermingled with the crimson Gloire de Rosamonde.

Poinsettia from ten to twenty feet in height burns at every turn throughout the winter months, and in the early spring the trolley roads on the suburban lines are bordered with eschscholtzia. Crimson fuschias climb to the house-tops, and the pink, red, and purple passion-vines rapidly cover everything within their reach. The rank and overwhelming prevalence of the calla is illustrated in the story of the old lady who journeyed from the East, carrying carefully a single potted specimen of this stately flower, and when she reached this region, where her astonished eyes beheld them blooming by hundreds, forming hedges and guarding water hydrants in every yard, she ruthlessly tossed her precious crock out of the car-window.

Among the trees which blossom in Pasadena gardens there are none more decorative than the Japanese paper-tree, the white and scarlet Japonica, and the purple Jacaranda, and it is hardly fair to refer to them so cursorily. "Trees which blossom" may mean those which put forth a flower here and there, but in Pasadena and Santa Barbara it means trees which burst into a brilliant mass of color, or, as in the case of the paper-tree, of waxen bloom, and hold it through long seasons.

Pasadena is *par excellence* the place of flowers, Santa Barbara has its gardens of greenery, and over both lies a radiant atmosphere drenched in a wine brewed of the sun, which is the wine of life.

THE CITY AND THE MAN

BY LYMAN EDWYN DAVIS

(DEDICATED TO THE GREATER PITTSBURG)

WHERE broad the meeting rivers lie
  Between the honest hills of old,
A thousand cloudy pillars high,
  Red-winged by Vulcan's banners bold,
With palms of fire salute the sky,
  And pass like floating dreams of gold.
Lo! here the Iron City stands,
A giant born of many lands,
  And lordly dreams of gold.

In all thy clanging streets to-day,
  Forgotten cities sound review.
Behold, in pale and vast array,
  The hosts of Sardis, marching true!
I hear thy bells, in prayerful lay,
  Ring all the hopes of fallen Tyre;
And, pulsing through the ages gone,
The battle-throb of Marathon,
  In all thy springs of fire!

O wheels that welter day and night!
  O bells that murmur every creed!
O city crowned with iron might!
  Bring forth, in times of holy need,
An iron will to do the right!
  And, marking well where Wisdom stands,
Advance with purpose high and strong,
And lift against the ranks of wrong
  A million warrior hands!

Enthroned among the ancient hills,
  Glad child of Freedom's chosen race,
Thou hast a thousand magic mills,
  With all the world thy market-place.
But hark! for thee Jehovah wills
  One task in earth's diviner plan:
With sacred fires forever mold,
Of life and all its beaten gold,
  The city and the man!

A NIGHT RAID AT EAGLE RIVER

BY HAMLIN GARLAND

Author of "Money Magic," "The Tyranny of the Dark," etc.

I

THE post-office at Eagle River was so small that McCoy and his herders always spoke of the official within as "the Badger," saying that he must surely back into his den for lack of room to turn round. His presentment at the arched loophole in his stockade was formidable. His head was large, his brow high and seamed, his beard long and tangled, and the look of his hazel-gray eyes remote with cold abstraction. "He 's not a man to monkey with," said McCoy when the boys complained that the old seed had put up a sign, "NO SPITTING IN THIS OFFICE." "I 'd advise you to act accordingly. I reckon he 's boss of that thing while he 's in there. He 's a Populist, but he 's regularly appointed by the President, and I don't see that we 're in any position to presume to spit if he objects. No, there ain't a thing to do but get up a petition and have him removed—and I won't agree to sign it when you do."

Eagle River was only a cattle-yard station, a shipping-point for the mighty spread of rolling hills which make up the Bear Valley Range to the north and the Grampa to the south. Aside from the post-office, it possessed two saloons, a store, a boarding-house or two, and a low, brown station-house. That was all, except during the autumn, when there was nearly always an outfit of cow-boys camped about the corrals, loading cattle or waiting for cars.

On the day when this story opens, McCoy had packed away his last steer, and being about to take the train for Kansas City, called his foreman aside.

"See here, Roy, seems to me the boys are extra boozed already. It 's up to you to pull right out for the ranch."

"That 's what I 'm going to try to do," answered Roy. "We 'll camp at the head of Jack Rabbit to-night."

"Good idea. Get 'em out of town before dark—every mother's son of 'em. I 'll be back on Saturday."

Roy Pierce was a dependable young fellow, and honestly meant to carry out the orders of his boss; but there was so little in way of diversion in Eagle, the boys had to get drunk in order to punctuate a paragraph in their life. There was not a disengaged woman in the burg, and bad whisky was merely a sad substitute for romance. Therefore the settlers who chanced to meet this bunch of herders in the outskirts of Eagle River that night walked wide of them, for they gave out the sounds of battle.

They could all ride like Cossacks, notwithstanding their dizzy heads, and though they waved about in their saddles like men of rubber, their faithful feet clung to their stirrups like those of a bat to its perch. In camp they scuffled, argued, ran foot-races, and howled derisive epithets at the cook, who was getting supper with drunken gravity, using pepper and salt with lavish hand.

Into the midst of this hullabaloo, Roy, the cow-boss, rode, white with rage and quite sober.

"I 'll kill that old son of a gun one of these days," said he to Henry Ring.

"Kill who?"

"That postmaster. If he was n't a United States officer, I 'd do it now."

"What 's the matter? Would n't he shuffle the mail fer you?"

"Never lifted a finger. *'Nothing,'* he barked out at me. Did n't even look up till I let loose on him."

"What did he do then?"

"Poked an old Civil War pistol out of the window, and told me to hike."

"Which you did?"

"Which I did, after passing him a few compliments. 'Lay down your badge,' I says, 'come out o' your den, and I 'll pepper you so full of holes that your hide won't hold blue-joint hay.' And I 'll do it too, the old hound!"

"But you got out," persisted Ring, maliciously.

"I got out, but I tell you right now he 's got something coming to him. No mail-sifter of a little two-for-a-cent town like Eagle is goin' to put it all over me that way and not repent of it. I 've figured out a scheme to get even with him, and you have got to help."

This staggered Henry, who began to side-step and limp. "Count me out on that," said he. "The old skunk treated me just about the same way. I don't blame you; a feller sure has a right to have his postmaster make a bluff at shuffling the deck. But, after all—"

However, in the end the boss won his most trusted fellows to his plan, for he was a youth of power, and besides they had all been roiled by the grizzled, crusty old official, and were quite ready to take a hand in his punishment.

Roy developed his plot. "We 'll pull out of camp about midnight, and ride round to the east, sneak in, and surround the old man's shack, shouting and yelling and raising Cain. He 'll come out of his hole to order us off, and I 'll rope him before he knows where he 's at; then we 'll toy with him for a few minutes,—long enough to learn him a lesson in politeness,—and let him go."

No one in the gang seemed to see anything specially humorous in this method of inculcating urbanity of manner, and at last five of them agreed to stand their share of the riot, although Henry Ring muttered something about the man's being old and not looking very strong.

"He 's strong enough to wave a two-foot gun," retorted Roy, and so silenced all objection.

As soon as the camp was quiet, Pierce rose, and touching his marauders into activity, saddled and rode away as stealthily as the leader of a band of Indian scouts. He made straightway over the divide to the east, then turned, and crossing the river, entered the town from the south, in order to deceive any chance observer.

Just below the station, in a little gully, he halted his war-party and issued final orders. "Now I 'll ride ahead and locate myself right near the back door; then when I strike a light you fellows come in and swirl round the shack like a gust o' hell. The old devil will come out the back door to see what 's doin', and I 'll jerk him endwise before he can touch trigger. I won't hurt him any more than he needs. Now, don't stir till I 'm in position."

Silently, swiftly, his pony shuffled along the sandy road and over the railway-crossing. The town was soundless and unlighted, save for a dim glow in the telegraph office, and the air was keen and crisp with frost. As he approached the Badger's shack, Pierce detected a gleam of light beneath the curtain of the side windows. "If he 's awake, so much the better," he thought, but his nerves thrilled as he softly entered the shadow.

Suddenly the pony trod upon something which made a prodigious crash. The door opened, a tall young girl appeared in a wide flare of yellow light which ran out upon the grass like a golden carpet. With eager, anxious voice she called out: "Is that you, Doctor?"

The raider stiffened in his saddle with surprise. His first impulse was to set spurs to his horse and vanish. His next was to tear off his disguise and wait, for the voice was sweeter than any he had ever heard, and the girl's form a vision of beauty.

Alarmed at his silence, she again called out: "Who are you? What do you want?"

"A neighbor, Miss," he answered, dismounting and stepping into the light. "Is there anything I can do for you?"

At this moment hell seemed to have let loose the wildest of its warriors. With shrill whoopings, with flare of popping guns, Roy's faithful herders came swirling round the cabin, intent to do their duty—frenzied with delight of it.

Horrified, furious at this breach of discipline, Pierce ran to meet them, waving his hat and raising the wild yell, "Whoo-ee!" with which he was wont to head off and turn a bunch of steers. "Stop it! Get out!" he shouted, as he

succeeded in reaching the ears of one or two of the raiders. "It 's all off—there 's a girl here. Somebody sick! Skeedoo!"

The shooting and the tumult died away. The horsemen vanished as swiftly, as abruptly, as they came, leaving their leader in panting, breathless possession of the field. He was sober enough now, and repentant, too.

Slowly he returned to the door of the shack with vague intent to apologize. Something very sudden and very terrible must have fallen upon the postmaster.

After some hesitation he knocked timidly on the door.

"Have they gone?" the girl asked.

"Yes; I 've scared 'em away. They did n't mean no harm, I reckon. I want to know, can't I be of some kind of use?"

The door opened cautiously, and the girl again appeared. She was very pale, and held a pistol in her hand, but her voice was calm. "You 're very good," she said, "and I 'm much obliged. Who are you?"

"I am Roy Pierce, foreman for McCoy, a cattleman north of here."

"Was it really a band of Indians?"

"Naw. Only a bunch of cow-punchers on a bat."

"You mean cow-boys?"

"That 's what. It 's their little way of havin' fun. I reckon they did n't know you was here. I did n't. Who 's sick?"

"My uncle."

"You mean the postmaster?"

"Yes."

"When was he took?"

"Last night. They telegraphed me about six o'clock. I did n't get here till this morning—I mean yesterday morning."

"What 's the ail of him?"

"A stroke, I 'm afraid. He can't talk, and he 's stiff as a stake. Oh, I wish the doctor would come!"

Her anxiety was moving. "I 'll try to find him for you."

"I wish you would."

"You are n't all alone?"

"Yes; Mrs. Gilfoyle had to go home to her baby. She said she 'd come back, but she has n't."

Roy's heart swept a wide arc as he stood looking into the pale, awed, lovely face of the girl.

"I 'll bring help," he said, and vanished into the darkness, shivering with a sense of guilt. "The poor old cuss! Probably he was sick the very minute I was bully-ragging him."

The local doctor had gone down the valley on a serious case, and would not be back till morning, his wife said, thereupon Roy wired to Claywall, the county seat, for another physician. He also secured the aid of Mrs. James, the landlady of the Palace Hotel, and hastened back to the relief of the girl, whom he found walking the floor of the little kitchen, tremulous with dread. "I 'm afraid he 's dying," she said. "His teeth are set, and he 's unconscious."

Without knowing what to say in way of comfort, the herder passed on into the little office, where the postmaster lay on a low couch with face upturned, in rigid, inflexible pose, his hands clenched, his mouth foam-lined. Roy, unused to sickness and death, experienced both pity and awe as he looked down upon the prostrate form of the man he had expected to punish. And yet these emotions were rendered vague and slight by the burning admiration which the niece had excited in his susceptible and chivalrous heart.

She was tall and very fair, with a face that seemed plain in repose, but which bewitched him when she smiled. Her erect and powerful body was glowing with health, and her lips and eyes were deliciously young and sweet. Her anxious expression passed away as Roy confidently assured her that these seizures were seldom fatal. He did n't know a thing about it, but his tone was convincing. "I knew a man once who had these fits four or five times a year. Did n't seem to hurt him a bit. One funny thing —he never had 'em while in the saddle. They 'most always come on just after a heavy meal. I reckon the old man must of over-et."

Mrs. James came in soon,—all too soon to please him,—but he reported to her his message to Claywall. "A doctor will be down on 'the Cannonball' about five o'clock," he added.

"That 's very kind and thoughtful of you," said the girl. Then she explained to Mrs. James that Mr. Pierce had just driven off a horrid band of cow-boys who were attacking the town.

The landlady snorted with contempt. "I 'm so used to boozy cow-boys howlin' round, I don't bat an eye when they shoot up the street. They 're all a lot of cheap skates, any way. You want to swat 'em with the mop if they come round; that 's the way I do."

Roy was nettled by her tone, for he was now very anxious to pose as a valorous defender of the innocent; but agreed with her that "the boys were just having a little 'whizz' as they started home; they did n't mean no harm."

"Ought I to sit in there?" the girl asked the woman, with a glance toward the inner room.

"No; I don't think you can do any good. I 'll just keep an eye on him, and let you know if they 's any change."

The girl apologized for the looks of the kitchen. "Poor uncle has been so feeble lately he could n't keep things in order, and I have n't had any chance since I came. If you don't mind, I 'll rid things up now; it 'll keep my mind occupied."

"Good idea!" exclaimed Roy. "I 'll help."

He had been in a good many exciting mix-ups with steers, bears, cayuses, sheriffs' posses, and Indians, but this was easily the most stirring and amazing hour of his life. While his pony slowly slid away up the hill to feed, he, with flapping gun and rattling spurs swept, polished, and lifted things for Lida—that was her name—Lida Converse. "My folks live in Colorado Springs," she explained in answer to his questions. "My mother is not very well, and father is East, so I had to come. Uncle Dan was pretty bad when I got here, only not like he is now. This fit came on after the doctor went away at nine."

"I 'm glad your father was East," declared the raider, who was unable to hold to a serious view of the matter, now that he was in the midst of a charming and intimate conversation. "Just think—if he had 'a' come, I 'd never have seen *you!*"

She faced him in surprise and disapproval of his boldness. "You 're pretty swift, are n't you?" she said cuttingly.

"A feller 's got to be in this country," he replied jauntily.

She was prepared to be angry with him, but his candid, humorous, admiring gaze disarmed her. "You 've been very nice," she said, "and I feel very grateful; but I guess you better not say any more such things to me—to-night."

"You must n't forget I chased off them redskins."

"You said they were cow-boys."

"Of course I did; I wanted to calm your mind."

She was a little puzzled by his bluffing. "I don't believe there are any Indians over here."

"Well, if they were cow-boys, they were a fierce lot."

She considered. "I 've told you I feel grateful; what more can I do?"

"A good deal; but, as you say, that 'll go over till to-morrow. Did I tell you that I had a bunch of cattle of my own?"

"I don't remember of it."

"Well, I have. I 'm not one of these crazy cow-boys who blows in all his wad on faro and drink—not on your life! I 've got some ready chink stacked away in a Claywall bank. Want to see my bank-book?"

She answered curtly. "Please take that kettle of slop out and empty it. And what time did you say the express was due?"

Roy was absorbed, ecstatic. He virtually forgot all the rest of the world. His herders could ride to the north pole, his pony might starve, the Cannonball Express go over the cliff, the postmaster die, so long as he was left in service to this princess. "Lord A'mighty! was n't I in luck?" he repeated to himself. "Suppose I 'd a roped *her* instead of the old man!"

When he returned from listening for the train, he found her washing her hands at the end of her task, and the room in such order as it had never known before. The sight of her standing there, flushed and very womanly, rolling down her sleeves, was more than the young fellow could silently observe.

"I hope the old man 'll be a long time getting well," he said abruptly.

"That 's a nice thing to say! What do you mean by such a cruel wish?"

"I see my finish when you go away. No more lonely ranch-life for me."

"If you start in on that talk again I will not speak to you," she declared, and she meant it.

"All right, I 'll shut up; but I want to tell you I 'm a trailer for keeps, and you can't lose me, no matter where you go. From this time on I forget everything in the world but you."

With a look of resolute reproof she rose and joined Mrs. James in the inner room, leaving Roy cowed and a good deal alarmed. "I reckon I 'm a little *too* swift," he admitted; "but, oh, my soul! she 's a peach!"

When the train whistled, Lida came out again. "Will you please go to meet the doctor?" she asked with no trace of resentment in her manner.

"Sure thing; I was just about starting," he replied instantly.

While he was gone, she asked Mrs. James if she knew the young man, and was much pleased to find that the sharp-tongued landlady had only good words to say of Roy Pierce. "He 's no ordinary cow-boy," she explained. "If he makes up to you, you need n't shy."

"Who said he was making up to me? I never saw him before."

"I want to know! Well, anybody could see with half an eye that he was naturally rustlin' round you. *I* thought you 'd known each other for years."

This brought tears of mortification to the girl's eyes. "I did n't mean to be taken that way. Of course I could n't help being grateful, after all he 'd done; but I think it 's a shame to be so misunderstood. It 's mean and low-down of him—and poor uncle so sick."

"Now, don't make a hill out of an ant-heap," said the old woman, vigorously. "No harm 's done. You 're a mighty slick girl, and these boys don't see many like you out here in the sage-brush and piñons. Facts are, you 're kind o' upsettin' to a feller like Roy. You make him kind o' drunk-like. He don't mean to be sassy."

"Well, I wish you 'd tell him not to do anything more for me. I don't want to get any deeper in debt to him."

The Claywall physician came in to the little room as silently as a Piute. He was a plump, dark little man of impassive mien, but seemed to know his business. He drove the girl out of the room, but drafted Mrs. James and Roy into service. "It 's merely a case of indigestion," said he; "but it 's plenty serious enough. You see the distended stomach pressing against the heart—"

The girl, sitting in the kitchen and hearing the swift and vigorous movement within, experienced a revulsion to the awe and terror of the midnight. For the second time in her life death had come very close to her, but in this case her terror was shot through with the ruddy sympathy of a handsome, picturesque young cavalier. She could not be really angry with him, though she was genuinely shocked by his reckless disregard of the proprieties; for he came at such a dark and lonely and helpless hour, and his prompt and fearless action in silencing those dreadful cow-boys was heroic. Therefore, when the doctor sent Roy out to say that her uncle would live, a part of her relief and joy shone upon the young rancher, who was correspondingly exalted.

"Now you must let me hang round till he gets well," he said, forgetful of all other duties.

"That reminds me. You 'll need some breakfast," she said hurriedly; "for here comes the sun." And as she spoke, the light of the morning streamed like a golden river into the little room.

"It 's me to the wood-pile, then," cried Roy, and his smile was of a piece with the sunshine on the wall.

II

BESIDE the fallen monarch of the wood the lifting saplings bud and intertwine. So over the stern old postmaster these young people re-enacted the most primitive drama in the world. Indifferent to the jeers of his fellows, Roy devoted himself to the service of "The Badger's Niece," and was still in town when McCoy returned from "the East"; that is to say, from Kansas City.

Lida had ceased to protest against the cow-boy's attendance and his love-making for the good reason that her protests were unavailing. He declined to take offense, and he would not remain silent. A part of his devotion was due, of course, to his sense of guilt, and yet this was only a small part. True, he had sent warnings and dire threats to silence his band of marauders; but he did not feel keenly enough about their possible

tale-bearing to carry his warnings in person. "I can't spare the time," he argued, knowing that Lida would be going home in a few days, and that his world would then be blank.

"I lose too much of you," he said to her once; "I can't afford to have you out of my sight a minute."

She had grown accustomed to such speeches as these, and seldom replied to them, except to order the speaker about with ever-increasing tyranny. "You 're so anxious to work," she remarked, "I 'll let you do a-plenty. You 'll get sick o' me soon."

"Sick of you! Lord heavens! what 'll I do when you leave!"

"You 'll go back to your ranch. A fine foreman you must be, fooling round here like a tramp. What does your boss think?"

"Don't know and don't care. Don't care what anybody thinks—but you. You 're my only landmark these days. You 're my sun, moon, and stars, that 's what you are. I set my watch by you."

"You 're crazy!" she answered with laughter.

"Sure thing! Locoed, we call it out here. You 've got me locoed—you 're my pink poison blossom. There ain't any feed that interests me but you. I 'm lonesome as a snake-bit cow when I can't see you."

"Say, do you know Uncle Dan begins to notice you. He asked me to-day what you were hanging round here for, and who you were."

"What did you tell him?"

"I told him you were McCoy's hired man just helping me take care of him."

"That 's a lie. I 'm *your* hired man. I 'm takin' care of you—willing to work for a kiss a day."

"You 'll not get even that."

"I 'm *not* getting it—yet."

"You 'll *never* get it."

"Don't be too sure of that. My life-work is collectin' my dues. I 've got 'em all set down. You owe me a dozen for extra jobs, and a good hug for over-time."

She smiled derisively, and turned the current. "The meals you eat are all of a dollar a day."

"They 're worth a bushel of diamonds —when you cook 'em. But let me ask you something—is your old dad as fierce as Uncle Dan?"

She nodded. "You bet he is! He 's crusty as old crust. Don't you go up against my daddy with any little bank-book. It 's got to be a fat wad, and, mind you, no cloves on your breath, either. He 's crabbed on the drink question; that 's why he settled in Colorado Springs. No saloons there, you know."

He considered a moment. "Much obliged. Now, here 's something for you. You 're not obliged to hand out soft words and a sweet smile to every dog-gone injun that happens to call for mail. Stop it. Why, you 'll have all the cow-punchers for fifty miles around calling for letters. That bunch that was in here just now was from Steamboat Springs. Their mail don't come here; it comes by way of Wyoming. They were runnin' a bluff. It makes me hot to have such barefaced swindling going on. I won't stand for it."

"Well, you see, I 'm not really deputized to handle the mail, so I must be careful not to make anybody mad—"

"Anybody but me. I don't count."

"Oh, *you* would n't complain, I know that."

"I would n't, hey? Sure of that? Well, I 'm going to start a petition to have myself made postmaster—"

"Better get Uncle Dan out first," she answered, with a sly smile. "The office won't hold you both."

At the end of a week the old postmaster was able to hobble to the window and sort the mail, but the doctor would not consent to his cooking his own meals. "If you *can* stay another week," he said to Lida, "I think you 'd better do it. He is n't really fit to live alone."

Thereupon she meekly submitted, and continued to keep house in the little kitchen for herself, her uncle, and for Roy, who still came regularly to her table, bringing more than his share of provisions, however. She was a good deal puzzled by the change which had come over him of late. He was less gay, less confident of manner, and he often fell into fits of abstraction.

He was in fact under conviction of sin, and felt the need of confessing to Lida his share in the zealous assault of the cow-boys that night. "It 's sure to leak

out," he decided, "and I 'd better be the first to break the news." But each day found it harder to begin, and only the announcement of her intended departure one morning brought him to the hazard. He was beginning to feel less secure of her, and less indifferent to the gibes of the town-jokers, who found in his enslavement much material for caustic remark. They called him the "tired cow-boy" and the "trusty."

They were all sitting at supper in the kitchen one night when the old postmaster suddenly said to Roy: "Seems to me I remember you. Did I know you before I was sick?" His memory had been affected by his "stroke," and he took up the threads of his immediate past with uncertain fingers.

"I reckon so; leastwise I used to get my mail here," answered Roy, a bit startled.

The old man looked puzzled. "Yes; but it seems a little more special than that. Someway your face is associated with trouble in my mind. Did we have any disagreement?"

After the postmaster returned to his chair in the office, Roy said: "They 're going to throw your uncle out now in a few weeks."

"You don't mean it!"

"Sure thing. He really ain't fit to be here any more. Don't you see how kind o' dazed he is? They 're going to get him out on a doctor's certificate—loss of memory. Now, why don't you get deputized, and act in his place?"

"Goodness sakes! I don't want to live here."

"Where do you want to live—on a ranch?"

"Not on your life! Colorado Springs is good enough for me."

"That 's hard lines on Roy. What could I do to earn a living there?"

"You don't have to live there, do you?"

"Home is where you are." She had come to the point where she received such remarks in glassy silence. He looked at her in growing uneasiness, and finally said: "See here, Lida, I 've got something to tell you. You heard the old man kind o' feelin' around in his old haymow of a mind about me? Well, him and me did have a cussin'-out match one day, and he drawed a gun on me, and ordered me out of the office."

"What for?"

"Well, it was this way—I think. He was probably sick, and did n't feel a little bit like sorting mail when I asked fer it. He sure was aggravatin', and I cussed him good and plenty. I reckon I had a clove on my tongue that day, and was irritable, and when he lit on to me, I was hot as a hornet, and went away swearing to get square." He braced himself for the plunge. "That was *my* gang of cow-boys that came hell-roaring around the night I met you. They were under my orders to scare your uncle out of his hole, and I was going to rope him."

"Oh!" she gasped, and drew away from him, "that poor, sick old man!"

He hastened to soften the charge. "Of course I did n't know he was sick, or I would n't 'ave done it. He did n't look sick the day before; besides, I did n't intend to hurt him—much. I was only fixin' for to scare him up for pullin' a gun on me, that was all."

"That 's the meanest thing I ever heard of—to think of that old man, helpless, and you and a dozen cow-boys attacking him."

"I tell you I did n't know he was ailin', and there was only six of us."

Her tone hurt as she pointed at him. "And *you* pretend to be so brave!"

"No, I don't."

"You *did!*"

"No, I did n't. *You* said I was brave and kind, but I denied it. I never soberly claimed any credit for driving off that band of outlaws. That 's one reason why I 've been sticking so close to business here—I felt kind o' conscience-struck."

Her eyes were ablaze now. "Oh, it is! You 've said a dozen times it was on *my* account."

"That 's right—about eighty per cent. on yours and twenty per cent. on my own account—I mean the old man's."

"The idea!" She rose, her face dark with indignation. "Don't you dare come here another time. I never heard of anything more—more awful. You a rowdy! —I 'll never speak to you again. Go away! I despise you."

Her anger and chagrin were genuine, that he felt. There was nothing playful

or mocking in her tone at the moment. She saw him as he was, a reckless, vengeful young ruffian, and as such she hated him.

He got upon his feet slowly, and went out without further word of defense.

III

THE sun did not rise for Roy Pierce on the day which followed her departure. His interest in Eagle River died, and his good resolutions weakened. He went on one long, wild, wilful carouse, and when McCoy rescued him and began to exhort toward a better life, he resigned his job, and went back to the home ranch, where his brothers, Claude and Harry, welcomed him with sarcastic comment as "the returning goat."

He tried to make his peace with them by saying "I 'm done with whisky forever."

"Good notion," retorted Claude, who was something of a cynic; "just cut out women *and* drink, and you 'll be happy."

Roy found it easier to give up drink than to forget Lida. To put away thought of her was like trying to fend the sunlight from his cabin window with his palm. He was entirely and hopelessly enslaved to the memory of her glowing face and smiling eyes. What was there in all his world to console him for the loss of her?

Mrs. Pierce wonderingly persisted in asking what had come over him that he should be so sad and silent, and Claude finally enlightened her. "He 's all bent up over a girl—the postmaster's niece—of Eagle River, who had to quit the country to get shut of him."

The mother's heart was full of sympathy, and her desire to comfort her stricken son led to shy references to his "trouble" which made him savage. He went about the ranch so grimly, so spiritlessly, that Claude despairingly remarked: "I wish the Lord that girl *had* got you. You 're as cheerful to have around as a poisoned hound. Why don't you go down to the Springs and sit on her porch? That 's about all you 're good for now."

This was a bull's-eye shot, for Roy's desire by day and his dream by night was to trail her to her home; but the fear of her scornful greeting, the thought of a cutting query as to the meaning of his call, checked him at the very threshold of departure a dozen times.

He had read of love-lorn people in the "Saturday Story-teller," which found its way into the homes of the ranchers, but he had always sworn or laughed at their sufferings as a part of the play. He felt quite differently about these cases now. Love was no longer a theme for jest, an abstraction, a far-off trouble; it had become a hunger more intolerable than any he had ever known, a pain that made all others he had experienced transitory and of no account.

Even Claude admitted the reality of the disease by repeating: "Well, you *have* got it bad. Your symptoms are about the worst ever. You 're locoed for fair. You 'll be stepping high and wide if you don't watch out."

In some mysterious way the whole valley now shared in a knowledge of the raid on the post-office, as well as in an understanding of Roy's "throw-down" by the postmaster's niece, and the expression of this interest in his affairs at last drove the young rancher to desperation. He decided to leave the State. "I 'm going to Nome," he said to his brothers one day.

"Pious thought," declared Claude. "The climate may freeze this poison out of you. Why, sure go. You 're no good on earth here."

Roy did not tell him or his mother that he intended to go by way of the Springs, in the wish to catch one last glimpse of his loved one before setting out for the far northland. To speak with her was beyond his hope. No, all he expected was a chance glimpse of her in the street, the gleam of her face in the garden. "Perhaps I may pass her gate at night, and see her at the window."

IV

THE town to him was a maze of bewildering complexity and magnificence, and he wandered about for a day in awkward silence, hesitating to inquire the way to the Converse home. He found it at last, a pretty cottage standing on a broad terrace, amid trees and vines vivid with the autumn hues; and if any thought of asking Lida to exchange it for a shack

Drawn by N. C. Wyeth. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Merrill

"'YOU 'RE PRETTY SWIFT, ARE N'T YOU?' SHE SAID CUTTINGLY"

on a ranch still lingered in his mind, it was instantly wiped out by his first glance at the place.

He walked by on the opposite side of the street, and climbed the mesa back of the house to spy upon it from the rear, hoping to detect his loved one walking about under the pear-trees. But she did not appear. After an hour or so he came down and paced back and forth with eyes on the gate, unable to leave the street till his soul was fed by one look at her.

As the sun sank, and the dusk began to come on, he grew a little more reckless of being recognized, and crossing the way, continued to sentinel the gate. He was passing it for the fourth time when Lida came out upon the porch with an older woman. She looked at the stranger curiously, but did not recognize him. She wore a hat, and was plainly about to go for a walk.

Roy knew he ought to hurry away, but he did not. On the contrary, he shamelessly met her, with a solemn, husky-voiced greeting. "Hello, girl! How 's Uncle Dan?"

She started back in alarm, then flushed as she recognized him. "How dare you speak to me—like that!"

In this moment, as he looked into her face, his courage began to come back to him. "Why did n't you answer my letters?" he asked, putting her on defense.

"What business had you to write to me? I told you I would not answer."

"No, you did n't; you only said you would n't *speak* to me again."

"Well, you know what I meant," she replied, with less asperity.

Some way these slight concessions brought back his audacity, his power of defense. "You bet I did; but what difference does that make to a sick man? Oh, I 've had a time! I 'm no use to the world since you left. I told you the truth —you 're my sun, moon, and stars, and I 've come down to say it just once more before I pull out for Alaska. I 'm going to quit the State. The whole valley is on to my case of loco, and I 'm due at the north pole. I 've come to say good-by. Here 's where I take my congee."

She read something desperate in the tone of his voice. "What do you mean? You are n't really leaving?"

"That 's what. Here 's where I break camp. I can't go on this way. I 've got the worst fever anybody *ever* had, I reckon. I can't eat or sleep or work, just on account of studying about you. You 've got me goin' in a circle, and if you don't say you forgive me—it 's me to the boneyard, and that 's no joke, you 'll find."

She tried to laugh, but something in his worn face, intense eyes, and twitching lips, made her breathing very difficult. "You must n't talk like that. It 's just as foolish as can be."

"Well, that don't help me a little bit. You no business to come into my life and tear things up the way you did. I was all right till you came. I liked myself and my neighbors bully; now nothing interests me—but just you—and your opinion of me. You think I was a cowardly coyote putting up that job on your uncle the way I did. Well, I admit it; but I 've been aching to tell you I 've turned into another kind of farmer since then. You 've educated me. Seems like I was a kid; but I 've grown up into a man all of a sudden, and I 'm startin' on a new line of action. I 'm not asking much today, just a nice, easy word. It would be a heap of comfort to have you shake hands and say you 're willing to let the past go. Now, that ain't much to you, but it 's a whole lot to me. Girl, you 've got to be good to me this time."

She was staring straight ahead of her with breath quickened by the sincere passion in his quivering voice. The manly repentance which burdened his soul reached her heart. After all, it was true: he had been only a reckless, thoughtless boy as he planned that raid on her uncle, and he had been so kind and helpful afterward—and so merry! It was pitiful to see how changed he was, how repentant and sorrowful.

She turned quickly, and with a shy, teary smile thrust her hand toward him. "All right. Let 's forget it." Then as he hungrily, impulsively sought to draw her nearer, she laughingly pushed him away. "I don't mean—so much as you think." But the light of forgiveness and something sweeter was in her face as she added: "Won't you come in a minute and see mother and father—and Uncle Dan?"

"I 'm *wild* to see Uncle Dan," he replied with comical inflection, as he followed her slowly up the path.

Drawn by H. M. Brett. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

ELECTIONEERING ON THE WRONG SIDE

(SCENES FROM AMERICAN RURAL LIFE)

THE FUTURE WHEAT SUPPLY OF THE UNITED STATES

BY EDWARD C. PARKER

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FOR many years the wheat acreage of the United States has been gradually moving westward and northward. The pioneer agriculture of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, and other Middle Western States was chiefly grain-growing. The early settler who braved the discomforts of the prairie, and who rarely had any working capital, was from necessity obliged to get quick returns for his labor, and spring wheat brought the quick returns. Then, as the oncoming tide of civilization created a demand for a cosmopolitan table, the acreage in wheat diminished, giving way to forage and food crops fed to live stock; or, more often, the farmer who had developed the habit of growing wheat, and nothing but wheat, was forced into diversified agriculture because of increasing land values and decreasing yields due to soil impoverishment and the wide-spread distribution of weeds. Winter wheat has supplanted the spring wheat in these regions, and even this crop is sown as much for a nurse crop for grasses and clovers as for a profitable market crop. The three States of Minnesota, North Dakota, and South Dakota now include nearly the entire spring-wheat area of the United States, and the acreage of wheat is gradually diminishing in the eastern and southern parts of Minnesota and South Dakota. From these States the spring-wheat belt is slowly but surely passing north into the fertile virgin prairies of Canada, regions in which the much-desired hard spring wheat is virtually inaccessible to American millers unless the present tariff on wheat is revised.

While the wheat areas in the United States have been continually shifting during the last forty years, the acreage of unoccupied land available for wheat production has been so great that shifting might occur, and the total acreage increase in proportion to the increase in population. The acreage utilized for wheat production in the United States has tripled in the last forty years, having risen from 15,424,496 acres in 1866 to 47,305,829 acres in 1906. From 1880 to the present time, about one third of the total wheat product has been exported. In 1903, however, the per cent. of total wheat product exported decreased to 18.92

TABLE I. WHEAT PRODUCTION IN THE UNITED STATES, 1880–1906

Periods	Average yearly acreage	Average yearly production bu.	Average yield per acre	Average yearly per cent. exported	Average No. of population	Average yearly consumption per cap. in bushels
1880–1884	37,738,882	463,973,170	12.3	30.17	53,172,399	6.09
1885–1889	36,819,442	435,415,400	11.8	25.99	59,205,133	5.44
1890–1894	36,814,067	476,678,028	12.9	34.72	65,590,121	4.73
1895–1899	39,355,767	529,477,802	13.4	33.77	72,325,863	4.84
1900–1904	46,426,633	626,194,816	13.5	25.98	79,193,734	5.84
1905	47,854,079	692,979,489	14.5	14.09	84,625,913	7.03
1906	47,305,829	735,260,970	15.5	19.95	86,645,301	6.78

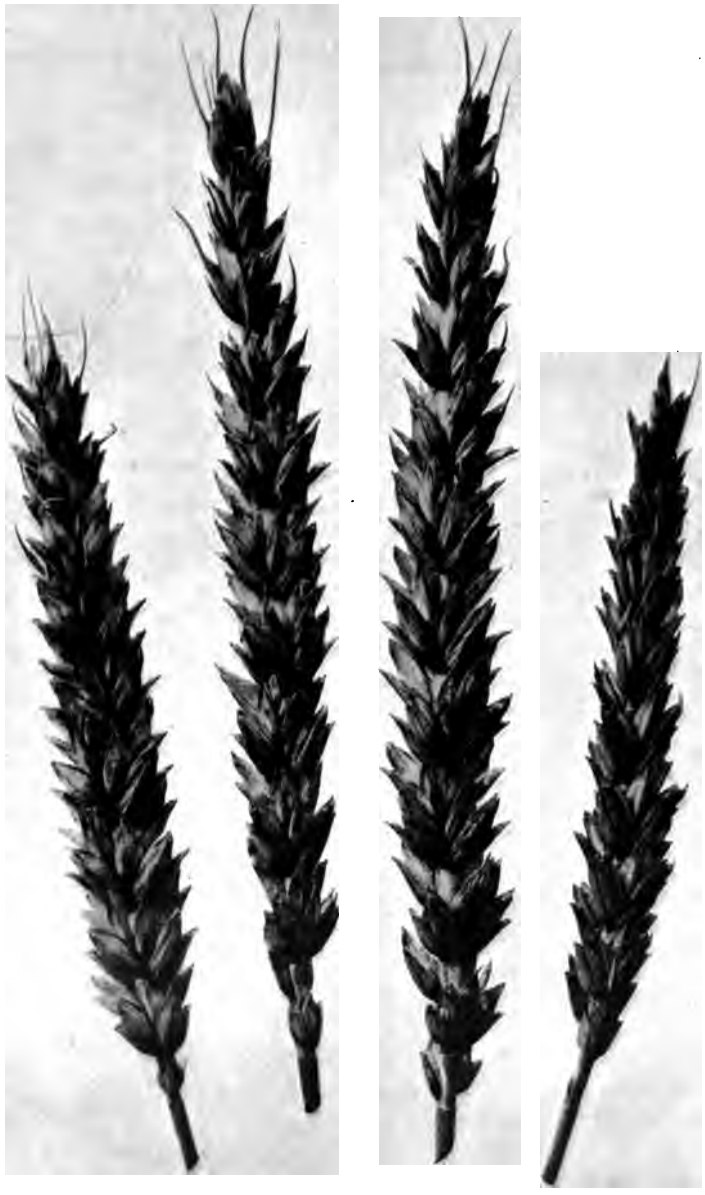
THE GRAIN BREEDING NURSERIES OF THE MINNESOTA AGRICULTURAL EXPERIMENT STATION IN HARVEST-TIME

Each bundle of grain shown in the foreground is composed of plants that are the progeny of a selected, productive mother plant. These small groups of 100 plants each are planted by a machine which drops the seeds four inches apart each way, and thus gives nearly uniform conditions of environment to each group of plants. At harvest-time the plants matured in each group are counted, the best five plants are separately harvested to use for seed in extending the test the succeeding year, and the remaining plants are cut and bound as shown in the illustration. The grain produced by each group of plants is threshed out by an electric threshing-machine, and the total weight of grain is then divided by the number of plants harvested, thus giving the average yield per plant in each group. A criterion for comparing the productivity of one group of plants with another is thus developed, and after three to five years' trials have been made, an average is drawn and the most productive group of plants is put into increase plots and the newly created race or variety is then given a field trial with old, standard varieties.

per cent. as compared with 30.28 per cent. the preceding year. In 1904 it dropped to 7.99 per cent.; in 1905, to 14.09 per cent.; and in 1906, to 19.95 per cent.

These figures would seem to indicate that within the last few years the population of the United States has increased at a faster rate than the total wheat supply of the country, and that we shall soon cease to be exporters of wheat and begin to import this staple. In a recent address, President James J. Hill of the Great Northern Railway estimated that the United States would be importing wheat in twenty years from the present time. With the present methods of cultivation in the United States, the time is undoubtedly fast approaching when the home demand for wheat will be so great as to stop exports in any quantity.

The natural increase of population in the United States is approximately fifteen per cent. in each decade, and the increase from immigration about 750,000 annually. At this rate of increase, the population of the United States in 1910 will be 95,248,895; in 1915, 106,142,562; in 1920, 117,036,229, and in 1930, 142,091,663. The present consumption of wheat per capita in the United States, including seed, is approximately seven bushels. Thus the population of the United States in 1915, at seven bushels per capita, will require a wheat crop of 742,997,934 bushels; in 1920, a crop of 819,253,603 bushels; and in 1930, a crop of 994,641,641 bushels. At the present rate of consumption, the present wheat acreage of the United States, with the present methods of cultivation, will not meet this future demand, and in the life of the next gener-



STANDARD VARIETIES OF WHEAT AND THEIR HYBRID PROGENY

The spikes of wheat on the outside of this group are typical spikes from two standard varieties of spring wheat, the spike on the right being a *fife* type of wheat and the spike on the left a blue-stem type. These varieties were hybridized and from among the progeny of this cross a race of wheat was selected the characteristics of which are shown by the two spikes of wheat in the center of the group.

THE IMPROVED PROGENY OF HYBRID GROWTHS OF WHEAT

Four types of wheat which have been selected from among the progeny of an in-cross, the parents being two plants from the hybrid type of wheat shown in the center of the group on the previous page. The type of wheat on the extreme left is a bearded blue-stem; the next type resembles common blue-stem, but has a somewhat longer spike; the third type from the left is a common smooth chaff, or *fife* type, and the type at the extreme right is a bearded *fife*, or bearded smooth-chaff wheat. These widely differing types of wheat, all having the same breeding, illustrate the great variation that may be induced by means of hybridizing and which may be used to great advantage in the selection and development of new and improved races of wheat.

A FIELD OF SELECTED BLUE-STEM WHEAT GROWN AT THE MINNESOTA AGRICULTURAL EXPERIMENT STATION IN 1903

The yield was 33½ bushels per acre. The seed of improved varieties of grain is sold in small lots to the farmers of Minnesota at prices approximately double the market-price. Selling improved seed at these prices from a reputable institution insures good care from up-to-date farmers who realize the value of good seed and will keep the variety pure and distribute seed to their neighbors.

ation the pressure of population upon the wheat supply of the United States is going to become acute.

UNOCCUPIED LANDS OF THE UNITED STATES AVAILABLE FOR WHEAT PRODUCTION

SOME relief will be found in the extension of the wheat acreage into the semi-arid regions of that part of the United States lying between the Mississippi River and the Rocky Mountains, through knowledge of "dry-land farming," and also into the irrigated regions of the far West. The possibilities in cereal production on these areas are as yet unknown. The value of these regions for cereal production has been greatly overestimated, and although their value will increase as experience dictates methods of cropping, it is doubtful if they can ever be relied upon, as are the agricultural regions of the Mississippi Valley and the South.

The greater portion of the unappropriated public domain of the United States now lies in Arizona, California, Colorado, Idaho, Montana, Nevada, New Mexico, Oregon, Utah, and Wyoming, and consists of about 425,000,000 acres, approximately one half of which, or 212,500,000 acres, might be used for cereal production by means of artificial irrigation, if water could be secured. Government reclamation of swamp-lands may also place new land on the market in the future; but, the value of such reclaimed areas for cereal production is as yet undetermined, and is a problem for future generations to solve. The actual wheat acreage that may be developed in these regions cannot be even estimated for years to come.

DEVELOPMENT OF NEW REGIONS NOT THE ONLY MEANS OF INCREASING THE TOTAL WHEAT PRODUCT—PRICE OF WHEAT AN IMPORTANT FACTOR

THE unoccupied land that may be used for wheat production is by no means the

only factor which will control the future wheat product of the United States. The price of wheat, extension of the winter-wheat area, improved methods of culture, and the use of new, highly productive varieties, are all factors that will have a great influence in calling into existence new supplies of wheat. Price is undoubtedly the most powerful factor of all. Dollar wheat will expand the wheat acreage to the very margins of production, and quickly swell the total product. Whenever the demand for wheat tends to exceed the supply, and prices rise sharply, the inevitable result is an increased acreage in the succeeding crop; and if a strong demand should become persistent, there is no telling what acreage would be devoted to wheat that had previously been used for other crops.

EXTENSION OF THE PRESENT WINTER-WHEAT AREA

An ever-increasing demand for wheat would cause an extension of the winter-wheat area into regions previously thought uninhabitable by this crop. Already the winter-wheat area is slowly creeping into southern Minnesota and South Dakota, and excellent yields have been obtained in the last few years in the heart of the spring-wheat belt, the great Red River Valley region of Minnesota. These trials of winter wheat here and there in the North will gradually result in producing hardy, acclimated varieties, and the day is not far distant when winter wheat will be seen growing in the northern limits of the present spring-wheat region. The northern limit for the growth of corn has been found to be elastic, and so it will be found for winter wheat. Many regions of the upper Mississippi Valley that have ceased to grow spring wheat because of soil depletion for this crop, and because other forms of agriculture are more profitable on high-priced land, could and undoubtedly would devote a large acreage annually to winter wheat, provided prices were high enough to make the crop a profitable one on high-priced land. Winter wheat, because of its late autumn and early spring growth, develops a much stronger root system than spring wheat, and thus by means of its strong and far-reaching roots it is able to come in contact with and assimilate more plant food from the soil than spring wheat; and will thus yield a profitable crop under soil conditions that are unfavorable to successful cropping of spring wheat.

LARGE YIELDS OF WHEAT MAY BE MAINTAINED ON OLD SOILS BY MEANS OF SYSTEMATIC CROP ROTATION

Wheat farming in a majority of the wheat-producing regions of the United States is still carried on in a slothful and careless manner. It is the type of agriculture that is followed by the farmer with the least ability and business capacity. His knowledge of agriculture is usually less than that of any other class of farmers, excepting perhaps the tenant farmers of the South; and so long as nature's bounty, in the form of soil fertility, lasts, he prospers. Then when the soil loses its readily available fertility, when noxious weeds choke the grain, and insect pests are rampant, the common proceeding of the wheat farmer is to move westward, and begin the process of soil robbery anew. Land that has been cropped with wheat for many years is not necessarily infertile and permanently unproductive because of such cropping. Continuous wheat culture quickly reduces the supply of organic matter in the soil, and therefore injures its mellowness and water-holding capacity, properties which are essential in a grain-growing soil. The most available elements of mineral plant food are also rapidly exhausted by wheat, and the crop having also exhausted the organic matter of the soil, the conditions essential to soil decay are impaired, and the production of new supplies of mineral plant food in the soil is checked. Soils that have been brought to this condition may be renovated and made extremely productive again by intelligent schemes of crop rotation, use of live stock, and soil tillage. It is to be hoped that the present wheat lands of the United States can be utilized for wheat production for many generations to come; but this can be done only by making wheat alternate with other field crops in the scheme of cropping, instead of growing the crop continuously

until the land must undergo a period of renovation before it is again productive. If systems of agriculture could be instituted on all the soils of the United States in which the grain, grass, and cultivated crops were alternated, the fertility of our soils could be indefinitely maintained. As agriculture is now practised, however, one region produces a large acreage of one crop to which it is peculiarly fitted at the present time, and some other region another crop. Thus in many regions fertility is not conserved, but rapidly exhausted, and the intensive systems of agriculture which prevail in the eastern part of the United States build up the Eastern soils at the expense of the fertility in the West.

Experiments in crop-rotation and the yield of spring wheat that have been in progress at the Minnesota Agricultural Experiment Station for the last sixteen years indicate that bountiful yields of spring wheat may be obtained indefinitely, provided this crop is alternated with corn and clover crops. In Table II are shown the results of some of these experiments which affect the yield of spring wheat.

Rotations of field crops as shown in Table II, and which include only a small acreage of wheat, are rotations which are adapted to advanced, diversified systems of agriculture. Such schemes of cropping demand relatively large numbers of live stock to make profitable use of the forage produced, and they demand considerable capital in the form of buildings, fencing, and other improvements. While such schemes of cropping are adapted only to those regions where markets, transportation facilities, labor conditions, and climate allow the most advanced forms of agriculture to be practised, they illustrate certain well-defined principles of cropping relative to wheat production that should be incorporated in the scheme of cropping where wheat and the other small grains are the chief products, instead of beef, milk, and pork. These rotation experiments clearly bring out this fact: that wheat yields may be kept up, and the crop be made an exceedingly profitable one at present prices, provided the soils on which wheat is to be grown are kept in good tilth, free from foul weeds, and provided with an abundant supply of organic matter and available

TABLE II. SPRING WHEAT YIELDS FROM 1899 TO 1907

MINNESOTA AGRICULTURAL EXPERIMENT STATION

Year	Continuous wheat cropping	Five-year rotation of corn, wheat, meadow, pasture, and oats	Three-year rotation of corn, wheat, and clover
1898	21.4 bu.	30.1 bu.	29.5 bu.
1899	22.5 "	27.3 "	25.3 "
1900	14.5 "	25.6 "	27.3 "
1901	16.0 "	15.2 "	13.5 "
1902	17.0 "	25.1 "	18.1 "
1903	16.3 "	30.8 "	24.4 "
1904	20.8 "	32.0 "	27.3 "
1905	20.8 "	30.9 "	20.6 "
1906	14.1 "	22.6 "	13.3 "
1907	24.5 "	23.9 "	19.1 "
Average for ten years	18.8 "	26.3 "	21.8 "

NOTE. The average annual gross incomes per acre from the products obtained by these various systems of cropping (cash values based on a ten-year average of Minneapolis cash prices for products) are as follows: Continuous wheat, $12.72; five-year rotation of corn, wheat, timothy, and clover, pasture, and oats, manured once in five years, $17.64; three-year rotation of corn, wheat, and clover, unmanured, $16.21. The average annual outlay per acre for cost of production in these different schemes of cropping is $7.38 per acre for the continuous wheat, $7.53 per acre in the five-year rotation, and $7.94 in the three-year rotation. Thus, the average annual *net profit* from an acre of land cropped continuously to wheat is $5.34; from an acre of land cropped under a systematic five-course rotation, $10.11; and from an acre of land cropped by a systematic three-course rotation, $8.27.

plant food. These conditions can be brought about in agricultural practice only by the rotation of wheat with cultivated crops (corn), and quick-maturing crops (barley), which destroy weeds, and with such crops as clover, alfalfa, alsike, etc., which add atmospheric nitrogen to the soil, and also replenish the soil's supply of organic matter. As an example, I may mention a 320 acre grain farm in the Red River Valley wheat regions of Minnesota. In 1904 eighty-nine per cent. of the total acreage was devoted to grain-growing, and sixty per cent. of the total acreage was devoted to the growing of grain for market, the remaining twenty-nine per cent. being grain fed to work-horses and cattle. Although the soils of the region in which this farm is located are considered the most productive soils in the world for small grains, the yields of wheat in this locality have decreased to an average of about 13 bushels per acre; of oats, 29 bushels; and of barley, 27 bushels, due to the unsystematic schemes of cropping in vogue, to insufficient soil tillage, and to a lack of drainage for the excess of spring water. If this farm were replanned in accordance with the principles of crop rotation, grain might continue to be the chief product of the farm. Under such a scheme of cropping, the farm has been divided into eight fields of nearly equal size, and the crops to be grown on those fields would be arranged in such sequence that if the scheme were consistently followed out, the desired soil conditions might easily be maintained. In this reorganized plan, 61 per cent. of the total farm acreage would be in grain, and 37 per cent. of the total acreage would be in market grain, the remaining 24 per cent. of the total acreage being grain fed to work-horses and cattle. In years when the corn crop matured thoroughly, more grain could be sold than is estimated in the preceding figures; but if only 37 per cent. of the total farm acreage was devoted to market grains, there is little doubt that the total product from this acreage would nearly equal the product obtained at the present time from the fields which, under unsystematic cropping, represent 60 per cent. of the total acreage. Justification of this statement may be had by noting the comparative yields of wheat, as exhibited in Table II, from fields continuously cropped to wheat, and fields cropped by such a system as that outlined in the five-year rotation scheme. The increase in yield per acre in these experiments (based on a ten-year average) amounts to a 40 per cent. increase; and there is no reason for believing that similar increases could not be obtained over large acreages where similar principles of cropping were in vogue. Methods of cropping such as the one outlined in Fig. 2 will not only maintain the fertility of the soil, and thus keep the wheat crop in old agricultural regions as a permanent, paying crop, but they will greatly increase the total sales from the farm. If, because of improved methods and improved soil conditions, a grain acreage representing 37 per cent. of the total farm acreage will yield a product equal or nearly equal to a product previously obtained from an acreage representing 60 per cent. of the total farm acreage, the acreage represented by the difference, 13 per cent., will increase the total profits of the farm by the amount of product obtained on this acreage; and in the spring-wheat regions of the Northwest the corn and grass lands can be profitably employed with a small cost of production in the production of "feeder" cattle, to be shipped out and fattened farther south, and also in the feeding of bacon hogs. Rotations of this character may also be made very flexible, and still not violate the principles of crop rotation. If the price of wheat, for instance, should advance to such a point as to make this crop much more profitable than flax, the flax crop could be eliminated from the rotation, and wheat put in its place.

WELL-DRAINED SOILS ESSENTIAL IN SECURING MAXIMUM YIELDS OF WHEAT

SYSTEMATIC rotations of farm crops which are built up around wheat and other small grains as the main product cannot be undertaken in many localities, however, until drainage work is accomplished which will reduce the slough area and allow the early seeding of wheat and oats, a practice which is essential in securing big yields in the spring-

wheat regions. Wheat will never thrive well on poorly drained soils, and wherever lowlands prevail, the inevitable result is to have grass grown continuously on the lowlands and wheat on the uplands, thus violating all the principles of crop rotation which aim to keep the soil in a productive condition for wheat.

IMPORTANCE OF THOROUGH SOIL TILLAGE AND SEED SELECTION IN WHEAT PRODUCTION

THOROUGHNESS of soil tillage, seed selection, and the prevention of plant diseases, such as grain smut, are other factors which exert an enormous influence upon the yields of the wheat crop on any soil. A large portion of the present spring-wheat crop is sown on poorly plowed fields that have only been "scratched" over once or twice with a harrow preparatory to seeding. Spring wheat, more than any other field crop, demands a thoroughly pulverized, compact seed-bed, and only when sown on such a seed-bed will it give maximum yields. Half a bushel of wheat at average country prices will pay for the additional cost of production involved in thorough tillage preparatory to seeding, and the gain may be conservatively placed at from two to five bushels. The effect of seed quality upon yield is only beginning to be realized by wheat-growers, whose attention has recently been brought to this factor of wheat production through the campaign for good seed that of late years has been carried on all over the Northwest on the good-seed trains. Experiments in wheat production in the United States, Canada, and Australia indicate that the use of heavy, plump seed grains, which may be selected by machinery, according to the specific gravity of the seeds, may increase the yield of wheat under given soil conditions by from ten to twenty per cent., as compared with crops which were developed from shrunken, light-weight seeds. And modern agricultural science also offers a remedy for the prevention of such parasitic diseases as smut, which often reduces the yield and quality of the wheat crop. This remedy costs less than one-half cent per bushel for the seed grain, and consists of a seed treatment with formaldehyde which destroys the parasite and leaves the seed embryo uninjured.

RELATION OF THE PLANT BREEDER TO THE POSSIBILITIES IN WHEAT PRODUCTION

IN reviewing the improved methods and practices which modern agricultural science has to offer relative to wheat production, the work of the plant-breeder should not be lost sight of. Climate and soil environment are without a doubt the most important factors in determining the yield and quality of the wheat crop, and yet under similar soil and climatic conditions there may be found great differences in crop yields, due to variety characteristics or to what we might term the "hereditary efficiency" of a certain variety to project desirable qualities, such as yield and quality, into future generations of plants. It is usually the work of some skilful, patient plant-breeder, with the ability to select and fix desirable qualities in plants that produces the new races of plants the blood-streams of which contain qualities unknown in common, unselected varieties. Values thus created by the plant-breeder, and fixed in the variety, create wealth without additional expense at the hands of the producer; for a variety which has an inherent ability to yield high will give a greater product under given conditions of climate and soil environment than will a variety which is lacking in this ability. The work of the German chemists who have increased the sugar content of commercially grown beet varieties from 10 per cent. to 16 per cent. through analysis of individual sugar beets, and the development of varieties from beets yielding a high per cent. of sugar, offers an important illustration of values which may be created by plant-breeding; as does also the work of Luther Burbank with horticultural crops, and that of the many experiment-station workers in the United States who have created new values in corn, wheat, oats, barley, flax, and other field crops. The work of the Minnesota Agricultural Experiment Station in developing new and improved varieties of wheat may be cited as an illustration of how wheat yields may be increased by the use of pedigreed,

improved varieties. Two carefully bred and improved varieties of wheat known as Minnesota No. 163 (Fife) and Minnesota No. 169 (Blue-stem), have been distributed to the farmers of Minnesota and surrounding States from the Experiment Station. For two years following the distribution of Minnesota No. 169, yield records were obtained from farmers who grew the wheat, and the average of all trials placed the new wheat ahead of common blue-stem by 3.9 bushels per acre. This variety, first distributed in 1902, is now well distributed throughout the entire spring-wheat regions of the United States, and no estimate can be placed upon the new wealth which it has created.

The creation of new and valued races of wheat, as well as other field crops, is based primarily upon the art of selection. The trained plant-breeder who is working, for instance, to develop a new and high-yielding variety of wheat, grows large numbers of individual plants under such conditions that each plant has the same environment, and then by eliminating the weakest individuals, the strongest and most productive may be saved, and groups of progeny from each selected plant may be compared, in order to determine the efficiency which these selected plants possess in projecting their productivity into future generations. The best group or groups of plants may then be increased for commercial culture. In well-established varieties, however, the variation among individual plants is small, and the opportunity to select individual plants of unusual productiveness is sometimes wanting. The plant-breeder then has recourse to crossing, or hybridizing, as a means for inducing variation, and giving him an opportunity to select the types desired, as hybridizing is well known to break up the natural tendencies of heredity and to cause the appearance of new types among the resulting progeny, or in some cases, perhaps, the reappearance of old ancestral types. But hybridizing must be followed by much careful selection, or it is of no value in the creation of improved varieties; so that the work of the plant-breeder is, after all, a work of careful hunting for an individual of unusual productiveness which is not only productive itself, but has the power to impart its productiveness to future generations.

MORE DIFFICULT TO MAINTAIN HIGH QUALITY IN WHEAT THAN TO MAINTAIN HIGH YIELDS

THE problem of maintaining quality in spring wheat is far more perplexing than that of maintaining productiveness. Spring wheats are more highly prized for bread flour than winter wheats because of the more elastic and expansive qualities which they impart to the dough. In regions where spring wheat has been produced for a number of years, the quality of the grain is undoubtedly lower than the quality of the grain from virgin soils. Every new wheat line that is built in the spring-wheat region causes a rush and scramble of the grain and flour interests to secure favorable elevator sites, and the competition is all brought about in the search for quality. Old soils, even though fertile and producing wheat in rotation with other crops, do not in most instances impart the same quality to wheat that is obtained on virgin soils. No definite reason can be assigned at the present time for this phenomenon of agriculture. It may be due to the exhaustion of certain elements of mineral plant food necessary to quality, or to the ravages of fungous plant diseases, such as rust, smut, and scab, which are more prevalent in old communities than in new. Climate is the most important factor of all in determining quality, and climatic conditions destructive to quality may prevail for a certain period of time that will not return for many years. Whatever the causes for loss in quality may be, it has been thoroughly demonstrated by rotation experiments at the Minnesota, North Dakota, Ohio, and other agricultural experiment stations that wheat can be so grown on old soils as to give bountiful yields of No. 2 grade, if not of No. 1 grade. Possibly, as the area of new spring-wheat land decreases, the millers and bakers will have to be content with a somewhat poorer quality of flour than that now made from the best of the spring-wheat crop. If this were true, no cause for alarm need be felt, for at the present time a large share of the flour output of the United States is from winter wheat and

Pacific Coast wheat that is much inferior to the best grades of spring-wheat flour made from No. 1 hard and No. 1 Northern spring wheat.

MANY MEANS ARE AT HAND WITH WHICH TO MEET THE FUTURE DEMANDS FOR WHEAT

WITH the many means which are at hand to the future farmers of the United States to meet the ever-growing demand for the "staff of life," it is hard to imagine a real wheat famine for our population in the immediate future. He is a most unwise prophet who would attempt to estimate the potential wheat acreage of the United States ten, twenty, or fifty years from now. While it is true that the most available and most productive wheat-lands have already been tapped, the future acreage of desert- and swamp-lands that may be made productive through engineering skill is an absolutely unknown factor. That many of these regions will sometime be extremely productive no one can doubt, and if high prices for wheat become persistent, an extensive wheat acreage may be developed in old agricultural regions which have abandoned wheat for more profitable forms of agriculture. Science has many aids and suggestions to offer to the future wheat-producer, such as rotation of crops, methods of soil tillage, seed selection, etc., by means of which wheat may be profitably grown in a permanent system of agriculture. The future should bring to us as much, if not more, knowledge of soil fertility than has the past, and such knowledge will eventually become effective in the hands of the producer, and put off the day when population will cease to increase because of insufficient food supplies.

The possibilities in increasing the world's supply of wheat, as well as that of the United States, are manifold and impossible of estimation. Vast regions of land in South America, North Africa, and Asia are awaiting the demand for "still more wheat" which shall bring to them the steel plow and the self-binder, and cause them to yield a food product sufficient to feed a new population of untold millions. And were modern agricultural implements and agricultural knowledge in the hands of the Russian and European peasants, another addition, the extent of which can hardly be guessed, could be made to the world's wheat supply.

The science of agriculture is still in its infancy. Methods are crude and undeveloped, as compared with many other industries. Because this industry furnishes the food supply of the human race, it may be said to be the basic industry of all nations. It is an industry that is bound sooner or later to have a rapid and wide-spread development, aided by inventions in machinery, the teachings of science, and the demand for its products. The limit of its present possibilities will be set aside by a new limit set by each succeeding generation. There is sufficient wheat for the present, and he is indeed a pessimist who would predict the impossibility of keeping wheat bread on our tables for many generations to come.

LAST June Mr. Parker, the writer of the above article, started for Manchuria on an agricultural mission for the Chinese authorities, who requested the State Department of the United States to furnish them with two American experts in agricultural experiment work. The State Department referred this matter to the Department of Agriculture, and the appointments were made through Mr. B. T. Galloway of that department. Mr. William D. Straight, a graduate of Cornell University, who holds the position of Consul-general at Mukden, may have been influential in securing the appointment of Americans for this work. Mr. W. H. Tomhave, a graduate of the University of Minnesota, and an expert in live stock and meat products, will be associated with Mr. Parker.

The work contemplated is that of organizing an experiment station and agricultural school in the Province of Manchuria. There are a number of young Chinese in that region who were educated at Cornell, Yale, and the University of California, who are expected to give assistance. Manchuria is considered to be the richest agricultural region of the Chinese Empire, comprising a soil area approximately as large as Minnesota the two Dakotas and Iowa, and having a climate which varies from the climate of northern Minnesota to the climate of southern Illinois. Wheat, oats, corn, and the soy bean are the chief crops capable of being produced on a commercial scale.—THE EDITOR.

THE RUN THAT TURNED THE GAME

BY OWEN JOHNSON

Author of "In the Name of Liberty," "Beauty's Sister," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE

I

IN the year when the Dickinson, the Cleve, the Woodhull, the Griswold, the Hamill, the Kennedy, and the Davis, were each separately convinced that the faculty was seeking to prevent its winning the foot-ball championship by filling the house with boys under weight and under size, there arrived at the Kennedy the now celebrated "Piggy" Moore. He did not come on the top of the stage, as new boys should, but drove up in a carriage, in the company of an aunt, who kissed him in the full sight of the campus, and departed with misgivings.

For she had raised Piggy on the bottle of gentle manners and rocked him in the cradle of innocent and edifying ambitions until the manly age of sixteen. His hands were soft and manicured; he entered a room with grace, and left it with distinction. His body was swathed in plumpness. His face was chubby and well nourished, with fat, indolent eyes and wide nostrils. He was five feet eight and weighed a hundred and fifty.

Without embarrassment or anxiety he went to his room, removed his coat, folded it neatly on a chair, turned up his sleeves, and proceeded to spread on his bureau a toilet-set of silver. He was neatly arranging eight pairs of shoes, carefully treed, when his name was shouted from the hall.

"Oh, Moore! Hello there!"

He emerged hurriedly, to find Captain Hasbrouck in foot-ball togs, eying him critically and without enthusiasm.

"Foot-ball practice, Moore."

"It will take me an hour or so, I 'm afraid," said Moore, politely, "to put my things in order and get thoroughly unpacked."

"'IT WILL TAKE ME AN HOUR OR SO, I 'M AFRAID,' SAID MOORE, POLITELY"

"*Sir!*" added Hasbrouck.

Piggy was surprised. The voice was harsh, rude, and ominous, and the figure of Hasbrouck quite obscured the doorway.

"Yes, sir," he said hastily; "I 'll be right down, sir."

"Have you got any foot-ball togs?" said Hasbrouck, looking at the toilet-set.

"No, sir."

"A sweater?"

"No, sir."

"Well, we only want a little light practice. Get your things tonight in the village. On the jump, now!"

Moore hastily trooped down with the others, and followed modestly across the long, green stretches in the tingling September air, a little apprehensive of what the term "light practice" might mean. The veterans in scarred suits and rent jerseys marched gloriously in front, gamboling and romping with the ball, shouting out salutations to other parties, who swarmed over the campus from other houses on the way to the playgrounds. The new-comers in hastily patched-up costumes, incongruous and absurd, clustered together, talking in broken, forced monosyllables. Suddenly the advance halted, and a shout went up.

"Here come the Dickinsons. Gee! look at the material they 've got!"

Piggy, uncomprehending, beheld a group of thirty-odd boys swinging toward them, shouting and laughing as they came. From the advancing crowd came a challenging yell.

"We 're going to wipe the earth up with you, Kennedy."

"Good-by, Kennedy! Good-by!"

From the Kennedys the challenge was flung back:

"We 've got you where we want you."

"You 'll be easy, Dickinson."

"We 'll attend to the championship this year."

The two crowds halted, while the leaders inspected their antagonists, sizing up the new material. Moore, in a tailor-cut suit of English tweed, a stiff collar, and a derby hat, felt for the first time a little out of the picture when Turkey Reiter of the enemy paused in front of him and derisively asked:

"Where did that come from?"

"Oh, that 's been specially raised for us."

"He has? In a hothouse, yes. What 'll *he* play?"

"He 'll play all over the field. *He 's* a regular demon."

"Huh!"

"We 'll twist your tail, Dickinson."

"We 'll skin you, Kennedy."

"Yes, you will!"

"Yes, we will!"

The groups departed, each vowing that it was disheartening the way the faculty had favored the other.

On the playground, "Jock" Hasbrouck and "Fire-Crackers" Glendenning held a consultation while the old boys frolicked with the ball and the new arrivals huddled in an embarrassed group.

The new material was excellent, beyond expectation, but no joy appeared on the face of the captain.

"A STINGING HAND DESCENDED UPON THE CROUCHING PIGGY"

"How in the deuce are we ever going to beat the Dickinsons with such a bunch as that?" he said, with a shake of his head. "What do we need, anyhow?"

"Both ends, a tackle, and the halves," said Fire-Crackers gloomily.

"Well, we 've got to do our best, that 's all," said the captain, with a glance that made every new-comer miserable. "Let 's see how we can line up. Fatty Harris, get in at center, there. Keg, you 'll have to go in at right guard; Buffalo, you stay at left."

The old boys, brawny and hard, formed into a center trio.

"If you take left tackle, we 'd better put Walsh in at right to face Turkey,"

said Fire-Crackers. "Legs Brockett, there, plays end, he says."

Walsh and Brockett, eyes to the ground, took their places in the line at a nod from "Jock."

"Duke Wilson, full; Fire-Crackers, quarter. What, then?" he said slowly to his counsel. "Suppose we give Pebble Stone a chance at half this year?"

"What do you weigh, Pebbles?" asked Fire-Crackers.

"One hundred and forty-five," brazenly answered the lithe but rather frail person addressed.

"Honest?"

"Honest to God, Jock."

"Stripped?"

"N-o-o-o."

"Well, get in there, Pebble; you 've got the sand all right."

Pebble, with a delighted whoop, sprang into line. Then Fire-Crackers and Jock stopped before a trim, cleanly built boy, with a suit that looked worthy.

"You 're Francis, ain't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Played half?"

"Yes, sir."

"What do you weigh?"

"One hundred and fifty, stripped, sir."

"Take right half."

Francis quickly, but with an air of ease, took his place. Only one position remained vacant—left end. Hasbrouck glanced over the squad of slight, overgrown boys, and his eye by a process of elimination, rested on Moore, standing stiff and immaculate.

"Moore, get in to right end."

"Me?" said Moore, in horror.

"*Sir!*" suggested Hasbrouck.

"Sir."

"Quick!"

"But I—I 've never played, sir!"

"Get into line!"

Piggy went sullenly, indignant, and cherishing resistance. Hasbrouck gave a professionally pessimistic glance at the whole, and said:

"Well, fellows, we 'll only take a little light practice to-day. Try a few starts."

The candidates, in threes and fours, crouched on a designated line, dug their toes in the sod, and at the clap of a hand raced forward for a good fifteen yards.

"Take your place, Moore," Jock said finally. "Dig down, and get off with a jump."

Piggy, embarrassed by the stiffness of his collar and the difficulty of retaining his derby without loss of dignity, made a lumbering attempt.

"Try again. You 're not racing a baby buggy. Get back on your marks," said Hasbrouck, cruelly, and moving to a position directly behind him, he thundered: "Now, one—two—*three!*"

A stinging hand descended upon the crouching Piggy, who leaped forward in indignant amazement.

"That helped," said Jock, with an approving nod. "Once more."

Piggy, red to the ears, a second time was forced to humble himself and receive the indignity of such propulsion.

"Here, Piggy, catch!"

Moore had just time to spin around, when a foot-ball, vigorously thrown, smote him full on the stomach.

"Oh, butter-fingers!"

"Clumsy!"

"Get your arms in to it!"

"Now!"

Warned by a chorus of instructions, Moore strove a dozen times to retain the tantalizing, spinning oval, which constantly slipped his grasp with a smart reminder as it bounded away.

"My boy, your education has been neglected," said Jock in disgust. "At least try and learn how to fall on the ball. Like this."

Rolling the pigskin in front of him, he

"'HERE, GUTTER PUP, . . . TAKE THIS YOUNG LADY AND SHOW HER HOW IT 'S DONE'"

"'WHAT 'S HAPPENED TO YOU?' DEMANDED FIRE-CRACKERS WITH GREAT SERIOUSNESS"

dived for it, pouncing on it as a beagle on a rabbit.

"Now, Piggy, let her go!"

Moore, who loved his tailor suit with the pride and affection which a father bestows only on the first-born, desperately essayed to secure the pigskin with the minimum of danger possible.

A shriek of derision burst forth.

"No, my dear Miss Moore, I did not ask you to lie down and pillow your head upon it. That is not what is called falling on the ball. Go at it like a demon; chew it up, mangle it," said Jock, in disgust. "Here, Gutter Pup," he added, turning to a scrubby little urchin who was gamboling about, "take this young lady and show her how it 's done."

To Piggy's culminating mortification, the diminutive Gutter Pup, with a contemptuous sneer, began to instruct him in the new art, with a rattling fire of insults which drew shrieks of laughter from the squad.

"Now, then, old ice-wagon, get your nose in it."

"Don't spare the daisies, dearest."

"Jump, you Indian! jump!"

"Ah, watch me—like this."

The urchin hurled himself viciously on the ball, plowing up the soft turf, and bounding gloriously to his feet, with scornful, mud-stained face, cried: "Ah, what 're you afraid of! Now, then, old houseboat!"

Piggy's collar clung limply to his neck, two of the buttons of his coat had gone, streaks of yellow and green decorated the suit a custom tailor had fashioned for fifty dollars cash; but still he was forced to go tumbling after the ball, down and up, up and down, heels over head, at the staccato shriek of the Gutter Pup, like the one dog in the show who circles about the stage, tumbling somersaults.

"That 's enough for to-day," came at last Jock's welcome command. "We must begin easily. To-morrow we 'll get into it. Practice over! Moore, jog around the circle six times, and cut out pastry at supper."

II

During the dinner a great light dawned over Moore, as he sat silently investigating his new masters with sidelong, calculated glances. He went to his room, and with one sweep eliminated the solid-silver toilet-set, removed the trees from his boots, packed away the pink, embroidered bedroom slippers so neatly arranged under the bed, and pruned solicitously among the gorgeous cravats. Then he went to the village and, under skilful prompting, bought a pair of corduroy trousers, a cap, a red-and-black jersey, the softest pair of foot-ball trousers in stock, a jersey padded at the elbows and shoulders, a sweater, a pair of heavy shoes, a nose protector, and a pair of shin-guards. Encased in every possible protection, he reported next day for the dreadful ordeal of tackling and being tackled.

"So you 've all got your togs," said Fire-Crackers, surveying the squad of Freshmen on the field. "Let 's see how you made out."

With Keg Smith and Jock, he passed them over in inspection, punching and poking the new suits, with brief interjections, until Moore was reached. Before that swollen figure the three halted in mock amazement.

"Who 's this?" said Keg with a blank face.

"It 's Moore, sir," said Piggy, innocently.

"What 's happened to you?" demanded Fire-Crackers, with great seriousness.

Moore, perceiving that he had blundered again, grew red with mortification, while Fire-Crackers stripped the sweater from him and examined the jersey.

"Say, just see what Bill sold him!" he exclaimed. "Is n't it a shame how he 'll impose on the green ones? Look at that bed-ticking! And those pads! Gee! I 'll fix that!"

Before Moore could protest, Fire-Crackers had ripped off the protections and flung them away.

"Now you 'll feel easier," he said, with a friendly smile. "Bill Appleby is an infernal old swindler, selling you shin-guards and a nose-protector! Huh! Throw 'em away!"

"Thank you, sir," said Moore, gratefully; "I 'll make him take them back."

"That 's right," said his inquisitor, with a nod; "you 're pretty green at this, are n't you?"

"I have never done much, sir."

"Well, let me give you a pointer: when you tackle, you want to grit your teeth and slam down hard, then you don't feel it at all."

"Thank you, sir."

"And when you 're tackled," continued Fire-Crackers, with perfect seriousness, "just let yourself go limp. Then you can't break any bones, see?"

"Yes, sir."

"You like the game, don't you?"

"Oh, very much."

Fire-Crackers' advice did him scant good. On the whole, it was probably the most painful afternoon he had ever known in his life. He had no instinct for tackling, that was certain. His arms slipped, his hands could not fasten to anything, and he accomplished nothing more than to go sprawling, face downward.

"HE HAD NO INSTINCT FOR TACKLING, THAT WAS CERTAIN"

"Funny you don't get on to that," said Jock, shaking his head. "I tell you what you do. Run down the line and take a few tackles; then you 'll see how it 's done."

Moore stood balancing, looking down to where Jock's one hundred and sixty-five pounds were gathering for a model tackle. Every natural instinct in him bade him turn tail and run.

"Come on now!" cried Jock, spitting on his hands. "Hard as you can!"

Piggy went as a horse goes to a road-crusher, faltering and finally stopping dead. The next moment, Jock, cleaving the air in a perfect dive, caught him about the knees and threw him crashing to the ground. Piggy rose with difficulty.

"Do you get it now?" said Jock, seriously.

"I think I do, sir," said Moore, faintly.

"Well, now, try one on me," said Jock, brightening. "Put your shoulder in to it and squeeze it. Remember, now."

Piggy remembered only the sensation of being tackled, and, with the thought of that greater evil, improved astonishingly.

"That 's the way to learn," said Jock, approvingly. "Now notice how I pull your legs from under you, and try to get it."

That evening, after supper, Moore valiantly determined to take the bull by the horns. Seizing a favorable opportunity, he accosted his captain with the resolution of despair, and told him point-blank that he would not be eligible for the team.

"Why not?" said Jock, aggressively.

"I don't know anything about the game, sir," said Moore, defiantly, "and I don't like it."

"Is that the only reason?"

"I don't want to play, sir; that 's enough."

"We 're not *asking* you what you want to do."

"But, sir, I don't like it," said Moore, beginning to shrink under the cold, boring gaze of Hasbrouck.

"That has nothing to do with it, either."

"Nothing—"

"Certainly not. We don't want you; in fact, we 're crying because we 've got to take you. You 're a flub-dub and a quitter. But there 's no one else, and so, Piggy, we 're going to make a demon out of you—a regular demon. Mark my words."

All of which was accomplished easily and naturally within a short two weeks by the discipline and traditions which have put courage into the hearts of generations of natural cowards.

The crisis came in the first game of the series, when for the first time Piggy beheld the terrifying spectacle of an end run started in his direction. At the sight of the solid front of bone and muscle ready to sweep him off his feet and send him tumbling heels over head, he shut his eyes and funked ingloriously and deliberately.

The next moment Jock had him by the small of the neck, Jock's hand jerked him to his feet, and Jock's voice cried:

"You cowardly little pup! You do that again, and I 'll tear the hide off you!"

Piggy, chilled to the bone, went to his position. The opposing team, with a shout of exultation, sent the same play crashing in his direction. Piggy, desperate with fear, tore through the advancing mass, found the runner, and hurled him to the ground. Jock smiled contentedly. Moore was a coward, he knew, but from that time forth no passing menace before him could compare with the abiding terror that waited behind.

III

Had Moore been possessed of even moderate courage, the task would have been difficult; for then it would have resolved itself into a mere question of natural ability. But being an arrant and utter coward, his very cowardice drove him into feats of desperate recklessness. For always, in lull or storm, in the confusion of the mêlée or the open scramble down the field to cover a punt, Moore felt the ominous presence of the inexorable Hasbrouck just at his shoulder, and heard the sharp and threatening cry:

"Get that man, you, Piggy!"

So blindly and rebelliously he served the tyrant, and unwilling and revolting learned to despise fear, little suspecting how many reckless spirits of the other teams had been formed under the same rude discipline.

The earlier contests developed the strength of the two long-time rivals, the Kennedy and the Dickinson, between whom at last lay the question of supremacy. The last week approached with excitement at fierce heat. Every day a fresh rumor was served up: Hickey, the Dickinson quarter, had a weak ankle; Turkey, the captain, was behind in his studies; a Princeton 'varsity man was over, coaching the enemy; the signals were discovered, and a dozen trick plays were being held in reserve, each good for a touchdown.

Each night on the Kennedy steps the council of war convened, and plans were discussed in utter gravity for temporarily crippling and eliminating from the contest Turkey, Slugger, Jones, Hickey, and the Butcher. For, of course, it was conceded that Jock, Tom Walsh, and Fire-Crackers would probably be maimed for life by the brutal and unscrupulous enemy.

Piggy, whose critical sense of humor had been under early disadvantages, took all this as gospel truth and beheld the horrible day arrive with an absolute conviction that it would be his last. He did not sleep during the night; he could eat nothing during the day; his fingers trembled and snarled up the lacings as he forced himself into his foot-ball clothes. Then he stood a long moment viewing his white face in the mirror,—the last look, perhaps,—and went weakly to join the squad below. He heard nothing of the magnificent address of Jock to his followers; one idea only was in his head—to sell his life as dearly as possible.

While the captains conferred and tossed for position, the two teams, face to face at last, walked up and down, eying each other with contempt, breathing forth furious threats.

The Egg Head assured Fatty Harris that the first scrimmage would be his last. Fatty Harris returned the compliment, and suggested that the Egg Head leave a memorandum for the hearse. The Coffee

"'WHEN WE STRIKE YOUR END, THE BEST THING YOU CAN DO IS TO LIE DOWN QUICK AND SOFT'"

Cooler looked Buffalo Brown over and sneered; Keg Smith did as much to the Butcher, and laughed. The diminutive Spider at right end approached his dear friend Legs Brockett, his opponent, and muttered through his teeth:

"I 'm going to slug you!"

While these friendly salutations were taking place, Lovely Mead and Wash Simmons, the Dickinson halves, approached Piggy, who, sick at heart, was stamping his feet and churning his arms to convey the impression to Red Dog, opposite, that he was thirsting for his blood.

Wash gave Piggy one withering glance, and said loudly to the Red Dog:

"This fellow 's a quitter. He 's got yellow in his eyes. Smash him good and hard, Red Dog. Don't waste any time about it, either."

"He 's got a chicken liver," said Red Dog, who looked a reed beside the sturdy Piggy. "He shuts his eyes when he tackles! I 'll fix him."

"Ah, go on now! go on! go on!" said Piggy, with a desperate attempt at light-heartedness.

Lovely Mead, lovely no longer in mud-stained jacket and a pirate band around his forehead, strode up to Piggy and added:

"Old sport, let me give you a word of advice. When we strike your end, the best thing you can do is to lie down quick and soft. *Savez?*"

Luckily for Piggy, whose imagination was panic-driven by this innocuous braggadocio, the torrent of conversation was checked by a cry of exultation.

The Kennedy had won the toss, and chose the kick-off. Bat Finney, umpire from the Fourth Form, called the two teams together, and said solemnly:

"Now I want it understood by you fellows this is going to be a gentleman's game—no roughing it, no slugging, nothing bru-tal. Take your sides."

Immediately the air resounded with war cries:

"Get in there, Dickinson!"

"Chew 'em up, Kennedy!"

"Hit 'em hard, Buffalo!"

"Sock 'em, Turkey!"

"Knock 'em out, boys!"

Piggy at left end, with his eye on the ball, waited hopelessly for Jock to send the oval spinning into Dickinson territory. He was shivering in a dead funk. The whistle blew, the run was on. Piggy went perfunctorily, helplessly down the field to where Hickey, with the ball under his arm, was dodging toward him. Suddenly the vigorous form of Wash Simmons hove into view, headed directly for him. He wavered, and the next moment was knocked off his feet, while Hickey, the way thus cleared for him, went bounding back for a run of forty yards.

Meanwhile Piggy was in the hands of Jock, who administered to him, before the eyes of every spectator, a humiliating and well-placed kick.

"You funked, I saw you funk, you miserable, shivery little coward!" he cried, shaking his fist in his face. "You jump in there and cripple a few of those fellows, or I 'll massacre you."

He added a few words which shall remain sacred between them, and shoved

him into place. The old fear awoke triumphant in Piggy. He rushed in like a demon, whirling over the field, upsetting play after play, making tackles that brought Lovely Mead and Wash Simmons to their feet, rubbing their sides. Nothing could stop him, for at last he was panic-stricken, utterly and horribly afraid.

The two teams, evenly matched, fought each other to a standstill. The first half closed without any perceptible advantage to either side. The second half continued the dead-lock, the precious minutes slipping away. Such a struggle had never been known in a house contest. Several eyes were closed, several bandages had appeared. The frenzy of battle had taken possession of the descendants of Goth and Viking. Challenges to future encounters were flung recklessly and recklessly accepted. After each mêlée, little clusters of battling boyhood were disentangled with difficulty, while Bat Finney, the umpire, joyfully proclaimed:

"No roughing it, fellows! Remember, this is a gentleman's game."

The dusk began to cloud the field and the players, one of those tragic, melancholy mists that come only at the close of a desperate second half. Two minutes only to play, and the ball in the Kennedy's possession, exactly at midfield, without a score.

"6-5-8-15-2-3," shrieked Fire-Crackers, grimy and unrecognizable.

The team, converging swiftly for a revolving mass play on tackle, strove wearily to make headway against the reeling Dickinsons, who, too fagged to upset the play, could only hold, surging and twisting. Piggy, scrambling and pushing, head down in the mêlée, whirled and spun with the revolving mass. Then his feet tripped and he went underneath, shielding his head from the vortex of legs that swirled above him. Suddenly, lying free, a scant five yards in front of him, he perceived, to his horror, the precious ball! With a lurch, he freed himself from the mass, scrambled to his feet, picked up the ball and set out, break-a-neck, for the far-away goal. Five yards behind him was Hickey, the fleet quarter, bounding after him.

In a twinkling, the whole scene had changed into the extraordinary spectacle of a stern chase, two figures well in front, striving for the mastery of the fates, and behind the futile, scrambling, exulting, or desperate mass of players, sweeping helplessly on the tracks of destiny.

Forty yards to the interminable goal! Piggy remembered with dread the stories of Hickey's fleetness. He glanced back. His pursuer had not gained an inch. On the contrary, his freckled face was distorted with the agony of his effort to increase his speed. So he was beating out Hickey, the famous Hickey! Then the touchdown was a fact! Above the uproar he heard a strident shriek:

"Piggy, oh, you, Piggy!"

The terror of that familiar voice gave a new impetus to his chubby legs. Some one else must be gaining on him. Thirty yards still to go!

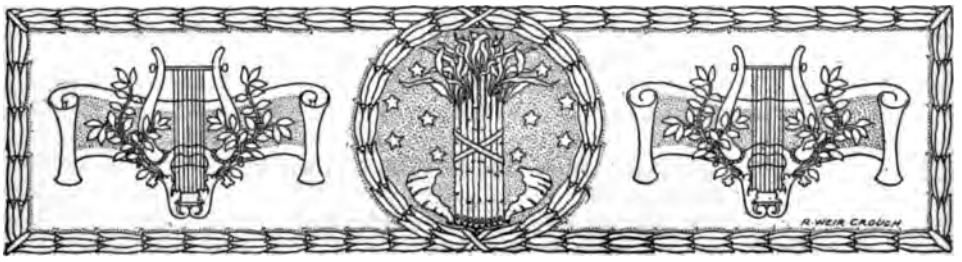
He ran and ran, hugging the ball in

"HE RAN AND RAN . . . HIS HEAD THROWN BACK, GASPING FOR BREATH"

his arms, his head thrown back, gasping for breath. Twenty yards, fifteen yards! Suddenly swift, glorious visions rose before him, scenes of jubilation and exultation, of cheering comrades, celebrations that would wipe out the long record of humiliation. Hickey was closer now, but Piggy did not dare to turn his head. Five yards more and the game would be over, and the kingdom of the Kennedy in his grasp. He sped over the last white chalk-line and dropped triumphant behind the goal-posts. The next moment, Hickey, screaming with laughter, flung himself on him.

Piggy gazed about wildly with a sudden horrible suspicion. He had run over his own goal-line, and scored a safety for the Dickinson!

Then Hasbrouck arrived.



THE QUIET SINGER

(*AVE!* FRANCIS THOMPSON)

BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

HE had been singing, but I had not heard his voice;
He had been weaving lovely dreams of song,
Oh, many a morning long!
But I, remote and far,
Under an alien star,
Listened to other singers, other birds,
And other silver words.
But does the skylark, singing sweet and clear,
Beg the cold world to hear?
Rather he sings for very rapture of singing,
At dawn, or in the blue, mild summer noon,
Knowing that late or soon
His wealth of beauty, and his high notes ringing
Above the earth, will make some heart rejoice.
He sings, albeit alone,
Spendthrift of each pure tone,
Hoarding no single song,
No cadence wild and strong.

But one day from a friend far overseas,
As if upon the breeze,
There came the teeming wonder of his words—
A golden troop of birds

Caged in a little volume made to love;
Singing, singing,
Flinging, flinging
Their breaking hearts on mine, and softly bringing
Tears, and the peace thereof.

How the world woke anew!
How the days broke anew!
Before my tear-blind eyes a tapestry
I seemed to see,
Woven of all the dreams dead or to be.
Hills, hills of song, springs of eternal bloom,
Autumns of golden pomp and purple gloom
Were hung upon his loom.
Winters of pain, roses with awful thorns,
Yet wondrous faith in God's dew-drenched morns—
These, all these I saw
With that ecstatic awe
Wherewith one looks into eternity.

And then I knew that though I had not heard
His voice before,
His quiet singing, like some quiet bird
At some one's distant door,
Had made my own more sweet; had made it more
Lovely, in one of God's miraculous ways.
I knew then why the days
Had seemed more perfect to me when the spring
Came with old burgeoning;
For somewhere in the world his voice was raised,
And somewhere in the world his heart was breaking;
And never a flower but knew it, sweetly taking
Beauty more high and noble for his sake,
As a whole wood grows lovelier for the wail
Of one sad nightingale.

Yet if the springs long past
Seemed wonderful before I heard his voice,
I tremble at the beauty I shall see
In seasons still to be,
Now that his songs are mine while life shall last.
Oh, now for me
New floods of vision open suddenly!
Rejoice, my heart—rejoice
That you have heard the Quiet Singer's voice!

THE CONFUSION OF IDOLS

BY GRACE ELLERY CHANNING

WITH PICTURES BY A. D. BLASHFIELD AND W. L. JACOBS

LYDIA came slowly up the path, just to take in the wide sweep of beauty. The elms bent magnificently above her, a scent of new-mown hay filled her nostrils, and on the lawn two children, their arms full of the drying grass, lifted delicately sharpened faces from under frames of blond hair to survey her. A gentleman in a silk shirt and city-cut knickerbockers leaned a moment on his scythe and wiped a perspiring brow, and at the end of the carriage-drive a lady rose from her seat on the porch and greeted Lydia with a smile.

"You are our next-door neighbor," she said. She was very pretty in an odd kind of way, and her long gown, also odd in color and make, trailed behind her, as she led Lydia to a seat on the porch, which was large and deep, and furnished like a room with rugs and tables and chairs.

"I knew you," she continued, drawing her own chair near Lydia's and folding her white, slender hands, the movement of which Lydia, in an obsession of awkwardness, felt drawn to follow, "because I have seen you so often working in your garden. I can't help looking over, it 's so picturesque. I have seen your husband, too, and little boy."

"Yes," said Lydia; "that 's Mr. Cutts, and our Abe. It is n't much of a place," she added, "but it 's been in the family ever since there *was* a place, I guess, and we think a good deal of it. But of course"—she swept an admiring glance about—"it is n't anything to this. This is the finest place anywheres about."

"It is a very pretty place," assented her hostess. "We are going to be very fond of it—and of our neighbors, too, I think." Her eyes rested kindly on the spare figure before her. "It was very kind to call so soon."

Lydia colored a little.

"The fact is, Mrs. Westerlyng, I come to ask a favor, or I 'd have waited till you were a bit settled. I know it is n't just the way to begin an acquaintance," she concluded, with a touch of proud embarrassment.

"Why not?" asked Gertrude Westerlyng, quickly. "I think it 's a very good way—when people mean to be friends."

Her guest's eyes—Mrs. Westerlyng had noted already that they were fine eyes—gave her a swift look of approval.

"It 's just this way,—I don't know as it 's any use beating about the bush,—Tim (that 's the workman) told Hiram (that 's Mr. Cutts) that you were taking out the 'lectricity?" An incredulous inflection invited contradiction, while an anxious glance distinctly deprecated it.

"Yes, we are," answered Gertrude.

"And he said"—Lydia's tone grew more and more diffident—"that the old fixtures would n't be worth hardly anything when you come to sell them second-hand."

"I am sure I don't know. No, I don't suppose they would."

"Well,—" her visitor hesitated, then plunged,—"it 's just like this: we 've been counting—Hiram and I—on putting in 'lectricity for years back, but we have n't ever seen our way to making connections and payin' for the fixtures at the same time. Either Hiram 's been laid up,

or the crops have been bad, or something. Now we thought if you *were* selling, mebbe this might be our chance—mebbe Mr. Cutts could fix up a trade with Mr. Westerlyng, or work off a part of it, and then we 'd see our way."

There was an almost painful, suppressed eagerness in the question of her look, and Mrs. Westerlyng was so far moved by it that she found herself answering cordially to it:

"I am sure you could. I will speak to Mr. Westerlyng about it." She remembered herself enough to say regretfully: "You really think you *want* to put in electricity?"

"Want to! Seems as if I could n't wait to get it in," replied Lydia. She drew a long breath of relief. "You intend usin' gas, I s'pose?"

"Oh, no; we prefer using lamps. The light is far more—is better, we think." Mrs. Westerlyng brought up on the changed ending with a little accent.

"Yes," said Lydia; "I s'pose it is. For the matter of that, there 's really nothing like candles, if you have enough of them." Her glance, relieved from the tension of her errand, roved curiously about the porch, with its exotic weight of Oriental rugs, porcelain vases, Indian chairs, and denim hangings, and alighted at last on a familiar object.

"If that is n't a loom!"

"Oh, you know how to weave!" exclaimed Mrs. Westerlyng, her face lighting with interest.

Lydia shook her head.

"My mother did, and my grandmother was a master hand at it; but I have n't never had time to learn, nor any one else about these parts. I s'pose you came across it in the garret?"

Mrs. Westerlyng smiled.

"Oh, no; I brought it with me. People are beginning to go back to weaving, you know," she amplified easily, "now that we are learning how much more beautiful hand-made things are than those we buy."

Lydia glanced involuntarily at her hostess's dress.

"Well, it 's a real pretty accomplishment," she said politely, rising. "I 'm more obliged than I can say, Mrs. Westerlyng—and so 'll Mr. Cutts be. It means a good deal to us. You tell Mr. Westerlyng he don't need to trouble about that

Drawn by A. D. Blashfield

"A GENTLEMAN IN A SILK SHIRT AND CITY-CUT KNICKERBOCKERS"

mite o' hay; Hiram 'd be pleased to come over and do it for him out o' time. We all know what a distinguished man your husband is," she added earnestly. "We think a good deal of having a writer among us. It don't seem right for him to use up his strength that way."

Gertrude Westerlyng's laugh rang frankly out.

"But he likes it, Mrs. Cutts," she explained. "You see, you are too kind; but we believe in work—even the children work." She beamed on her visitor, still with a twinkle of amusement.

"Well, I suppose it *is* healthy," Lydia responded simply, adding with the unmistakable accent of motherhood, "They 're as pretty children as ever I saw."

Mrs. Westerlyng responded to the touch inevitably.

"They *are* rather nice; and you have a very fine boy of your own, Mrs. Cutts. I 'm so glad you cut his hair in that picturesque way."

"It 's the only way I know how," answered Lydia. "I put a bowl over it, same 's my mother used to do when we were youngsters. I thought strange to see your children's done the same."

"Oh, everybody is cutting it that way now," responded Mrs. Westerlyng, brightly, as she pressed Lydia's hand in farewell. "Do come again, won't you?"

"That Mrs. Cutts is going to be an acquisition, Lance," she said an hour later, as she nodded to Lydia across the hedge, where, armed with a big pair of shears and long gloves, she was diligently snipping the heads of roses. "Have you noticed what a really fine face she has?"

Her husband glanced up and touched his hat to the pair in the neighboring vegetable garden.

"Splendid physique her husband has, too," he exclaimed, with involuntary envy. His own slender face was dark with fatigue.

"I do ache to give that feller a lift," Hiram observed under his breath to Lydia. "He puts more strength and less get-there into every stroke than ever I see. Seems a shame to waste muscle like that."

"They 've got some notion," responded his wife, "about liking to work. Far 's I can make out, they 're just huntin' round for things to do."

Hiram snorted; his good-natured face relaxed into a grin.

"I guess they war n't raised on a farm," he said briefly. "I ain't never had to hunt work any."

"Nor me neither," said Lydia, with an emphasis that made Hiram say with a quick glance:

"You just let that pail alone, Lyddy," adding indulgently as he shouldered it: "I s'pose they got to fill their time up somehow. Likely they 're delicate and want to keep out-o'-doors; they look so. Your back hurtin' again, Lyddy?"

"I should n't wonder," replied Lydia, a trifle wearily to the first half of his remarks, adding, "Yes, it aches some," as she plodded to the house behind her husband, dragging a reluctant calf with her.

Yet she did wonder, as she watched from day to day the master and mistress of the big house toiling about the grounds, while the children in faded gowns and bareheaded performed minor tasks with a reflex effect of the same tense energy.

"Seems to me if I was they and *could,* I 'd be glad to sit still a mite," she mused. "I wonder if they don't ever have a new thing for them children. A body 'd think they *bought* their things old. Makes me think o' play-actin'. And if she don't look for all the world like a play-actress!" she added to herself, as Gertrude Westerlyng came up the path through the garden, stopping here and there to enjoy a flower. She looked something like a long-stemmed flower herself, in her pale-green gown, with a faint-pink parasol over her blond head.

"Makes me think somehow of my own great-grandmother," thought Lydia. "Come right in, Mrs. Westerlyng." She spoke cordially, wiping her moist hands on a spotless apron, and hastening to throw open the sitting-room door. But Gertrude halted on the kitchen sill, her eyes wide and alight with admiration.

"What a perfectly beautiful room! Oh, Mrs. Cutts, may n't I stay here?"

Lydia's eyes followed her guest's over the scrubbed deal floor, the snowy tables and chairs, and glowing brasses, which her capable hands had barely finished polishing, and her face exhibited a kind of tired pride.

"I 'm glad you like it. It 's just as my grandmother left it. Mother would n't have a stick changed, and we 've never been able. It 's been as much as we could do to keep the place unmortgaged, without improvin' it."

"Improving it!" exclaimed Mrs. Westerlyng. "What could improve it? It 's quite perfect!"

A curious, self-communing expression came into her hostess's face—an expression Mrs. Westerlyng had already remarked on other occasions.

"I used to feel pretty much that way myself," Lydia said quietly, "but now I could improve it considerable."

"I wonder how," said Gertrude, curiously.

"Well,"—Lydia's face kindled,—"of course, first of all there 's the 'lectricity. Thanks to you, we 'll be able to do that right off. Then the next thing I 'd do would be to put in a gas-stove."

"A gas-stove in place of that magnificent old oven! Why, Mrs. Cutts, I 'm paying a fortune to have one built in!"

"That 's all right for you," said Lydia, quietly, "and they cook first rate. Mother always said nothing ever tasted like the things that come out of an old-fashioned oven. Then I 'd want a linoleum on the floor."

"That beautiful floor, Mrs. Cutts!"

"And oil-cloth covers for them tables—"

But her visitor had risen impulsively.

"Mrs. Cutts, if you don't care for them, would n't anything induce you to sell me those tables and chairs? I wish I could buy the floor, too."

Lydia was not given to impulsive movements; she merely stood very still for a moment before answering slowly:

"I do care for them, Mrs. Westerlyng; but that 's neither here nor there. I don't know but I might be willing to sell them; but I tell you plainly I 'd want a price for them."

"Name it," said Mrs. Westerlyng, quickly.

"Well, the truth is, I would n't know *what* to say. How much do you think yourself they 'd be worth, Mrs. Westerlyng?"

Gertrude hesitated, then named a sum which she instantly feared was too little; but Lydia gasped.

"Mercy! I s'pose you know you 're cheating yourself, Mrs. Westerlyng. Why, I could buy me a gas-stove and the linoleum, too."

"If any one is being cheated, it is not I. People pay a good price now, Mrs. Cutts, for these beautiful *real* things. We are just beginning to understand how beautiful they are." There was a curious effect of conscientiousness in the speech.

Lydia, however, made no response, and

Drawn by A. D. Blashfield

"MRS. WESTERLYNG HUNG OVER THEM, FAIRLY SHINING WITH DELIGHT"

her visitor's eyes wandered about with the collector's avidity.

"I suppose you would n't part with those old brass candlesticks?" she asked almost wistfully.

"Those were mother's,"—Lydia spoke abruptly,—"I 've seen her use them all my life. I don't know 's I could bring myself to part with them—yes, I will, too," she broke off. "I spend a lot of time on them." She lifted them down and set them on the table. Mrs. Westerlyng hung over them, fairly shining with delight.

"You know," she said laughingly, when, half an hour later, they walked down the garden path together, "when you get *too* homesick, you will have to come over and sit in *my* kitchen."

"I calculate I 'll take a lot more comfort sitting in my own than I ever did be-

fore," Lydia answered tranquilly as she finished tying a bunch of old-fashioned pinks with a wisp of grass, and offered it to her guest.

"Such lovely flowers!" breathed Gertrude. "I should think you would keep your house filled with them, Mrs. Cutts."

"I have n't any time for flowers round the house," replied Lydia, "but I like them real well. I made up my mind long ago I 'd be satisfied with what I could raise outside and the scarlet runners round the windows: they mostly take care of themselves, and look real cheerful, I think."

"With us," said Gertrude Westerlyng, "that is one of the children's duties." She hesitated delicately. "Could n't you teach your little boy to keep just one vase filled? It is such a good thing for children to have their responsibilities, and a single rose is so restful and sweet to look at."

"Well, you see," said Lydia, "by the time Abe has finished all his chores, milking, and tending to the chickens, and helping his father, and carrying wood and water, he 'd rather sit down on the doorstep than go to pickin' roses. And when he *has* a little time, there 's his studies. His father never had much chance for an education, but he wants Abe should have."

"But the love of beauty—is n't that part of one 's education, too?" Gertrude asked quickly.

Lydia's eyes rested on the gate-top. She did not reply for a moment, and Mrs. Westerlyng was again struck with the mingled strength and calm of her expression. Then she smiled down at her neighbor.

"Mebbe it is," she said briefly, putting out a large, hard hand to grasp Gertrude's in cordial farewell.

She remained leaning on the gate, watching the green gown fade down the street, until roused by a voice of keenest curiosity at her elbow.

"I want to know if that war n't Mis' Westerlyng!" exclaimed Amanda Harris. She had run out from the next-door cottage and peered eagerly after the retreating shape.

"My, ain't she a figure—with them floppin' sleeves! Miss Hammond—" Miss Hammond was the village seamstress—"has been fixin' up some things for the children, and she says she *did* admire how Mrs. Westerlyng gets those gowns of hers made; and finally she got up courage to ask her, and she says there 's one special dressmaker in New York who does 'artistic dress-makin'.' Must cost somethin'."

"I guess they can afford it," Lydia answered.

"They 're havin' their kitchen all laid in white deal," said Amanda. "I guess they never scrubbed a deal floor with grease spots on it."

"I guess they never did," assented Lydia, laconically; but she smiled. Lydia was the most reserved ("close") person in Springville, and though Amanda was her best friend, she had no notion of imparting to her the late transaction till she saw fit—certainly not till she had talked it over with Hiram. "I 'm goin' to sell them eggs and butter and greens till they get their own goin'," she vouchsafed instead.

"That so!" said Amanda, with pleased interest. "They believe in patronizing local industries, Mr. Westerlyng told the groceryman. I guess it 'll be a good thing for the town havin' them here. Mebbe he 'll take hold of the trolley-line. 'T would be a great thing if he would."

"Yes, so 't would," said Lydia. Then, with her prophetic kindling of eye and voice, she added, "But we 'll get it anyway, same 's we have the coöperative bakery."

"The Westerlyngs ain't goin' to patronize *that*. He told the baker they do all their bakin' at home; that he believes in home-made bread."

"And I suppose they goin' to do all their washin' and ironin', too, and mebbe their slaughterin', and make their own ice," said Lydia, quietly.

"Why, Lydia Cutts, what a notion!" Amanda laughed. "But as for the washin' and ironin', yes, they are; he said so."

"Oh, well, they can pay for all the help they want—if they can git it," observed Lydia. "I got to feed the calf." She terminated the interview abruptly. She wanted to get away and think over the linoleum. Blue was Hiram's favorite color, and she had a notion of having it blue and white, with white chairs and ta-

Drawn by A. D. Blashfield

"'OUT WASHIN' CLOTHES—MEN AND ALL!'"

ble, with a blue line. Then she was eager to tell Hiram about the other things. It would be a great thing to have a regular customer for the dairy and garden stuff. She saw Abe's future brightly.

It proved in fact to be a great thing; the new neighbors were a little mine of wealth to the Cutts family. For some reason the Westerlyngs' vegetables and poultry did not flourish—perhaps because of the large element of the amateur and the experimental. There were gardeners and under-gardeners; but the whole family had also a hand in the matter, and not only the family, but the guests, and there were a great many of these.

"Such doin's!" exclaimed Amanda, with innocent zest, coming in upon Hiram and Lydia in the very act of "laying" the linoleum, while Abe looked eagerly on. "I carried some new cheese over, and there was the whole lot of them, city-folks and all, out washin' clothes—men and all! They had their sleeves rolled up, and every one of them was bare-headed, and a good lot of them bare-footed, too. I never see such doin's in my born life!"

"Mebbe they 're short of help again," said Lydia, with neighborly anxiety, "or it 's to help the servants out."

"Well, it don't. I heard they got to change again, and I asked the cook whatever was the reason they can't keep no one. And she said nobody had a word of complaint; they pay a lot, and want the maids to be comfortable, and to come in and hear the piano, and all that; but that it 's a *wearin'* place—fuss all the time to keep all that deal scrubbed up, (they 're usin' your kitchen table for the dinin'-room, I s'pose you know!) and emptyin' and fillin' flower-vases and fillin' two or three dozen lamps, and settin' the table just so. She 'll make them change the glasses three times to get the right shape, and then *he 'll* worry whether 't would better be a bowl or a pitcher for the drink, and they 'll both spend half an hour tryin' to decide whether to lean a flower to the right or to the left; but more 'n all else, she said, havin' all those folks under her feet was what she could n't abide; and I don't know 's I blame her," wound up Amanda. "When I 've work to do, the first thing I do is to clear the children out o' the house."

"I see them this mornin'," snickered Abe. "They was all walkin' barefoot, and tossin' hay, and diggin'."

"Yes; I seen them dig," said Hiram. He grinned a little, adding with his usual tolerance: "Oh, well, I can't see that they do nobody any harm, and they bring quite a lot of money into the town."

"They don't favor the trolley, though, I hear," remarked Amanda. "He says 'twill destroy the quiet; I s'pose they don't like it 's going by their place."

Lydia's lips folded in a peculiar manner, and there came into her eyes that strange, deep light which Gertrude Westerlyng had so often remarked.

"I wonder where Mrs. Cutts gets that look of *quiet,*" she had more than once said to her husband, after one of her frequent visits to her neighbor for counsel in domestic crises. "She is one of the most strenuous workers in the village; she put through that coöperative bakery, and she and her husband are the bottom

of the trolley-line agitation, yet she looks more reposeful every time I see her."

She herself was not looking at all reposeful as, one warm summer morning, she stood again at Lydia's kitchen door. The tense little lines about her eyes and lips were deeper than when she came to Springville, and, in spite of the daintiest of muslin gowns, she looked dragged and tired. The kitchen door was open, and she paused a moment on the threshold, recalling the aspect of the room on her first visit. Blue-and-white linoleum and white-painted chairs, decorated with a blue stripe, now replaced the deal; painted tin candlesticks usurped the place of the brass, and a smug gas-stove, pleasantly fireless, held dominion over the now obsolete oven and fireplace. The room was cool and fresh, and Gertrude noted with a distinct thrill of self-gratulation the presence of a red rose in a glass bottle on the oil-cloth covered table. She took it as a good omen for her visit. By the open window sat Lydia, though the day was still young. Her mending-basket was beside her, but she was doing absolutely nothing, and it struck Gertrude that this was the first time she had ever seen her thus, and that the repose of her attitude only faintly mirrored the extreme repose of her face. She rose to meet her visitor with a look of quick coming back to earth.

Drawn by A. D. Blashfield

"'YES; I SEEN THEM DIG!'"

"Sit right down," she said hospitably, and with the special accent of motherliness this young creature always evoked in her.

"Mrs. Cutts," Gertrude plunged directly, "I 've come on business—"

"Anything wrong with the butter—or milk?" asked Lydia, anxiously. "I attend to them myself, Mrs. Westerlyng—"

"No, no; this is something far more important. Mrs. Cutts," said Gertrude, laying down her parasol and leaning both elbows on the table and her chin on her hands, while she confronted her hostess with intensity, "do you know that you are doing a great harm to Springville—without intending it?"

Lydia looked up—a swift but silent interrogatory.

"You have a great deal of influence in this village," repeated Gertrude, impressively, "and you are, unintentionally, of course, exerting it to do a great injury."

"I guess likely you mean the trolley-line?" observed Lydia, quietly.

"I do," said Gertrude, firmly. "Mr. Westerlyng tells me you and your husband have done more than any other ten people to work up the project, and he is seriously afraid there is danger of its being carried through."

"I guess there is," said Lydia, quietly again.

Mrs. Westerlyng flushed a little at the tone.

"You don't realize what you are doing," she said almost angrily. "I have lived where there are trolley-lines always, and I can assure you, so far from being a benefit, it would be the greatest injury to the place; it would destroy its whole beauty. Why, the very charm of Springville is its rural character, the absence of modern, hideous improvements. And it is n't only the place that will be changed; it will change the people, too, especially the young people—your boy and all the rest. They will want to be going to the city all the time, and aping city fashions and buying city clothes—"

"Yes; we do look forward to the city shoppin' considerable," said Lydia. She kept her eyes on her visitor's face, which flushed more and more.

"And the moment you have cheap and quick transit, all the city people will be coming here—making excursions."

"Anybody 'd think that would be good business for the place," commented Lydia.

Mrs. Westerlyng rose to her feet; her pretty face was red now with indignation.

"If you take that tone, Mrs. Cutts, and business considerations are the only ones that will affect you, may I ask if you will *also* think it good business to drive your best customers away? For I tell you frankly, if the line is carried through, *we* go." She stopped, for Lydia rose opposite her; it seemed to Gertrude that she expanded in bulk and height, and her eyes and cheeks glowed with a deep fire beside which Gertrude's little flare turned to ashes.

"I don't s'pose you *meant* to be wicked when you said that, Mrs. Westerlyng; I don't s'pose you even know what a wicked thing it was to say," she said slowly, "nor what a wicked thing you do when you come here to try to tempt me like that. But I ain't that kind. Look here, Mrs. Westerlyng, we 've all had a kind of liking for you and your husband, and it is n't on account of the money you bring here either, much as most of us need money in these parts. You come here because it 's what you call rural, and you find our country ways amusing. Well, you 've amused us, too, considerable; but we 've all been glad you should do as you liked. But when it comes to preventin' *our* doin' as *we* like, you make a great mistake if you think you can, just to keep things the way you like them. Mebbe a trolley *will* destroy the ruralness; but what you never think of is what it 's goin' to mean to us to be able to buy things cheap and good at Highville. Mebbe the young folks *will* get notions; but they 'll also get a little more schoolin' thrown in. You want to keep everything pretty, but there 's something more than prettiness has to come first. Those deal tables and chairs and floors were pretty, but since I got rid of them I got time for the *first* time in my life to sit down mornin's. And since I got rid o' the lamps and the old oven, I got time to go and sit with a sick neighbor and help Abe with his sums. These are the things you never think of, because you have n't never had to work. And I 'll tell you right now and here," added Lydia, firmly, "that if there 's one thing those that *do* work despise more 'n another, it 's *playin'* at work. It 's like that getting back to nature business that the summer folks talk about everlastingly, and then, come the first cool days, scuttle back to the city as fast 's ever they can. We get enough of nature, livin' with her right along, and what we want is a little something else. We 're goin' to have that trolley, same 's we 've got the bakery, and it 'll be the same blessing to us when we do get it. You mean well, Mrs. Westerlyng," she went on kindly, "but the trouble is, as I said before, you have n't *had* to realize and you *don't* realize what 's more important than all the prettiness in the world, and I wish," she continued with growing earnestness and kindliness, "that I could bring the thought home to you. It was brought home to me by a man I heard lecture in Highville, —where you don't want us to go,—and it is n't too much to say it 's made my whole life different. I see everything different, and it 's goin' to make more difference as long 's I live. It set me on the track of the bakery and the trolley, too, and it 's what made me glad and willin' to give up the things I 'd been slavin' my life out over, so 's to have some time for real livin'. We 've all got to come to it more 'n' more,—you, Mrs. Westerlyng, as well as the rest of us,—we 've got to learn to live the simpler life." She brought out the concluding words with a certain solemnity, and Gertrude Westerlyng started as if she had been shot.

"The simpler life!" she echoed, "the simpler life! Why, but that 's *exactly*—" She broke off, scarlet, confused. For Lydia, after one astonished moment, seemed suddenly illuminated. She looked at Gertrude with a face in which one emotion after another chased rapidly, merging finally into an expression which beginning in her eyes broadened slowly down to her lips and broadened and broadened still further, till it overran her cheeks in a smile of keenest humor.

"Lands' sakes!" she ejaculated. "That ain't what *you 've* been tryin' for, too? Well, of all things!"

There was no response. With averted face, Gertrude Westerlyng snatched her parasol from the table and fled down the garden-path, showing as she went no more than the outline of one cheek—the color of the rose upon the table.

Drawn by W. L. Jacobs. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"'I DO CARE FOR THEM, MRS. WESTERLYNG; BUT THAT 'S NEITHER HERE NOR THERE.'" (SEE PAGE 760)

THE REMINISCENCES OF LADY RANDOLPH CHURCHILL

TENTH PAPER: TRAVELING IN THE EAST—LORD AND LADY CURZON—"THE ANGLO-SAXON REVIEW"—CORRESPONDENCE WITH CONTRIBUTORS

BY MRS. GEORGE CORNWALLIS-WEST

IT was with much regret that we brought our delightful visit to Japan to a close. Leaving Kobe, we sailed for China in the steamship *Ancona*. On board we found Mr. de Bunsen, the present English Ambassador to Spain; also a young officer who was returning to India and had wasted all his leave in trying to see something of the war, but without success, the Japanese authorities proving too much for him. Mr. de Bunsen, an old friend of mine, whom I had known in Paris when he was in the embassy there, was at that time military attaché at Bangkok. It was a great pleasure to see him again. He told me many interesting things about Siam and his life there, and tried to persuade us to pay him a visit.

Three days exhausted the sights of Hong-Kong, the magnificent view being the principal attraction. My chief amusement consisted in going up and down the steep tramway to the peak two or three times a day. Many of the houses were in a damaged condition, owing to the last typhoon, of which we came in for the tail-end. We made a flying visit to Canton, going up the Pearl River in a large steamer which had an English captain. As I entered the ship, I caught sight of stacks of rifles in the saloon, with printed instructions to the passengers to use them if necessary. This did not make me feel at all safe, these river steamers having been known to be attacked by pirates. At Hong-Kong we were advised not to go to Canton, since, owing to the war and their defeat, the Chinese were in rather a turbulent state. We thought, however, as we meant to spend only the day there, we would be safe enough. The steamer was obliged to anchor at the mouth of the river, as there were torpedoes laid across it, and the Chinese pilots were rather vague as to their locality. It was a lovely moonlight night, and I remember the ghostly effect of a search-light from a fort near by, which was constantly being turned on us, lighting up strange crafts and great, lumbering Chinese junks with square sails which hovered near.

At Canton we were at once surrounded by a flotilla of sampans and junks. Our guide, A. Cum by name, had arranged everything for us, and we found a row of palanquins, each with three men, waiting. Mine was bright-green, lined with pale-blue, and supplied with transparent blinds. Not being a Chinese lady, I insisted on having them all pulled up. Our carriers went at a swinging pace through the labyrinth of narrow, crowded streets, uttering loud cries to the people, whom we were scattering right and left, to get out of the way. The streets were full of open shops, banners, Chinese lanterns, and gaudy signs. A continuous stream of people hurrying along made it a most animated scene. They scowled and glared at us as we passed, calling us "frank-wei" ("foreign devils"), and they spat at one of our party and hit another, who luckily did not retaliate, otherwise we might have been made into mince-meat. The shops were very attractive, and Randolph bought me one of the green jade bangles which have since become fashionable. It is supposed to keep the devil away, and I still wear it.

A visit to the execution-ground was not

SIR FRANK SWETTENHAM AND A TIGER CUB

so attractive. Eight men had been decapitated a few days before, and the blood was still on the ground. We were asked if we would like to see the heads, which had been placed in jars, an offer declined with thanks. Some of our party, having been told by the captain and officers of the boat that our expedition was rather a dangerous undertaking unless we were prepared to "turn the other cheek" at any insult, persuaded us to get back to the ship as quickly as we could. So after luncheon at an old palace called "The Garden of Flowers," we started on our return journey, being rushed through more streets, sometimes meeting a "towkee," or mandarin, surrounded with many attendants. It was then a case as to whose criers could make the most noise.

We returned to Hong-Kong, and left the next day for Singapore, Mr. de Bunsen going with us. Sir John and Lady Mitchell invited us to Government House, where we stayed a week. I found the heat for the first time nearly unbearable; it was like a vapor bath, and so enervating that one felt absolutely incapable of doing anything. However, I was delighted with the beauty of the tropical plants, especially the traveler's palm, its height and symmetry being a revelation.

The Malay villages perched on poles

were very picturesque, particularly those in the cocoanut plantations near the sea. In the town every nationality seemed to be represented in the streets—Malays, Chinese, Hindus, Klings, Japanese, and Europeans of all countries, the Chinese, who own all the best houses, predominating. The late Sultan of Johore gave us a sumptuous luncheon at his palace which lasted as long as a lord mayor's feast. The house was a curious mixture of good and bad taste; a few real objects of art, such as old lacquered cabinets and boxes and fine Satsuma vases, were lost in a sea of tawdriness and vulgarity. In one room the tables and chairs were made of cut-glass, upholstered in bright-blue velvet, with glass buttons! After luncheon the Sultan, who was a charming and courteous old man, sent for his Sultana to come and see us. She was a very pretty Circassian of about twenty-five, a present from the Sultan of Turkey. Enormously fat, we were told that she was fed every two hours, the Sultan admiring large proportions. Her costume was most peculiar, to say the least—a Malay sarong of silk; a blouse with huge diamond buttons; round her neck a *rivière* of diamonds, and one of sapphires; and on her short, black curls, cocked over one ear, a velvet Glengarry cap with an eagle's feather and a diamond aigret. The Sultan, thinking, I suppose, that she had been seen enough, suddenly pointed with a stern gesture to the door. Casting a frightened glance at him, she fled as fast as her fat little feet could take her.

From a photograph, copyright, by Elliott & Fry

LORD CURZON OF KEDLESTON

At the end of the week we started for Rangoon in company with Sir Frank

LADY CURZON OF KEDLESTON

Swettenham, Resident of Perak and later Governor of Singapore. Mr. Swettenham, as he then was, went only as far as Penang with us, which we regretted, as he proved a very entertaining companion. A man of exceptional intelligence, he was virtually the ruler of the Straits Settlements, and certainly no one better understood the natives, and how to treat them. His books "Malay Sketches" and "Unaddressed Letters" are deservedly popular. Rangoon was an agreeable disappointment, for although the heat was great, it was dry, and therefore tolerable.

The Governor, Sir Charles Mackenzie, and Lady Mackenzie were away, but they had placed Government House at our disposal. I found, to my surprise, a pleasant company of English people, who entertained us most hospitably, and amused themselves playing golf and polo, which, considering the heat, was most energetic.

I was taken to see the Royal Lakes, which are gorgeous and beautifully kept, with a wealth of tropical plants and variegated flowers, great bushes of alamanders growing in wild profusion at the edge of the lakes, bougainvilleas climbing everywhere, and a tree of which I did not find out the name with dark-green foliage and large bunches of red flowers like grapes. As we drove by, I saw half a dozen priests in their yellow robes, worn like a toga, standing on some marble steps leading down to the lake. Behind them in the setting sun the great golden dome of the Shoëdagong Pagoda shone in the distance, the whole forming a superb picture. The pagoda was an endless source of interest, and we spent pleasant hours

From a photograph by Elliott & Fry

MRS. CRAIGIE (JOHN OLIVER HOBBES)

among its many shrines. The two huge white stone dragons guarding the entrance stood out against the deep-blue sky, the waving palms and tall cocoanut-trees in the background forming an Eastern picture full of light and color. The lepers and beggars infesting the steps were the only drawback. Inside, everything glittered; temples inlaid with colored glass and bits of mirror shone like jewels in the sun, their graceful minarets and domes marvelously carved. Piled up before every shrine were the offerings of the faithful, conspicuous among them gaudy umbrellas with fringes of gold or beads. I revisited the pagoda by moonlight, and was well repaid, as it had lost the garishness and tawdriness apparent in the glare of day. The spell of silence was over the whole scene, broken only by the not unmelodious voice of a fanatic reciting verses as he walked solemnly round and round his favorite shrine. I was rather amused one day at receiving a visit from some relatives of the late King Thebaw. These were three princesses; two of them were young and pretty,—that is, according to Burmese taste,—and were swathed in wraps, even their hands being hidden, whereas the third, who was old and ugly, wore hardly any garments, according to the custom of the country. They presented me with some artificial flowers made by themselves, also some cheroots they "hoped I would smoke," and departed in a cart drawn by bullocks, for thousands of years the unchanged mode of conveyance in Burmah. Poor things! Perhaps they would not have been so gracious had they realized that it was my husband who had been instrumental in destroying their dynasty and annexing their country.

Cholera was raging at Mandalay, which, much to our chagrin, prevented our going there. Randolph naturally wanted to see as much of the country as possible, he being very proud of the part he had played in the annexing of Burmah when in the India Office.

Crossing the Bay of Bengal to Madras, we stayed a few days with Lord and Lady Wenlock at Government House, where we were treated with the greatest kindness.

It had been our intention to travel for several months in India, but Randolph's health, which up to then had been good enough to allow of his enjoying the tour, suddenly gave way. We were obliged to curtail our further travels, and proceeding to Bombay, we embarked for England.

It was on one of the many visits I paid to Bradford between 1884 and 1886, when Lord Randolph Churchill was holding political meetings there, that I remember for the first time hearing Lord Curzon of Kedleston (then Mr. George Nathaniel Curzon) make a speech. Called upon unexpectedly to second a resolution, he spoke with natural eloquence and an astonishing choice of words. Randolph predicted to me then that he would go very far. We knew him well while he was still at Oxford when he used to come over to Blenheim, a distance of only eight miles.

When he was made Viceroy of India, his many friends gave a farewell dinner to him and Lady Curzon. The speeches were most amusing, notwithstanding the note of sadness which prevailed at the prospect of losing for several years so delightful a couple.

The few brilliant years the Curzons spent in India are too recent and too familiar in people's minds for me to dwell on that time or the tragedy which was so soon to follow their departure. To her great beauty Mary Curzon added grace of manner and kindness of heart, and her extraordinary and unselfish devotion to her husband made her a paragon among wives. I recall one other remarkable woman who was equally devoted and absorbed in her husband's career, and whose life was one of sacrifice to duty and care for others. This was my sister-in-law Fanny, Lady Tweedmouth, without exception the noblest character I have ever met. Apart from her brilliant gifts, which made her one of the most popular and influential political hostesses in England, her sympathy and advice were a tower of strength to all who came in contact with her. Indeed, it may be said with truth that society in general and the Liberal party in particular sustained an irreparable loss when her too short life ended.

It will always be a regret to me that I was unable to accept the Viceroy's invitation to attend the great Durbar, that

crowning function of a most memorable viceregal reign. I often corresponded with Lady Curzon, and in one of her letters she says:

Viceroy's Camp, May 18, 1903.

. . . The result of the Durbar for Empire more than justifies the expenditure of £200,000 (the cost). The mere bringing together of people from the Chinese frontier of Thibet and Siam, Burmah, Bootea, Nepal, Gilgit, Chitral-Swat, Beluchistan, Travancore, and Kathiawar has been the most marvelous object lesson. Chiefs from the outer fringes of civilization who for years had been turbulent, gasped, "Had we known we were fighting *this* we should have remained in peace!" There is no doubt it was the most surprising gathering the world has ever seen or will ever see again and the "lucky hand" of George's organization amazed every human soul there. . . . Forgive this dull scrawl. I am sticking to the sides of the Himalayas like a barnacle with only a three weeks' old copy of the "Times" to make me gay or witty. Do write. You are the only person who lives on the crest of the wave and is always full of vitality and success.

Yours ever affectionately,
Mary.

From a sketch by the Duchess of Rutland

THE RIGHT HON. CECIL RHODES

On the eve of their departure from England, the Curzons paid a visit to the Duke and Duchess of Portland at Welbeck. I was of the party, and sitting next to Lord Curzon at dinner one night, we approached a subject which, without my knowing it at the time, was fraught with great importance for me. In a despondent mood I bemoaned the empty life I was leading at that moment. Lord Curzon tried to console me by saying that a woman alone was a godsend in society, and that I might look forward to a long vista of country-house parties, dinners, and balls. Thinking over our conversation later, I found myself wondering if this indeed was all that the remainder of my life held for me. I determined to do something, and cogitating for some time over what it should be, decided finally to start a review. My ideas were of the vaguest, but they soon shaped themselves. I consulted my friend Mrs. Craigie ("John Oliver Hobbes"), whose acquaintance I had made some years before at the Curzons. At her house I met various people who helped me with their good counsels, notably Mr. Sidney Low, who became much interested in the scheme and assisted me greatly, editing and bringing out two numbers during my subsequent absence in South Africa. Mr. John Lane, who published the first numbers of the review, was full of ideas, and originated that of having a new cover for each issue. Mr. Cyril Davenport of the British Museum joined the staff and helped in the selection of the bindings, which were to be facsimiles of celebrated books of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries. They were mostly chosen from examples in the British Museum. He also contributed a short article descriptive of each cover. These essays were excellent, and form a liberal education in bookbinding. Mr. Lionel Cust of the National Portrait Gallery undertook to supervise the illustrations, which were reproduced as photogravures, and was indefatigable in finding original and interesting subjects. The late Mr. Arthur Strong, librarian of the House of Lords, and at Chatsworth, was responsible for the historical matter. A delightful and enthralling period began, which absorbed me from morning till night in the most interesting of occupa-

tions. I left no stone unturned to make the review a success, and my friends helped me *con amore*. Sometimes I became a little bewildered at the conflicting advice and suggestions that I received. "Why don't you have articles in three languages?" said one. "That would damn it at once," said another. "Mind you have something startling in the first number, 'New Ideas on Free Love,' or 'Sidelights on Royal Courts.'" "Be lofty in your ambitions; set up a poetical standard to the literary world." "Why not get a poem from the Poet Laureate?" "Or an essay on bimetalism from Mr. Henry Chaplin." "Aim at a glorified 'Yellow Book'; that 's the thing!" How amusing it all was! Then the title. Many were offered, from "The New Anthology" to "The Mentor of Mayfair." Sir Edward Vincent, whose classical and literary education is backed by the most admirable common sense suggested "Anglo-Saxon." I thought the name most apt, and was enchanted. "The Anglo-Saxon"—how simple! It sounded strong, sensible, and solid. Of course the moment I had settled on the name, some obscure man claimed it as being registered for his still more obscure paper or magazine. It seemed as difficult to find an unappropriated title as though I were naming a race-horse instead of a book. However, I found that adding the word "Review" made it quite safe. I had endless consultations with my literary friends, and received valuable information from Mr. John Morley and the late Mr. Knowles of "The Nineteenth Century" as to the financial part of the undertaking. I gave a luncheon party to introduce "Maggie," as the review was affectionately called by some of my friends. In her green and gold brocade, the replica of Thevet's *"Vie des Hommes Illustres,"* which was executed about 1604 for James I, she presented a brave appearance. If I could only insure that her *"ramage se rapporta à son plumage"* I felt I might indeed claim to have produced a phenix.

The same night I dined with the Asquiths, taking the volume with me, where it was received with acclamation. I have the book still, with all the signatures of those present written on the fly-leaf.

In explanation of my venture I permit myself to quote here the preface to the first number, in which I tried to set forth my aims and objects:

The explanation of the production of another Review will be found in the number of those already in flourishing existence: the excuse must be looked for in these pages. Yet a few words of introduction are needed by this new-comer who comes into the crowded world thus late in the day, lest, in spite of his fine coat, he be thought an unmannerly intruder. I desire to say something of his purpose, of his aspirations, of his nature, in the hope that, if these seem admirable, good friends instead of jostling will help him through the press, and aid him somewhat in his journey toward the golden temple of literary excellence.

The first object of every publication is commercial. "No one but a blockhead," says Dr. Johnson, "ever wrote except for money"; and *The Anglo-Saxon* is not disposed to think lightly of his wares, or set low value on his effort — for otherwise his green-and-gold brocade would soon be threadbare. But after the vulgar necessities of life are thus provided for, reviews, and sometimes reviewers, look to other and perhaps higher ideals. It is of those that I would write, for are they not the credentials which must carry the ambitious stranger on his way?

Formerly little was written, but much of that little was preserved. The pamphlets, the satires, the lampoons, the disquisitions — above all the private letters — of the eighteenth century have been carefully stored for the delight of succeeding generations. Now the daily production of printed words is incalculably vast. Miles of newspapers, tons of magazine articles, mountains of periodicals are distributed daily between sunrise and sunset. They are printed; they are read, they are forgotten. Little remains. And yet there is no reason why the best products of an age of universal education should not be as worthy of preservation as those of a less cultivated era. The literary excellence of the modern Review is high. How many articles, full of solid thought and acute criticism, of wit and learning, are born for a purely ephemeral existence, to be read one day and cast into the waste-paper basket the next? The most miserable lampoons of the reign of Queen Anne are still extant. Some of the finest and cleverest productions of the reign of Queen Victoria are almost as difficult to find as ancient manuscripts. The newspapers of to-day light the fires of to-morrow. The magazine may have a little longer life. It rests on the writing table for perhaps a month; and thereafter shares the fate of much that is good in an age that, at least in

art and literature, takes little thought for the future. The sure knowledge that their work will perish must exert a demoralizing effect on the writers of the present day. Newspapers and periodicals become cheaper and cheaper. To satisfy the loud demand of the enormous and growing reading public, with the minimum of effort, is the modern temptation.

I do not imagine that *The Anglo-Saxon Review* will arrest these tendencies. But its influence may have some useful effect. This book is published at a price which will insure its respectful treatment at the hands of those who buy it. It will not be cast aside after a hurried perusal. It appears, too, in a guise which fits it for a better fate. After a brief, though not perchance unhonored stay on the writing table, it may be taken up into that Valhalla of printed things — the library. More than this, that it may have company, another of similar character, but different design will follow at an interval of three months, until a long row of volumes — similar but not alike — may not only adorn the bookshelves, and recall the elegant bindings of former times, but may also preserve in a permanent form something of the transient brilliancy of the age.

It is with such hopes that I send the first volume out into the world—an adventurous pioneer. Yet he bears a name which may sustain him even in the hardest of struggles, and of which he will at all times endeavor to be worthy, a name under which just laws, high purpose, civilizing influence, and a fine language, have been spread to the remotest regions.

Lastly, I would in this brief note express my sincere thanks to all who have helped to fit *The Anglo-Saxon* for the battle of life — not only to those who have, as subscribers, furnished him with his costly habit, but also to those who — like the fairy godmother in the child's story—have given him something of their energy, their wisdom and their brains.

Among my most valued contributors was Lord Rosebery, who, on account of his great friendship with Randolph and out of kindness to me, wrote a short essay on Sir Robert Peel for the first number. Later, in one of the subsequent volumes an article appeared which, to my regret, criticized his political opinions. I had gone to Scotland thinking the number was completed as I had seen it, but owing to the exigencies of time and space, the offending article had been substituted at the last moment. I was very much annoyed, but it could not be helped. Writing to Lord Rosebery, I told him how grieved I was that anything even approaching criticism of him should have appeared in my review, and received the following characteristic answer:

Dalmeny House, Edinburgh,
September 28, 1901.

. . . It is very good of you to write to me about ——'s article. But I had not even heard of it. Frankly, I ceased to be a subscriber after the previous number, in which I perceived the cloven hoof of politics (in an article by Massingham). Frankly, also, I think the introduction of politics into "The Anglo-Saxon" a great mistake. But you are a better judge of this than I am.

As to Mr. ——'s article, I think it very unlikely that I shall ever see it, and am quite sure that, if I do, it will not trouble me. But I tender my humble and hearty thanks to the Editress.

On looking back at the early period of the review, I often wonder how I should have succeeded without Pearl Craigie's intelligent help and advice. A woman of great sympathies, her unselfishness was realized by all who ever came in contact with her. Her valuable time was always at the disposal of any one she could help. It is not for me here to dwell on her literary gifts; her works speak for themselves. A brilliant and clever talker, she could hold her own with all manner of men, and yet, in the more frivolous company which she often frequented and thoroughly enjoyed, she never talked over people's heads. She had the art of drawing people out and making them appear at their best, so different from some clever women writers I have met. I recall a luncheon party being wrecked owing to the presence of a well-known authoress, who persistently directed the conversation to her own subjects, which were as erudite and pedantic as they were uncongenial to the rest of the company.

I always made it a point to go to Mrs. Craigie's plays, and we had many discussions about them. In reference to the "Repentance," which she asked me to see and then give her my candid opinion, the following correspondence passed between us:

56 *Lancaster Gate, W.*,
Wednesday, 1899.

MY DEAREST JENNIE: I shall *love* to hear your honest criticism. The play of course is about Spanish Catholics: the man is not

meant to be a hero, but he is a typical Carlist. The gist of his speeches show the political "talk," as it were, of the Period. My object was not to display *inhuman* excellence, but a psychological diagram of the Carlist question! Perhaps this is too daring an experiment for the stage. All the same, the experiment was worth trying. Browning, in his dramatic romances, always made a soul's crisis (lasting but a few moments) the test of a life. I thought this might be done on the stage. Some people love the play: others don't like it at all. So long as they admit that it is, at all events, *carefully* composed, I mind nothing else. You are quite right—*too* right, my dear, about the squalid side of literary life. Sometimes I get so sick of it that I long to retire to some lonely hilltop and meditate on the Four Last Things! But—after all—we cannot make terms with existence: we must cultivate our garden and a sense of humor: and for the rest, Almighty God and the devil can deal with *that*.

Yours ever affectionately,
Pearl Mary Teresa C.

I thought the play most interesting, but too condensed. There was tragedy enough in the one act to make a substantial play of three. The critics were not overkind, and I wrote, telling her that the general public were much better judges than the ordinary theater critic, who was under the delusion that he could make or mar any unfortunate playwright with a wave of his pen.

56 *Lancaster Gate, W.*,
Friday, 1899.

MY DEAREST JENNIE: I love your letter. You recognize humanity when it is drawn. *Des Escar* is a man: the Countess is a real Spanish Catholic of the devout type. I dared not give the English public two acts about "foreigners." They all like "A Repentance," but it is against their will. They have no instinctive interest, such as we feel, in foreign politics or other races. All the same, the play has held its own, and it is well received at every performance. Alexander is the one manager in London who will try experiments, and he always responds to good art, good music, and the like. Remember what the English stage is: the dramatic critics are illiterate (William Archer and Walkley excepted), the public are patient, the actors mostly amateurs.

To-morrow I will send you my *proposed* contribution to your Quarterly. Say just what you think of it: the length is under 9000 words. This ought not to be too long for those pages. Poor Stephen Phillips—it is hard indeed for him to have his magnificent tragedy *published* before it is *acted*. What an outrage it would be if these uneducated pressmen had the *first* fling at work of such quality!

Yours ever affectionately,
Pearl Mary Teresa C.

Again she writes:

. . . As for criticism, if one gives work to the general public, one has to accept the fate of an "Aunt Sally" so far as the journalists are in question. These detest every educated influence, particularly on platforms and on the stage. They fear the brightening of the average intelligence, for, in the imbecility of the mob (well-dressed and otherwise) is the hack journalist's strength. But the times are changing rapidly. The mob—as a mob—is becoming well read, even philosophical. The press in England has less power, and the *country* more power, every day. Mistakes are certainly made in the House of Commons (where the average intelligence is not startling) because it is assumed that electors and others are mentally afflicted! I see much of the laboring classes and the Nonconformist classes; the *individuality* and independence of each unit in these forces is extraordinary. I hold that *nothing* (either in good sense or high art) is really beyond them. Where they don't wholly comprehend, they are slow in forming judgments. They reject nothing hastily. The discipline of their daily lives is the best of educations, and, where the so-called lower classes of England are concerned, I am full of hope. Our trouble lies with the sham-educated—the Bounderbys and lampooners of the press,—the "better vulgar" in middle-class life. There 's a jaw for poor Jennie with a big Quarterly in tow! But you will pull it along in splendid style.

Yours ever affectionately,
P. M. T. C.

One letter more to show how strenuous her work was:

56 *Lancaster Gate, W.*,
January 1, 1900.

MY DEAREST JENNIE: I am delighted with the Medal, and shall regard it as a treasure. Few things are so hard to design. The artist has to deal in allegory and semi-divine creations at a time when allegory means something inexorably dull and every one is exclaiming, "Les dieux s 'en vont!" Forgive this scribble. I worked for nearly fourteen hours straight off at an article for the "Times" people—their new edition of the Encyclopædia, and as a result I have a cramped hand. The theme was George Eliot — for-

tunately an interesting one. This vile weather affects me, and I am rather furious with myself for giving up the trip to Egypt. But actors and actresses need constant encouragement. I wish they would remember the words of the immortal Mrs. Chick to Florence Dombey: "If any misanthrope were to put in my presence the question, 'Why were we born?' I should reply, 'To make an effort.'"

I am working now at my play (for the Haymarket) and a new novel. I propose to take my time over both. . . .

Ever yours affectionately,
Pearl Mary Teresa Craigie.

To her many gifts Mrs. Craigie added that of being a very good musician, and her nimble fingers could discourse very effectively. We sometimes played together at concerts, and on one occasion, at the Queen's Hall, she and I and Mademoiselle Janotha played Bach's Concerto in D Minor for three pianos, with an orchestra from the Royal College of Music, which was conducted by Sir Walter Parratt. This was the only time I can remember enjoying playing in public.

In the preface to Mrs. Craigie's last book, Mr. Choate says: "In her brief day and generation she contributed much by her charming intellectual productions to the entertainment and enjoyment of hosts of English and American readers, who deeply lament her early death, and in whose affections she will hold a permanent place." When one remembers that George Eliot *began* to make a great name for herself only at the age at which my poor friend's short life came to a close, it is possible to prophesy that, had she lived, she would have achieved a still greater name and fame for herself. It would have been a pity if the "John Oliver Hobbes" generation were to allow posterity to forget her brilliant gifts as a writer and her noble qualities as a woman. I am glad to think that, with others of her friends, I have been instrumental in getting up a fitting memorial to her. A portrait medallion is now placed in University College in London, where she studied, and a scholarship is to be given annually in England. The same scheme will be carried out in the United States.

AMONG the many criticisms of "The Anglo-Saxon" the one which amused me the most appeared in "The Saturday Review," a slating article saying among other things that it was a swindle to ask people to pay a guinea for a book which, however magnificent in appearance, was not tooled by hand. This was too much for my proprietary pride, and I pranced off to the British Museum to see my friend Mr. Davenport. "Look at this for honest criticism," I cried, flourishing the offending journal under his eyes. "What would the cost be," I asked, "if it were real leather and tooled by hand?" In view of the elaborate binding of that particular volume, he thought about £100, if not more. Delighted with my information, I then wrote to the late Lord Hardwicke, who was interested in "The Saturday Review" inclosing the criticism, and begging him to put my facts under the nose of his "ignorant reviewer."

One of the American notices ran:

It has been given out that no one but the upper ten are to put a pen in it. However, Lady Randolph is too shrewd to run a periodical for the amusement of the incapables!

Again some of the newspapers used me as a form of advertisement.

You pay five dollars for this magazine. It may be good, but you can buy "The World" for a cent.

Then there were some verses which appeared in "Books of To-day," from the pen of E. V. Lucas.

Have you heard of the wonderful magazine
Lady Randolph 's to edit, with help from the Queen?
It 's a guinea a number, too little by half,
For the Crowned Heads of Europe are all on the staff;
And every one writing verse, fiction, or views,
The best blue blood ink must exclusively use;
While (paper so little distinction achieves)
'T will wholly be printed on strawberry leaves;
And lest the effusions, so dazzlingly bright,
And brilliantly witty, should injure the sight,
A pair of smoked glasses (of ducal design)
Will go with each copy to shelter the eyne.
The articles promised already, or written,
Suggest what a treat is preparing for Britain.
The Princess of . . . will describe a new bonnet;
The Spanish Queen Mother has offered a sonnet,
Provided that all whom its scansion may beat,
Will refrain from indelicate mention of feet.

And the Duchess of . . . has accepted the section
Devoted to "Babies, their Tricks and Correction."
The Czar will contribute a fable for geese
On "Breaking up China and Keeping the Peace";
The Porte sends a batch of seraglio tales,
And our Prince will review "Mr. Bullen on Whales,"
Mr. Primrose who also has thoughts of the sea,
Addresses to Captains of every degree,
A treatise profound, yet delectable too,
On "How to be Father-in-law to a Crewe";
While William the Second, the ablest of men,
Will fill every gap with one stroke of his pen,
And, lest art be slighted 'midst hurry and rush
Will illustrate all with one flirt of his brush.

. . . . . .

Such, such is a hint of the new magazine
Lady Randolph will edit, with help from the Queen.

It is curious how sometimes *"les beaux esprits se rencontrent."* Mrs. W. K. Clifford before producing her play "The Likeness of the Night," sent it to me for publication in "The Anglo-Saxon." Shortly after the appearance of the volume containing it, Mr. Sidney Grundy's play "A Debt of Honor" was given. There was no doubt a great similarity between the two, and this led to an animated correspondence in the press between Mrs. Clifford and Mr. Grundy. Both parties were interviewed, and the literary and dramatic world were much interested in the controversy, the details of which it is unnecessary for me to dwell on. Mrs. Clifford, however, having in her first letter said that her play was published in "The Anglo-Saxon Review" "for all who run and pay a guinea to read," Mr. Grundy retorted: "I do not run, and I did not pay a guinea; *nor have I met anybody who did."* This was too much! Was it possible that a literary man existed who had not read my review? And worse, did not even know of its existence? I at once wrote to Mr. Grundy, regretting that such should be the case, and accompanied my letter with the volume containing Mrs. Clifford's play. He replied in an amusing letter that I "must perceive that his own ignorance of Mrs. Clifford's play would have mattered nothing, if he had met others who had told him its story. As a matter of fact, he had not."

The battle ended in peace, and the two plays were given with marked success.

The choice and study of my bindings afforded me the greatest pleasure; there was nothing tentative about them. I knew they would be a success and please all bibliophiles. The interest in the art of binding has increased greatly of late years, and there are many amateurs who turn out most creditable work, not to speak of the Women's Guild of Bookbinders, which has made giant strides since its formation. I remember once lending a book, "Madame Chrysanthème," by Pierre Loti, to Lord Morley of Blackburn (Mr. John Morley). In the second of the following letters to me he refers to people's fancies as to bindings.

DEAR LADY RANDOLPH: Thank you very much for sending me the book; I will take it in such doses as you prescribe, unless I find it too attractive to lay down.

Yours sincerely,

J. Morley.

I am afraid the doses were very microscopic, for he kept the book so long that I wrote to remind him that he still had it.

95 Elm Park Gardens,
South Kensington, S. W.

DEAR LADY RANDOLPH: It cuts me to the heart that I should have given you cause to suspect me of being a book-stealer. I have suffered too much from that evil tribe. But I have kept the book so long that I am almost as worthy of reprobation at if I had lost it. The truth is, that I knew you were away from home, and so I kept it. I am shocked to find the dilapidated condition of the poor lady. I think, however, she was rather ragged when she reached me. I had half a mind to send her to be bound, but I thought you might have fancies of your own about bindings, as I have. The book will reach you to-morrow. It has amused me very much indeed, and I am most grateful to you.

I am devoted to French literature, but the modern French novel is rather too horrid for me, who was reared on George Sand.

Yours sincerely,

J. Morley.

In making up each quarterly volume of "The Anglo-Saxon Review," I did not find the difficulty I had anticipated in procuring fitting contributors. The first

number of the review had established its reputation, and although it was not wanting in critics, it could rightly lay claim, on the whole, to keeping up the standard of excellence it had set itself. I aspired high; sometimes too high, as the following letter shows:

Walmer Castle, Walmer, Kent.
July 2, 1899.

DEAR LADY RANDOLPH: It would give me great pleasure if I could aid you in any way; but I am not capable of complying with your flattering invitation. My allowance of time and energy are only just enough to enable me to keep up with my necessary work. I do not feel it possible for me to do any literary work.

Winston made a splendid fight — but the Borough[1] bears a bad name for fickleness.

Believe me,
Yours very truly,
Salisbury.

I could hardly expect the Prime Minister, with the affairs of the nation weighing on him, to put them to one side to please me. "Mais qui ne risque rien n'a rien," and one must aim high, even if one falls short. I was also disappointed of getting an article from Mr. Cecil Rhodes, who although not what might be called a literary man, could speak clearly and with great authority on his own particular subjects.

I first met him in London in the early eighties. He was then a handsome young man, but with a delicate chest, and was just starting for South Africa, where he hoped the wonderful air would cure him. This it did, for although he died at a comparatively early age, it was not from consumption. I remember once having a most interesting conversation with him over his aims and ambitions. His whole soul was bound up in the future and progress of South Africa, and although he was not a self-seeker in any way, he was justly proud of having the immense province of Rhodesia named after him. In his heart of hearts he wanted his name to be handed down to posterity in this indelible manner, and he would have been bitterly disappointed had any other been chosen. When I taxed him with this, he admitted it quite frankly. He was, I think, a very happy man, for he never allowed small things to worry him, and his mind was not encumbered with the subtleties with which brains are so often hampered. A man of big ideas, he knew what he wanted, and made for the goal. He was singularly outspoken. On one occasion, discussing a sculptor, he said:

"Why don't you let the fellow do you? You 've got a good square face." These two letters are characteristic of his style.

Burlington Hotel, W.

DEAR LADY RANDOLPH: I think you will see me on your return from Paris. I will try to write something for you on board ship, but do not announce it. I shall try to do something to help you and my cause, perhaps my cause first and you second, but I shall see you again.

Yours,
C. J. Rhodes.

You will have lots of bother, some pleasure, and you will be doing something, which is best of all.

After all, women, remember, have great imagination and a much more delicate instinct than my sex, who are rough and brutal. I think you should have a fair chance.

Vienna, February, 1899.

DEAR LADY RANDOLPH: You must think I am very rude, but I only got your letter just before starting. It was not the secretary's fault, but it got mislaid; the excuse is that I get about one hundred a day—a telegram to me is always the surest.

I will come and see you if you will let me on my return in about three weeks.

We are getting through to Egypt fairly well. Maguire finds that he has to look after and attend to his servants as well as himself. I believe that is the usual thing with English servants; they simply collapse and do nothing.

I am learning the mysteries of bridge, and even with shilling points am only 30/— to the bad. I quite see that it is an assured income to a thinking player. Of course the annoyance — I would say amusement — is playing badly and seeing your partner's face; it sometimes changes their manners.

Yours,
C. J. Rhodes.

I have been treated with great urbanity, in spite of some slight mistakes such as revokes, etc.

Among many interesting contributions, it was with unbounded satisfaction that I received an article from George Bernard Shaw, "A Word more about Verdi,"

[1] Oldham.

which he begins in his characteristic manner: "I have read most of the articles on Verdi elicited by his death, and I have blushed—blushed for my species. By this I mean the music-critic species." He ends the article, which is one to prove that Verdi was not influenced by Wagner, in this wise: "Certainly, where you come to a strong Italian like Verdi, you may be quite sure that if you cannot explain him without dragging in the great Germans, you cannot explain him at all."

I disagree with him, as in "Aïda" the orchestration is decidedly Wagnerian, compared with Verdi's other operas, and still more so in "Falstaff." I had met Mr. Shaw a few times. He was tall, pale, thin and ascetic-looking, with wonderful, transparent eyes; his conversation was unconventional. Some correspondence passed between us àpropos of a luncheon party to which I had invited him, and which he, to my chagrin, refused; but his refusal was couched in such Shavian terms that I felt justified in answering in the same spirit. He wrote:

Certainly not; what have I done to provoke such an attack on my well-known habit?

To which I answered:

Know nothing of your habits; hope they are not as bad as your manners.

I thought the matter would rest there, but to my telegram came the following letter:

Be reasonable: what can I do? If I refuse an invitation in conventional terms, I am understood as repudiating the acquaintance of my hostess. If I make the usual excuses, and convince her that I am desolated by some other engagement, she will ask me again. And when I have excused myself six times running, she will conclude that I personally dislike her. Of course there is the alternative of accepting; but then I shall endure acute discomfort and starvation. I shall not have the pleasure of really meeting her and talking to her any more than if we happened to lunch at the Savoy on the same day by chance. I shall get no lunch, because I do not eat the unfortunate dead animals and things which she has to provide for the other people. Of those other people, half will abuse the occasion to ask me to lunches and dinners, and the other half, having already spread that net for me in vain, will be offended because I have done for you what I would not do for them. I shall have to dress myself carefully and behave properly, both of which are contrary to my nature.

Therefore I am compelled to do the simple thing, and when you say, "Come to lunch with a lot of people," reply flatly, "I won't." If you propose anything pleasant to me, I shall reply with equal flatness, "I will." But lunching with a lot of people — carniverous people — is not pleasant. Besides, it cuts down my morning's work. I won't lunch with you; I won't dine with you; I won't call on you; I won't take the smallest part in your social routine; and I won't ever know you except on the most special and privileged terms, to the utter exclusion of that "lot of other people" whose appetites you offered me as an entertainment. Only, if I can be of any real service at any time, that is what I exist for; so you may command me. To which you will no doubt reply, "Thank you for nothing; you would say the same to anybody." So I would, but it is a great concession to write it at such length to a lady who has bludgeoned me with an invitation to lunch. So there!

It was with the greatest regret that I ceased publishing "The Anglo-Saxon Review." But circumstances over which I had no control obliged me to bring its career to an end. No one can be responsible for a publication of that kind without having many anxious and annoying moments, but I shall always look back with pleasure and pride to that period, and to the ten volumes it produced. My heart will never forget the gratitude I owe to those who worked so efficiently for me and with me.

(To be continued)

THE EARLY LIFE OF ROBERT FULTON

BY ALICE CRARY SUTCLIFFE

Great-Granddaughter of the Inventor

ROBERT FULTON was born at Little Britain, Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, November 14, 1765. His biographers have called him "a self-made man," and have made but brief reference to his parentage. It is noteworthy that his father, the senior Robert Fulton, in a failure to leave financial patrimony to his children, has not been accorded the mention of other achievements, not slight in those primitive days. His ancestors crossed from Scotland to Ireland prior to the time of Cromwell. From Kilkenny, Ireland, the Fulton family came to America before the year 1735. The senior Robert Fulton was among the prominent men of Lancaster, his name having been on record upon all the town organizations which existed at that period. He was a founder of the Presbyterian church, the Secretary of the Union Fire Company, and a charter member of the Juliana Library of Lancaster, the third library established in the American Colonies. He married Miss Mary Smith, a sister of Colonel Robert Smith of Chester County. They were the children of Joseph Smith of Oxford township, Pennsylvania, whose will, dated May 22, 1760, bequeathed "To my beloved Daughter, Mary, wife of Robert Fulton, the sum of Five Pounds, to be levied off my Estate."

The following story is told of the Smith family prior to their departure from Ireland in 1720.

"Just before the battle of the Boyne, King William the Third was personally reconnoitering the locality in the northeastern part of Ireland. His horse cast a shoe. There was no farrier in attendance to replace it, and Mr. McDonnell, in whose neighborhood the accident occurred, and who was something of a blacksmith, as were many farmers in thinly populated districts, volunteered to repair the injury, shod the horse, and so enabled the King to proceed. His neighbors dubbed him 'McDonnell, the Smith.' Thus the name was ultimately changed from McDonnell to Smith. He was a Scotchman, but thought the name 'Smith' a compliment, and allowed the future generations to take the name."

This brief incident of adaptability has so befogged the McDonnell line of descent that the children of the third and fourth generations do not know their original name.

On August 23, 1759, the elder Robert Fulton bought the brick dwelling-house on the northeast corner of Penn Square,

afterward known as Center Square, in the town of Lancaster. Two children, daughters, were born in this house, and Mr. and Mrs. Fulton lived there until 1765. On November 8, 1764, he purchased a farm of 393¾ acres, situated on the Conowingo Creek, in Little Britain township, and in the following spring moved to the new home.

The farm-house to which Fulton brought his family in the early spring of 1765 is still standing at the country cross-roads. There Robert Fulton the inventor was born.[1] The exact date of his birth was unknown to history for many years, until a letter, written from London, during the year 1806, by the inventor, to his friend the Hon. Joel Barlow, was found to contain these words: "I am now busy winding up everything, and will leave London about the 23d for Falmouth, from whence I shall sail in the packet the first week in October, and be with you, I hope, in November, perhaps about the 14th, my birthday,—so you must have a roast goose ready!"

In 1844 the township of Little Britain was resurveyed, and a new section was set aside, to be known as "Fulton Township," in honor of the child who lived for the first few months of his eventful life within its quiet borders. The farm-house which sheltered his infancy was built of plastered stone, two stories high, and at one end the roof sloped to a low porch.

But Robert Fulton's father was not a successful farmer. Perchance he yearned for the companionship of his Lancaster friends, his comrades of the fire com-

[1] A curious discussion arose in 1876, when John Stevenson, a correspondent of the Glasgow "News," claimed Robert Fulton to have been a native Scotchman. The question, sifted through several numbers, was finally conclusively answered by Robert Fulton's daughter, Mrs. Crary (Cornelia Livingston Fulton) in a letter to the New York "Times," attesting her father's American birth, and also by a contributor, "Epoc" (presumably Thomas P. Cope, a native of Lancaster), who told of his personal comradeship with Robert Fulton at the Lancaster school. Mr. Cope, an eminent merchant of Philadelphia, established the line of packet-ships between Liverpool and Philadelphia, forerunner of the American line of steamers.

From a photograph by D. E. Brinton

FARM-HOUSE AT LITTLE BRITAIN, PENNSYLVANIA, THE BIRTHPLACE OF ROBERT FULTON

ROBERT FULTON, SR., AND MARY SMITH FULTON, THE PARENTS OF ROBERT FULTON

From the original paintings by Benjamin West (when a boy) owned by Alice Crary Sutcliffe. The originals are signed "B. West, 175-"

pany and the library board. One thing is certain: during the following year he and his wife mortgaged the property, and moved back to the town of Lancaster.

Three years ago the present owner rebuilt the old house, the old section of the homestead being encompassed by the new. The two parlors, low-ceiled and broad, remain; and in one of these rooms, formerly the kitchen, the original fireplace is intact, the crane still swinging within the sooted inclosure where Robert Fulton's father laid the logs so many years ago. Above the parlor is the room where Robert Fulton was born. Only the broad window-sills show age; the remainder of the house is placidly and emphatically modern. A gigantic buttonwood-tree overshadows the old section of the house; and is said to have sprung from a riding-whip which Esther Swift, a daughter of the owner who succeeded Fulton's father, stuck in the ground one day when she returned from a ride upon her favorite pony.

Joseph Swift, a cousin of Robert Fulton, in writing years ago from Philadelphia, says that his grandfather well remembered in his youth "the great preparations which a visit to Aunt Fulton required in the way of baking, boiling, and roasting, and in getting ready the camp equipage which the journey through the wilderness required. It was only less formidable than a journey across the Atlantic."

The father of the celebrated artist Benjamin West lived in the adjoining county of Chester, and was an intimate friend of the senior Robert Fulton. The interesting portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Fulton, here for the first time reproduced, have unique interest, in that they are among the earliest known works of the young artist, who later attained distinction as President of the Royal Academy of London. At the age of twelve years, West had gained local fame as an artist, and was invited to visit Lancaster to paint the portraits of Mrs. Ross and her children, famous beauties of the day. The father's permission was obtained, and Benjamin West came to Lancaster, and executed his task with such a degree of success that he could with difficulty find time to fill the orders which poured in upon him. It is recorded that he received his first payment in exchange for drawings made on poplar boards, and that he continued for some time to paint portraits in Lancaster. The Fulton portraits were found some years ago in the attic of an

old house in Lancaster County, and were thought by the owner to be representations of the inventor and his wife. This is manifestly impossible, not merely from their lack of resemblance to other authenticated portraits, but also because of the discrepancy in the date of the signature, which is "B. West 175–", the last figure being indistinct. It is therefore concluded that they are the only known representations of the father and mother of the inventor. The daily sight of these portraits in his home, and the knowledge of the success of his energetic young neighbor Benjamin West, may have been the inspiration of Robert Fulton's subsequent study and love of art.

In 1756, Benjamin West's mother died, and he went to reside in Philadelphia, although it is probable that he frequently returned for visits in Lancaster. It is known that he painted signs for local taverns, and some of these have been preserved by collectors. In Philadelphia he gained reputation as an artist, and an increased patronage. For his portraits, at this time, he received two and a half guineas for a head, and five guineas for a half-length. With a motive, it is said, of increasing his prices, he went to New York for a period of eleven months, and there executed many portraits.

Owned by the Rev. R. F. Crary, D.D.

OBVERSE OF A MEDAL ISSUED BY THE FULTON INSTITUTE, OF LANCASTER, PA.

The elder Robert Fulton was an ardent Presbyterian. A letter from Edward Burd of Philadelphia to William Rawle, published in the "Pennsylvanian Magazine," concludes with these words: "Having lived in Lancaster till I was eleven years of age, I recollect that the father of the famous Robert Fulton, who had a sonorous and stentorian voice, used to raise the Psalm in the Court House, where Presbyterians occasionally preached." He was one of the founders of the First Presbyterian Church in Lancaster. His death occurred in 1768.

In Delaplaine's "Repository," which may be seen at the Lenox Library, New York, the writer on "Robert Fulton" states:

> Although highly respectable, the elder Fulton was far from opulent, and the small fortune he left at his death was to be divided between his widow and five children. The patrimony of Robert was, therefore, but slender. To this circumstance, however, he never looked back with the false shame of common minds, but rather rejoiced on being considered, as he really was, the founder of his fortune.

There are several anecdotes which relate to Robert Fulton's early interest in mechanics—the first steps of progress toward his later skill. In 1773, when he was eight years old, his mother, having previously taught him to read and write, sent him to a school kept by Mr. Caleb Johnson, a Quaker gentleman of pronounced Tory principles—so pronounced, in fact, that he narrowly escaped with his life during the Revolution. But Robert Fulton did not care for books, and he began at a very early age to search for problems never mastered and bound in print. This greatly distressed the Quaker teacher, who spared not the rod; and it is said that in administering such discipline on the hand of Robert Fulton, he one day testily exclaimed: "There, that will make you do something!" To which Robert, with folded arms, replied: "Sir, I came to have something beaten into my brains, and not into my knuckles." Without doubt he was a trial to his teacher.

He entered school one day very late, and when the master inquired the reason, Robert with frank interest replied that he had been at Nicholas Miller's shop pounding out lead for a pencil. "It is the very best I ever had, sir," he affirmed as he displayed his product. The master, after an examination of the pencil, pronounced it excellent. When Robert's mother, who had been distressed by his lack of application to his

From the painting by Benjamin West. (Owned by R. F. Ludlow, Claverack, New York)

ROBERT FULTON

studies, expressed to his teacher her pleasure at signs of improvement, the latter confided to her that Robert had said to him: "My head is so full of original notions that there is no vacant chamber to store away the contents of dusty books."

These incidents to the contrary, it is nevertheless true that Robert Fulton did absorb a good knowledge of the rudiments of education.

In 1777, Congress held session in the old court house at Lancaster, and during this time the town became famous as a depot of supplies for the American forces. Rifles, blankets, and clothing were manufactured there, powder for the troops was stored in the town, and in that year

a certain Paul Zantzinger furnished General Wayne's men with 650 suits of uniform.

During the autumn of 1775, Major John André, while on his way to Quebec, was captured by General Montgomery, and with other officers was taken for safety to Lancaster. He was granted a certain amount of freedom on the following parole:

I, John André, being a prisoner in the United Colonies of America, do, upon the honor of a gentleman, promise that I will not go into or near any seaport town, nor farther than six miles from Lancaster, without leave of the Continental Congress or the Committee of Safety of Pennsylvania, and that I will carry on no political correspondence whatever on the subject of the dispute between Great Britain and the Colonies so long as I remain a prisoner.

Upon these conditions, Major André became an inmate in the house of Caleb Cope, and was tutor to John Cope, then thirteen years of age. Major André had a talent for art, and made a dainty sketch of a scene in England, probably near his early home. The drawing was in tints of green; a church spire in the background, and in the front, the heavy foliage of trees embowered a lodge. He gave this picture to Mr. Cope, who treasured it and wrote of it in these words: "In memory of the artist and of my affection for that gifted and deceived, that noble-hearted and generous man." Mr. Cope had five sons, of whom John was the eldest. André gave lessons in art to his young pupil, and also to Benjamin T. Barton, who became a clever draftsman. The prisoner also played marbles and other boyish sports with his young friends. Robert Fulton was then eleven years old and eager for every form of activity. It is quite possible that when the Cope boys received their lessons in art, Robert may also have profited from the excellent tutor, and received lessons in drawing.

Painted by Robert Fulton. (Owned by H. A. Boardman, St. Paul, Minn.)

MINIATURE OF SAMUEL BEACH

Samuel Beach was born in 1761, served in the Revolutionary War, and after the peace, resumed his studies at Princeton College, where he was graduated. He was a member of the American Whig Society and of the American Philosophical Society. Later he became a Commissioner of Currency in South Carolina. He died there in 1793, and his gravestone is in the shadow of the old Circular church in Charleston.

At a very early age, a love of art became to Robert a pronounced delight. One of his classmates in the Lancaster school-house told in after years an interesting story of those days. He had an older brother, he said, who was fond of painting, and had learned the art of mixing and preparing colors, which he displayed upon mussel shells. The War of the Revolution at that time made it difficult to obtain painting materials from abroad, and few people had time or thought for such quiet pastimes. This painting outfit fell into the possession of the younger brother, who carried it to school and showed it to Robert Fulton. Immediately the latter pleaded for a share, and his artistic productions were so superior to those of the donor that the entire outfit was given to Robert.

Fulton was nicknamed by his comrades "Quicksilver Bob," because of his frequent purchases of the illusive and glittering metal, used by him in experiments which he declined to describe. Before this time he had drawn designs for firearms and had become expert in experimenting with them in order to determine the comparative carrying distance of different bores and balls. He is known to have manufactured an air-gun in the year 1779, but there is no record of its success. The firm of Isch and Messersmith were employed by the Continental authorities to make and repair arms for the troops. Guards were stationed at the doors of their shops, and to fill the orders the workmen labored night and day and also on Sundays, a rare trespass upon sacred time in those days. "Quicksilver Bob" came and went daily among the workmen, and it has been said that his mechanical judgment was so highly thought of that his suggestions and drawings were frequently followed. It is asserted that he also painted signs for the village taverns and shops, as did his famous predecessor, Benjamin West.

In 1779, when Robert was fourteen years of age, he formed a friendship with Christopher Gumpf, an apprentice in the machine-shop of Mr. Messersmith. Christopher was eighteen years old. His father, Deter Gumpf, an experienced fisherman in the quiet waters of the Conestoga Creek, used to take Christopher and Robert with him, and the boys would pole the flat-bottomed boat from place to place, over the good fishing-grounds. The exercise was severe, for the boat was cumbersome. Robert and Christopher agreed that they were tired of the work. About this time Robert went to Little Britain township for a brief visit with his aunt, and during his absence from the machine-shops he busied himself with the manufacture of a small working model of a fishing-boat to be propelled by paddles. He is said to have left this model in his aunt's attic with the request that it be kept, and in subsequent years it was an object of curiosity in the old lady's parlor. When Robert returned to Lancaster, he made a set of paddle-wheels for Mr. Gumpf's boat, to be operated by a double crank motion. He tried this invention on the Conestoga River, opposite Rockford, and found it so satisfactory that it was used in subsequent fishing-trips.

At one time in 1777, as many as 2000 British prisoners were quartered at Lancaster, and the natives greatly feared an outbreak. The privates were kept at barracks, and the British officers lodged at public or private houses. The prisoners fared poorly enough at times. One day rations were cut off from their women and children, and they were forced to appeal for relief from starvation. The Hessians, some of whom had their wives with them, occupied square huts of mud and sod. Their strange encampment was naturally attractive to the boys of the village, and Robert Fulton's ready pencil caricatured them.

At the age of seventeen, Fulton left Lancaster to seek his fortune, taking up his residence in Philadelphia as a painter of portraits and miniatures. His papers are singularly devoid of reference to these years. He was never retrospective, but eager for new accomplishment. Life offered him delights in art and science, and his industry appears to have made alternate choice in these fields of thought and enterprise. His energy was indefatigable; he not only earned his own living, but sent remittances to his mother in Lancaster. He apparently seized upon any form of employment which could be secured by personal endeavor. He is known to have drawn plans for machinery, which he submitted to various shops; he designed carriages and buildings, and at the same time worked hard at his regular profession as a painter. White's Directory of the City of Philadelphia for 1785 has this entry:

Painted by Robert Fulton. (Owned by the Pennsylvania Historical Society)

MINIATURES OF MR. AND MRS. JOHN WILKES KITTERA

Painted by Robert Fulton. (Owned by the Academy of Fine Arts, Philadelphia)

MINIATURE OF CLEMENTINA ROSS

"Fulton, Robert: Miniature Painter. Corner of 2nd & Walnut Streets."

His success during the subsequent four years in Philadelphia was due to his indomitable perseverance, aided by the charm of an attractive personality. He seems to have possessed a positive faculty for friendships, and his choice, determined by social rather than sordid considerations, speedily won him much patronage. He enjoyed a personal friendship with Benjamin Franklin, who gave him unusual attention and kindness.

A diligent search has brought to light several examples of Fulton's art, which, by kind permission of the several owners, are here reproduced for the first time. In the Pennsylvania Historical Society are deposited, by bequest of Mary Kittera Snyder of Selin's Grove, Pennsylvania, the miniatures of John Wilkes Kittera and wife, painted by Robert Fulton. Kittera was a member of the Philadelphia bar, and later United States District Attorney for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania. His wife was Mary Moore, a noted beauty of Lancaster, the daughter of Captain John Moore. Kittera was also originally from Lancaster, his father being pastor of the Presbyterian church in that town. Fulton and Kittera had doubtless been friends in boyhood.

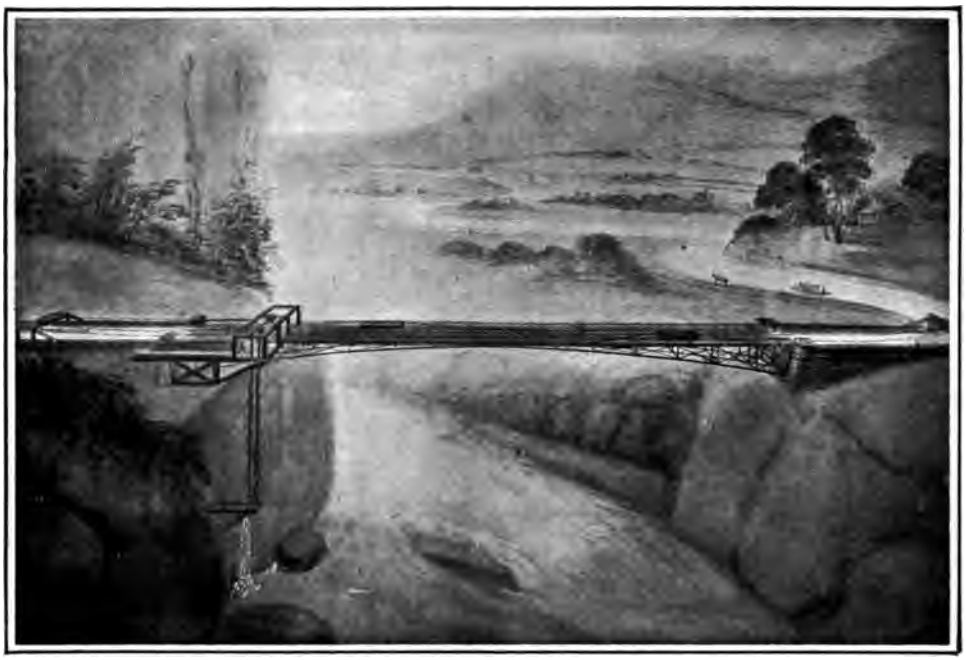
Dr. Edward Everett Hale, in his "Memories of a Hundred Years," mentions a portrait of Franklin, painted by Robert Fulton during his youth. Dr. Hale writes of it in a personal letter as follows: "A year or two ago I made a vigorous effort to find the picture, but I am sorry to say that I failed entirely. It was not a very good picture, nor did it give a very favorable idea of Fulton's ability as a portrait painter. . . ." A reference to this portrait is made in the "Centennial Memorial Volume of the Inauguration of Washington," edited by Clarence W. Bowen, who quotes the following from the "Pennsylvanian Magazine of History & Biography" (Vol. XI):

> A portrait of Ben Franklin painted by Robert Fulton, of steamboat celebrity. On the back of the canvas is written 'R. Fulton Pinxt 1787.' The history of this rare picture is distinctly traceable back thirty-three or thirty-four years, at which time it was sold at auction for twenty-five cents. For thirty years it hung without frame in the sitting-room of a farmer in Rhode Island. At another time it was used as a barrel cover in a farmer's garret, and still later ornamented an engine house. The Rev. Henry Baylies found it in a photograph gallery in Fall River, Massachusetts. Mr. Baylies sold the portrait in 1891 to C. F. Gunther of Chicago.

The only known pastel portrait made by Robert Fulton is of Margaret Ross, at sixteen, done in 1787. At present it is owned by Mrs. C. S. Bradford of Philadelphia. In the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts there is an interesting minia-

Drawn by Robert Fulton in 1787. (Owned by Mrs. C. S. Bradford, Philadelphia)

PASTEL PORTRAIT OF MARGARET ROSS



Drawn by Robert Fulton in 1797. (Owned by the Engineers Club, New York City)

PLAN IN WATER COLOR FOR A HIGH-LEVEL CANAL

ture, accredited to Robert Fulton, of Clementina Ross, sister of Margaret. They were daughters of John Ross, a successful merchant of Philadelphia. The following from the "Pennsylvanian Magazine" (Vol. XXIII), taken from "The Memoirs of John Ross," by his granddaughter throws some light on the portrait.

Robert Fulton, when a young man and poor, brought a letter of introduction from Dr. Franklin to my grandfather, John Ross. He was soon found to be a man of genius, and to find him some present employment, my grandfather proposed his taking crayon likenesses of the young ladies in society. He took my mother in 1786, then seventeen years old. In my grandfather's frequent trips to Paris on government business, he wished to take my mother, his eldest and best beloved child. This was objected to by my grandmother, who feared that she might fall into the hands of privateer men, who then infested the ocean. Mr. Ross took the crayon picture and had it copied on ivory by an admirable artist.—When my eldest sister was fully grown, about 1808 or 1809, she went to a Birthnight Ball, 22d February, at the Mansion House Hotel, formerly Mr. Bingham's mansion on Third Street above Spruce. Mr. Fulton accosted her and asked to sit by her. Mr. [Joel] Barlow, an intimate friend of my father, had brought Mr. Fulton to our house. Fulton had been his secretary in Paris and lived with him seven years assisting him with "The Columbiad." Fulton was a man of consequence at this time, both in our cities and in those of Europe, where Mr. Barlow had introduced him into the best of circles. He asked my sister whether she had any likeness of her mother. He said, "When I was unknown and friendless, I took a likeness in crayon of her: a beautiful young girl." None but a great man would have made such an avowal.

Clementina Ross married Governor John F. Mifflin of Pennsylvania. Upon the reverse side of the miniature was discovered, when it was taken from the case, another picture of interest, depicting Mrs. Mifflin's daughter weeping over the tomb of her mother.

After a severe attack of pulmonary trouble, which gave evidences of a tendency toward a hasty decline, Fulton was obliged, through expert advice, to seek the recovery of his health at the famous springs of Virginia. At this then fashionable place of resort, he formed friendships with several persons of wise judgment, and through their recommendation, and his own personal desire to seek out and profit by the study of the art treasures of Europe, he began to arrange his affairs for a voyage to the Old World.

Desiring, in ill-health, to provide a permanent home for his mother and sisters, he invested his savings of more than four hundred dollars in a farm in the township of Hopewell, Washington County, Pennsylvania. A history of Hopewell shows that a certain Reverend Joseph Smith had charge of the Presbyterian congregation; and as Joseph Smith, the father of Robert Fulton's mother, had mentioned a son Joseph in his will, it is probable that the Joseph Smith of the Hopewell parish was the brother of Mrs. Fulton. The adjacent town of Washington was at this time enjoying a land boom, and in addition to the purchase of the farm for his mother, Robert Fulton also bought four lots in Washington as laid out by Mr. Hogl, the pioneer settler. During the year 1793 Robert Fulton wrote from London to Mr. Hogl to convey deeds for three of his lots to his three sisters, Mrs. Mary Morris, Mrs. Isabella Cook, and Mrs. Peggy Scott. From this fact it is known that the three sisters had married. Mrs. Cook and Mrs. Morris are known to have lived upon the lots provided by their brother. Mary Morris was the wife of David Morris, who in 1812 and 1817 served as a borough officer of Washington. His name also appears in the list of burgesses. In the record of a town meeting held at the court house, January 25, 1798, to decide the momentous question, whether it would be proper to introduce smallpox by inoculation into the families of the village, David Morris is mentioned as having voted "No," as did the entire company.

In 1786, Robert Fulton sailed for England, bearing numerous letters of introduction to distinguished Americans abroad. Among these, a letter from his friend and patron Benjamin Franklin to Benjamin West, the Pennsylvania artist who had won high honor in London, was of special help in launching Mr. Fulton in the art circles of Europe, and the previous intimacy between the West and Fulton families, and the pronounced similarity in tastes and ambitions, seem to have attracted them to an immediate and intimate comradeship.

Fulton must already have been familiar with some of the early attempts toward steam navigation. His Lancaster townsman, William Henry, an ingenious gunsmith, during a visit in 1760 to England, had applied his mind toward the possibility of using a Watts engine in the propulsion of boats. In Bowen's "Sketches of Pennsylvania," it is asserted that Henry, after his return from Lancaster, constructed a machine, and in 1763 attached it to a boat. He made an experiment with this unique craft upon the Conestoga River, but by a mishap the boat became disabled and sank. He afterward constructed a second model with improvements, and in 1782 he presented to the Pennsylvania Philosophical Society a design for a machine with steam as motive power. An intelligent German, Herr Shoepff, who visited the United States in 1783, while in Lancaster made the acquaintance of Henry, and was shown a machine intended for the propelling of boats. He reported that Henry himself had been doubtful whether such a machine would find favor with the public, "as every one considers it impracticable to make a boat move against wind and tide." But Henry was credited with the assertion that "such a boat *will* come into use and navigate on the waters of the Ohio and Mississippi rivers," although the time for appreciation and application had not yet arrived.

Henry was apparently more a prophet than an inventor of steam navigation. To him also belongs the honor of the first encouragement in art to young Benjamin West. During the year 1750, when the lad West was painting his first portraits in the town of Lancaster, Henry suggested to him the moral and educational advantages of historical paintings. "The Death of Socrates" was his initial attempt, resulting in many subsequent triumphs in historical delineation.

John Fitch, whose name is also rightfully honored as a pioneer experimenter in steam navigation, was a frequent visitor at the house of Mr. Henry in Lancaster. There were doubtless discussions between the two men in regard to the project which Henry had under consideration. On the 2d of December, 1785, at a special meeting of the Philosophical Society, John Fitch was personally presented to the members, and consulted a few of them, including Henry, as to his projects.

Of Henry and Fitch, and of Robert

Fulton's ultimate success in solving the problem of steam navigation, the late Dr. Robert H. Thurston, former Director of the Department of Mechanical Engineering of Cornell University, wrote:

> Fitch evidently made the first successful experiment in the propelling of boats by steam; but William Henry has probably the honor of originating the idea, and building the first steam-boat ever built in the United States. Fitch improved on Mr. Henry's model, and Fulton improved on both. . . . Fulton took the genius of other mechanics, and set them at work in combination, and then applied the already known steam-boat in his more proportioned form, to a variety of useful purposes, and with final success. It is this which constitutes Fulton's claim upon the gratitude and the remembrance of the nations. And it is quite enough.

At the time of his visit to England, Robert Fulton's preferred aim was art, though his active mind soon began to busy itself with various inventions. West was conspicuous for the consideration which he showed to younger artists; but he bestowed unusual favor upon Fulton, who became an inmate in the home of the great artist. In these years he worked indefatigably at his art, and while the sum of his works is unknown, records of a few of his paintings have been found. There is mention in the Royal Academy catalogue of three portraits as having been on exhibition, as follows: In 1791 "Portrait of a Young Gentleman," and "Portrait of Two Young Gentlemen"; and in 1793 "Portrait of a Lady" (Mrs. Murray). Smith, in his "Catalogue of Portraits," mentions a fancy picture of Lady Jane Grey, painted by Fulton about 1793. In the same year was published a print engraved by Sherwin, from a picture by Fulton, of "Louis XVI in Prison, Taking Leave of his Family." Only two of these prints are known recently to be in existence. One is owned by Robert Fulton's granddaughter, Mrs. Hermann H. Cammann, and a reference is made to the other in Schaff's "History of Philadelphia," which says: "The only copy I have seen is possessed by Dr. Francis [the historian]. It is now a curiosity." A personal letter from Lionel Cust, Esq., present Curator of the National Portrait Gallery, London, states: "In the year 1791, Robert Fulton exhibited at the Society of Artists, four paintings: two subject pictures and two anonymous portraits."

Colden, in his "Life of Robert Fulton," says that Fulton, when he returned to this country

> brought with him a family piece representing that great artist (Benjamin West) and his lady, done by Mr. West himself; who also painted a portrait of Mr. Fulton, which his family now possess. These pieces were offerings of friendship and were made and received as tokens of the attachment formed between the family of that great painter and his young friend, and which lasted until his death.

The present whereabouts of the first-named portrait is unknown. The latter is in the possession of Robert Fulton Ludlow of Claverack, New York, and is here reproduced. During the year 1792, Benjamin West succeeded Sir Joshua Reynolds as President of the Royal Academy, but declined the proffered honor of knighthood.

James Renwick, in his "Biography of Robert Fulton," published in Jared Sparks's "Library of American Biography," is the only historian to refer to an interesting tour made about this time by Fulton among the castles and country-places of the British nobility for the study of their artistic treasures. After leaving London, he went to Exeter, in the County of Devon, and for a time was a resident of Powderham Castle, the chief seat of the Courtenays. The steward of the estate, a gentleman by birth and education, entertained all guests without court rank, for the Baron of Powderham lived in a degree of royal exclusiveness. During Fulton's residence at the castle, he occupied himself with the copying of several famous works of art. To his titled benefactor Fulton extended a gratitude which was later put to the test, and found faithful. Professor Renwick tells us in somewhat veiled terms that several years after Robert Fulton had returned to America,

> the heir of the title and fortunes of the Courtenays, became a refugee in our land under circumstances of disgrace and humiliation. . . . Every door was closed against him except that of Fulton. The feelings of Fulton were probably those which lead the benevolent to minister to the comforts and to

soothe the mental anguish of the condemned criminal; but in the instance we allude to it required not only the existence of such feelings, but a high degree of courage to exercise them in the face of a popular impression, which, whether well or ill founded, was universally entertained.

During Robert Fulton's sojourn in Devonshire, he formed a friendship with several men of distinction, and it is said that portraits and landscapes painted by him at this period are to be found in several of the stately homes of England. It must be remembered that during all these years he was supporting himself entirely by his own efforts with palette and brush.

In Devonshire he won the personal interest of two influential peers of the realm, whose scientific investigations were a keen joy and an important factor in defining his subsequent career. These men, the Duke of Bridgewater and Earl Stanhope, were scientists of advanced thought. The former had inherited a vast estate, which, although it abounded in mineral wealth, failed to render an adequate financial return, because the mines were inaccessible through lack of proper development for the transportation of their output. The growing town of Manchester had need of coal for its manufactories, and there was plenty of coal in the lands of the Duke of Bridgewater. But all products had to be carried from the estate in sacks upon pack-horses. The duke, therefore, with the aid of a native genius, Brindley by name, whom he termed his engineer, opened canal navigation throughout his lands. This was attained only at great cost in the face of appalling difficulties and much opposition. It is said that at one time, he barely escaped confinement as a lunatic, so ridiculous did his plans appear to critical friends and relatives. At the time Fulton met him, the success of his canal project was manifest, and he was already amassing wealth through the aid of this new method of water carriage. Similar schemes were projected throughout the country, and the duke became the proprietor of several navigation companies which were at that time in formation to construct a great system of waterways through England. It is thought that the duke's plans, if not his solicitation, had much to do with Fulton's abandonment of art for civil engineering; for from this time on his thoughts were occupied with canal navigation and kindred practical subjects.

With the Earl of Stanhope, whose talent ran to mechanical devices and scientific research, Fulton entered into a spirited correspondence. The earl was visionary, and his inventions, though they bordered on great discovery, and were based upon noble aims, were never carried to any degree of practical perfection. One of his plans was for the application of steam to navigation, by the use of a curious paddle, resembling the webbed foot of a waterfowl. He communicated his ideas on this subject to Fulton, who showed the practical impossibility of the project. Professor Renwick states that Fulton, in a letter written during the year 1793 from Devonshire, briefly gave, in exchange for the earl's impracticable plan for steam navigation, the very principles of his own later application, which afterward was successfully demonstrated on the Hudson River. Earl Stanhope, however, proceeded with his own plan, and in an experiment made at the London docks, met with failure. But his generous nature continued to find interest in Fulton's plans and aspirations, and upon several subsequent occasions he gave evidences of a sincere friendship for the American inventor.

From Devonshire, Fulton went to Birmingham, where he took up his residence. Although his name does not appear in the list of engineers who were engaged upon the Duke of Bridgewater's project of building canals from Birmingham to the chief seaports, there is little doubt that he went there with the aim of studying the new enterprise. It is asserted by several biographers of Fulton that during his eighteen months' residence in Birmingham he met and entered into confidential correspondence with Watts, the inventor of the steam engine. One narrator states that Fulton actually superintended the construction of an engine, where no other aid could be obtained. This friendship has been questioned by others, whose proof against it lies in the fact that a letter from Joel Barlow stated that Fulton had never met Watts. Mr. Colden is the authority for the statement that as early as 1793, Fulton had turned

his thoughts toward steam navigation as an important possibility, and had outlined his plan for putting it in practice. But these dreams did not keep him from the development of other practical contrivances. In 1794 he obtained from the British government a patent for a double inclined plane for raising and lowering canal-boats, and also received from the British Society of Arts and Commerce the thanks and an honorary medal of the society for a submitted invention for sawing marble. About the same period he obtained English patents for a machine for spinning flax, and for a new invention for twisting hemp rope. He appears to have been reaching out in many directions of thought to try to solve some industrial problem, great or small; but his energies were chiefly turned toward the further development of canal systems. He devised and obtained English patents for a dredging-machine for scooping out earth to form the channels for canals or aqueducts, and later patented "The Market or Passage Boat" for use upon canals; and still later, a "Dispatch Boat," devised for special speed in transporting goods which required expedition. These smaller inventions, although they were useful at the time in furthering the utility of canal navigation, were only steps toward a greater development.

Fulton's power as an accurate draftsman enabled him to describe fully upon paper, with accompanying charts, his various essays toward inventions. He also wrote copious notes upon the subjects which he had in mind, and later, as his ideas matured, he wrote essays and pamphlets upon specific subjects, and sent them, with accompanying letters, to those persons who had the power to promote their advancement. In 1796 he published "A Treatise on Canal Navigation," illustrated by seventeen plates, and designed to show "the numerous advantages to be derived from small canals." The title-page indicated that the authorship was "By Robert Fulton, Civil Engineer," his first public use of that signature. He appears to have abandoned entirely his painting and thereafter to have used his talent for art only to illustrate his ideas for mechanical contrivances. A copy of the "Treatise" in the Lenox Library contains a four-page letter to General Bonaparte from the author. In his preface he says:

> The fear of meeting the opposition of envy, or the illiberality of ignorance is, no doubt, the frequent cause of preventing many ingenious men from ushering opinions into the world which deviate from common practice. Hence for want of energy, the young idea is shackled with timidity and a useful thought is buried in the impenetrable gloom of eternal oblivion. But if we consider for a moment, how much men are the sons of habit, we shall find that almost the whole operations of society are the produce of accident and a combination of events, rendered familiar by custom, and interwoven into the senses by time: insomuch that it is mere chance if the ideas are awakened to a sense of particular errors. But in such case, it is fortunate when they arise in a mind active to investigate and which feels only contented to rest on the basis of reason: for without this, man must ever remain in a fixed point and improvement will be at an end: the adventurer must, therefore, arm himself with fortitude to meet the attacks of illiberality and prejudice, determined to yield to nothing but superior reason; resting assured that every virtuous mind will commend an exertion to remove the rubbish from around the Temple of Truth, even should the undertaking fail. . . . The mechanic should sit down among levers, screws, wedges, wheels, etc., like a poet among the letters of the alphabet, considering them as the exhibition of his thoughts; in which a new arrangement transmits a new idea to the world. It is for want of this discrimination that many a worthy man of easy demeanor is tormented by the criticism of ignorant insignificance; for men of the least genius are ever the first to deprecate and the last to commend: and for an obvious reason, they have not sense to know the produce of genius when they see it.

Throughout the succeeding pages he endeavors to show the advantages of a system of small canals, which, if introduced in any fertile country, would increase the financial resources of all the inhabitants of the inland districts by enabling them to offer their farm products to the inhabitants of the larger coast towns. He acknowledged that his first study of the subject of canal navigation was induced by the reading of a paper which described the canal proposed by Earl Stanhope. Fulton's "Treatise" dealt with the practical contrivances incident to such a waterway, and the patent devices already secured for the easy trans-

portation of boats from one level to another by use of the inclined planes. But, as Colden wrote in 1796:

The author does not confine himself to a mere description of his invention or machinery. He takes an extensive view of canal navigation as connected with political economy. He enters into calculations of the expense, advantages, and profit of the mode of conveyance he proposes, in contrast with those which had been before used, and by so doing, presents a body of information, which in itself is highly useful and interesting, and must be particularly so to us now that the eyes of the community seem to be opening to the very extraordinary natural advantages which our country affords, for the most extensive and magnificent inland navigation in the world.

Fulton sent copies of his "Treatise" to Governor Mifflin of Pennsylvania, and to George Washington, who was then President of the United States, urging their thoughtful consideration of the project. The letter to President Washington, now in the possession of The Historical Society of Pennsylvania, is reproduced here for the first time.

London, Sept. 12th, 1796.

To His Excellency, George Washington,
President of the United States:

SIR: By my friend Dr. Edwards I beg leave to present you with this publication; which I hope will be honoured with your Perusal at a liesure hour: The object of which is to Exhibit the Certain mode of Giving Agriculture to every Acre of the immense Continent of America; By means of a Creative System of Canals.

When this Subject first entered my thoughts, I had no Idea of its Consequence. But the scene gradually opened and at Length exhibited the most extensive and pleasing prospect of Improvements: hence, I now consider it of much national Importance; And View it like the application of those particular principles which produce certain effects.

Thus the discovery of the Mariner's Compass Gave Commerce to the World.

The Invention of printing is dissipating darkness and giving a Polish to the Mass of Men.

And the Introduction of the Creative System of Canals as certain in their Effects will give an Agricultural Polish to every Acre of America. I therefore Beg Leave to Submit to your Contemplation the Last Chapter with the Supplement; which exhibits the Specific System for America: And hoping that your Excellencie's Sanction will awaken the Public attention to the Subject:

I Remain with all possible Respect, your Excellencie's Most Obedient & Very Humble Servant

Robert Fulton.

Among the Washington papers in the Library of Congress is this reply:

Philad. 14th Decr 1796.

ROBERT FULTON ESQR.

SIR,

By the hands of Doct. Edwards I was favored with your Treatise on the improvement of Canal Navigation. For your goodness in sending it to me I pray you to accept my best thanks.

The subject is interesting and I dare presume is well treated, but as the Book came to me in the midst of busy preparatory scenes for Congress I have not had liesure yet to give it the perusal which the importance of such a work would merit. I shall do it with pleasure I am persuaded when I have.

With Esteem I am Sir
Your obt & Obliged
& Hble Servt
Go: Washington.

No official action followed. Professor Renwick states that the "letter to the Governor of Pennsylvania produced even less effect. The State adhered pertinaciously to its plan of turnpike roads, a plan, which, if it did create a better mode of communication than had before been enjoyed, was not less expensive than canals on Fulton's plan would have been, and far less beneficial."

The "Treatise on Canals," with Fulton's letter to Governor Mifflin, was translated into French and published in Paris in the seventh year of the Republic. It won the attention of many engineers and mechanicians, but apparently produced no large constructive results.

Universal free trade was the avowed motive of all of Fulton's various experiments, and to this end he wrote several treatises during his residence in Birmingham and later. During 1795 he published some essays on canals in the London "Morning Star," and two years later he addressed a paper to the French Directory, to which Colden's "Biography of Fulton" makes brief reference. It should be remembered that only a short time before Fulton's removal to Birmingham, the French Revolution had charged two na-

tions with new desires of advancement. This great historical event had immense weight in the definition of Fulton's subsequent career. His earliest impressions of patriotism had been gained during the struggle for American Independence, and the reasonable and sympathetic minds of England and America were excited to profound commiseration over the unhappy conditions resultant from the misrule of the French democracy. The unbiased minds of the American people were active in observation; Fulton, who was avowedly a Republican, shared the prevalent sympathy for the oppressed. But in 1796 the excesses of the French Revolution had ceased, and Great Britain had begun an aggression on the seas through which the United States were the greatest sufferers. Fulton shared the resentment which England's attitude excited among Americans. In a second paper we shall deal with his activity in France, where he resided from 1797 until 1804.

THREE SONNETS ON OBLIVION

BY GEORGE STERLING

OBLIVION

HER eyes have seen the monoliths of kings
Upcast like foam of the effacing tide;
She hath beheld the desert stars deride
The monuments of power's imaginings:
About their base the wind Assyrian flings
The dust that throned the satrap in his pride;
Cambyses and the Memphian pomps abide
As in the flame the moth's presumptuous wings.

There gleams no glory that her hand shall spare,
Nor any sun whose rays shall cross her night,
Whose realm enfolds man's empire and its end.
No armor of renown her sword shall dare,
No council of the gods withstand her might—
Stricken at last Time's lonely Titans bend.

THE DUST DETHRONED

SARGON is dust, Semiramis a clod.
In crypts profaned the moon at midnight peers;
The owl upon the Sphinx hoots in her ears,
And scant and sear the desert grasses nod
Where once the armies of Assyria trod,
With younger sunlight splendid on the spears;
The lichens cling the closer with the years,
And seal the eyelids of the weary god.

Where high the tombs of royal Egypt heave,
The vulture shadows with arrested wings
The indecipherable boasts of kings,
Till Arab children hear their mother's cry
And leave in mockery their toy—they leave
The skull of Pharaoh staring at the sky.

THE NIGHT OF GODS

THEIR mouths have drunken the eternal wine—
The draught that Baäl in oblivion sips.
Unseen about their courts the adder slips,
Unheard the sucklings of the leopard whine;
The toad has found a resting-place divine,
And bloats in stupor between Ammon's lips.
O Carthage and the unreturning ships,
The fallen pinnacle, the shifting Sign!

Lo! when I hear from voiceless court and fane
Time's adoration of eternity,—
The cry of kingdoms past and gods undone,—
I stand as one whose feet at noontide gain
A lonely shore; who feels his soul set free,
And hears the blind sea chanting to the sun.

TOPICS OF THE TIME

CLEVELAND

THE qualities which made President Cleveland a powerful element in the life of the nation, one of our executives of highest accomplishment and influence, have been appreciated more and more widely during his later years, and were generously expressed by opponents as well as by allies on the occasion of his death. In addition to this there has been a growing sense of the disinterestedness of his character and of the deep sincerity of his patriotism. He had lived to see his own traits of industry in the public service, his frankness, dauntless bravery, and complete incorruptibility, become accepted standards of comparison as to political aspirants and public servants. To say of a public man that he had some of the sturdy traits of Cleveland has long been a valued form of praise.

Then, too, there has been a genuine appreciation of the quiet dignity of bearing, in retirement, of one who was for years the country's only Ex-President. The sorrow at his death was sincere and widespread, and was far from being confined to those who had been his political supporters: the country was felt to have lost a great conservative force, a personality that told for judgment, steadfastness, and a profound sense of public duty. The impression of his character and career extended to foreign nations, and found expression in the tributes of the world.

To the circle of his personal friends Mr. Cleveland stood for all the great qualities from which grew his distinguished acts; but in private life he was so different a man from what many imagined the stern, courageous statesman to be that it will probably be long before all the lineaments of his portrait will be familiar to his fellow-countrymen. He who could stoutly resist private appeal and public clamor, when duty and conscience were involved, was one of whom it might be said that he had a genius for companionship. The sweetness, the gentleness, the tenderness, of a strong nature, are things that must be seen near to be thoroughly understood; and, which thus seen, have a very great and poignant attraction.

There is a distinct vacancy in our public life when a towering personality such as the Ex-President's disappears from view, and generations may pass before just such a figure looms again. But when a man like Grover Cleveland—the neighbor, the companion, the friend—passes away, there is a void in many hearts that can never, in this life, be filled again.

ACADEMIC HANDS ACROSS THE SEA

IT is a lamentable fact that certain periodicals and certain writers in Great Britain lose no opportunity to stir up ill-feeling between the men of education in England and in America. Meantime the academic authorities of the two countries constantly give evidence of that good feeling which should especially illustrate the world of culture.

Degrees are frequently conferred in Great Britain and in America to distinguished scholars and citizens of the other country; but an instance of academical interchange occurred recently of quite a new character, and for this reason the incident is worth particular attention.

Lehigh University desired to confer the honorary degree of master and science upon the eminent electrical engineer Horace Field Parshall of London, an American, and a graduate of Lehigh's electrical course. The Lehigh authorities did not wish to use the ordinary method,—in absentia,—and President Drinker therefore requested the University of Liverpool to confer the degree "for and on behalf of the Lehigh University, and by its authority and as its attorney and representative." This was done, in July last, at Liverpool. In Vice-Chancellor Dale's letter accepting the duty, he said:

> So far as I am aware, no precedent or parallel for such an act can be found in the history of British Universities. But it is our business to make precedents as well as to follow them, and we trust that in so doing our act will be regarded as an expression of fellowship and sympathy with kindred institutions carrying on similar work, established for similar services, and bound to us by many ties.

Such an act as this, and such sentiments as these, make for good feeling between nations, and the peace of the world.

"PREVENTION"

WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO UNNECESSARY BLINDNESS

"EFFICIENCY" as a new watchword in philanthropy, government, and business was the subject of comment in this department a while ago. The word is being more and more used. Mr. Allen's book, and the promulgations of the Bureau of Municipal Research, have helped the dissemination of the word and the idea, till now even advertisers have taken it up, and this quality of efficiency is earnestly claimed as an important element in contrivances put upon the market.

Another watchword seems to be acquiring new life and significance in our busied existence, and this is the familiar word "Prevention." We hear it on all sides, in fields sacred as well as secular. In the realm of finance, thoughtful experts study fundamental means for the prevention of evils rather than methods of temporary relief.

In the treatment of crime, philanthropists are taking less and less interest in punishment, and devoting themselves more and more earnestly to cure, and to prevention. It is the evident relation of drunkenness to crime that has given strength to the anti-liquor agitation. In every area of the sociological and philanthropical field,—in dealing with the question of poverty and allied subjects,—prevention finds increasing favor, running, indeed, at times, as is natural, into ill-considered, ignorant, extravagant, and faddish schemes, proposed sometimes in cheerful disregard of the very laws of our being. In the religious world we find that the "old-fashioned" methods of evangelical agitation, though by no means disused, are partly set aside in the minds and methods of many leaders of religion, for energetic efforts of a different sort. The "Outlook," the other day, spoke of the "old evangelism, which aimed only to correct individual sinners," and of the "new evangelism, which aims also to reform the social evils and wrongs that breed sinners."

In medicine, prevention goes hand in hand with cure, and with such ingenuity and energy is the former pursued that year by year lives are saved in incalcula-

ble numbers, and the future is bright with the promise of still more effective methods of life-saving by the wholesale. In this connection should be noted Dr. Ditman's recent important suggestions in "The Columbia University Quarterly" with regard to the study and practice of preventive medicine. He advocates the establishment, in one of our great cities, of a "School of Sanitary Science and Public Health" which should give training in the known methods of preventing disease, and opportunity for study of further preventives. He urges also the scheme of a National Board of Health, and presents an array of facts in themselves overwhelming arguments in favor of action along the lines laid down. In this general direction is the useful activity of the American Museum of Safety Devices, a natural and now separate outgrowth of the Institute of Social Service. The methods, more and more extensively put into operation for the cure and prevention of tuberculosis, are becoming yearly more familiar to every community.

As to the prevention of unnecessary blindness,[1] this is a matter which the physicians of the country have been alive to these many years, but which the New York Association for the Blind has just taken up by means of a special committee. This movement resulted from the fact that a member of the new association, who has been a leader in far-reaching measures of philanthropy, recently became impressed by the startling fact that, —as Dr. Lewis puts it,—*"from thirty to forty per cent. of those who are blind need never have become so had proper measures been taken at the right time to prevent this affliction."* In this case the method of prevention is a simple and absolutely painless precaution to be exercised with new-born children—a method invented a quarter of a century ago in Leipsic, and now known and generally approved throughout the medical world.

The work of the Special Committee, in coöperation with competent physicians and State authorities, will doubtless be taken up in other States of America, and before another quarter of a century has passed this one device of prevention will doubtless be the means of saving from misfortune thousands of members of the human family who will never have known of their danger. Should this prevention become universal, the hardship of blindness would be diminished to an extent it is impossible to compute.

And is it too strained an optimism for us to look forward to a time when the danger of this phase of blindness, as of other preventable diseases, will, *by purer and more sanitary living*, be largely removed from the ills to which humanity is heir? That day of radical prevention will be hastened by a franker and more scientific attitude on the part of both physicians and the public. Already signs are multiplying of a great and widespread awakening—an awakening which may do that for humanity which has been for centuries the dream not only of the "wise physician," but also of the long line of the world's great preachers, prophets, and poets.

[1] See "Prevention of Unnecessary Blindness a Public Duty," by F. Park Lewis, M.D., President of the New York State Commission for the Blind. "Outlook for the Blind," Cambridge, Mass.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

The Sky Marines

BY ALFRED DAMON RUNYON

("Private Jones, B Company, — Regiment, is assigned to duty with the balloon corps." — Army Orders.)

With a dynamite bomb in me hand,
A-sailin' the deep-blue sky,
You 'll reckon with me on land or on sea
Sometime in the sweet bye an' bye.

Put away yer coast defense, an' send yer
boats to dock;
Muster out yer armies, which the same is
crawlin' ants.
Hide yer little cities, which you thought was
built on rock;
Stow yer apparatus, for you have n't got
a chance.

With a dynamite bomb in me hand,
A-shoutin' ahoy to the moon,
A dinky valve-stop 'twixt a thousand-foot drop,
In a baggy ole war balloon.

Oncet I was a soldier with a rifle in me hand;
(Stop yer moldin' bullets, for you 'll
need 'em never more.)
Thought I was a wonder, which no doubt
I was — on land;
Now I knows what horror is a-thinkin'
of a war.

With a dynamite bomb in me hand,
Oh, pity the earth an' the sea!
I open me hand, and there won't be no land,
An' mebbe there won't be no sea.

Rent a few tornadoes, if yer thinkin' of a fight;
Hire the rain an' lightnin', an' go buy the
wrath o' Him.
Bribe the day to stay away, an' then corrupt
the night;
Even then yer chances 'g'in' our hand is
mighty slim.

With a dynamite bomb in me hand,
I 'm watchin' the shiftin' scenes;
I grin at the crowds, an' the drippy ole clouds
Make a path for the sky marines.

Put away yer armies now, an' walk the ways
o' peace;
What 's the use o' playin' while I 'm
slammin' round the skies?
Spend yer coin for silk an' gas, an' quiet
will increase;
Let yer war-boats founder, an' give me
the Nobel prize.

With a dynamite bomb in me hand,
I 'm watchin' the quiet increase;
I 'm a reg'lar dove a-floatin' above
An' argyin' strongly for peace.

My Lady's Maid

My Lady's maid would bring a phrase
From golden Pope, could he but gaze
Upon her, petulant, petite;
From ribboned hair to tiny feet
The daintiest of urban fays.

My Lady 's really quite the craze;
I worship her through gilded days,
But *love* Marie, the gay, the neat,
My Lady's maid.

Her skill in art demands my praise;
Be hers Vandyke's or Lely's bays.
How feebly Nature can compete
With rouge and dye she 's learned complete:
The witch knows in what magic ways
My Lady 's made!

Sinclair Lewis.

The Investigator

Yes, I 'm a vegetarian (between meals,
understand);
I 'm proud to be included with the "no-life-taking" band.
Instead of eating creatures that have hoofs
or claws or wings
Or shells or fins, I 'd rather dine on cabbages
and things.
Ah, yes; in theory, at least, this notion is
complete,
But when I 'm hungry, — hang your greens!
— I 've got to have some meat.

I am a mental scientist (when I am well
and strong);
It 's such a lofty pleasure just to know that I
belong
With those who do not have to take those
nasty little pills,
But through the strength of thinking things
can banish all their ills.

Ah, yes; the mind is everything; but, mind you, when I 'm sick,
A good, old-fashioned doctor comes to *my* house, double-quick.

In politics, you can infer, I 'm independent quite
(When there is no election near). I stand for truth and right.
I care not what the label is, it 's all the same to me:
I 'm not the sort of man to wear a party collar. See?
It 's principle I 'm after: yes, sirree; that 's it. But, wait:
Election day I always vote the same old ticket "straight."

Nixon Waterman.

The Mythological Zoo

BY OLIVER HERFORD

With pictures by the Author

Drawn by Oliver Herford

X—The Gryphon

It chanced that Allah, looking round,
When he had made his creatures, found
Half of an eagle and a pair
Of extra lion's legs to spare.
So, hating waste, he took some glue
And made a Gryphon of the two.
But when his handiwork he eyed,
He frowned — and it was petrified,
Doomed for all time to represent
Impatience on a monument.
Sometimes upon our path to-day
Its living counterpart will stray —
Columbia's eagle strutting in
An awfully English lion's skin,
With glass in eye and swagg'ring gate:
Behold the Gryphon up to date.

Drawn by Oliver Herford

XI—The Minotaur

No book of monsters is complete
Without the Minotaur of Crete.
Yet should I draw him you would quail,
So in his place I draw a veil.
O stars, that from Creation's birth
Have winked at everything on earth,
Who shine where poets fear to tread,
Relate the story in my stead!
No wonder that, by Theseus slain,
His loss was everybody's gain.
Nor need *we* boast; we, too, could do
With — well, a Theseus or two.

Aphorisms

BY THOMAS L. MASSON

EVERY pleasure that stops with its consummation is a vice.

It 's a wise city that knows its own fathers.

Character is an accumulation.

It takes time to acquire bad habits.

Nowadays we think in headlines.

The egotist is the most dependent of creatures: he has only himself to fall back on.

Twins never come singly.

There would be no weather if it never changed.

Our enemies often understand us better than our friends: they are farther off.

A good office boy is a miniature great man.

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"MID PLEASURES AND PALACES" IN BARCELONA

BY ELLEN MAURY SLAYDEN

WITH PICTURES BY F. LUIS MORA

THE reach of Spanish hospitality is measured in my mind by six weeks of time, and the distance between Barcelona and Gibraltar.

When our steamer anchored in the harbor at the latter place, the sun blazing down on her, and the Rock radiating like a furnace, the decks, which had been so pleasant, suddenly became very disagreeable. A tired, warm, fretful crowd waited amid the ropes and baggage, and wondered impatiently why they were not permitted to land.

Then the American consul came bustling on board, accompanied by a squad of policemen, and the captain announced that no one could leave the ship until they had searched for a defaulter supposed to have come across with us.

There were murmurs of annoyance, but each one looked furtively at his neighbor to see if he was "a blond young man, lacking one finger," as the defaulter was described.

Presently the gangway opened again for a gentleman who walked as one having authority, and a policeman near me remarked in broad cockney: " 'E 's a king's magistrate, and can come and go as he likes."

The gentleman stopped near us, and called out in a clear, incisive voice: "Are the Honorable Mr. and Mrs. —— on board?"

I never heard my title clear with such a shock before. We were not blond young men, and we had the usual number of fingers, but what did the king's magistrate want with us? We had to confess our identity or jump overboard, and it was a distinct relief when he advanced smiling, and explained that his friend Don Enrique —— of Barcelona had asked him to meet us. He regretted the tiresome delay we had had, but his launch was waiting, and we would leave at once.

The purely gratuitous "Honorable" had done its perfect work in fixing the attention of the company upon us, but we did not care whether they thought us disguised royalties or escaping defaulters as the clean little launch took us skimming

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across the glassy harbor, away from the sweltering ship to a cool hotel where we found ourselves expected and every arrangement made for our comfort.

This was the first of many unexpected attentions from the Don. It was then early in April, and we were not due in Barcelona till late in May; but wherever we rested on our leisurely progress through Spain, he had been before us. It had many advantages, but such surveillance destroyed our sense of free agency, and we grew to feel as if we were traveling on ticket-of-leave.

At Madrid we took a "tren de luxe," advertised to run at the furious rate of twenty miles an hour, and carrying dining- and sleeping-cars. The dining-car was all that could be desired, but at night I could not get into the dressing-room because the porter, in a uniform fit for a field marshal, was lying asleep across the door; and in the morning, when I went to make my toilet, the same dazzling creature was inside, performing his own ablutions, and, waving a soapy hand to me, suggested that I try the men's room, which was perhaps unoccupied.

Feeling rather badly groomed, and still vaguely hoping that Providence would interfere to prevent my visiting a family not a member of which I had ever seen, I stepped to the platform at Barcelona almost into the arms of a Napoleonic little gentleman, who seized both my hands, exclaiming fervently, "Gracias a Dios!" His eyes were rolled up in his head, and it was some moments before his white mustache and imperial met over his glittering teeth in jaws rigid with nervous excitement.

An ornate young man, bowing around me, said: "Good morning. How you do? Haf you journey well?" which exhausted his English, and taking an arm on each side, they lifted me, scarcely touching the ground, through the noisy, swaggering Catalan crowd, and into the back door of a large, navy-blue hearse. Its size suggested a public conveyance, but it proved to be the ancestral *tartana*, sacred to the use of the aristocracy of Catalonia. My husband, similarly borne, was placed beside me, our host and his three aides came in, and we moved at a stately pace up the Rambla, Barcelona's interesting old street.

In an old and self-respecting part of the city we found our destined "palacio" one of many white, blank-visaged houses staring at one another across a wide street and two rows of dusty sycamore-trees. The marble vestibule we entered was as cool and dim as a tomb, and perfectly bare except for the brown old porter, who seemed to have been carved to match his antique chair.

Still attended by our numerous cavaliers, we climbed three flights of polished marble stairs, and paused breathless before the Don's gilded door-plate.

The door was opened by a smiling little maid, and the Don, stepping inside, made the most elaborate bow we had yet seen, and with his hand on his heart assured us that the house and all it contained was ours then and forever. His manner was profoundly and sweetly sincere, and from that moment we felt genuinely at home.

Old brocade chairs and marquetry tables, alternating with gay jardinières, stood stiffly around the hall, and the cool, gray walls were hung with placks and tiles in all the exquisite blues and bronzes of Hispano-Moresque pottery. The large drawing-room beyond was cheerful, if somewhat formal, and books, good pictures, flowers, and comfortable seats gave promise of a place where one might spend profitably idle hours.

Our hostess appeared, and the unexpected began to happen.

What I had most dreaded in the visit was the enforced companionship of a loftily beautiful and dull houri, or a chattering, capricious Carmen, of the accepted Spanish types; but here, instead, was a gentle matron, with frank, intelligent brown eyes, and a manner quietly cordial and dignified. She was simply dressed, without flowers or jewelry, and the only strictly national feature was a brilliant fan fluttering incessantly.

She greeted us in well-chosen English phrases, but soon lapsed into sonorous Spanish; and even the clipped, harsh Catalan was sweet and musical when she used it in addressing a servant. She took me off to change my dress, expressing deep regret that their simple manner of living enabled her to give us only five rooms, and while assuring her that five would be quite enough, I wondered how my limited impedimenta could be distrib-

Drawn by F. Luis Mora

"A NAPOLEONIC LITTLE GENTLEMAN . . . SEIZED BOTH MY HANDS, EXCLAIMING FERVENTLY, 'GRACIAS A DIOS!'"

uted so as to give an air of easy occupation to even one.

Most of them were uninteresting, bemirrored, and upholstered, but the bedroom stood for all the pride and glory of historic Spain. Sculptured saints and paintings of martyrs looked down upon a lofty pavilion, an enormous four-poster, hung with green and gold brocade, stiff and gorgeous enough to have made a canopy for the "Catholic Kings." The mattresses rose to the level of my eyes, and were covered with a crimson silk pall, with gold fringe falling to the floor.

In the dressing-room, copied from the Arabian Nights, my too modern figure was a crude, false note as it passed in ghostly procession through mirrors on every side. One picturesque high window let in a dreamy light, but no air. There were soft divans and cushions and rugs, and tables loaded with porcelain trifles, and large decanters of perfume. Flowers were in vases and bowls, and on festive little gilt brackets between the mirrors. They were renewed daily, and the odor was stifling. There were boxes and bottles of oils and cosmetics, things for my hair and things for my teeth, but the Dresden china bowl was stationary, and there were literally no other lavatory facilities.

I think most Americans go to foreign countries too well prepared for what they are to see and to do. Their first impressions lack zest and freshness, and they waste time and enjoyment in trying to identify types and adjusting the facts as they see them to the latest book they have read.

We had been unconsciously seeing the Spain of De Amicis and Washington Irving, who both blur one's vision by spreading over the whole country a haze of poetry and romance. In Andalusia the glamour lingered quite satisfactorily, but in restless, commercial Barcelona it faded into the light of common day, and we felt the compelling spirit of the twentieth century.

In the houses we knew in Andalusia the men obliterated themselves all day, the ladies went to mass in the morning and spent the rest of the time sitting in flower-decked balconies, fanning softly and talking to canaries and cockatoos.

After weeks of travel, the prospect of rest in such an environment was not unattractive, and I contemplated adapting myself to the ways of the household and the balcony with much pleasure. With some good novels bought in Madrid, Fate could not harm me for a few days, at any rate. But while dressing in my cushioned and scented boudoir, it was borne in upon me that the atmosphere of this palacio was not so serenely dull as the houses of Andalusia. The smart freshness of the house was too obvious, and certainly the Doña did not look like a woman who found canaries intellectually satisfying.

Waiting for us in the drawing-room with the Don and the Doña was a young man introduced simply as "Mariano," the nephew of somebody; nor do I know to this day what was Mariano's other name. That was a trivial detail, but his ancestors were very serious. He represented one of the old Moorish families who for reasons of love or money had remained in Spain after the fall of Granada, and his solemn eyes and blue-black hair and beard made him a rare example of the persistence of race type. "Paquita," a pretty young girl, was a semi-detached member of the family, the Doña's goddaughter, living on another floor of the palacio, who had come in "to see us eat breakfast."

On the Don's arm I went the length of the house to the dining-room, where the table was prettily laid with a few flowers, picturesque wine-bottles, and primly arranged fruit-baskets. It was appalling to find ourselves placed at the head and foot of it, but they proved to be literally seats of honor, with no duties attached. Everything was served by two little maids as pretty as their names, Serafina and Lijandra, in peasant costume, and the Doña wore throughout the meal a look of restful unconcern.

We were hardly seated before visitors began to arrive. Each shook hands with every one present, including a superannuated housekeeper on a divan in a far corner, then joined us at the table, taking cigarettes and sherry. Nothing else was offered them, while we enjoyed course after course. At first we rose when introduced, but they always protested vehemently, and seeing that the family remained seated, we did likewise, and found it the only reasonable plan, as during the

Drawn by F. Luis Mora

"NO CUSTOM OF THE HOUSE WAS SO UNACCOUNTABLE AS THAT OF HAVING PEOPLE COME 'TO SEE YOU EAT'"

meal we had half a dozen callers, and each one shook hands all around twice. We were still at the table when the tartana was announced at four o'clock.

The fine-arts exhibition was the center of social interest, and we were plunged without warning into the midst of it, spending the afternoon in a chaos of introductions, music, pictures, and light refreshments.

Dinner at eight, except for a few more sweets and visitors, was like the previous meal. At ten we hurried to the theater, and I was limply thankful to leave at midnight, though the play was not over, and a gay party protested against our going so early.

Arrived at the palacio, the Don clapped his little gloved hands, and a voice from the distant darkness called, *"Voy corriendo"* ("I come running"), though the steps were slow and shuffling. In my impatience it seemed as if the Don might have carried his own latch-key, until the *vigilante* produced it from a bunch containing the keys of all the houses in the block, each weighing about half a pound.

He also provided a long wax taper to light us up-stairs, and after firmly refusing anything more to eat or drink, we made our elaborate good-night speeches, shook hands with every one in sight, and retired to the historic catafalque, which I felt a pardonable pride in mounting from the ground. Subsequently a leather hat-box proved very helpful.

The day seemed to be over, but we had yet to reckon with the *sereno,* falsely so called, who walked up and down, tapping the street with his staff, proclaiming the hour, the state of the weather, or anything he thought might entertain the people he was keeping awake.

In the morning it was embarrassing to find myself apparently the only occupant of the house; but Serafina spied me, and brought my coffee, staying to talk very sociably until the Doña appeared.

About noon the Don and several young men came in, burdened with bouquets and sweets, and at breakfast they planned a program for our entertainment which included every hour of the day, and extended to the island of Majorca for the month of June.

Evenings were set apart for the opera,

Drawn by F. Luis Mora

"OF ALL THE BEAUTIFUL STREETS OF BARCELONA, THE RAMBLA IS THE FINEST AND THE GAYEST"

the circus, the *zarzuela*, and a part of each for Novelli at the Lyrico. For the afternoon there was the exposition, the *fronton*, and a drive.

With delicate consideration, they ignored bullfights, and we were spared the horrors of the *corrida*; but my vision of the balcony and a novel had reached a vanishing-point.

The Don kept a box in all the principal theaters, and we often went to two or three in an evening. Later there were gatherings at the cafés, and, in spite of the formalities, it was gay and pleasant, and the people noticeably friendly to us.

Little, bejeweled, fashion-plate men, with yellow kid gloves and the slightest of canes, every evening verbally placed themselves and their flowers at my feet; and fluttering, vividly dressed women kissed and patted me after three-days' acquaintance, calling me by name with that almost Roman simplicity that makes it seem an honor instead of a familiarity.

The cafés were always crowded to suffocation, and yet we lingered past the small hours, the men smoking dozens of cigarettes, and the women dipping bits of wafer into chocolate as leisurely as if they had the night instead of the day before them. A favorite drink was a thin almond milk, which looked like something for the complexion, and which, after tasting, I would have much preferred applying externally.

There was a refreshing absence of the highball and cocktail element, and no one ever seemed to take too much to drink.

It is always amusing to see these most temperate people tricking themselves into wanting a glass of water. They recommend certain dishes, and enjoy their

eternal chocolate chiefly because "it makes one so thirsty." Visiting a country house once, we were invited into the dining-room, and I hoped for tea. The table was elaborately spread, we were seated, and each helped to a delicious conserved peach, and tenderly urged to eat it to make us want some water. When we had eaten the peach and drunk the water, the ceremony was complete.

From force of habit we expected to rest on Sunday, but the tartana defied a pounding rain in the morning, when we went to the riding-school and a couple of picture-galleries.

Pelota and a Wagner concert consumed the afternoon, and at midnight I blessed the Puritans and my native land while sleepily watching the giddiest of French companies kick its spangled way through a light opera.

Spaniards are so indigenous, so comfortably unconscious of any customs but their own, that an intrusion of our Protestant prejudices would only have puzzled and hurt them. We had hoped to make common sense supply the place of knowledge of Spanish etiquette, but finding common sense not always an essential principle of it, we threw ourselves on their mercy, and found them most tolerant, with the rare grace of being provincial without being critical.

No custom of the house was so unaccountable as that of having people come "to see you eat." Enjoying a square meal while our guests inhaled cigarette smoke seemed so inhospitable that I sometimes playfully insisted upon their having something with us. It was always laughingly declined, except once when a particularly lively youth took a piece of ham and ate it with all sorts of self-conscious little antics, as if he were acting a pantomime.

It was puzzling to know when they took their own meals. One old judge, the image of Don Quixote, who came like a *memento mori* to our dinner every day,

Drawn by F. Luis Mora

"AT TWELVE O'CLOCK HE RETURNED FROM HIS STROLL ON THE RAMBLA WITH BOUQUETS FOR ME AND THE DOÑA"

was so lean and hungry-looking that it seemed as if he must have subsisted entirely upon the sight of the Don's excellent table.

At meals the conversation was bright, natural, and continuous. The Doña was clever and well informed, and the Don as guileless and responsive as a child. They were both adepts in that quaint, desiccated Spanish wit which is amusing without having a shade of the levity which seems inseparable from our humor, and we would gladly have seen more of them alone; but the world was "too much with us, late and soon."

The Doña was remarkable even among the keenly intelligent Catalans, and people told us with big eyes how she spoke four languages, and read Greek and Arabic. Like all Spaniards of the commercial aristocracy, they mixed their business and their social life, and her grasp of the larger aspects of commerce, finance, and the tariff was far more appalling to me than her gift of tongues. But at home her sweetness and simple goodness were more in evidence than her gifts. To her husband she was an oracle, and her servants adored her.

Drawn by F. Luis Mora

"PAQUITA WAS TWENTY-ONE, AS TALL AND FAIR AS THE LILIES OF THE FIELD"

One of the prettiest things in home life all over Spain is the natural and kindly way in which the servants are made a part of the family. In the Don's house the little maids often took part in the conversation, spoke to the guests, and asked them to stay longer; and even the porters and kitchen visitors popped their red-capped heads into the door to say the Spanish equivalent for "Howdy" to the family, just as old negroes do in the Southern States.

The Doña rarely appeared before noon, and there were some lonely hours when I realized that stone walls and three flights of stairs made an effectual prison, and Spanish customs a cage for an American woman. Except in getting in and out of the tartana we never touched the earth, and but for some acrobatic performances in connection with the catafalque and the stationary wash-stand, had literally no exercise.

When, as fiery, untamed tourists, we had visited Barcelona before, I had wandered around without misadventure; but it would have been unpardonable for me to go out of the Don's house alone. In this respect the customs of Catalonia are inexorable, and I believe one cannot enjoy social elevation anywhere without attendant sacrifices of liberty.

So I longed in vain for the noisy, sunny streets, with the picturesque crowd of peasants, soldiers, bullfighters, and priests; to see the fat Nanny goats wearing yellow mackintoshes and furnishing milk to order, and to hear the fantastic muleteers snarling "Donde va-a!" as they prod the mules and guide the huge panniers around corners.

Those humble delights were not for the dwellers in a lofty palacio. We had to be content with painted scenery, gaslight, and French opera peasants, and

hear nothing from below but the long, sad cry of the water-carriers, which rings eternally above every other sound in a Spanish city.

One morning the Doña appeared dressed as usual, but wearing a mantilla over her face. Answering my look of surprise, she said we would go for a walk; that she did not like the fashion of wearing bonnets. They looked well in the tartana, but for walking, the mantilla was more modest, and its use still customary in the best Catalan families. Having spent a week in the fear and admonition of these families, I wished not to offend even this little one, and her approval was evident when I muffled my head in the thickest black veil I could find. But even with that concession I seemed tailor-made and masculine compared with her Oriental femininity—a train, low slippers, and a jeweled fan.

Of all the beautiful streets of Barcelona, the Rambla is the finest and the gayest. It runs straight from the blue bay to the bluer mountains, and under the trees in that part called "Rambla de las Flores" all the brilliance and fashion of the city gathers in the morning. But through the windows of a tartana one cannot get the essence of its charm, and it was hard for me to keep my enjoyment without the bounds of Catalan propriety when we were actually walking there at the most crowded hour. Every one carried or wore flowers, there was a wall of flowers on each side, and the moist air was intoxicating with perfume. Fancifully dressed flower-girls presided over the stalls, each trying to outdo the other in smiles and bewitchments, and skilfully conducting a branch of the secret service that forms such a dangerous part of social life in Spain.

No one ever questioned the Doña's superiority, but when she walked the length of the Rambla in her stately, swaying fashion, without looking to right or left, fanning softly, and discussing the peculiar construction of the English language, she seemed hardly human, and my answers must have been apt illustrations of her theme. We bought some flowers, she acknowledged passing friends with a faint, sweet smile—and went straight on to the fan shop.

A fan was the occasion of our outing. She had a hundred fit for a cabinet, but we spent an hour choosing and measuring to get another exactly the length to suit that summer's fashion. We met many acquaintances, and enjoyed discussing the fans, posing with them before a mirror, and altogether giving the choice as prayerful attention as Anglo-Saxon women bestow upon a bonnet. This touch of nature made me henceforth more at ease with my hostess.

We had seven days of uninterrupted pleasure-seeking, and it became evident that I could not keep the pace; but my plea of illness to escape the theater one night was met with grieved remonstrance. It was Novelli's last performance, and he was to have an ovation, a *triunfo,* and we must not miss it.

Novelli, though very popular there, was singularly modest. When we had asked him why he did not visit the United States, referring to Salvini's success, though, like himself, he spoke only Italian, he replied with a deprecatory little shrug: "Ah, yes; but he is Salvini. I am only Novelli." So we felt an interest in seeing him suffer the glories of a "triunfo."

The house was dazzling with flowers, fans, and jewels. By the last scene the people were hoarse, and Novelli, almost exhausted, stood knee-deep in wreaths and bouquets. Showers of fresh rose leaves fell like snow over the stage, and finally a flock of white doves, circling round, fairly enveloped him, whirring and cooing till the curtain fell to the noise of shrieking bravos.

Talking it over at the cafés afterward, the men embraced and the women kissed one another with rapturous effusion, and it was cold, white dawn when we reached the palacio.

I was too tired to remember mounting the catafalque, but late the next afternoon I became aware that old Patricia, the housekeeper, was feeling my pulse, Serafina and Lijandra were wringing their hands beside me, while old Casimiro waited at the door to call the priest, the Alcalde, or whoever the functionary is who must be summoned before one can die legally in Spain.

My rescue came from a strange source. One morning Serafina tiptoed up to reach my ear, and waked me by whispering that

six anarchists had been shot at daybreak. That one had refused to confess, and "Ave Maria! perhaps the poor fellow was even then burning in purgatory." But the theaters were threatened, and the Doña was nervous, and we were not to go out again at night.

But the days were not wasted. Our hosts were artistic, and we went to studios, to private exhibitions of pictures, potteries, and art stuffs, and the evenings were as full as ever.

The Don showed and explained to me his own art treasures until I became afraid to admire anything, because he said so often, "It is yours." I thought it the usual empty Spanish phrase, but that is always embarrassing, and the memory of my light replies gave me many a pang when we returned to America and received from him a large box of pottery and other pretty things, not to mention three little tin coffee-pots and spirit-lamps such as he used, and more useful than rare even in this "New World," as he called it.

In spite of her conservatism in trifles, the Doña was independent enough to see and deplore the essential falsity of social customs that keep ladies in such seclusion that unmarried men are forced into the company of dubious females or none. In her sympathetic way she had drawn around her a number of bright young men who, when they knew that she would be at home, came "to see us eat dinner," and sat around the table till midnight and later.

Barcelona being a center of radical thought and outspoken republicanism, I expected the talk to take a political turn and enjoyed a little thrill at the thought of finding myself in the heart of a conspiracy; but they rarely discussed the government, and only referred to the condition of Spain with a sort of despairing bitterness, or spouted verse about her past glories.

They were given to repeating poetry of an innocently rhetorical kind, its point depending upon some peculiarity of pronunciation or custom in the different provinces. The Doña never intruded her erudition, and our amusements were often absurdly trivial. We worked the fifteen-puzzle, played cat's-cradle with strings, and asked conundrums. Once we spent half a rainy day making newspaper caps and cutting paper dolls.

Though democratic in theory, and without conscious arrogance, these good people were oblivious of any class beneath their own. Their charities were dispensed from the kitchen, and they had never heard of slumming. Such things are left entirely to the nuns—chiefly to the order established by that most piquante of saints, Teresa.

We were compelled, therefore, to satisfy our interest in Catalan humanity within the Don's circle, which, though large, lacked variety of type. After the Doña, Mariano and Paquita were my principal companions. Neither of them spoke a word of any language but their own, and my knowledge of Spanish was not as deep as a well or as wide as a church door; but it served, and we became great friends.

It was interesting to compare the life of these two young people with those of like position and wealth in other countries. Mariano usually took his morning coffee with me. When I appeared, Lijandra would knock at his door, and receive an answer unmistakably suggestive of pillows; but in five minutes he would emerge, exquisitely dressed, his hair and beard perfectly brushed and in the latest fashion, but showing not a suspicion of moisture. We shook hands, exchanged the superlative morning courtesies; and he, lighting a cigarette, sat down to his coffee, all without taking off his hat or smiling.

He was proud of his Moorish blood, and liked to be called "Othello" and "Bluebeard," and his gravity suited the parts. We read aloud bits of news from the morning paper, he told small gossip of the actresses and *danseuses* he had met the night before (their talk about such things is surprisingly free at all times), we teased each other about Spain and America, and even romped a little over the last piece of cake. Finally (for time was never an object with him), he took off his hat, shook hands again, and "with my permission," bowed himself backward out of the room. At twelve o'clock he returned from his stroll on the Rambla with bouquets for me and the Doña. He sat with us till time for the riding-school and fronton, and flitted about the theaters

half the night. And yet there was not a suspicion of dissipation about him, nor even a man-about-town air. He was supposed to be in business of some sort; but he must have attended to it by telepathic suggestion, or given it "absent treatment."

Paquita was twenty-one, as tall and fair as the lilies of the field, which she emulated in her perfectly happy idleness. She never read, she could not sew or even play the piano. She used her hands for fanning and gesticulating. Like a restless child she wandered into our apartment a dozen times a day, kissing her godmother, and giving the rest of us some tempestuous evidence of her affection each time.

She had all an English girl's large indifference to pins, buttons, and strings in the right place, but wore jewelry in barbaric profusion, and daily showed us some new and dazzling ornament her father had given her. Sometimes her old nurse took her to church or to visit the nuns to whom she owed her education; otherwise she never went abroad in the daylight without her father or godmother. One cannot doubt that an American or English girl subject to such restrictions would have sought out many inventions; but Paquita had no dream of freedom, and was quite content with her canary-bird existence.

At home she was playful and a chatterbox, but at the theaters and cafés, to which her toploftical old father took her every evening, she was as reserved and dignified as only a well-bred Spanish woman could be on such limited experience and intellectual capital. Her gaiety revived and was at its prettiest when, coming back to the dark old house at night, she would take the taper from the vigilante, run before us up the shadowy stairs, laughing, and calling back with pretty words and gestures, and unconsciously making a Rembrandt picture of herself until she was merged in the darkness of her own lonely rooms.

Our friends gracefully ignored any reference to our leaving them, tacitly implying that we were to remain indefinitely. Things moved so smoothly, and their plans were laid so far ahead, that we felt as if it would be rude to precipitate such a disturbance as our departure would necessarily create, and no incident of our visit was so embarrassing as telling them that a time was set to end it.

When convinced that we must go, they redoubled their efforts to entertain us, but did everything possible to get us off comfortably; and when we rode away from the palacio, the tartana was filled with our sorrowing friends, and loaded with luxuries which the good Doña thought we would need on what she regarded as the long and dangerous journey around the Riviera.

The Don lingered in the train till the last moment, and went out exclaiming, "Que lastima! Valgame Dios!" On the platform Mariano and Paquita waved their hands to us, the Doña held her handkerchief to her eyes, and the fan in her other hand hung down, closed and quite still.

It is customary to laugh at the extravagant speech of the Spaniards, and one hears much flippant talk of their insincerity; but my experience has been that their most superlative phrases do not more than express the warmth of their kindness and hospitality, their courtesy and generosity, and delicate consideration for the stranger within their gates.

THE TRANSIT OF VENUS

BY MARSHALL ILSLEY

I

HE had an innocent face, with shy, dark, deep-set eyes, put in, as some one said, with smutty fingers, having round them the bister shadows so overdone by ladies of the footlights. His skin was pallid, his forehead broad and low under a shock of straight, light-brown hair. He flushed slightly as Mrs. Belter introduced him to me across the table, and his smile as he greeted me was of a boyish simplicity and sweetness rare in American men. As he smiled, I wondered from out of what heaven this pre-Raphaelite angel had fallen. He had arrived during my August vacation, and I found him installed upon my return. Not only his Burne-Jones face, but his odd name, Noel,—or, as I was soon to learn, Louis Vincent Noel,—promised something out of the common.

On my first opportunity I sought Mrs. Belter in her private domain, confident that she would be as glad of my open ear as I would be to receive her impartings, for we were now trusted friends, sharing our insights, judgments, and characterizations, which, if you prefer, you may simply call gossip: for that admirable woman did not confine her studies to a meager furnishing of bed and board. She was too deep an artist in life to waste her opportunities, and upon her "family," as she pleasantly named the twenty or thirty people whom chance brought to her board, she lavished a discrete, though penetrating, interest, ever tempered with judicious affection.

"Is n't he a dear?" she cried, when I opened the subject. "Precious lamb! his mother brought him here to deposit him in my arms, and I am charged with his material, mental, moral, and spiritual welfare, to the tune of eight dollars a week. Room? Of course I had n't any room at that price; but any cranny, any nook, any alcove, would do so long as he could stay with me. He *must* have good food, and be with *nice* people,—she had heard of me for years,—and was n't I nicer than she had dared to believe? And there must be a *corner!*"

"Where on earth?" I queried, for I knew the capacity of the house to its last sofa-bed. "Oh, I know."

"Of course; where else? Up in the cupola. It is, to be sure, Arizona in summer, and Manitoba in winter, and only big enough for a sparrow, and the tin roof makes creakings for psychical research; but, dear me! they thought it palatial. It would be his choice, it is so retired, and there is such a view. They went to work while she was here like a pair of martins; and really you must see it, after all the flying back and forth with a bit of this and a thread of that: it is the triggest little ship's cabin you ever saw. Only a Dürer etching could do justice to it. Really, he is a genius. I expect to go down the ages as his devoted slave, his 'Mary in Heaven.' Of course your nose is out of joint; you are n't a genius with the face of an angel. The mother? Oh, she is pure gold; she would make a home on a bare rock; quick as a cat; a dark-eyed, thin, practical, anxious little creature. They live at Whitewater. Could anything be more fitting for that spotless creature?"

"And what is he going to do?" I demanded.

"The conventional thing for aspiring youth," Mrs. Belter replied.

"Not poetry?"

"Oh, no; he is approaching literature through journalism. Is n't that how they all begin? He is on 'The Electric.'"

"I can't imagine that angel feeding on the sins of his neighbors."

"Don't be a goose! There are decent parts."

"Oh, yes; but a green country lad does n't do the serious politics or the foreign intelligence. He will do the regular grind—the rows, murders, and sudden deaths; the frauds, feasts, and failures; and make the most he can out of the inhumanities of man to man that have become our daily bread."

"He is n't a green country lad; he took highest honors in literature at the university—or was it French or Latin? In his leisure time he will write other things."

"Poetry? I am sorry for him; there is not a nook, a cranny, an alcove—no, not even a cupola, for a poet in Blaireau."

"But if he has more than one string to his bow?"

"There is only one string a poet can shoot with to hit the gold," I replied; "and if he has a mother to support, the sooner he uses that string for a shoelacing the better for him. He can go pot-hunting with the others. Could he support a widowed mother on 'Comus,' or 'Songs of Innocence,' or 'Lyrical Ballads'?"

"In course of time."

"Master the most difficult of arts? It demands all or nothing."

"Let us adopt him!" she exclaimed, with a fine motherly gesture, opening her arms.

"Ah, I see, you have adopted him," I returned.

"Don't I adopt you all?" she laughed.

"I wish you could save that mouth before the world spoils it," I said, getting up; and as I went out of the room she threw after me, "His eyes are worth saving, too."

II

EVERYBODY liked him, as people like pleasant mouths and heavenly eyes, and they measured themselves in their liking by the more or less of patronage infused into it because of his superficial simplicities and somewhat rustic form. His potential genius remained an undiscovered secret between Mrs. Belter and me. I cultivated him when opportunity offered, but months passed before I got far. "The Electric" had gone into new hands, and all sorts of experiments were being tried to make it a successful evening paper. Special appeal was being made to the ladies, to children, to the clergy, to the "better" classes. Noel not only scrambled round for news, but in the economy of the office he was cast for many parts: he undertook a weekly literary column, and the Saturday night "Lounger,"—a delicious sobriquet for us behind the scenes of his scurrying hours,—and he instituted a pet column, the substance of which was furnished by a clipping bureau, of "Heroisms of the Day," which gathered up the brave, daring, noble, and unselfish deeds of all sorts of heroes—firemen, engineers, sailors, women, girls, boys, and dogs, from all round the world; and it was amazing what a chronicle of diurnal glory he garnered. It was, he confided to me, an antidote of human worth to offset the columns of human woe. No wonder his evenings, though long, left little leisure for talk, much less for meditation of the thankless muse.

On the plea of making copy, when Mrs. Belter was beginning to worry over the deepening shadows round his wonderful eyes, and I to fancy a sharpening edge to his fine lips, she pushed him, and I dragged him, off one Sunday afternoon late in the autumn for a breath of country air. It was a day to order, pensive, still; the sky lightly veiled in tulle; the oak-groves, half-bare, filled with a purple mist; the freshly plowed fields fat and black, waiting for the mantle of snow. There was a tang of smoke in the air, odors of the freshly turned earth, and of the damp, rotting leaves underfoot. We often stopped to listen to the rustle of the dried leaves on the branches, and to the flurry of junco birds flashing a white feather in their flight. On the edge of a copse, before vaulting an old rail-fence, the survival of early days in this era of tense barbed wire, we paused, resting our elbows on the mossy rail, and looked off across the fields, checkered brown, and black, and rusty green, to the mist of elm-tops lacing the pale western sky.

"Good heavens!" Louis sighed, "what a roaring silence!" And then, "Ah, yes, it *is* all there." Across the open came the low vibrations from a far-off bell. "The big bell is still pounding out the hours

over the police court, shut up to-day, thank God!" It was curious that, for all his crowded hours, Louis himself never seemed hurried or harried. There was a silent effusion of serenity about him, an emanation from some inward peace, an intangible quality that kept alive my faith in his genius. I wondered how it would come out, or if it really ever would take form; or was it only unsophisticated goodness looking out of a pair of fine gray eyes, and smiling from lips of gentle inheritance?

"When I come out into this," he said, "this seems best. I fancy this silence has more to say than all their tongues; but when I am in the crowd, there seems no end to one's insights and illuminations. Do you know, there is n't a day goes by but I am tormented by the problem, What *is* worth while?"

"Come," I smiled, "you optimists are n't ever tormented."

"Yes, but it 's so," he said soberly. "I want to keep square with life, to make fair payment, to do genuine service, to do my best. Only I wish I were sure."

"Sure of journalism?"

"Journalism is all right, perhaps, and I am not ashamed of my little share in it. I hear every day of people who like what I do. I am not sure, I mean, that my best might n't be in another line."

"Why don't you try?" I replied, knowing well the line he meant.

"I literally have no time. I have n't the flavor, the feel of poetry. I am rushed up to my limit. I want to get at Dryden's prefaces, at Lowell's essays again, and at the dear, old singing crew themselves. One must have leisure. I want to experiment, and take time to work out my own note—really my own."

I groaned in spirit, for it was just as I had predicted; and yet even now, in all the warmth of my affection for this delightful, elusive soul, how could I advise? Would not common sense say: "Don't; your chance for failure is as ten thousand to one. Stick to the practical, stick to a salary. Mute and inglorious, the world will be no loser." And yet as I stood there beside him, I believed the world—of course I meant a few thousand readers of English verse—would be the loser to miss Louis Noel's own note; for I had faith his own note would be very beautiful. It would be a Song of Innocence, rare, delicate, serene, pure; and, for all the rush and rattle of an electric age, there still are numberless ears attuned to the serene, and delicate harmonies of the spirit.

"Yet I know," he pursued, "it *is* worth while; that I am sure. Beauty, beauty—to get the most of beauty possible out of life, and to give the most of beauty that is within our power. Nothing else is quite so worth while, at least for me."

III

If beauty was the very pulse of this particular machine that was humming without swerve up the long hill of filial duty, no wonder I was curious to observe the effect of Beauty capitalized and incarnate when she seated herself one day at our breathless board.

The winter had worn by, and Louis and I had become good friends in repeated walks too pleasant to be called constitutionals. Nine-months' newspapering had begun to temper his enthusiasm; it was becoming harder and harder in his confused days to keep his eye only on the beautiful. He confessed that the human scene sometimes had no beauty, that it was completely ugly; so it was when Beauty did come, unmistakable and sumptuous, she wore the radiance of contrast, and seemed to have stepped directly out of one of Titian's magnificent carved and gilded frames.

I was impatient to corner Mrs. Belter. "Who, what, where?" I demanded when I found her alone. "Is it disgrace or disguise?"

My friend turned a stern face to me. "Why should it be disgrace for any one to come to my table?"

"Box my ears," I said. "But you won't deny she is surprising, that she is sumptuous."

"She *is* surprising, and she does n't fit. I did n't want to take her in, but I pitied her father."

"There is a father, then?"

"Very gentle, very fine, but an invalid. He was too exhausted to come to dinner. Yes, you may close the door. You see, they brought a note from Eleanor Mason. Mr. Hetherfield—that 's rather a grand

name, is n't it?—is a cousin of Mr. Mason. Besides, with the front room and the blue room empty, I could n't afford to let them go, though I fear I have made a mistake."

"Never; she is too interesting. She is out of Browning."

"You don't think she is an actress, then? You know, nice girls do get on the stage nowadays."

"No, no! She 's a princess. If she has n't married a prince, she has divorced one, or refused one, or is considering one. I am sure she sleeps under ermine, and will wear a tiara to breakfast."

"If the daughter is out of Browning," said Mrs. Belter, "the father is out of 'Punch.' He is distinguished, tall, thin, high-nosed, and carries a plaid on his arm. He stood quietly, and said only polite things while the daughter did the business."

"Did she object to the price?" I queried. I saw something rankled.

"Quite decidedly. She said she could go to a first-class hotel in Italy for that price. She did my dollars into francs."

"And you said?"

"That, of course, where we chose to live was our own affair." Mrs. John Gilbert could n't have surpassed Mrs. Belter's gesture of disposal.

"I wish I had seen you."

"She asked what extras there would be, whether fire and service were included."

"Oh; and did she look beautiful when she said that?"

"She tried to, but her eyes were as hard as Vermont granite." Mrs. Belter threw this at me as if she expected contradiction.

I laughed. "Oh, you women! Do you ever miss the weak spot? With her hair, her head, her complexion, such a neck, such a carriage, everything on a scale of splendor and opulence, and you are not blinded to the fact that her light eyes are hard and unbeautiful."

"I am glad you discovered it," Mrs. Belter took comfort. "You were so instantly infatuated, I naturally supposed you would think them stars of the morning."

"I am not infatuated," I protested.

"Oh, no; of course you are not; you did n't fly at me breathless! I was a fool to take her in. However, we sha'n't be bothered long; she is n't our kind; we can't make her happy."

"Where are they from?" I asked.

"I don't know," she replied, with an indifferent shrug. "Probably Rome, Paris, or London. Mr. Mason, you know, is from Philadelphia, or you would know if you knew Mr. Mason; so I take it for granted Mr. Hetherfield hailed from there originally."

IV

Pace to Mrs. Belter's suspicions. Miss Lidian Hetherfield might be a dangerously charged battery, but only a pleasant tingling passed round our little circle. The men gave last conscious dabs to their hair, and pulls to their cravats, before coming down to dinner, reacting to the new standard, and little Carboys appeared in his Tuxedo every evening, as if he had known no other fashion. The Western ladies stiffened themselves to meet with self-respect Eastern assumptions of superiority, but Miss Hetherfield's manners were of cosmopolitan ease. Her dinner-dresses were sufficiently grand, though queerly simple. When the other ladies bustled in, with a satisfied rattle of crisp silk petticoats, and a smooth hardness of waist, crisscrossed with ornament at any angle but nature's curves, Miss Hetherfield posed in long, soft, silent gowns of deep, rich green, or the color of autumnal dogwood, her neck free, her head up, her hair of the golden brown with which some women return from Paris. The ladies declared she might do it, she might do anything, but in such costumes they would be guys.

During the early days the men apparently were not on her program. She did not exactly snub us, but she was far away. To the ladies she was most complaisant. It was touching to see Miss Revell's majestic, polished forehead shine with satisfaction when Miss Hetherfield told her she would not have *dreamed* but that she, Miss Revell, had *lived* in Italy for years, she knew so much more about it than she did herself. No doubt it was true, for Miss Revell had been "preparing" for Europe for eighteen years. To old Mrs. Gwilt, who was knitting her nineteenth afghan in Roman stripes, Miss Hetherfield showed her embroidery which promised to be a regal square of peacocks

and pomegranates. Only a sample corner was stitched in. It was vastly ornamental to hold. I suspect it is still being held.

But with all her complaisance she spent little time in company. In the afternoons she drove with "poor papa" and her cousin Eleanor Mason. After dinner she early retired to her room to write letters. A few weeks after her arrival, Mrs. Belter took occasion to remark that either Miss Hetherfield did not care for society, or the Masons were not eager to introduce her, for no function had been held in her honor, and no ladies had called.

Mr. Hetherfield appeared at his daughter's side, dignified, courteous, grave, but with a cough so imminent that he rarely entered into conversation. Besides, he was under medical advice to masticate thoroughly his food, and so he could not talk at table.

I declared to Louis one day that I suspected her suavity, her simplicity, her good-nature even, to be a pose.

"Perhaps," he replied. "In a way, is n't all virtue a pose? Her pose is so adorable I hope the other women will copy it—at least the voice. I have never heard such a voice. It is n't simply the pitch,—there are no end of low, throaty voices as common as mud,—it is the purity and variety of inflections, and the clean-cut consonants. If one could hear her read poetry!" He seemed cool, but this was before she had talked to him about Vaughan, Herbert, and William Blake, before she had begun to talk to the men.

After she had talked to him about Vaughan, Herbert, and William Blake, Louis Noel was a changed man. But he was not the only changed man. The men fancied at first that she hardly distinguished them; but after a time each man was privately hoping that she did not distinguish any one else. To Forster she displayed a rare interest in horses and dogs such as few American women possess. "It is different in England," he explained to us; "there a dog has social position." To Weightman she talked of her experiences yachting on the Mediterranean and at the Isle of Wight. She had no difficulty in discovering Carboys's weakness for "them 'ere kings"; and she stuffed his pompous little breast so full of deliciously intimate anecdotes of starred and gartered humanity that he could hardly keep his shirt bosom inside his low waistcoat. He, whose nearest approach to grandeur had been two separate weeks at a gilded New York hotel, began to believe he had visited in English country-houses all his life. When she did begin on the men, no one was left on his pedestal. As Mrs. Belter sagely observed, even Cæsar Frisby, the magnificent piece of polished bronze who condescended to tend the furnace and black our boots, began to think there was no one in the house but "Miss Heth'field." Miss Heth'field wore beautifully made calfskin boots, not tiny, which had to be "shined."

"I told you what was coming." Mrs. Belter's delicate nostrils rose. "Don't pretend it is simply her looks. Men are fools when it comes to a pretty face, but I have known other pretty women who did n't have *all* mankind in tow. This is deliberate; this is all she lives for. Why, the postman and the paper boy are impressed; yes, they are. She gives them smiles more precious than silver, and silver to seal the smiles. It makes no difference who it is, so long as it is a man. You may call it good nature, if you like; I call it loose." This was the last word to her pent-up feelings, and it hurt mine dreadfully; for it was, I thought, as wholly unworthy of her as it was unfitting for the lady impeached.

I burst out laughing. "I never saw you so intemperate."

"You may laugh,—you are infatuated,—but mind my word, some day I shall ask that woman to leave, and I shall have good reason to."

"But, Mrs. Belter—"

"No, I know my business. Of course, she is wonderful. She never passes without throwing me a bouquet—'such kindness,' 'such a home atmosphere,' 'delicious dinner, dear Mrs. Belter.' That is all right; but why should she want the postman to tuck her daily letter in her New York paper?"

"I don't know, I am sure; that is not my business." It was not decent to turn over correspondence or to listen at keyholes. Mrs. Belter was the soul of honor, but being displaced from the center of her own board was more than she could stand.

"You other men may enjoy it, but Louis

Noel is made differently: she is going to ruin his life."

"How?" I said, for I was wondering about Louis, too.

"How?" Mrs. Belter took her turn at contempt, and shrugged her shoulders. "You know that boy has all he can carry now; he has not time to think of this woman. She wants to make him think of nothing else night or day. She wants to drive him crazy."

"What nonsense!" I scorned. "She pays him no more attention than she does any of us. She gives us each a little taffy in turn—"

"Yes, in turn. I never saw anything more plausible—the right word here, the right word there, always particular, private, and confidential: she is passed-mistress of her art."

"Then why should Louis suffer more than the rest of us?"

"Because he is the only one in the house who really fascinates her. She feels his quality as you and I do, and she wonders what she can do with his shyness, his modesty, his purity of spirit."

"He 's nothing to her but a raw, little, countrified newspaper reporter," I replied, and my words sounded savage.

"And you pretend to be his friend!" Mrs. Belter turned away in one of her dramatic movements. "He is the only idealist of the bunch, and she wants his heart."

"You are making mountains out of molehills," I said tritely.

"I admire your penetration," she returned, willing to quarrel.

However indifferent to women's lunches, teas, and bridge-parties Miss Hetherfield might be, she did not disdain the little parties we arranged to take supper up the river or to attend an out-of-door concert. Noel had not the time or means to share these festivities. His intercourse was restricted to short strolls about the square after dinner in the early evening. But our satisfaction in the exclusive proprietorship of a distinguished beauty was of short duration, for she had not appeared many times in public with us when Mr. N. Harold Nesbit-Pace came on the scene. Mr. Nesbit-Pace was an Englishman, big, well-dressed, ruddy, smooth-shaven, light-eyed; said to be a "younger son," who earned an honest living in the engineering department of our works. I knew him but slightly in a social way, as he was much taken up with the little dozen who made a splash as Blaireau's smart set. He played golf with them at the Country Club, drank Tom Fellows's Scotch, smoked Harry Bitter's cigars, and dined often with the frisky Mrs. Willy Fielding and her good, kind, elderly husband.

One day he drew up at our door in his high, shining trap, with his broad shoulders, his rough tweeds, his tan gloves, his plaid neck-scarf, his cool, prominent, satisfied eyes; and I thought at last Blaireau can offer Miss Hetherfield something up to her standard. She came out in one of her plain, expensive, tailor-made suits and a plain hat, so perfect, so correct, that, as they drove off, you seemed to see "London" hung out behind in big gilt letters, like the maker's name on the grand piano at the concert. The smart set had vaguely noticed a striking-looking woman driving with the quiet Eleanor Mason, but within the week after Nesbit-Pace drove her through the park, Mrs. Tom Fellows, Mrs. Harry Bitter, and Mrs. Willy Fielding had called. After they had called, she was in "Society." There were tea and dinners at the Country Club, there were luncheons and bridge. She was now always engaged when any men of the house proposed an excursion, and no longer was there a thrill when Nesbit-Pace's trap bowled up to the door, so soon were we hardened to grandeur.

Mr. Hetherfield became so feeble it was thought best to move him to his cousin's, where he had a nurse, so that Miss Hetherfield's filial duties made but slight demand upon her time; and as there was no other spare room at the Masons', she stayed on at Mrs. Belter's.

V

THE sun had set when Louis and I stumbled out of the delicious gloom of a tamarack swamp one Sunday evening in September. We crossed a little dell, studded with low hawthorns, climbed the opposite bank, and paused, leaning against a great tree overlooking the river, where the pale, daffodil west was spread below us on the bosom of the placid stream. We were warm from springing from hillock to hillock in the swamp, and the air in

the open was gratefully fresh, without a particle of chill.

"How stupid to waste our days under cover when just this is prettier than palaces!" Noel sighed. "I should like to stay."

"Very well; let us stay." I acceded.

"How about your dinner?" he said, as if my age demanded special concessions.

"How about yours?" I returned curtly.

"Mine never matters, if I want to do something else," he replied.

After a short silence he broke out, apropos of nothing at all except perhaps the hour and the place. "You have been awfully good to me. I hate to bore you, and I have got to decide for myself. Do you know, I am sick of my job."

"How about the great power of the press?" I asked ironically.

"Print, print, print!" he said. "They sit in it as in a tub, and the water runs in, and the water runs out. It does n't matter whether it be clean or dirty, or a good mud bath, so long as they can sit and stew. Anything, everything passes; it is only a matter of keeping the faucets open, and the tub full. If Socrates and Shakspere were to fill the vessel with the red wine of wisdom and poetry, the soakers would be no wiser, no happier. Wisdom is not passively absorbed through the pores of the hide. It is the great American tub habit—the eternal flood of print, print, print, in which we soak, soak, soak. I am sick to death of it. If it were only myself, you know, I could cheerfully starve; but a man can't starve his mother. I have got to the limit. I hate politics, I loathe news, I detest publicity, advertising makes me sick at my stomach. There, you see how fit I am for the business! If I worked forty years, I could n't do anything but my neat, smooth, platitudinous hack columns. The truth is, I should like never to have to unfold a daily paper again so long as I live. If I don't get out, I shall be kicked out."

"I thought they raised your salary again not long ago."

"They did; but I had n't reached my limit then. It has come suddenly: I have come to the brink."

"What would you do if you gave up?" The old question arose.

"Ah, there 's the rub! Do! Do! I should like to get clear with myself. I should like to go into the wilderness, and think it all out. Nothing profits if a man lose his soul. Don't think I am a blinded fool; my mother and sister could get on somehow, and would get on, if I told them it were right for me to—" He broke off his sentence. "But how do I know I am right? How do I know, how can I know, that I am not a blinded fool?" He turned from me a face full of bitterness and pain.

"Is n't there something else you could do that would n't take so much out of you?" I asked vaguely. How many breakdowns, physical and mental, have been offered that indefinite interrogation!

"Yes, of course, there is. There are lots of little jobs in the world waiting for little men, guaranteed not to take much out of them. The trouble with me is I want to tackle the biggest job of all. I want one that will take everything out of me. I don't want to put in little; I want to put in all."

"Go ahead, then," I said recklessly, for the hour for recklessness seemed to have struck. "Nobody will starve. I have faith you will succeed."

He looked at me, thinking a minute, and then put it slowly: "Succeed! What a horrible newspaper word! What do you mean by succeed? My picture in the paper, my name on the week's bill-board? Good heavens! how can I keep square with my conscience and *not* succeed? Did George Herbert and William Blake and Emily Dickinson succeed? I mean, I want to get out of the racket; I want to be quiet and free and private and unspied on; I want time to do really beautiful things—things worth while."

"Are n't your fears rather premature, and, anyway, rather babyish? Men don't bother whether people stare or not," I said as a mentor, sententiously.

He pondered this a moment. "No," he declared; "I am right. If I can do things with enough beauty to make some people happy, if I 'succeed' as you say, there will be a commercial mob to pull me up, and stick me in a hothouse, and put a lot of nasty manure round my roots to force blossoms for Christmas and for New Year's. Each petal will be counted, and valued at so many cents apiece."

"Cents! dollars, you mean! You are the first author," I laughed, "who has

been blighted by success before it came." In all this there was no hint that aught was the matter with Louis Vincent Noel but the growing pains of genius, the reaching out, the stretching forth, the push of wings inside his jacket.

"She believes in me; she thinks I *can* do something." He let the syllables fall quietly, his eyes dreaming on the daffodil sky.

"Good heavens, man!" I ejaculated, taken unawares.

"Why do you say that?" he cried. "Why should n't she, if you do yourself?" His sensitive face was white, and his lips were stiff with emotion. As I hung fire to find the right word, he broke out: "Do you think I 'm such a fool as to think she cares for me now? I know where she belongs; I know her traditions, her bringing-up: you don't suppose because I have n't seen the world that I don't know it? What are Thackeray and Balzac and Turgenieff, and the whole rout of novelists and poets, if they don't give a man freedom of the world outside of his own parish? But—"

"Yes, but," I cut into his pause, for it seemed a time for plain speech—"but *you* know as well as I that no amount of dreaming will change facts: you know that our trappings and our fittings, our manners and habits, yes, and our purses, too, are pretty much the sum and substance of what differentiates us, man from man, in this world. Love is not going to bridge gulfs. Pure passion is pure nonsense."

He looked at me a moment and then said with half a voice, "Oh, you think I am a fool."

"You dream of doing something that she would admire, and that would be success."

"Yes, that would be success."

"You believe she has the one thing that counts, without which a woman may have everything and yet as well lack all?"

"The one thing?" he questioned, pulling himself together.

"A heart," I answered.

"A heart?" Noel flamed out. "You think because she has dropped you men in the house, and amuses herself in society, that she has no heart."

"Oh, no; I 'm no more a fool than you. She is magnificent; only—" I paused. The daffodil had deepened to orange, and a night wind was creeping up the river, fluting the shining ribbon into chasing ripples.

"Only what?" Louis insisted. "You doubt her sincerity?"

"Yes," I replied.

"You would n't doubt if you had heard her recite

Dear beauteous death, the jewel of the just,

and

Sweet Day so cool, so calm, so bright.

A woman does n't feel those things without a heart—things the most exquisite, the purest, the most delicate in the language. She even knew

'T was of a Holy Thursday, their innocent faces clean.

Her taste in literature is wonderful. She despises these people she goes with. I know that for a fact; but she has to have amusement, with her father ill. The world she wants to live in is where men read and write and paint, and feel and talk; for there *is* a world where poetry and painting and music are important." A great hungry wail sounded in the last sentence, a wail hitherto bravely stifled.

"Yes," I said; "a world where genius counts, and a man is ranked by what he can do; where the trappings and fittings of love are other than money can buy."

He winced under my irony. "Perhaps I am a fool. It is time I retired to the country, where I belong." He started ahead.

I overtook him. "Forgive me, old man; you are not the only one she has bowled over."

He drew away petulantly with, "I 'm sorry I bored you."

"Well," I said, "if we are to fight tomorrow, we must live to-night. Bierbaum's can't be far from here. Come and get a bite of supper." He did n't want food, but I insisted. He said we looked like tramps, but I said: "What difference does that make? You know what it will be Sunday night; we sha'n't see a soul we ever saw before."

VI

HALF an hour's walk, and a détour back to the road to effect entrance by the gate,

brought us into a merry throng, a great parterre of bloomy hats under the festoons of innumerable colored lights. There was a genial clatter of knives and forks, a convivial clinking of beer-mugs, and chatter of voices in German and English. We skirted the edge of the company, and found a table out of the glare. While we waited for our cold ham and lyonnaise potatoes, the band struck up "El Capitan," and there was a general thumping of tables and tinkling of glasses to the compelling accents of that blatant tune. It might answer,—the brazen garden, with the strings of lights and the crashing band, the amber liquid, and the mild night air under the horse-chestnut-trees,—for recreation out-of-doors to a throng pent up week long in stuffy shops on dusty streets, but to us, after the divine pomp of the dying day, after the subtle splendors of stream and sky, the ineffable stillness, and the wondering spaces, our hearts full of passion for a world, for a woman, nobler, rarer, different from what we had ever known, this brazen garden sounded a note of devastating vulgarity. Even our common bodily hunger did not make us kin. I looked ruefully at Louis, and he at me. "Oh, for a crust of bread under the hedge, say I!"

Our ham and mustard, potatoes and onion, crusty bread and beer, were placed before us, and however rebellious our exalted spirits, the satisfaction of munching and sipping, and sitting back solidly in seats after a long tramp, had its compensations. Louis disposed of his share of the collation; then he leaned back and looked round at the throng. As his eyes wandered here and there, I noticed a start of recognition; but instead of calling my attention to some acquaintance, he looked nervously in another direction. I made no sign, but at my first opportunity I pulled my heavily clogged chair round on the gravel to face the music, and began to study the crowd. Three or four men here and there I recognized, with women I never wanted to know—a Sunday night crowd at Bierbaum's was not a Monday night, or even a Saturday night, crowd. And then I discovered at a table to one side of the music-stand the frisky Mrs. Fielding flashing her large, white teeth on the round, pink countenance of Mr. Harry Bitter. Next to Bitter sat our beautiful friend; and Nesbit-Pace, Mrs. Bitter, and some young man made up the circle. Champagne, rather ostentatiously, I thought, was on their table; but as Harry Bitter made beer, he could afford to drink champagne. Miss Hetherfield's face was turned to us in profile. When all the women wore umbrageous hats heaped with flowers, hers was a close red toque with a sharp, exclamatory pen-feather piercing the front. Her dress was also red. She was not only beautiful: she was startling, she was perilous. If you had told her she looked like the devil, she would have smiled, satisfied with her effect; just as when, in her green velvet with the big sleeves, after reading aloud from Rossetti, you had called her Venus Verticordia, she would have smiled, satisfied with her effect.

Was it now only our startled eyes that distinguished her and put her in the center of the stage? I felt as if no one could see anything else, and, if we listened, we should hear revealing and significant words. Something in the pose of the head, the parted lips, the face half averted from her neighbor, the studied indifference, and something, too, in his face,—I mean Nesbit-Pace's,—his light eyes glued on her, made it seem as if she never had given the public so much before.

I called Noel's attention to the party, as I was aware, though his eyes were elsewhere, that he was watching me, and waiting.

"So it is," he said. "Well, I hope they won't see us." His light tone did not deceive me.

"They won't be shocked," I replied.

"Why did she come here?" he said, his shame peeping forth.

"You hate to have her see you see her."

"I hate everything!" he exclaimed, with conscious extravagance, trying hard to smile; and then added quickly, pulling out his watch: "If I go to bed at all, I must go home; for I have a couple of hours' work before I turn in. I am sorry to curtail your pleasure."

"The show is not run for my pleasure," I answered. I was very ready to go.

We slunk out, concealed by the throng, and none of the party with the champagne noticed us; but just before we reached the gate, a girl with a dead-white face, sitting at one of the tables, who had

had something beside beer, as Noel brushed past her, his eyes looking straight ahead, seized his hand for a moment, and said softly: "Good-night, dear. Going home to mother?"

He caught his breath, a wan little smile trembled on his lips; but there was pity in his eyes as he looked down into hers. The girl's companions snickered, and we passed on in silence.

VII

LOUIS did not speak on the way home, and disappeared into the house as soon as we got back. While I sat on the porch combining and recombining the puzzle that was never solved, and which after the evening's revelations had reached a feverish intensity, Mrs. Belter was wafted out in one of her voluminous gowns, her head swathed in some Algerian tissue, from which I could just make out her white face in the dim light; but from which her voice, as if she were crying an extra, roused me with its implication of news, when all news had but one import.

"If it is not too late, I want to tell you something."

"If it were midnight, it would n't be late," I responded, and she slipped her soft hand into my arm, and we crossed to the public square.

Mrs. Belter began directly with: "What is this Nesbit-Pace?"

I retailed what little I knew, but prudently made no mention of the brazen garden.

"I don't like the way things are going," Mrs. Belter said. "He 's dead in earnest, and if she is n't,—well, I don't know what I think. Anyway, it is too great a strain on me; she has got to leave the house."

"Ah, but she can't go to a hotel alone. the Masons have no possible room, and her father is too ill to be moved."

"I pity him; he has had a hard life."

"But what can she say? She is telling her friends how adorable you are, how kindly you chaperon her."

"Stop! I won't hear it. She is a fiend."

"Not that!" We suddenly exploded like firecrackers.

"She is a bad woman, and I won't injure my house for her."

"Mrs. Belter, you are using strong language; you are unfair, unjust, unkind. You don't like her, but what has she done?"

"She has done enough; I won't give her a chance to do more."

"If it were not for Louis Vincent, you would let her stay," I said, coming directly to her grievance.

She caught at my words. "The rest of you can stand it, but—I love that boy. Why can't he see? Why can't he penetrate her? He is not a fool."

"He does see; he penetrates amazingly for one who has never been out of his native State. He sees how rare she is: nobody here sees so much, or so deeply as Louis."

"My poor boy!" she groaned. "Her daring to play with such a nature! And he can see her with this Pace, and not know what she is?"

"Ah, but you forget; for a man who has known the type in literature, who can place her, can give her a proper setting—"

"But you none of you know the truth; you none of you know what is back of her. Louis shall know."

"Don't tell him, if you want him to love you."

"But I won't have her spoil his life; I would rather have him hate me as a busybody. You would think she was Cleopatra or Helen!"

"She *is* the type," I replied rather fiercely.

"Oh, you! To be in love with such a woman!" Mrs. Belter's voice rose in scorn.

"I don't call it love. Here, sit down, if you will have it out." We came to an unoccupied seat. "If you want my confession, I know she has n't a heart; I know she ignores my existence, but still I would gladly follow her round the world, just to see her, to hear her voice, to watch her effect on others."

Mrs. Belter drew herself away from me, and exclaimed bitterly: "Oh, the folly of men! And when there are good women in the world—a pretty face, a little flattery!"

"I beg your pardon, there is more than a pretty face and a little flattery. She is Greece and Venice; she is courts and capitals; she is Homer and Petrarch, and Keats and Browning."

"I tell you she is a hard, unprincipled,

selfish, heartless coquette. You may hate me,"—there were tears in Mrs. Belter's voice,—"I am not jealous, but you must hear what I know."

"I will hear anything that is true; I want to understand her, to account for her."

"Well, if that Englishman has fascinated her, she has met her deserts. She can never be his wife in England."

"What do you mean?"

"He deserted a wife there,—the stale English plot,—a poor little creature, inferior to him socially. He got a divorce that might hold in America, but not there; and if he ever turns up in England with another wife, his first wife's people are lying in wait to arrest him for bigamy."

"You know this?"

"On the best authority. This is the only reason he became an American."

"Miss Hetherfield should know it."

"I don't care whether she knows it now or not. She will know it in time." Mrs. Belter had hardened her heart. "I must stop this disease, this Lidianitis, that is raging in my house. You recall that nice Miss Bodman who was with us last summer for the quadrennial, the Quaker? She knows her Philadelphia from A to Z. I wrote to her."

"You wrote to her?"

"Why should n't I? This lady is of my family, and I must know about her. Well, Mr. Hetherfield has not been with his daughter for several years until last winter. She has been in Europe with her mother."

"Her mother! I did not know she had a mother."

"She does n't mention her mother. Now let me tell you what Miss Bodman wrote: Ten or twelve years ago, when Lidian was perhaps thirteen, her mother took her to Europe to be educated. She was left one winter in school in Lausanne, while Mrs. Hetherfield amused herself in Rome, where she put a climax to her season by eloping with a Russian diplomat."

"Eloping! Her mother! Does Miss Bodman know this?"

"All Philadelphia knows it, or has forgotten it."

"Poor girl! And what became of Lidian?"

"Her father, of course, flew to rescue his precious daughter, and brought her home, and put her in one of the best schools in New York—the Misses Mull's. And he moved to New York himself, at a great sacrifice, for he had a prosperous business in Philadelphia. He has never succeeded in anything since; he was a broken man."

"And Lidian?"

"The Misses Mull did all that could be done. I know the school; it has a splendid tradition. There are certain things it prides itself on—good voices, good manners,—and I confess the girl has manners,—and high-bred penmanship,—she does write a superb hand,—and a good knowledge of French and English literature. They learn pages and pages by heart."

"Oh," I groaned,

"'T was of a Holy Thursday, their innocent faces clean."

"What are you talking about?"

"Sweet Day so cool, so calm, so bright!"

I mocked.

"For goodness sake!" interjected Mrs. Belter.

"They are all gone into the World of Light."

"Who are gone?" she cried in bewilderment.

Was I suddenly disloyal? A spirit of bitter humor possessed me. "I won't interrupt; and then?"

"And then, when she was through school, and as pure and high-minded as the Misses Mull could make her, and her father had settled with her in an apartment in New York, and was looking anxiously for a proper husband,—no wonder, poor man, he was anxious,—why, of course, then her mother, who had meanwhile been honorably divorced, as my great-aunt Jane used to say, and as honorably espoused to her precious Russian, and who was settled in the legation in Berlin, after having tasted life in various capitals, demanded her beautiful daughter. She sent money, and asked Lidian to visit her."

"Now," I interrupted, "your Miss Bodman is going into details she could know nothing about."

"So it was said. Anyway, the girl

packed up and left her devoted father bowed with grief. And no one knows what she did or did n't do, or see, while flying round Europe for the last four or five years with her countess mama. Evidently without a grand *dot* she did not capture the great *parti* for whom her mother aimed."

"And if all this is true," I demanded, "why should she be rusticating here with her dear papa?"

"Because," Mrs. Belter paused, "Miss Bodman writes, it is said by Philadelphians who have wintered in Berlin that Miss Hetherfield was suddenly sent away by her mama because the count, her stepfather, was evincing too much interest in his stepdaughter."

"Mrs. Belter!"

"Is n't it ghastly?"

"Your Quaker lady has been reading Ibsen! Poor girl, poor girl! I pity her."

"Yes, you pity her, you pity her! Even last winter in New York, with her good, kind father, she must directly have another affair with a second cousin, a married man. Those letters are from him."

"What letters?"

"The letters that come every day, and which she asked the postman to tuck into her New York paper. That affair is what has made her come here. Her father has brought her away for a summer to break it up; but he, poor man, now never will go back."

We rose together, as if we had had enough. "Don't be unkind!" I pleaded as we walked toward the house. "We have both been rather excited; but I am your friend."

"I began to doubt if I had a friend in the house since she came," poor Mrs. Belter ended. It was striking eleven.

VIII

I WAS awake before dawn, after tossing about the few hours of the night. I wanted to get square with myself, to detach this woman from my feelings, and let her roll round in earth's diurnal course with rocks and stones and trees.

The night had been warm, and finally, too impatient to lie still longer, I rose and slipped into some clothes, to get a breath of air in the garden. As I was putting on my shoes, I heard a step on the bare stairs that led from Louis's turret, and I thought, he also is too feverish to keep indoors.

I soon followed him down the hall, which was in perfect darkness, and I wondered why he had turned out the light, which was always left to burn till morning. As I tiptoed by the "Key of the House," as Mrs. Belter called her chamber at the foot of the stairs, I was startled to be challenged by that lady's voice demanding who was there.

"You?" she hissed through the crack of her chained door. "What is happening?"

I explained my innocent purpose, but she begged me to wait; she had something to communicate. I lifted the shades in the parlor, and let in the dim gray light of a cloudy dawn. My mind was in a whirl of wild surmises aroused by the passion in Mrs. Belter's voice. In a few moments she came to me in some of her tragic robes, her face white and tense.

"Is it really morning?" she said, and then, with something like a sob, "The end has come!"

"You mean?"

"They leave this house to-day."

"Who?"

"I wish I had slept; I don't want to believe it. My heart is broken."

"What has happened?"

"I was awake, and heard some one fumbling at the front door, and I wondered who was coming in at this hour. I got up and opened my door a crack. I saw Louis come in, and before he went up-stairs, he went softly and turned out the hall light."

"Yes; I wondered why it was out."

"And I wondered why he put it out, for every one knows it burns all night. Naturally, I did not speak; but as I put my hand on the chain to close my door without a rattle, I heard a woman's skirts brush by, and rustle softly up the stairs."

"Mrs. Belter!"

"I 'm sure, I 'm sure. She went softly, but I heard her door open, and then the key turning in her lock." Mrs. Belter burst into tears. "That it should be he, of all men! How could she, how could she, have done it?"

"My dear friend, listen to me; control yourself. I can explain." I told her about the brazen garden. "Louis, like

me, like you, was awake before dawn. He was going out, and he met her coming in."

"With that man!" A gleam lighted up Mrs. Belter's face. "Thank God! I sha'n't have to tell him; he met her returning at this hour with that brutal Englishman. Louis knows her now. Oh, I am glad! I am glad!"

"No, no, no!" I cried. "In a soul like Louis, who has felt as he has toward this woman, it will shake the foundations of his faith; it will devastate his whole being."

"Ah, but he is saved!"

"He will love her more than ever—more than ever, though he will taste the waters of anguish, though he will despise himself because he loves such a woman, and can't help loving."

I had said too much. Mrs. Belter moaned softly: "Don't, don't! His mother left him with me!"

"Dear lady," I comforted, "you are not responsible: you forget that Louis Noel is a man."

"To ruin his life!"

"Ruin? She has made it. You wait."

IX

MISS HETHERFIELD did not appear at the one o'clock luncheon. "You young gentlemen will miss your beautiful friend." It was old Mrs. Gwilt, turning to me her Cruikshank features.

"Has she gone?" I inquired.

"A messenger-boy brought a note to her this morning before she came to breakfast. Her father is worse, and she went right off to her cousin's. Such a nice gentleman, Mr. Hetherfield; I am so sorry. But she seems able to take care of herself, though so much looks is rather against a lady."

"If she visits Italy after her father passes away, I should think she would need a companion—at least during her year of mourning," Miss Revell said, inclining her majestic forehead thoughtfully over her tea-cup. She was dreaming of a period to her eighteen years of preparation for Europe.

"She will probably go to her friend, Lady Asket of Asketridge." Carboys produced the title with crushing superiority.

"Did she really have a message?" I asked, as soon as I could get Mrs. Belter alone.

"Yes."

"How did she manage so early?"

"Louis must have arranged it."

"He knows that you know?"

"He saw instantly by my face at breakfast."

"Then he tried to save her," I said.

"But he did n't," Mrs. Belter replied. "You don't suppose I let her go without having it out? I told her everything—I mean about this Nesbit-Pace. And it was a bitter pill; for she is in love this time, and marriage had been mutually promised. She produced that as a sort of justification for her performances. Of course she was furiously innocent. The man's divorce alone does n't bother her: it is the ugly fact of its not holding in England; for his great family was a big part of his charm. But if he really has one wife there—well, she is in for her punishment."

"Did you speak of Louis?"

Mrs. Belter tossed her head. "Why should n't I? She said she loved him, that she had never known any one like him, that she believed in his genius."

"That comforted you, did n't it?" I mocked.

"But I saw that Louis's meeting her when she came in gives her more shame than my knowing it, though she trusts him not to tell, and she never will trust me." Mrs. Belter drew down the corners of her mouth to beautiful resignation; but her revenge had been complete.

LOUIS avoided me, but on the following Sunday I stumbled on him in Mrs. Belter's parlor, where he was saying good-by, for he left that morning. There were tears in that lady's eyes, but cheer in her voice.

"Oh, yes, you will," she was saying; and then, appealing to me, "Won't he?"

Louis turned a mask of bitterness, weary of eye and sharp of lip—alas! for the boyish simplicity and sweetness of my pre-Raphaelite angel, for the mouth the world was not to spoil, and the eyes that were worth saving, too!

"Of course he will," I chimed, "if you say so."

PAUL JULIEN MEYLAN 1905

Drawn by Paul Julien Meylan. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"HE TURNED FROM ME A FACE FULL OF BITTERNESS AND PAIN"

"Create something beautiful that will carry us into history as his friends, and put a bronze tablet on the corner of my house?"

"Are we his friends?" I said.

He grasped my hand, and the old smile came back, and with it my faith; for though the battle had only begun, and pain and devastation might follow in its wake, the determined passion for beauty was there, and it would surely win.

If the substance of poetry be, as Wordsworth declared, past emotions recalled in tranquillity, Louis Noel has ample store of material for his first volume. But not in "Songs of Innocence" will *she* live, or in chaste numbers akin to Herbert and Vaughan.

With him gone, with *her* gone, the world has become strangely gray: after her, all other women seem—but that is another story.

THE WHITE HOUSE COLLECTION OF PRESIDENTIAL WARE

BY ABBY G. BAKER

THERE is nearing completion in the White House at Washington one of the most interesting historical collections to be found in the country. It is a collection of Presidential ware—largely composed of pieces of china, but also containing a few pieces of plate—which was begun by Mrs. Roosevelt soon after she became mistress of the famous old mansion.

The inception of the collection was almost by accident. While General Theodore A. Bingham, now Police Commissioner of Greater New York, was Superintendent of Public Buildings and Grounds at Washington, a position which entails supervision of the White House, he found that there was comparatively little of the china or plate left in the mansion which had been used through the administrations of the various chief executives. Before his appointment as superintendent, he had served as military aide to our American embassies at both Berlin and Rome, and while there had noted the veneration and care bestowed upon the royal residences and their belongings. It did not take him long to discover the painful lack in that regard in the Presidents' House. Meeting the writer of this article one day in the early summer of 1901, he asked her why she did not write a "story" on the Presidential china in the White House, and awaken an interest in it that would lead to its preservation. "If somebody does not do that pretty soon," he added energetically, "there won't be any left to preserve."

General Bingham was assured that it would be more than a pleasure to do this; but before it could be done, a thorough study would have to be made of the ware that was, and had been, in the house, and also of the records concerning it. He promised to speak to Mrs. McKinley about the matter, and a few days later apprised the writer that Mrs. McKinley would be glad to have her come to the White House during the summer, while the family was away, to make whatever study she deemed necessary of the china and plate. This invitation was most gladly accepted, and in the next four months an untiring search was made not only of the Presidential ware, but of the files of the Treasury and other departments of the Government where the records relating to it were kept.

One of the first difficulties encountered was the meagerness of detail in many of the official records of the White House. For years after the mansion was built, it was, and in fact has always remained, under the jurisdiction of a division of the

Drawn by Harry Fenn

THE WASHINGTON DECANTER AND OTHER WASHINGTON PIECES IN THE WHITE HOUSE COLLECTION

Government. Originally, like other Federal property in the District, it was supervised by three commissioners appointed by the President. This first commission was abolished in 1803, and its place was filled by an official entitled Superintendent of the City of Washington. This held until 1816, when the office was again changed, and a Commissioner of Public Buildings was placed at its head. In 1867, through the shifting of political parties, the office was transferred to the War Department, and made a part of the bureau of the chief of engineers of the army. Since then an officer of this branch of the service has held the position of Superintendent of Public Buildings and Grounds, and is the official who has the immediate supervision of the White House.

Congress has always had more or less jurisdiction over the Presidents' House, in that it appropriates all money for its maintenance and repair, although such money is disbursed through the office of the chief of engineers. At one time it assumed a paternal attitude toward the mansion, and appointed a committee of three of its members to inspect it semi-annually. A former mistress of the mansion has left a humorously sarcastic letter telling of the "inspection" during her incumbency. The three staid members poked and peered through every room from garret to cellar. Just before leaving, they inquired with severe solemnity if any of the dishes had been broken during the year. She innocently asked for the list they had made of the china the year before in order that she might investigate what breakage there had been, and she rather wickedly enjoyed their confusion as they had to acknowledge that as far as they knew no list had been made.

Drawn by Harry Fenn

THE JOHN ADAMS GOBLET

The standard having been broken, a silver holder was made to support the goblet.

With such lax congressional supervision and with the Superintendent of Public Buildings and Grounds as subject to the mutations of political parties as the mistress of the mansion herself, and, most potent reason of all, with no permanent curator of White House belongings, it is small wonder that many things of inestimable historic value have been lost. Under prevailing conditions, the mistress has never been very largely responsible for what went into, or for what was taken out of, the Presidents' House; yet it can be said to the credit of the majority of the women who have held the high position that they have had a keen

Drawn by Harry Fenn

THE JEFFERSON CHINA

sense of the responsibility entailed upon them, and have lived up to it nobly. Several of them have thought that there should be some kind of collection in the mansion which would help memorialize the different executives who have lived there. Mrs. Hayes planned a collection similar to the one which Mrs. Roosevelt is successfully finishing, and had gathered a large number of most interesting historic pieces; but as she could not complete it in time to present it to the Government before her husband's term expired, it was moved to Fremont, Ohio, when the family returned there. Mrs. Harrison probably did more to awaken a sentiment to save the historic furnishings of the White House than any of her predecessors. One of her cherished ambitions was to make a collection of the Presidential ware, and

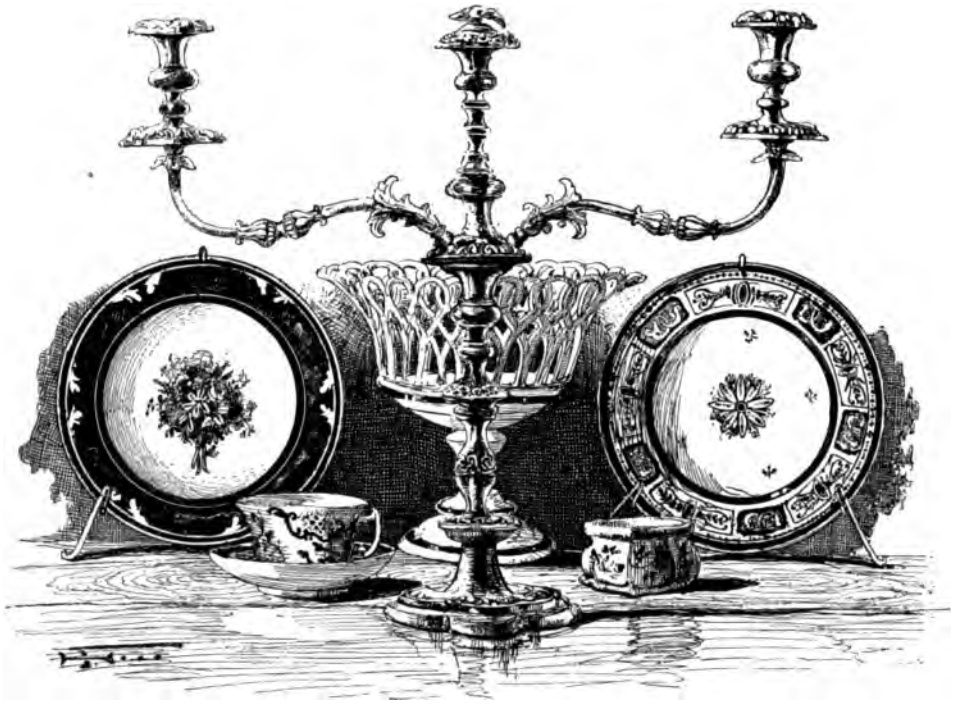
Drawn by Harry Fenn

THE MADISON CANDELABRA AND CHINA

she went so far as to design a cabinet which she hoped to have built in the walls of the state dining-room, where the ware could be preserved and displayed.

It has unfortunately happened in a number of instances that, with the incoming of a new administration, the Presidents' House has been stripped of almost everything old, and then refurnished. This probably helps to explain the somewhat surprising fact that when the search was undertaken by General Bingham, it was found that there was not a complete set of china left, and, with the exception of one piece, which will be described later, the parts of sets which were there could not be identified with more than seven administrations. These were from those which were called the Lincoln, the Grant, the Hayes, the Arthur, the Cleveland, the Harrison, and the McKinley sets, but a little investigation revealed that of this number Presidents Lincoln, Grant, and Hayes were the only executives who had ordered complete dinner services of china. The others simply supplemented the ware which was there with the pieces required for immediate use.

While it was found that the china in the mansion did not antedate the days of Lincoln, it was found, also, that there was a quantity of solid silver and plate reputed to be almost as old as the Republic itself. While Washington was chief executive, the Government occupied temporary capitals, but he must have made many personal purchases to maintain the President's houses, both in New York and Philadelphia, in the style which he believed befitted them. Soon after his inauguration in 1789, he wrote his friend Gouverneur Morris, who was then in Paris, to purchase "mirrors for the dining table, with neat and fashionable, but not expensive ornaments, suitable for the President's house." In compliance with this request Morris wrote him that he had secured a surtout for a table ten feet long and two feet wide, consisting of seven plateaus, with the ornaments in biscuits and glass. After describing it, he adds: "You will perhaps exclaim that I



Drawn by Harry Fenn

ON THE LEFT, THE MONROE CHINA; IN THE CENTER, THE JACKSON CANDELABRA AND CHINA; AND ON THE RIGHT, THE JOHN QUINCY ADAMS CHINA

Drawn by Harry Fenn

THE POLK CHINA AND GLASS

have not complied with your directions as to economy, but you will be of a different opinion when you see the articles. . . . I think it of great importance to fix the taste of the country properly, and I think your example will go very far in that respect. It is therefore my wish that everything about you should be substantially good and majestically plain, made to endure." The handsome plateau now in use at the White House is frequently called, and credited as, the Washington plateau; but the supposition is not substantiated, and as the plateau was Washington's personal property, it is more than probable that he took it with him when he returned to Mount Vernon.

During his several residences abroad, John Adams made many purchases of magnificent furniture and plate, some of which he doubtless used in Philadelphia and in the unfinished and scantily furnished Presidents' House when the seat of government was moved to Washington in 1800; but upon his retirement, he built his home at Quincy, Massachusetts, where the greater part of this furniture and plate is still preserved by his descendants. Shortly after Jefferson became President, he wrote to Gouverneur Morris that he had taken time to examine into the furniture funds, and added: "I think there will be about 4000 D which might be better invested in the plate than in more perishable articles." The "plate" referred to was a surtout and a service of

Drawn by Harry Fenn

VEGETABLE-DISH, PLATTER, CUSTARD-CUP AND FRUIT-DISH
FROM THE FRANKLIN PIERCE STATE DINNER-SET

silver weighing four hundred and eight pounds troy, about which they had been corresponding for some time, but which, on account of the low state of the "furniture funds," was subsequently taken by Chancellor Livingston.

There is a well-grounded tradition that Jefferson sent to Monroe, who was then in Paris negotiating the Louisiana Purchase, to procure a suitable quantity of silverware of such manufacture and design as he deemed fitting for the Presidents' House. The tradition is that at that time there was an impoverished Russian nobleman in Paris by name of De Tuyll whose gambling proclivities compelled him to place his family plate on sale. Whether Mr. Monroe thought the young Republic should be thrifty, or whether he realized that M. le Baron de Tuyll's service was of better quality than he could obtain elsewhere, the tradition does not say, but it affirms that there were more than three hundred pieces in it, and that they were sent to America in the nobleman's ancestral chests. Just how much truth there is in the story cannot be said, but the old chests, which were doubtless made long before Monroe ever saw them, covered with worn leather, bound with iron, and each bearing on the lid a brass label engraved "M. le Baron de Tuyll," still stand in the steward's room of the White House. They are chamois-lined and divided into numerous compartments for the pieces of silver. They still hold much of the White House plate, but how much of it is that which came in them originally cannot be asserted. There is a stately tea-pot and eight large plates which are especially interesting, as on them, in faint outlines, can still be traced the De Tuyll marking. The tea-pot is about twelve inches high, with a white ivory handle bearing a full-bearded man's head at the base. The spout ends in a griffon-head, while the knob of the lid is formed of a flower and leaf. The body of the pot is decorated with the acanthus leaf and a hairy leg and hoof. On the bulge of the spout in faint but distinct etching is the De Tuyll mark.

Drawn by Harry Fenn

THE BARON DE TUYLL CHESTS AND SILVER

There are many pieces of elegant old plate at the White House, among which are parts of three, and possibly four, tea-sets. There are coffee-, chocolate-, and

cream-pots very similar to the De Tuyll tea-pot, which may have belonged to the same service; but if so, the marking has been erased by constant polishing, and they bear other points of difference. The records in the old state papers and letters show that Mrs. Madison selected a state dining-set and some plate for the Presidents' House, and while the destruction of the building by the British must have destroyed the greater part of the things which were in it, yet she must have saved much of that which was most valuable during the few days she knew that the enemy were advancing upon the capital. On the day of her flight, August 24, 1814, she wrote to her sister Anna that famous letter in which she told of rescuing Washington's picture, and continued: "At this late hour a wagon has been procured, and I have had it filled with plate and the most valuable portable articles belonging to the house."

Drawn by Harry Fenn

THE LINCOLN PUNCH-BOWL

When the Monroes came into the rebuilt Presidents' House in the autumn of 1817, it had been newly furnished, and the magnificent plate and china then provided were of their selection. Some of it is still there, and the handsome dining-table plateau was probably purchased at that time. In the steward's room, standing near the De Tuyll chests, is a leather-covered, brass-bound chamois-lined silver trunk on one end of which is a label bearing the name James Monroe. It doubtless contained part of the plate sent from France upon his order.

When the article on the Presidents' china which General Bingham had suggested was published in the following December, the McKinley tragedy had occurred, President Roosevelt and his family occupied the White House, and Colonel Thomas W. Symons had succeeded as Superintendent of Public Buildings and Grounds. The article, however, came under his notice, and he called it to the attention of the President's wife. Mrs. Roosevelt has always taken the greatest interest in everything pertaining to American history, and she saw that it lay within her power to preserve, at least, specimens of the historic ware. She designed two cabinets, and had them placed in the lower east corridor of the mansion, where they could be inspected by all visitors, and then asked Colonel Symons to invite the writer to come to the White House and select the pieces of china which should be placed in them.

While this work was being done, the new state dining-set which Mrs. Roosevelt had ordered for the White House arrived, and including the pieces chosen from it, eight shelves were filled with china which was used during the administrations of Lincoln, Grant, Hayes, Arthur, Harrison, Cleveland, McKinley, and Roosevelt, a shelf to each administration. The china selected by Mrs. Roosevelt for the state dining-set could not be in better taste. It is Wedgwood, and is decorated in a simple colonial pattern in gold, with the obverse of the great seal enameled in colors on each dish. There are over twelve hundred pieces in the set, and to accompany it, she ordered one hundred and forty-four pieces of glassware. A dinner-platter, dinner, breakfast, tea, and soup plates, with a tea-cup and a coffee-cup and the saucers, were selected from this set for the collection.

Neither Mrs. McKinley nor Mrs. Cleveland ordered much china for the executive mansion, but plates and cups and saucers of their selection were placed in the cabinets. The plates selected by Mrs. Cleveland were exquisite Wedgwood and Minturn patterns, and one of the odd, flag-design bonbon dishes, used first at the Cleveland state dinners, was also included on the Cleveland shelf. Mrs. Harrison was very artistic in her tastes, as well as patriotic, and she greatly desired to have the goldenrod adopted as the national flower. When she found that she would have to order some new china, she designed the decoration for it, combining the goldenrod and leaf with the

Indian corn and stalk. On each piece this design, with the coat of arms of the United States and a rim of golden stars, was emblazoned. In addition, she selected many pieces of cut glass, and they also bear the coat of arms. The elaborate set which Mrs. Hayes had secured was still intact when Mr. Arthur came into the White House, and without much veneration for their historical associations he made a wholesale sweep of the old ware of the broken sets. He selected much handsome bric-à-brac for the mansion and some dainty china. His shelf in the collection contains a set of fancy plates and two after-dinner coffee-cups.

The set contracted for by Mrs. Hayes was the largest one ever brought into the Presidents' House. The artist Theodore Davis invented the shapes of the dishes and designed the decorations. He intended them to represent the flora and fauna of every State in the Union, and succeeded fairly well. Had this set been properly protected, and not reproduced, as was also the Harrison design, it would have been far more valuable. The back of each dish of the original set bears the coat of arms. Nine pieces of this china were placed in the collection, of which the turkey platter is the most striking. The Grant set is of white French ware. Each piece is decorated with wide bands of buff bearing a small United States shield, and rimmed with narrow bands of gold and dark brown. In the center of the plates and on the sides of the upright dishes is a spray of American wild flowers. At the time of Miss Nellie Grant's wedding, which, as everybody knows, took place at the White House, this set was supplemented by many pieces which, while matching in general design, do not have the shield or flowers. The Lincoln china was a Haviland design selected by Mrs. Lincoln. It has scalloped edges, with wide bands of crimson purple outlined in delicate lines and dots of gold, and on each dish is the eagle and shield resting on a clouded background of gold. Underneath them is the familiar motto, E Pluribus Unum. A dinner-platter, dessert-dish, fruit-compote, bread-tray, and a tall water-pitcher were selected from the dishes of this set remaining in the mansion. Recently Mr. Woodbury Loring Towle of Boston has added an exquisite little custard-cup and top belonging to this set which came into the possession of a member of his family toward the close of the Lincoln administration.

One morning soon after the collection was put in order, Colonel Symons, who was enthusiastically interested in all things historical pertaining to the White House, in emulation of a custom which had been followed by many of the chief executives, asked the President and Mrs. Roosevelt to plant a tree on the south lawn of the mansion. After the simple ceremony was over, as they came back to the house, they passed through the east corridor and stopped to admire the cabi-

Drawn by Harry Fenn

CHINA FROM THE GRANT SET; AND THE GARFIELD CHINA OF THE COLLECTION

The two Garfield pieces bear the letter G.

Drawn by Harry Fenn

THE HAYES CHINA

nets of china. "I tell you, Symons," exclaimed the President, with his characteristic energy, "this is a fine beginning; but it ought to be carried on now until it contains some ware representative of every administration."

The President's wife agreed with him, and while delegating the search for and the identification of the ware to the writer, Mrs. Roosevelt has, by unremitting interest and endeavor, almost made, and ultimately will make, the complete collection an accomplished fact. The work has been carried steadily forward, although it has not been an easy matter to secure the ware which is of such historic as well as intrinsic value. Through the public press it was made known that the collection had been started, and in order to secure their coöperation, wherever it was possible, the descendants of the Presidents were corresponded with or seen personally, and a number of invaluable contributions were secured in that way. From the first, Mrs. Roosevelt desired that the collection should be a patriotic one, and that the pieces for it should be either given or loaned rather than purchased. While this has sometimes added to the difficulty of obtaining the ware, it has made the collection of vastly more worth.

Within a short time after the cabinets were placed on exhibition, Mrs. James S. Bradley of New York, a loyal Daughter of the American Revolution, wrote to Mrs. Roosevelt, offering to loan some Washington and Madison ware which had come to her through the Lawrence Lewis heirs, and from a sale made by Madison's stepson, John Payne Todd. Of the former, there were a cup and saucer, a pickle-dish (Sheffield), a cut-glass decanter and a berry-dish, and a silver fish-knife. The Madison pieces were a pair of two-pronged silver candelabra and a gravy-boat. At about the same time, Mr. J. Henley Smith of Washington, whose father, Robert Smith, was Secretary of State under Madison, and whose mother's mother was Martha Washington's sister, Miss Dandridge, sent to Mrs. Roosevelt two plates for the collection. They were from a dozen plates which Mrs. Madison presented to Mr. Secretary Smith a short time before her death, saying, as she did so, "There is not much intrinsic value in these plates, dear friend, but time will probably enhance their worth, as they are a part of the state dining-set which we used in the Presidents' House." Upon comparing the plates with the gravy-boat proffered by Mrs. Bradley, it was found that they were match-pieces—French ware, and each piece decorated with a wide, coffee-colored border on which are etched an odd wheel-and-shell design interspersed with stars. It is needless to add that both Mrs. Bradley's contribution and Mr. Smith's gift were most gratefully accepted.

The piece of china which could not be

identified with the ware of the seven recent administrations when the Presidential china was classified is in all probability a Madison piece. It is a shapely bowl on a standard upheld by the three Graces, and measures about two feet in height. It is decorated with a wide band of gold, then a narrower curved line of blue, followed by a wide band of small gold dots outlined with threads of blue and gold. Medallions of gold and blue decorate the bottom of the bowl, and the same design is carried out on the standard. Mrs. Harrison found this dish in three pieces one day when she was rummaging through the White House closets. She had it deftly mended, restored to the state dining-room, and did her best to ferret out its history, but was never successful. Some years afterward, through Colonel William H. Crook, who has been on the clerical force of the executive office for more than forty years, this piece was identified by the late Mrs. Nealey of Georgetown. She had a most interesting collection of colonial china of her own, and in searching some old Virginian records, she identified this bowl with the set of Madison china that was destroyed when the British burned the Presidents' House in 1814. Mrs. Glenn Brown and Miss McGuire of Washington, who are descendants of Madison's brother William, have also many invaluable pieces of Madison plate and china, and other relics of their illustrious kinsman.

Some little time after Mrs. Bradley's contribution, Mrs. William Owen of Lynchburg, Virginia, granddaughter of the late Mrs. Betty Washington Lewis, from whom she inherited them, presented the collection with a white-and-gold Martha Washington tea-cup and saucer. The next gift was from the wife of Brigadier-General George F. Elliott, Commandant United States Marine Corps, and a direct descendant of William Bradford and three other colonial governors. The gift consisted of a soup- and a tea-plate and a cup and a saucer from an incomplete tea-set used by President Monroe in the White House. The larger plate has a wide border of deep orange, with a white leaf outlined in gold, and in the center a bunch of American wild flowers. The quaint design on the other pieces includes a bright-red scroll and a lattice-work in gold, with the blue star flower interwoven in them. In the flat of the tea-plate is a shield in gold. After the

Drawn by Harry Fenn

PIECES OF CHINA, AND A GOBLET, SELECTED FOR THE COLLECTION FROM THE SET DESIGNED BY MRS. HARRISON

From a photograph

PIECES OF THE CHINA SELECTED BY MRS. CLEVELAND

President's death, this incomplete set became the property of his nephew, Colonel James Monroe, who late in life gave the dishes to his kinsman, General O. C. Badger, and he, in 1878, presented them to his daughter, Mrs. Elliott.

The late Mr. Samuel Gouverneur, whose widow still lives in Washington, was a grandson of President Monroe. His mother was Maria Monroe, and she was married at the age of sixteen in the East Room, during her father's administration, to her own first cousin, Samuel L. Gouverneur, who was then twenty years of age and secretary to the President. Mrs. Gouverneur and her daughters, Miss Gouverneur and Mrs. Rose G. Hoes of Washington, and Mrs. William Crawford Johnson of Frederick, Maryland, as well as Mr. Laurence Kortright of New York, and the wife of Admiral Benham of the United States Navy, are all the fortunate possessors of priceless Monroe relics. Mrs. Gouverneur has, too, the original copies of numerous state papers of important transactions which took place during Mr. Monroe's public career, and many letters which are not only intensely interesting as a picture of those times, but which are of inestimable historical value.

Repeated efforts were made to secure some of the Adams ware for the White House collection, but without success, until last year, when Mrs. Erskine Clement of Newburyport, Massachusetts, a great-great-granddaughter of John Adams and the great-granddaughter of John Quincy Adams, and whose mother was born in the Presidents' House during the latter's administration, contributed a plate from the state dinner-set used by John Quincy Adams, and her daughter, Miss Mary L. Adams Clement, sent two Staffordshire salt-cellars also owned by him. A few months later, Mrs. Harry Reade of Lowell, Massachusetts, sent an exquisite cut-glass goblet which was once the property of President John Adams. Cut in the bowl of the glass is a double floral wreath, and below it is an Old English letter A, and just beneath it in plain script are the letters S. C. T. The goblet was presented to Mrs. Reade's mother, Sarah Corcoran Thom, by a great-grandson of John Adams, and he had her initials engraved upon the goblet. The foot and stem have been broken, and the bowl of the goblet rests in a silver standard, which was made for it.

It is sometimes said that the State of Virginia is filled with the descendants of Thomas Jefferson, and it certainly is true that his next, and next, and next of kin, —by descent,—are to be found all the way from Charlottesville to Boston. Mrs. John W. Burke (Martha Jefferson Trist) of Alexandria, Virginia, has her old colonial mansion stored with a most interesting lot of Jeffersonian and other Revolutionary ancestors' relics. The Mr. and Misses Meikleham of Washington, whose mother was Jefferson's granddaughter Septima Ann Carey Randolph, are also the fortunate possessors of many things once owned by their great-grandfather. Dr. William Randolph of Charlottesville and Miss Jane Taylor of Lego, the original Jefferson estate, have many pieces of the furniture and plate which were once at Monticello. At the time of Jefferson's death, his affairs were in such

a sad financial tangle that his effects were sold at public auction, and the greater part of them passed out of the family's hands. Some of these were recovered afterward by Mr. Thomas Jefferson Coolidge, Sr., and Mrs. Meta Anderson Roach of Boston, who were also the direct descendants of Jefferson. Mr. Coolidge's son, Thomas Jefferson Coolidge, Jr., presented to the White House collection four pieces which belonged to a blue-and-white dinner-set President Jefferson ordered in France. They consist of a soup-tureen and cover, the top of a vegetable-dish, the dish itself having been broken, a large platter, and a plate. The china is heavy, and each piece is decorated with deep-blue-mottled borders outlined in gold. In the middle of the platter and plate, and on the sides of the tureen and covers, are the shield-shaped Jefferson crest. The shield is also outlined in deep-blue, bearing thirteen golden stars, and in the center is an elaborate scroll letter J in gold.

It will be recalled that Mrs. Jackson, to whom the President was devotedly attached, died one month prior to the inauguration of Andrew Jackson. His private secretary was Mrs. Jackson's nephew, Andrew Jackson Donelson, and the President invited his wife, Emily Tennessee Donelson, to preside as mistress of the White House during his administration. While she was there, her three children were born, and her eldest daughter, the late Mary Emily Donelson Wilcox, inherited from her mother many of the Jackson relics. Mrs. Wilcox died a few years ago, and, as a memorial to her, her daughter, Miss Mary R. Wilcox of Washington, filled a shelf in the White House collection with Jackson ware. In some respects this is the most interesting shelf in the collection, as it contains, besides six pieces of china and glass, one of the historic candelabras presented to General Jackson by Tammany Hall upon the occasion of his famous visit to that organization. On one side of the pedestal of the candelabra is engraved his name, Andrew Jackson; upon the other are the words, "Our Federal Union: It Must Be Preserved."

Some months after Miss Wilcox's contribution, Mrs. George W. Fall of Nashville, Tennessee, niece of Mrs. Polk, presented the collection with some specimens of the Polk ware. They consist of eight pieces of what comprised the state set during President Polk's administration. There is an old-fashioned, diamond-shaped, white-and-gold, lattice-work fruit-bowl upon a pedestal; a colonial tea-plate and a cup and saucer of Dresden ware, decorated similarly to the fruit-bowl with gaily colored birds in square medallions, and in the flat of the plate a bunch of violet morning-glories; a colonial goblet of deep-blue Bohemian glass; a cut-glass wine-glass; and a finger-bowl containing a quaint, old-time mouthpiece.

In order to make the White House

Drawn by Harry Fenn

PIECES OF THE CHINA SELECTED BY MRS. ROOSEVELT

collection representative of all the Presidents, it was necessary to place some ware in the cabinets which had not been used in the mansion. This is notably true of the Washington display. It was true also of the Garfield china, which was sent to the collection last spring by the President's widow, through her son, James Rudolph Garfield, the present Secretary of the Interior. President Garfield and his family were in the White House only a few months, and purchased no china for it whatever; but Mrs. Garfield sent the collection a fruit-compote, a dessert-dish, and a plate from a set which has been used by the family for many years. It is of Haviland make, and is bordered in buff, on which is a floral design in browns and bronze. On each dish the letter G is emblazoned, and in the center of the dishes there is a bunch of bright-colored autumn leaves.

A Pierce cup and saucer, banded in bright red, and a Buchanan cup and saucer, bearing a bunch of blue flowers, were contributed to the collection last winter. Mr. William Crump, who was steward at the White House under Presidents Hayes, Garfield, and Arthur, was fortunate in securing a good many things at the Arthur sale, among which were a number of pieces of the Pierce ware. Through the generosity of his daughter, Miss Harriet B. Crump, a covered vegetable-dish, an openwork fruit-compote, and two plates of this much-admired, wide, red-banded china have been added to the collection. Mr. James R. Ward, Jr., and his brother, H. Clay Ward, of Baltimore, Maryland, have nearly all of the state set which was used in the White House during the Buchanan administration. Their father, who held an important governmental position during the Civil War, was a warm personal friend of Lincoln, and it was at the latter's suggestion that he purchased this china when the new Lincoln set replaced it. Of course it is highly prized by the members of the family to whom it has descended.

President Tyler's sons, Dr. Lyon Gardiner Tyler and Judge David Gardiner Tyler of Williamsburg, and his daughter, Mrs. Pearl Tyler Ellis of Shawsville, Virginia, have most interesting collections of family plate and furniture, which includes some of the oldest pieces in the country. They have signified their intention to send the White House collection some of these mementos. Part of Judge Tyler's portion of the family plate has a double interest in that it passed through the Richmond fire when President Tyler's house was burned in the destruction of that city in 1865. It is hoped that through President Taylor's sister, Mrs. Philip Dandridge of Winchester, Virginia, or his nieces, Mrs. R. T. Jones of New York and Mrs. Philip R. Alger of Annapolis, Maryland, some of the Zachary Taylor ware may shortly be added to the collection. An effort is also being made through the kind offices

Drawn by Harry Fenn

SOME OF THE OLDEST PIECES OF WHITE HOUSE PLATE

of Mrs. Robert McKee of New York and Mr. J. S. Harrison of Kansas City; Mr. Martin Van Buren of Fishkill, N. Y.; and Mrs. Millard Fillmore of Wyncote, Pa., to locate some of the china or plate of their respective distinguished forebears. When that is accomplished, and something added of President Johnson's, every President will be represented in the collection; and it is hoped that a few of the individual exhibits which are very small may be enlarged.

In order that the collection may remain a permanent feature of the White House as Government property, some time ago Mrs. Roosevelt had it placed under the bureau of Public Buildings and Grounds. Colonel Charles W. Bromwell, the present superintendent of the bureau, is keenly interested in the completion of the enterprise. This of course can be accomplished only through the generosity of those who own the china or plate of the Presidents; but unquestionably the collection will soon be completed, and when completed, it will be one in which every patriotic American will have pride.

THE MAGIC OF SOURNESS

BY WILLIAM CHESTER ESTABROOK

I

"IF dot old stork efer brings a leetle baby to my house, two things I 'll bet dot poy will have," said Spiegel, his gray eyes bulging a challenge to the musicians about him. "First of dem things"—with a stern look at Timmins, the drummer, who was always teasing him, "is manners—boliteness mit dem vot is smarter und older und besser als yourself. Und der second"—with a withering glance at those members of the Alhambra Orchestra who bore the ignominy of American birth—"is temperament. Yes; I 'll bet dot boy has dot Cherman moosical temperament, py chiminey!"

"Vot if he is a girl, meppe so?" ventured Klug, a second fiddle.

"Und dey say girls don't got much temperature," added Meyer, the oboe, who sometimes mixed his English.

Spiegel scornfully dismissed the probability of its being of an inferior sex.

"He won't get his temperament from your side of the house, Spiegel," commented Timmins, with an exasperating smile.

Spiegel placed his cornet across his knees and pushed and tumbled his thick white hair about his great dome-shaped head. It was the gesture which invariably preceded the uncorking of his vials of wrath. He was accustomed to boom forth his assertiveness in those impromptu discussions and arguments which always occurred during the noisy half-hour of tuning and preparation preceding the performance. It mattered not what the subject was, nor the side he happened to espouse; his massive personality usually bore everything irresistibly before it. Even Stoess, the conductor, cared little to run counter to his keen old tongue. To Clayton only he made obeisance—Clayton, who for twelve years had managed the organization, procuring its engagements, paying its salaries, and planning its future.

When the old cornetist had tufted his white locks in a *chevaux-de-frise* about his bulging temples, he turned to Timmins as a lion to a mouse.

"Temperament!" he groaned, a commiserating smile fastening upon his broad features. "*Ach, Gott!* What you Americans know apoud temperament! You haf it not, und you nefer will haf it. It 's chust *temperature* you 've got! Yah! yah! Meyer is right after all—chust temperature. Temperature is der right word. Hot, red hot for money, und dot tells der

Drawn by Leon Guipon. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"'WAS IST, LIEBCHEN?'"

whole story. Where are your gread moosicians? Where are your gread artists? Temperament, *Hein!* Und dese smart-alecky leetle American kits, they don't got no—"

Spiegel stopped. Stoess had just made his appearance, and the jargon of voices and strings and reeds and horns ceased.

In all the years he had been playing with the Alhambra Orchestra, Louis Spiegel had never missed a performance; so the appearance of his substitute one afternoon some months later caused great conjecture.

The next day, however, he was on hand again, dropping into his chair flurried and puffing just as Stoess raised his baton for the first selection.

Ordinarily he read his score with passable accuracy, but now his capricious little instrument cut grotesque capers, blurring runs and cracking wildly on dissonant notes.

"What the devil 's wrong with you?" demanded Stoess when the performance was over.

Spiegel's big face was whimsically tender.

"It 's a leetle poy—only so long," he said happily, measuring on his arm with his instrument.

The men gathered about him quickly.

"A poy?" inquired Klug.

"Und so leetle," said Spiegel, measuring again.

"*Hein!*" growled Stoess, to whom fatherhood had become a rather monotonous reiteration. "Vot you expect? A poy mit mustache, und a pipe, und a union card, und a chob mit der Schutzen-Park Band alreaty?"

But it was not Spiegel's day for being teased. When the men had crowded about him and congratulated him, he smiled benignly, and opened a box of big black cigars he had brought with him.

"We 've called him Fritz," he said proudly, "mit my fader's name."

He did not loiter with them, as was his custom, but hurried homeward.

Spiegel had been well past fifty when he married pretty Lucy Rowan, who was half his age. The girl was alone and poor, and Spiegel had long since tired of bachelorhood. That was three years ago, and their marriage had held more happiness than a union of that sort usually does.

Indeed, with the coming of "Fritzy" the old German's cup of joy fairly brimmed. The little, smiling wife with the baby at her side was, he thought, the most wonderful sight he had ever seen. Immediately he began to plan a career for his boy.

"We 'll maig of him a gread pianist," he said, "mit long hair und a private car, und der ladies going grazy ofer him und der newspapers telling what he eats und drinks und wears. Yes, we maig of him a gread pianist. Paderewski gets so high as two hundred t'ousand dollars der season!" The last was added for the benefit of Mrs. Spiegel, who was plainly lacking in what Meyer called "temperature."

Everything was bent toward the end that Fritzy should become a great pianist. Nothing was omitted from his baby régime that might have a beneficent musical influence in the years to come.

When he was big enough to sit alone, Spiegel would prop a piece of music up on the floor, and sprawling down beside him, would toot away most industriously.

"It trains his leetle ears," he said wisely.

Once, during a "training" period, something happened which exulted the soul of the father, and seemed to presage remarkable precocity for Fritzy.

"*Liebchen*, you must learn der names of sounds. Now papa plays dot B." He blew softly. "Dot note is B. Say B, *Liebchen.*"

"Ba—ba," gurgled Fritzy, who had never as yet given an intelligible utterance.

"Gread!" cried Spiegel. "He says it in Cherman! he says it in Cherman! Lucy, coom here! *Liebchen* is naming der notes in Cherman!"

Mrs. Spiegel hastened in from the kitchen.

"He knows B alreaty," crowed Spiegel; "und now I try him on G, und I won't even tell him der name." Again he blew softly. "Was ist, *Liebchen?*" he demanded, his big eyes popping confidently.

Mrs. Spiegel had left the kitchen door open, and in consequence there was a slight draft on the floor.

Fritzy screwed up his red mouth, and his little pug nose began to twitch excitedly.

"Chee!" he sneezed with quick finality.

"*Gott!*" cried Spiegel in amazement,

"he spiks in English, too—und such an ear! Ach, *mein* leetle Mozart!"

Later, when he began to crawl, his father found him one morning on the flat of his back beside the open cornet-case, embracing the instrument by a sort of community-of-interests-plan which included his mouth, his stomach, his fingers, and his toes.

The big German was delighted.

"S—h!" he cautioned his wife. "He wants to egsecute a solo!"

Mrs. Spiegel lacked her husband's imagination. "It 's his bottle he wants to execute," she said dryly; but Spiegel's opinion was in no wise changed.

"*Ach,* dot poy takes moosic chust so easy as he takes his milk!" he boasted one day to his colleagues. Fritzy was then scarcely eighteen months old.

"Is his mother musical, too?" inquired Stoess, with kindly interest.

A shadow crossed Spiegel's broad face. He had been asked the question before, and it always worried him momentarily. What if the child had inherited his mother's complete lack of musical talent! But his trepidation was usually short-lived.

"No," he replied, laughing; "but don't I got enough to go arount?"

However, there came a time of tremendous disappointment to him—a time when he was poignantly aware that his boasted talent, despite its being "big enough to go arount," had not fallen in the slightest degree to Fritzy. Nature had tricked the lad out of all that had distinguished his forebears in a small way.

At six, his absolute unmusicality had carried despair to the most hopeful teachers. But still Spiegel persisted. Strange things had happened to great musicians in their youth, he contended. Wagner had failed utterly as a student of the piano. The thing to do was to keep the boy at it. In time he might grow unmusical enough to compose, he declared grimly.

But after ten long years he gave up the musical ghost. He felt then that he had done his duty by his son.

"I 'm not so sure of that," remarked his wife. "It seems to me that we 've only been putting a terrible burden upon him," an attitude which was, of course, clearly beyond Spiegel's understanding.

"Are n't you glad, dear, not to have to study the stupid stuff any more?" she asked her boy one day.

The little fellow looked up at her ruefully. "Oh, I don't know," he replied, to her vast surprise; and then added, "It gave papa something to talk to me about, and now he hardly ever says anything to me."

She told Spiegel what the boy had said, and the big fellow, ashamed of his unconscious indifference, tried heroically for a few days to make up for it. But it was as evident as it had been all along that a bond of mutual interest was missing.

Fritzy was a sturdy little fellow, with his mother's face and her native shrewdness. He had a natural acuteness of observation that astonished even his artistic father. There were other qualities of mind and heart, too, that would have satisfied any parent who was not so blinded by the blandishments of art.

Aside from his music, he was a boy who did things. He liked base-ball, he had a paper route, he was an expert bicycle-rider, he could swim farther than any other boy in the neighborhood, and he got into more fights than all the rest of the community put together. But he had neither musical talent nor temperament.

"He 's chust a plain Yankee kit," declared Spiegel, gloomily. "In a few years he 'll be a butcher und own a business block, und go into bolitics. Und he 'll like dot 'Waltz Me Arount, Willie,' besser als Beethoven. *Ach, Gott!*"

"Yes, he takes very much after the woman you married," retorted Mrs. Spiegel, grimly, her son's eternal defender.

It was up at Lake Vance, where the Alhambra spent its summers that Fritzy gained respite from the things that bored him—school, his father's usual nagging attitude, and his own shortcomings.

The Alhambra had become one of the permanent attractions of the place, which boasted a Chautauqua and other means, mostly intellectual, of passing what some people call a profitable summer.

The lake lay mirrored among a maze of wooded hills, with cottages and the most entrancing tents scattered all about. There was a big pavilion where concerts and various other entertainments were given almost every afternoon. A little

steamer doddered lazily about the lake. Fritzy and his mother often spent a whole day aboard it.

They were the greatest comrades, those two. Of forenoons, when he was not playing, Spiegel sometimes went with them, but there was a lack of understanding between him and the boy.

No one knew better than Fritzy where the whole trouble lay. It seemed to him there was not a day when his musical mediocrity did not obtrude itself. There was the time, for instance, when Klug's son, stupid little Berny Klug, sat beside his father and played second with the nonchalance of the oldest performer. How Spiegel had talked of that, with what terrible sarcasm he had held it up before *his* boy!

"I wish I had learned to play," Fritzy sometimes said to his mother; "but I could n't. I 'm simply not there when it comes to music, and papa and everybody else knows it. I can't keep time, and I can't strike the right notes, and when I start to practise, my mind flies clear away, and the first thing I know I 'm piling up a bunch of errors. But I wish I could have—just for papa."

His mother never failed him at such times. "Don't you worry, dear. It is n't your fault, but mine. It will come out all right," she would say, and put her arms about him.

One day Spiegel's chair in the pavilion was vacant and Fritzy took word to Stoess that his father was sick.

Clayton was standing near when the boy delivered his message. Across his face there flashed a look which the lad, in an instant of acute intuition, caught and interpreted.

He left the pavilion and sauntered down to the lake. He was worried by a vague portent of something which had no more foundation, he knew, than the fact that the manager had of late assumed a not altogether pleasant attitude toward his father. He had heard his parents speak often of it, and his quick eyes had not failed to note the look of anxiety that accompanied the discussion.

He idled about the beach for a while, finally going home for his fishing-tackle. He came back immediately to the pier, and climbed into the supporting trestlework directly under the floor, where he wrapped himself about a brace and began to fish desultorily.

The concert came to an end, and the audience hurried from the pavilion, and dispersed over the grounds.

Clayton and Stoess, talking earnestly, went down to the beach. Stoess was gesticulating emphatically.

They took a seat remote from the rest of the pier loiterers, and just above where Fritzy was ensconced.

At first the boy paid little heed to the voices. It was the protesting tones of Stoess which finally caught his attention.

"If you 're going to do anything mit der old man, do it square," he growled. "He 's old? So. But he 's Chonny On Der Spot. He is no soloist, meppe, und who cares for der cornet solos, anyway? Bah! But if you don't want him any longer, tell him so, and give him blenty time."

"We need new blood in the band," came down to Fritzy's eager ears. "Some of the old men will have to go. There 's an Italian here now—one of the defunct third regiment's men. He 's stranded, and I can close with him for a year for almost nothing. He has great execution and lots of catchy tricks; was up in my room for a while this morning. I want you to try him out at rehearsal to-morrow, and put him on for a solo in the afternoon. Since so many factory people have begun to come here, the crowd don't want any more Wagner; we must give them ragtime and lots of fireworks. We might as well shunt some of the old boys right now, and Spiegel's being sick gives me a good excuse. Besides, his contract ends with the month."

When they departed, Fritzy hurried home, miserable. He found Klug talking to his father. The old second fiddler had got an inkling of the Italian's presence in Clayton's room that morning, and, with his usual obtuseness as to results, was pouring the news into the sick man's ears.

Spiegel lay back in his chair, pallid and distressed.

"I know I 'm getting old," Klug rattled on volubly, "und I 'll soon quit alreaty, anyhow. But there 's my Berny; he blays chust so good a second fiddle as me."

"Yes; you haf a son dot can step your

shoes in," replied Spiegel, bitterly; "but my son knows notting but—"

"There, now, Louis," interrupted Mrs. Spiegel, peremptorily, while Fritzy slipped out the door. It seemed to him that he never hated anybody or anything as at that moment he hated Berny Klug.

The afternoon concert program was always posted at the door of the pavilion, and usually just after morning rehearsal.

The next morning Fritzy hung about the place expecting by some good stroke that the Italian's name was not to appear. But when the hastily printed poster was displayed, Signor Ernani was prominently featured in the first part.

He felt then that, so far as his father was concerned, it was but the beginning of the end. All sort of wild schemes hurtled through his little brain. He thought of every preventive plan from the burning of the pavilion to the assassination of Clayton.

Then there was the real cause of it all —the signor. Was there no way to reach him?

Suddenly his face brightened. Out of all the mass of reminiscence which he had heard his father relate, one story stood out with remarkable clearness—the story of how a first trumpet, dismissed from his Majesty's band, of which Spiegel in his youth had been a member, played even with his enemies.

"It 's a lemon the dago 'll get sure enough," he declared, and straightway began his preparations to deal with the cornet virtuoso.

II

THE Signor Ernani left his seat in the band and took his place beside the conductor.

He was a large man for an Italian, and there was a certain grand air of aggression about his mustachios that was exceedingly depressing to Fritzy Spiegel, who was sitting directly in front of him, his nose—along with a row of other juvenile noses—almost touching the orchestra platform.

So this was the fellow who was to depose his gray-haired old father, this big, strong, bull-necked man—his father, who had missed only one rehearsal in all the years. Such was Clayton's reward of merit! Well, he would see.

Stoess waved his baton, and the band burst into the prelude. The signor, casting nonchalant black eyes over his audience, twiddled the keys of an instrument which cost many times more than Spiegel's battered old affair.

And while the fiddles squeaked and the basses boomed and the bassoons groaned, Fritzy sat tight and fixed with eagle eye the man whose début he had planned to ruin.

At last there was that ominous change in the music which told him the prelude was soon to degenerate into a mere accompaniment. The signor twiddled his fingers faster than ever, and for an instant fitted the mouthpiece to his lips.

Now, the boy told himself, was the time to act. He stood up and leaning slightly forward, put his chin squarely on the edge of the platform.

He had planned carefully. He knew that Stoess would have his back to the audience, and that the brass section, sitting far in the rear, would not be disturbed by his operations. He knew, too, that the strings, ranged at right angles to him, were not likely to see him. If they did, it mattered little; they all loved his father.

His blue eyes lifted and caught the black ones of the soloist.

Then he raised to his mouth a big lemon, bit savagely into the top of it, and administered a prodigious suck.

The black eyes surveyed him in resentful surprise.

"Rummy-tum-tum, rummy-tum-tum," the prelude sounded anticipatingly.

With a grand flourish, the signor put the instrument to his lips. Six beats more, and he was to take high C, prolong it to the astonishment of all ordinary lungs, and then cut capers in chromatics that would make a steam siren sound cheap.

Only six beats more of *largo tranquillo!* He drew his cheeks in scowlingly, rolling them between his jaws.

Fritzy saw the peculiar movement, and redoubled his sucking. The magic of sourness was beginning to work.

Ernani tried to moisten his lips. The embouchure, that little conical bundle of muscles which forms in the middle of the upper lip of all horn-players, and which

is responsible for purity of intonation, was like an unwieldy lump of putty.

Four beats more!

His dark face broke into sweat, but his mouth was as dry as a mummy's. He felt that puckering-strings were attached to every muscle of his lips, and that all were pulling the wrong way. He closed his black eyes, but the baleful vision of the lemon and the boy remained in them.

Two! One! Stoess nodded him the cue, and desperately the Italian forced his dry embouchure into the mouthpiece.

In the quick diminuendo of the other instrument there sounded a noise like the fizzle of a bad fire-cracker.

Again it sounded and again. The signor was ghastly.

Stoess turned upon him in a fury.

"Sitzen, you tam fool!" he hissed. *"Sitzen Sie!"*

And, obeying, the signor tottered back and sat down.

The men were quietly directed to the next number, and almost before the audience had begun to wonder what had happened, the following program-figure was displayed, and the concert proceeded.

Fritzy, pushing the remains of the lemon deep into his pocket, slipped along the aisle and out of the door.

III

SPIEGEL was feeling much better. On the table beside his chair was the signed contract for another year with the Alhambra. About him were Klug, Meyer, Stoess, and half a dozen other members of the band. Mrs. Spiegel, rosy and triumphant, was passing the wine. Fritzy was helping her.

"I chust told Clayton dot if he hired a soloist mit nerves like an old woman's dot go to pieces when a houseful of beoples is arount, den he could let *me* go, too," explained Stoess for the twelfth time. "Und Clayton he say it is not a case of nerves, but dot some poy in der front row sucks a lemon und blays der tefil mit der dago's lip. But I says, '*No.* A leetle lemon do a thing like dot!' Then he says, 'All right; we won't quarrel alreaty yet.' So he hires again Spiegel."

The old conductor leaned back, winked at Fritzy, and chuckled softly.

Everybody had been toasted except Fritzy. Suddenly Spiegel motioned the boy to him, and pulling him down to his knee, lifted a glass.

"To mein leetle Yankee kit," he boomed, "mit a temperature like red hot, py chimineys!"

Then, his glass still held high, he bent and kissed his son resoundingly.

IN A POET'S WORKSHOP

POEM OUTLINES

BY SIDNEY LANIER

IT requires but little intimacy with the true artist to see that, whether his medium of expression be words or music or the brush, much of his finest achievement can never be given to his fellows bearing the stamp of perfect craftsmanship. As when the painter, with hand momentarily inspired by the fervor of the eye, fixes in a sketch some miracle of color or line, which vanishes with each succeeding stroke of the brush laboring to embody it in a finished picture, so the poet may transcribe one note of his own tense heart-strings; may find fluttering words that zigzag aërially beside the elusive new-born thought; may strike out in the rough some heaven-scaling conception—to discover too often that these priceless fragments cannot be fused again, cannot be molded with commoner metals into a conventional quatrain or sonnet.

The following outlines and fragments selected from a number left by Sidney Lanier are presented, with no apology for their incompleteness, in the belief that they contain the essence of poetry. His

mind budded into poems as naturally and inevitably as a tree puts forth green leaves—and it was always springtime there. These poem-sketches were jotted in pencil on the backs of envelops, on the margins of musical programs, on torn scraps of paper, amid all sorts of surroundings, whenever the dream came to him. Some are mere flashes of simile in unrhymed couplets; others are definite, rounded outlines, instinct with the beauty of idea, but not yet hewn to the line of perfect form; one, at least, is the beginning of a long narrative in verse. All have been selected from his papers as containing something worthy of preservation; and, while the thought sometimes parallels that in his published work, all are essentially new. It is interesting to see in this glimpse of the poet in his workshop, as it were, how more than one of the outlines, written down in this first rough draft with no arrangement save that fixed by the rhythm of ideas, suggests vaguely in this form Whitman's deliberately rough-hewn work, though no two poets were ever more different in their theories of art.

The order of the following examples is necessarily arbitrary, though an effort has been made to group similar forms together. While they date from all periods of Mr. Lanier's poetic development, many were written during the very last months.—H. W. L.

HYMNS OF THE MOUNTAINS, OR CREDO, AND OTHER POEMS[1]

ARE ye so sharp set for the center of the earth, are ye so hungry for the center of things,

O rains and springs and rivers of the mountains?

Toward the center of the earth, toward the very middle of things, ye will fall, ye will run; the center will draw ye; gravity will drive you, and draw you in one:

But the center ye will not reach; ye will come as near as the plains,—watering them in coming so near,—and ye will come as near as the bottom of the ocean, seeing and working many marvels as ye come so near:

But the center of things ye will not reach,

O my rivers and rains and springs of the mountains!

Provision is made that ye shall not: ye would be merged, ye could not return.

Nor shall my soul be merged in God, though tending, though tending.

HYMNS OF THE MARSHES

THE courses of the wind, and the shifts thereof, as also what way the clouds go; and that which is happening a long way off; and the full face of the sun; and the bow of the Milky Way from end to end; as also the small, the life of the fiddler-crab, and the household of the marsh-hen; yea, and more, the translation of black ooze into green blade of marsh-grass, which is as if filth bred heaven:

This a man seeth upon the marsh.

O Science, wilt thou take my Christ,
  Oh, wilt thou crucify Him o'er
Betwixt false thieves with thieves' own pain,
  Never to rise again?
Leave me this love, O cool-eyed One,
  Leave me this Saviour.

Come with me, Science, let us go into the church here (say in Georgia); let alone the youth here, they have roses in their cheeks, they know that life is delicious, what need have they of thee? But fix thy keen eye on these grave-faced and mostly sallow married women who make at least half this congregation — these women who are the people that carry around the subscription cards, and feed the preacher and keep him in heart always. See, there is Mrs. S.: her husband and son were killed in the war; Mrs. B.: her husband has been a thriftless fellow, and she has finally found out the damnable fact that she is both stronger and purer than he is, which she is, however, yet sweetly endeavoring to hide from herself and all people. Mrs. C., D., and the rest of the alphabet, in the same condition. Science, I grasp thee by the throat and ask thee with vehement passion, wilt thou take away the Christ (who is to each Deficiency in this house the Completion and hoped Perfectness) from these women?

(Written on the fly-leaf of Emerson's "Representative Men" between 1874 and 1879.)

I fled in tears from the men's ungodly quarrel about God: I fled in tears to the woods, and laid me down on the earth; then somewhat like the beating of many hearts came up to me out of the ground, and I looked and my cheek lay close by a violet; then my heart took courage and I said:

[1] Lanier planned a volume with this title. As is evident from some of the outlines, he also had in mind series of poems called "Hymns of the Marshes," "Songs of Aldhelm," and "Poems on Agriculture."

I know that thou art the word of my God,
dear violet:
And, oh, the ladder is not long that to my
heaven leads!
Measure what space a violet stands above the
ground,
'T is no farther climbing that my soul and
angels have to do than that.

I went into the church to find my Lord.
They said He is here. He lives here.
But I could not see Him
For the creed-tablets and bonnet-flowers.

To him that humbly here will look
I 'll ope the heavens wide,
But ne'er a blessing brings a book
To him that reads in pride.

Ambling, ambling round the ring,
Round the ring of daily duty,
Leap, circus-rider, man, through the paper
hoop of death,
Ah, lightest thou, beyond death, on this
same slow-ambling, padded horse of
life.

The monstrous things the mighty world
hath kept
In reverence 'gainst the law of reverence,
The lies of Judith, Brutus' treachery,
Damon's deceit, all wiles of war.

The sleep of each night is a confession of God. By whose will is it that my heart beat, my lung rose and fell, my blood went with freight and returned empty these eight hours?

Not mine, not mine.

(The original penciled on back of a verse from "The Cedarcroft Chestnut.")

Great shame came upon me.
I wended my way to my own house,
And I was sorrowful all that night;
For the touch of man had bruised my man-
hood,
And in playing to be wise and a judge before
men,
I found me foolish and a criminal before
myself.

I am but a small-winged bird;
But I will conquer the big world
As the bee-martin beats the crow,
By attacking it always from above.

I will be the Terpander of sadness;
I will string the shell of slow time for a lyre—
The shell of tortoise-creeping time,
Till grief grow music.

How did'st thou win her, Death?
Thou art the only rival that ever made her
cold to me.
Thou hast turned her cold to me.

It may be that the world can get along without God: but *I* can not. The universe-finity is to me like the chord of the dominant seventh, always leading towards, always inviting onwards, a chord of progress; God is the tonic triad, a chord of repose.

There will one day be medicine to cure crime.

The United States in two hundred years has made Emerson out of a witch-burner.

But, oh, how can ye trifle away your time at trades and waste yourself in men's commerce, when ye might be here in the woods at commerce with great angels, all heaven at purchase for a song!

In the lily, the sunset, the mountain, the rosy hues of all life, it is easy to trace God. But it is in the dust that goes up from the unending battle of things that we lose Him. Forever through the ferocities of storms, the malice of the never-glutted oceans, the savagery of human wars, the inexorable barbarities of accident, of earthquake and mysterious disease, one hears the voice of man crying, "Where art Thou, my dear Lord and Master?"

A man does not reach any stature of manhood until, like Moses, he kills an Egyptian (that is, murders some oppressive prejudice of the all-crushing tyrant Society, or Custom, or Orthodoxy) and flies into the desert of his own soul, where among the rocks and sands, over which at any rate the sun rises clear each day, he slowly and with great agony settles his relation with men and manners and powers outside, and begins to look with his own eyes, and first knows the unspeakable joy of the outcast's kiss upon the hand of sweet, naked Truth.

But let not the young man go to killing his Egyptian too soon: wait till you know all the Egyptians can teach you; wait till you are master of the technics of the time; then grave, and resolute, and aware of consequences, shape your course.

The old obligation of goodness has now advanced into the delight of goodness; the old curse of labor into the delight of labor; the old agony of blood-shedding sacrifice into

the tranquil delight of unselfishness. The curse of the Jew of Genesis is the blessing of the modern Gentile. It is as if an avalanche, in the very moment of crushing the kneeling villagers, should turn to a gentle and fruitful rain, and be minister not of death, but of life.

TO THE POLITICIANS

YOU are servants. Your thoughts are the thoughts of cooks curious to skim perquisites from every pan. Your quarrels are the quarrels of scullions who fight for the privilege of cleaning the pot with most leavings in it. Your committees sit upon the landings of back-stairs, and your quarrels are the quarrels of kitchens.

WHAT AM I WITHOUT THEE?

WHAT am I without thee, Beloved?
A mere stem, that hath no flower;
A sea forever at storm, without its calms;
A shrine, with the Virgin stolen out;
A cloud void of lightning;
A bleak moor where yearnings moan like the winter winds;
A rock on sea-sand, whence the sea hath retired, and no longer claspeth and laveth it;
A hollow oak with the heart riven thereout, living by the bark alone;
A dark star;
A bird with both wings broken;
A dryad in a place where no trees are;
A brook that never reached the sea;
A mountain without sunrise thereon, and without springs therein;
A wave that runneth on forever to no shore;
A raindrop suspended between heaven and earth, arrested in his course;
A bud that will never open;
A hope that is always dying;
An eye with no sparkle in it;
A tear wept, dropped in the dust, cold;
A bow whereof the string is snapped;
An orchestra, wanting the violin;
A poor poem;
A bent lance;
A play without plot or dénouement;
An arrow shot with no aim;
Chivalry without his ladye;
A sound unarticulated;
A water-lily left in a dry lake-bed;
Sleep without a dream and without a waking-time;
A pallid lip;
A grave whereafter cometh neither heaven nor hell;
A broken javelin fixed in a breastplate;
A heart that liveth, but throbbeth not;
An aurora of the North, dying upon the ice, in the night;
A blurred picture;
A lonesome, lonesome, lonesome yearning lover!

THE RED CITY

A NOVEL OF THE SECOND ADMINISTRATION OF WASHINGTON

BY S. WEIR MITCHELL, M.D.

Author of "Hugh Wynne," "Constance Trescot," etc.

XXI

AT noon next day a tired rider left his horse at an inn in Perth Amboy and boarded the sloop which was to take him to New York, if tide and wind served. Both at this time were less good to him than usual, and he drifted the rest of the afternoon and all night on the bay.

At length set ashore on the Battery, he was presently with a merchant, in those days of leisurely ventures altogether a large personage, merchant and ship-master, capable, accurate, enterprising, something of the great gentleman, quick to perceive a slight and at need to avenge it, a lost type to-day—a Dutch cross on Huguenot French. Mr. Nicholas Gouverneur was glad to see once more the Vicomte de Courval. His own people, too, had suffered in other days for their religion, and if René's ancestors had paid in the far past unpleasant penalties for the respectable crime of treason to the

king, had not one of Mr. Gouverneur's ancestors had a similar distinction, having been hanged for high treason? "Ah, of course he told you the story, René," said Schmidt when he heard of this interview.

Mr. Gouverneur, having offered the inevitable hospitality of his sideboard, was in no hurry.

René, although in hot haste to be done with his strange errand, knew better than to disturb the formalities of welcome. He must inquire after Mrs. Gouverneur, and must answer for his mother. At last his host said: "You do small justice to my rum, Vicomte. It is as unused to neglect as any young woman. But, pardon me, you look tired, and as if you had made a hard journey. I see that you are anxious and too polite to interrupt a garrulous man. What can I do for you or our friend Schmidt?"

"I have this packet of papers which should go at once to the corvette *Jean Bart*, one François-Guillaume Need, Captain."

"And I have been delaying you. Pray pardon me. Despatches, I suppose, for my cousin Gouverneur Morris." René did not contradict him. "We will see to it at once, at once. The *Jean Bart* sails to-night, I hear. She has waited, we knew not why."

"For these despatches, sir. Can I not be set aboard of her at once?"

"Surely," said Gouverneur; "come with me."

As they walked toward the water Mr. Gouverneur said: "You have, I think you told me, a despatch for the captain of the corvette. Let me urgently advise you not to board that vessel. My boat shall take you to the ship,—deliver your despatch,—but let nothing tempt you to set foot on her deck. We are not on very good terms with France; you are still a French citizen. Several of the corvette's officers have been in Philadelphia. If you are recognized as a French noble, you will never see America again. You know what fate awaits an émigré in Paris; not even your position in the Department of State would save you."

De Courval returned: "You are no doubt right, sir. I had already thought of the risk—"

"There need be none if you are prudent."

"But I ought to receive a receipt for the papers I deliver."

"That is hardly needed—unusual, I should say; Mr. Randolph will scarcely expect that."

De Courval was not inclined to set the merchant right in regard to the character of the despatches, or it might then be necessary to tell the whole story. He made no direct reply, but said merely: "I am most grateful—I shall have the honor to take your advice. Ah, here is the boat."

"It is my own barge," said Gouverneur. "Be careful. Yonder is the corvette, a short pull. I shall wait for you here."

In a few minutes De Courval was beside the gangway of the corvette. He called to a sailor on the deck that he wished to see an officer. Presently a young lieutenant came down the steps. De Courval said in French, as he handed the officer the packet of papers:

"This is a despatch, Citizen, from Citizen Minister Fauchet, addressed to the care of your captain. Have the kindness to give it to him and ask for a receipt."

The lieutenant went on deck and very soon returned.

"The receipt, please," said De Courval.

"Captain Need desires me to say that, although it is unusual to give a receipt for such papers, he will do so if you will come to the cabin. He wishes to ask questions about the British cruisers, and may desire to send a letter to Citizen Minister Fauchet."

"I cannot wait. I am in haste to return," said De Courval.

"*Le diable*, Citizen! He will be furious. We sail at once—at once; you will not be delayed."

René thought otherwise.

"Very well; I can but give your reply. It seems to me strange. You will hear of it some day, Citizen."

As soon as the officer disappeared, René said to his boatman: "Quick! Get away—get me ashore as soon as you can!"

Pursuit from a man-of-war boat was possible, if one lay ready on the farther side of the corvette. He had, however, only a ten minutes' row before he stood beside Mr. Gouverneur on the Battery slip.

"I am a little relieved," said the older man. "Did you get the acknowledgment of receipt you wanted?"

"No, sir. It was conditioned upon my going aboard to the captain's cabin."

"Ah, well, I do not suppose that Mr. Randolph will care."

"Probably not." René had desired some evidence of his singular mission, but the immense importance of it as proof of his good faith was not at the time fully apprehended. The despatch had gone on its way, and he had done honorably his enemy's errand.

"And now," said the merchant, "let us go to my house and see Mrs. Gouverneur, and above all have dinner."

René had thought that flight might be needed if he carried out his fatal purpose, and he had therefore put in his saddle-bags enough garments to replace the muddy dress of a hard ride. He had said that he must leave at dawn, and having laid aside the cares of the last days, he gave himself up joyously to the charm of the refined hospitality of his hosts.

As they turned away, the corvette was setting her sails and the cries of the sailors and the creak of the windlass showed the anchor was being raised. Before they had reached Gouverneur's house she was under way, with papers destined to make trouble for many.

As René lay at rest that night within the curtained bed, no man on Manhattan Island could have been more agreeably at ease with his world. The worry of indecision was over. He felt with honest conviction that his prayer for the downfall of his enemy had been answered, and in this cooler hour he knew with gratitude that his brute will to kill had been wisely denied its desire. It had seemed to him at the time that to act on his instinct was only to do swift justice on a criminal; but he had been given a day to reflect and acknowledged the saner wisdom of the morrow.

Further thought should have left him less well pleased at what the future might hold for him. But the despatch had gone, his errand was done. An image of Margaret in the splendor of brocade and lace haunted the dreamy interval between the waking state and the wholesome sleep of tired youth. Moreover, the good merchant's Madeira had its power of somnolent charm, and, thus soothed, De Courval passed into a world of visionless slumber.

He rode back through the Jerseys to avoid Bristol and the scene of his encounter, and, finding at Camden a flat barge returning to Philadelphia, was able, as the river was open and free of ice, to get his horse aboard and thus to return with some renewal of anxiety to Mrs. Swanwick's house. No one was at home; but Nanny told him that Mr. Schmidt, who had been absent, had returned two days before, but was out. Miss Margaret was at the Hill, and June, the cat, off for two days on love-affairs or predatory business.

He went up-stairs to see his mother. Should he tell her? On the whole, it was better not to speak until he had seen Schmidt. He amused her with an account of having been sent to New York on business and then spoke of the Gouverneur family and their Huguenot descent. He went away satisfied that he had left her at ease, which was not quite the case. "Something has happened," she said to herself. "By and by he will tell me. Is it the girl? I trust not. Or that man? Hardly."

The supper passed in quiet, with light talk of familiar things, the vicomtesse, always a taciturn woman, saying but little.

As De Courval sat down, her black dress, the silvery quiet of Mrs. Swanwick's garb, her notably gentle voice, the simple room without colors, the sanded floor, the spotless cleanliness of the table furniture, of a sudden struck him as he thought of the violence and anger of the scene on the Bristol road. What would this gentle Friend say, and the Pearl? What, indeed!

Supper was just over when, to René's relief, Schmidt appeared. He nodded coolly to René and said, laughing: "Ah, Frau Swanwick, I have not had a chance to growl; but when I go again to the country, I shall take Nanny. I survive; but the diet!" He gave an amusing account of it. "Pork—it is because of the unanimous pig. Pies—ach!—cabbage, a sour woman and sour bread, chicken rigged with hemp and with bosoms which need not stays." Even the vicomtesse smiled. "I have dined at Mr. Morris's, to my relief. Come, René, let us smoke."

When once at ease in his room, he said: "*Potstausend*, René, I am out of debt. The years I used to count to be paid are

settled. Two days' watching that delirious swine and bottling up the gossiping little demon Chovet! A pipe, a pipe, and then I shall tell you."

"Indeed, I have waited long."

"Chovet told Fauchet at my request of this regrettable affair. He is uneasy, and he well may be, concerning all there is left of his secretary."

"Then he is alive," said René; "and will he live?"

"Alive? Yes, very much alive, raving at times like a madman haunted by hell fiends. I had to stay. After a day he was clear of head, but as weak as a man can be with the two maladies of a ball in a palsied shoulder and a doctor looking for it. Yes, he will live; and alive or dead will make mischief."

"Did he talk to you?"

"Yes. He has no memory of my coming at the time he was shot. I think he did not see me at all."

"Well, what else?"

"I told him the whole story, and what I had seen him do. I was plain, too, and said that I had found his despatch, and you, being a gentleman, must needs see that it went. He saw, I suspect, what other motive you had—if he believed me at all."

"But did he believe you? Does he?"

"No, he does not. I said, 'You are scamp enough to swear that we set on you to steal your papers, a fine tale for our Jacobin mobocrats.' A fellow can't lie with his whole face. I saw his eyes narrow, but I told him to try it if he dared, and out comes my tale of his treachery. We made a compact at last, and he will swear he was set upon and robbed. I left him to invent his story. But it is plainly his interest to keep faith, and not accuse you."

"He will not keep faith. Some time he will lie about me. The despatch has gone by the *Jean Bart,* but that part of our defense is far to reach."

"Well, Chovet is gold dumb, and as for the Jacobin, no man can tell. If he be wise, he will stick to his tale of highwaymen. Of course I asked Chovet to let the minister learn of this sad accident, but he did not arrive until after I had the fellow well scared."

"Is that all?"

"No. The man is in torment. Damn! if I were in pain like that, I should kill myself. Except that fever, I never had anything worse than a stomach-ache in all my life. The man is on the rack, and Chovet declares that he will never use the arm again, and will have some daily reminder of you so long as he lives. Now, René, a man on the rack may come to say things of the gentleman who turned on the torture."

"Then some day he will lie, and I, *mon Dieu,* will be ruined. Who will believe me? The State Department will get the credit of it, and I shall be thrown over—sacrificed to the wolves of party slander."

"Not if I am here."

"If you are here?"

"Yes. At any time I may have to go home."

"Then let us tell the whole story."

"Yes, if we must; but wait. Why go in search of trouble? For a time, perhaps always, he will be silent. Did you get a receipt for the despatch?"

"No. The captain would not give one unless I went to his cabin and that I dared not do."

"I, as the older man, should have pointed out to you the need of using every possible means to get an acknowledgment from the captain; but you were right. Had you gone on board the ship, you would never have left her. Well, then there is more need to play a silent, waiting game until we know, as we shall, of the papers having reached their destination. In fact, there is nothing else to do. There will be a nice fuss over the papers, and then it will all be forgotten."

"Yes, unless he speaks."

"If he does, there are other cards in my hand. Meanwhile, being a good Samaritan, I have again seen Carteaux. He will, I think, be silent for a while. Be at ease, my son; and now I must go to bed. I am tired."

This was one of many talks; none of them left René at ease. How could he as yet involve a woman he loved in his still uncertain fate? He was by no means sure that she loved him; that she might come to do so he felt to be merely possible, for the modesty of love made him undervalue himself and see her as far beyond his desserts. His mother's prejudices troubled him less. Love consults no

peerage and he had long ago ceased to think as his mother did of a title which had no legal existence.

It was natural enough that an event as grave as this encounter with Carteaux should leave on a young man's mind a deep impression; nor had his talk with Schmidt, the night before, enabled him, as next day he walked to the State Department, to feel entirely satisfied. The news of the highway robbery had been for two days the city gossip, and already the gazettes were considering it in a leisurely fashion; but as no journals reached the widow's house unless brought thither by Schmidt, the amenities of the press in regard to the assault and the administration were as yet unseen by De Courval. On the steps of the Department of State he met the Marquis de Noailles, who greeted him cheerfully, asking if he had read what Mr. Bache and the "Aurora" said of the attack on Carteaux.

René felt the cold chill of too conscious knowledge as he replied: "Not yet, Marquis. I am but yesterday come from New York."

"Well, it should interest Mr. Randolph. It does appear to Mr. Bache that no one except the English party and the Federals could profit by the theft. How they could be the better by the gossip of this *sacré* Jacobin actor in the rôle of a minister the *bon Dieu* alone knows."

René laughed. "You are descriptive, Marquis."

"Who would not be? But, my dear De Courval, you must regret that you were not the remarkable highwayman who stole Fauchet's eloquence and left a gold watch and seals; but here comes Mr. Randolph. He may explain it; at all events, if he confides to you the name of that robber, send the man to me. I will pay five dollars apiece for Jacobin scalps. Adieu. My regrets that you are not the man."

Mr. Randolph was cool as they went in together, and made it plain that absence without leave on the part of a clerk was an embarrassment to the public service of the State Department, in which were only three or four clerks. De Courval could only say that imperative private business had taken him out of town. It would not occur again. Upon this Mr. Randolph began to discuss the amazing assault and robbery with which town gossip was so busy. Mr. Fauchet had been insolent, and, asking aid in discovering the thief, had plainly implied that more than he and his government would suffer if the despatch were not soon restored to the minister. Mr. Randolph had been much amused, a little angry and also puzzled. "It had proved," he said, "a fine weapon in the hands of the Democrats." The young man was glad to shift the talk, but wherever he went for a few days, people, knowing of his duel, were sure to talk to him of this mysterious business. Later the "Aurora" and Mr. Bache, who had taken up the rôle in which Mr. Freneau had acted with skill and ill temper, made wild use of the story and of the value of the stolen papers to a criminal cabinet. Over their classic signatures Cato and Aristides challenged Democratic Socrates or Cicero to say how General Washington would be the better for knowledge of the rant of the strolling player Fauchet. Very soon, however, people ceased to talk of it. It was an unsolved mystery. But for one man torment of body and distress of mind kept ever present the will and wish to be without risk revenged. He was already, as he knew, *persona non grata,* and to have Schmidt's story told and believed was for the secretary to be sent home in disgrace. He waited, seeing no way as yet to acquit himself of this growing debt.

January of 1795 came in with the cabinet changes already long expected. Carteaux was still very ill in bed, with doctors searching for the bullet. As yet he told only of being robbed of his despatches and that he had lost neither watch nor purse, which was conclusive. Whereupon Fauchet talked and insulted Randolph, and the Democratic clubs raved with dark hints and insinuations, while the despatch went on its way, not to be heard of for months to come. René, who was for a time uneasy and disliked the secrecy thrown about an action of which he was far from ashamed, began at last to feel relieved, and thus the midwinter was over and the days began noticeably to lengthen.

XXII

"LET us skate to-night. I have tried the ice," said Schmidt, one afternoon

in February. "Pearl learned, as you know, long ago." She was in town for a week, the conspirators feeling assured of René's resolution to wait on this, as on another matter, while he was busy with his double work. Her mother had grown rebellious over her long absence, and determined that she should remain in town, as there seemed to be no longer cause for fear and the girl was in perfect health. Aunt Gainor, also, was eager for town and piquet and well pleased with the excuse to return, having remained at the Hill long after her usual time.

"The moon is a fair, full matron," said Schmidt. "The ice is perfect. Look out for air-holes, René," he added, as he buckled on his skates. "Not ready yet?" René was kneeling and fastening the Pearl's skates. It took long.

"Oh, hurry!" she cried. "I cannot wait." She was joyous, excited, and he somehow awkward.

Then they were away over the shining, moonlighted ice of the broad Delaware with that exhilaration which is caused by swift movement, the easy product of perfect physical capacity. For a time they skated quietly side by side, Schmidt, as usual, enjoying an exercise in which, says Graydon in his memoirs, the gentlemen of Philadelphia were unrivaled. Nearer the city front, on the great ice plain, were many bonfires, about which phantom figures flitted now an instant black in profile, and then lost in the unillumined spaces, while far away, opposite to the town, hundreds of skaters carrying lanterns were seen or lost to view in the quick turns of the moving figures. "Like great fireflies," said Schmidt. A few dim lights in houses and frost-caught ships and faint, moonlit outlines alone revealed the place of the city. The cries and laughter were soon lost to the three skaters, and a vast solitude received them as they passed down the river.

"Ah, the gray moonlight and the gray ice!" said Schmidt, "a Quaker night, Pearl."

"And the moon a great pearl," she cried.

"How one feels the night!" said the German. "It is as on the Sahara. Only in the loneliness of great spaces am I able to feel eternity; for space is time." He had his quick bits of talk to himself. Both young people, more vaguely aware of some sense of awe in the dim unpeopled plain, were under the charm of immense physical joy in the magic of easily won motion.

"Surely there is nothing like it," said René, happy and breathless, having only of late learned to skate, whereas Pearl had long since been well taught by the German friend.

"No," said Schmidt; "there is nothing like it, except the quick sweep of a canoe down a rapid. A false turn of the paddle, and there is death. Oh, but there is joy in the added peril! The blood of the Angles finds the marge of danger sweet."

"Not for me," said Pearl; "but we are safe here."

"I have not found your Delaware a constant friend. How is that, René?"

"What dost thou mean?" said Pearl. "Thou art fond of teasing my curiosity, and I am curious, too. Tell me, please. Oh, but thou must!"

"Ask the vicomte," cried Schmidt. "He will tell you."

"Oh, will he, indeed?" said René, laughing. "Ah, I am quite out of breath."

"Then rest a little." As they halted, a swift skater, seeking the loneliness of the river below the town, approaching, spoke to Margaret, and then said: "Ah, Mr. Schmidt, what luck to find you! You were to give me a lesson. Why not now?"

"Come, then," returned Schmidt. "I brought you hither, René, because it is safer away from clumsy learners, and where we are the ice is safe. I was over it yesterday, but do not go far. I shall be back in a few minutes. If Margaret is tired, move up the river. I shall find you."

"Please not to be long," said Margaret.

"Make him tell you when your wicked Delaware was not my friend, and another was. Make him tell."

As he spoke, he was away behind young Mr. Morris, singing in his lusty bass snatches of German song and thinking of the ripe mischief of the trap he had baited with a nice little Cupid. "I want it to come soon," he said, "before I go. She will be curious and venture in, and it will be as good as the apple with knowledge of good and—no, there is evil in neither."

She was uneasy, she scarce knew why.

Still at rest on the ice, she turned to De Courval. "Thou wilt tell me?" she said.

"I had rather not."

"But if I ask thee?"

"Why should I not?" he thought. It was against his habit to speak of himself, but she would perhaps like him the better for the story.

"Then, Miss Margaret, not because he asked and is willing, but because you ask, I shall tell you."

"Oh, I knew thou wouldst. He thought thou wouldst not and I should be left puzzled. Sometimes he is just like a boy for mischief."

"Oh, it was nothing. The first day I was here I saved him from drowning. A boat struck his head while we were swimming, and I had the luck to be near. There, that is all." He was a trifle ashamed to tell of it.

She put out her hand as they stood. "Thank thee. Twice I thank thee, for a dear life saved and because thou didst tell, not liking to tell me. I could see that. Thank thee."

"Ah, Pearl," he exclaimed, and what more he would have said I do not know, nor had he a chance, for she cried: "I shall thank thee always, Friend de Courval. We are losing time." The peril that gives a keener joy to sport was for a time far too near, but in other form than in bodily risk. "Come, canst thou catch me?" She was off and away, now near, now far, circling about him with easy grace, merrily laughing as he sped after her in vain. Then of a sudden she cried out and came to a standstill.

"A strap broke, and I have turned my ankle. Oh, I cannot move a step! What shall I do?"

"Sit down on the ice."

As she sat, he undid her skates and then his own and tied them to his belt. Can you walk?" he said.

"I will try. Ah!" She was in pain. "Call Mr. Schmidt," she said. "Call him at once."

"I do not see him. We were to meet him opposite the Swedes' church."

"Then go and find him."

"What, leave you? Not I. Let me carry you."

"Oh, no, no; thou must not." But in a moment he had the slight figure in his arms.

"Let me down! I will never, never forgive thee!" But he only said in a voice of resolute command, "Keep still, Pearl, or I shall fall." She was silent. Did she like it, the strong arms about her, the head on his shoulder, the heart throbbing as never before? He spoke no more, but moved carefully on.

They had not gone a hundred yards when he heard Schmidt calling. At once he set her down, saying, "Am I forgiven?"

"No—yes," she said faintly.

"Pearl, dear Pearl, I love you. I meant not to speak, oh, for a time, but it has been too much for me. Say just a word." But she was silent as Schmidt stopped beside them and René in a few words explained.

"Was it here?" asked Schmidt.

"No; a little while ago."

"But how did you come so far, my poor child?"

"Oh, I managed," she said.

"Indeed. I shall carry you."

"If thou wilt, please. I am in much pain."

He took off his skates, and with easy strength walked away over the ice, the girl in his arms, so that before long she was at home and in her mother's care, to be at rest for some days.

"Come in, René," said Schmidt, as later they settled themselves for the usual smoke and chat. The German said presently: "It was not a very bad sprain. Did you carry her, René?"

"I—"

"Yes. Do you think, man, that I cannot see?"

"Yes, I carried her. What else could I do?"

"Humph! What else? Nothing. Was she heavy, Herr de Courval?"

"Please not to tease me, sir. You must know that, God willing, I shall marry her."

"Will you, indeed? And your mother, René, will she like it?"

"No; but soon or late she will have to like it. For her I am still a child, but now I shall go my way."

"And Pearl?"

"I mean to know, to hear. I can wait no longer. Would it please you, sir?"

"Mightily, my son; and when it comes to the mother, I must say a word or two."

"She will not like that. She likes no one to come between us."

"Well, we shall see. I should be more easy if only that Jacobin hound were dead, or past barking. He is in a bad way, I hear. I could have wished that you had been of a mind to have waited a little longer before you spoke to her."

René smiled. "Why did you leave us alone to-night? It is you, sir, who are responsible."

"*Potstausend! Donnerwetter!* You saucy boy! Go to bed and repent. There are only two languages in which a man can find good, fat, mouth-filling oaths, and the English oaths are too naughty for a good Quaker house."

"You seem to have found one, sir. It sounds like thunder. We can do it pretty well in French."

"Child's talk, prattle. Go to bed. What will the mother say? Oh, not yours. Madame Swanwick has her own share of pride. Can't you wait a while?"

"No. I must know."

"Well, Mr. Obstinate Man, we shall see." The wisdom of waiting he saw, and yet he had deliberately been false to the advice he had more than once given. René left him, and Schmidt turned, as he loved to do, to the counselor Montaigne, just now his busy-minded comrade, and, lighting upon the chapter on reading, saw what pleased him.

"That is good advice, in life and for books. To have a 'skipping wit.' We must skip a little time. I was foolish. How many threads there are in this tangle men call life!" And with this he read over the letters just come that morning from Germany. Then he considered Carteaux again.

"If that fellow is tormented into taking his revenge, and I should be away, as I may be, there will be the deuce to pay.

"Perhaps I might have given René wiser advice; but with no proof concerning the fate of the despatch, there was no course which was entirely satisfactory. Best to let the sleeping dog lie. But why did I leave them on the ice? *Sapristi!* I am as bad as Mistress Gainor. But she is not caught yet, Master René."

XXIII

In a few days Margaret was able to be afoot, although still lame; but René had no chance to see her. She was not to be caught alone, and would go on a long-promised visit to Merion. Thus February passed, and March, and April came, when personal and political matters abruptly broke up for a time their peaceful household.

Margaret had been long at home again, but still with a woman's wit she avoided her lover. Aunt Gainor, ever busy, came and went, always with a dozen things to do.

Her attentions to Madame de Courval lessened when that lady no longer needed her kindness and, as soon happened, ceased to be interesting. She would not gamble, and the two women had little in common. Miss Gainor's regard for René was more lasting. He was well-built and handsome, and all her life she had had a fancy for good looks in men. He had, too, the virile qualities she liked and a certain steadiness of purpose which took small account of obstacles and reminded her of her nephew Hugh Wynne. Above all, he had been successful, and she despised people who failed and too often regarded success as a proof of the right to succeed, even when the means employed were less creditable than those by which René had made his way. Moreover, had he not told her once that her French was wonderful? Miss Gainor changed her favorites often, but René kept in her good graces and was blamed only because he did not give her as much of his time as she desired; for after she heard his history from Schmidt, he won a place in her esteem which few men had ever held. She had set her heart at last on his winning Margaret, and the life-long game of gambling with other folks' fortunes and an honest idolatry for the heroic, inclined her to forgive a lack of attention due in a measure to his increasing occupations.

To keep her eager hands off this promising bit of match-making had been rather a trial, but Schmidt was one of the few people of whom she had any fear, and she had promised not to meddle. At present she had begun to think that the two human pawns in the game she loved were becoming indifferent, and to let things alone was something to which she had never been inclined. Had she become aware of the German's mild treachery that night on the ice, she would in all

likelihood have been angry at first and then pleased or annoyed not to have had a hand in the matter.

Mistress Wynne, even in the great war, rarely allowed her violent politics to interfere with piquet, and now Mr. Dallas had asked leave to bring Fauchet, the new French minister, to call upon her. He was gay, amusing, talked no politics, played piquet nearly as well as she, and was enchanted, as he assured her, to hear French spoken without accent. If to De la Forêt, the consul-general, he made merry concerning his travels in China, as he called her drawing-room, saying it was perilously over-populous with strange gods, she did not hear it, nor would she have cared so long as she won the money of the French republic.

One evening in early April, after a long series of games, he said: "I wish I could have brought here my secretary Carteaux. He did play to perfection, but now, poor devil, the wound he received has palsied his right arm, and he will never hold cards again—or, what he thinks worse, a foil. It was a strange attack."

"Does he suffer? I have heard about him."

"Horribly. He is soon going home to see if our surgeons can find the bullet; but he is plainly failing."

"Oh, he is going home?"

"Yes; very soon."

"How did it all happen? It has been much talked about, but one never knows what to believe."

"I sent him to New York with despatches for our foreign office, but the *Jean Bart* must have sailed without them; for he was waylaid, shot, and robbed of the papers, but lost no valuables."

"Then it was not highwaymen?"

"No; I can only conjecture who were concerned. It was plainly a robbery in the interest of the Federalists. I do not think Mr. Randolph could have these despatches, or if he has, they will never be heard of." Upon this he smiled.

"Then they are lost?"

"Yes. At least to our foreign office. I think Mr. Wolcott of the Treasury would have liked to see them."

"But why? Why Mr. Wolcott?" She showed her curiosity quite too plainly.

"Ah, that is politics, and Madame forbids them."

"Yes—usually; but this affair of Monsieur Carteaux cannot be political. It seems to me an incredible explanation."

"Certainly a most unfortunate business," said the minister.

He had said too much and was on his guard. He had, however, set the spinster to thinking, and remembering what Schmidt had told her of De Courval, her reflections were fertile. "Shall we have another game?"

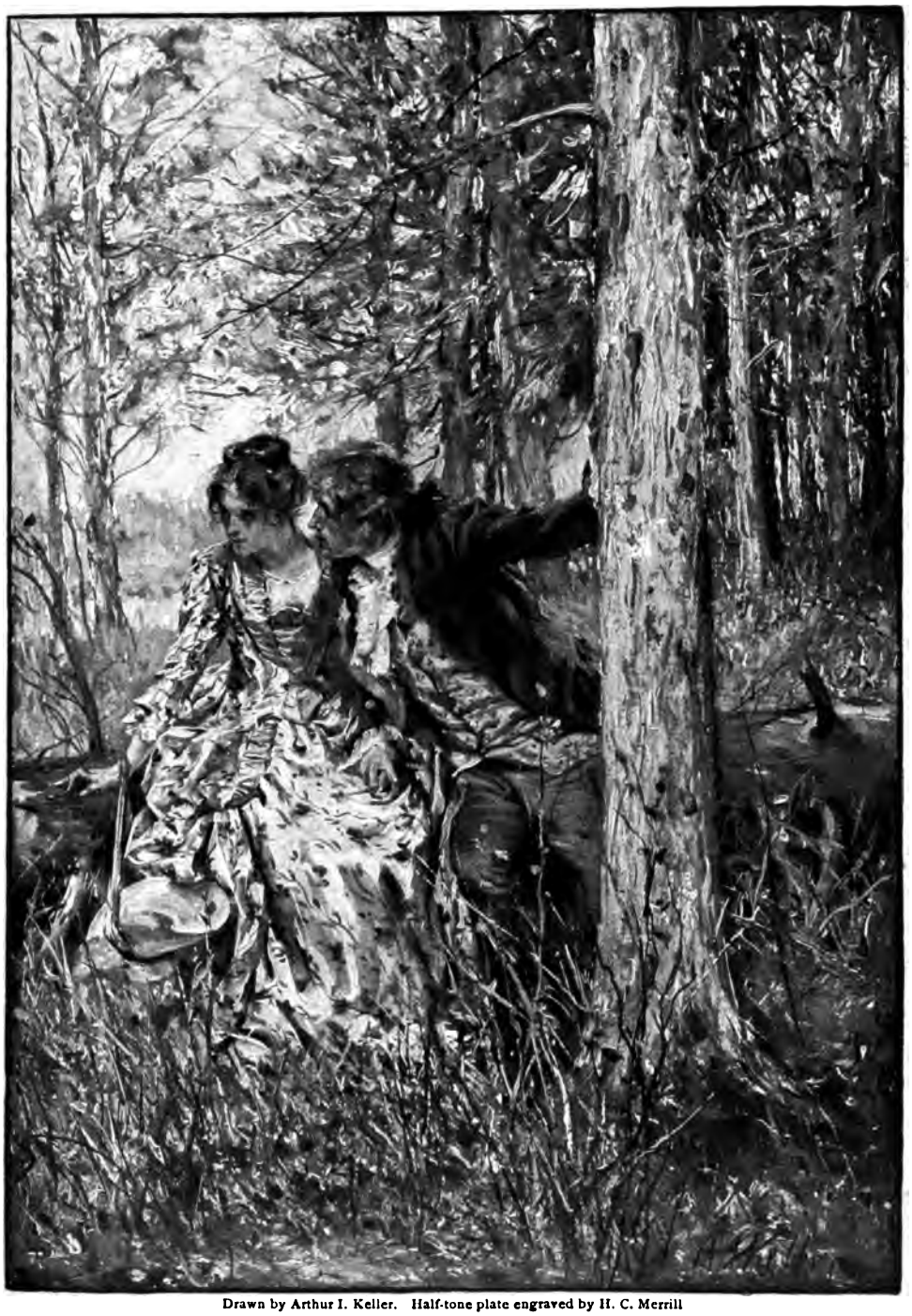
A month before the day on which they played, the *Jean Bart,* since November of 1794 at sea, after seizing an English merchantman was overhauled in the channel by the British frigate *Cerberus* and compelled to surrender. The captain threw overboard his lead-weighted signal-book and the packet of Fauchet's despatches. A sailor of the merchant ship, seeing it float, jumped overboard from a boat and rescued it. Upon discovering its value, Captain Drew of the *Cerberus* forwarded the despatches to Lord Grenville in London, who in turn sent them as valuable weapons to Mr. Hammond, the English minister in Philadelphia. There was that in them which might discredit one earnest enemy of the English treaty, but months went by before the papers reached America.

Miss Gainor, suspecting her favorite's share in this much-talked-of affair, made haste to tell Schmidt of the intention of Carteaux to sail, to the relief of the German gentleman, who frankly confided to her the whole story. He spoke also once more of De Courval and urged her for every reason to leave the young people to settle their own affairs. Meanwhile Josiah was in bed with well-earned gout.

On the afternoon of the 14th of April, René came home from the State office and said to Schmidt: "I have had paid me a great compliment, but whether I entirely like it or not, I do not know. As usual, I turn to you for advice."

"Well, what is it?"

"The President wants some one he can trust to go to the Western counties of this State and report on the continued disturbance about the excise tax. I thought the thing was at an end. Mr. Hamilton, who seems to have the ear of the President, advised him that as a thoroughly



Drawn by Arthur I. Keller. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"'I KNOW, I KNOW; BUT ——'"

neutral man I could be trusted. Mr. Randolph thinks it a needless errand."

"No. It is by no means needless. I have lands near Pittsburg, as you know, and I hear of much disaffection. The old fox, Jefferson, at Monticello talks about the excise tax as 'infernal,' and what with the new treaty and Congress and other things the Democrats are making trouble enough for a weak cabinet and a strong President. I advise you to accept. You can serve me, too. Take it. You are fretting here for more reasons than one. I hear that Carteaux is out of bed, a crippled wreck, and Fauchet says is soon to go to France. In August the minister himself will leave and one Adet take his place. I think you may go with an easy mind. We are to be rid of the whole pestilent lot."

"Then I shall accept and go as soon as I receive my instructions. But I do dread to leave town. I shall go, but am at ease only since you will be here."

"But I shall not be, René. I have hesitated to tell you. I am called home to Germany, and shall sail from New York for England on to-day a week. I shall return, I think; but I am not sure, nor if then I can remain. It is an imperative call. I am, it seems, pardoned, and my father is urgent, and my elder brother is dead. If you have learned to know me, you will feel for me the pain with which I leave this simpler life for one which has never held for me any charm. Since Carteaux is soon to sail, and I hear it is certain, I feel less troubled. I hope to be here again in August or later. You may, I think, count on my return."

"Have you told Mrs. Swanwick, sir?"

"Yes, and the Pearl. Ah, my son, the one thing in life I have craved is affection; and now—"

"No one will miss you as I shall—no one—" He could say no more.

"You will of course have charge of my affairs, and Mr. Wilson has my power of attorney, and there is Hamilton at need. Ah, but I have had a scene with these most dear people!"

The time passed quickly for De Courval. He himself was to be gone at least two months. There was a week to go, as he must, on horseback, and as much to return. There were wide spaces of country to cover and much business to settle for Schmidt. His stay was uncertain and not without risks.

Over three weeks went by before he could be spared from the thinly officered department. Schmidt had long since gone, and René sat alone in the library at night and missed the large mind and a temperament gayer than his own. His mother had asked no questions concerning Carteaux, and as long as there was doubt in regard to his course, he had been unwilling to mention him; but now he felt that he should speak freely and set his mother's mind at rest before he went away.

Neither, despite what he was sure would be the stern opposition he would have to encounter from his mother, could he go without a word to Margaret—a word that would settle his fate and hers. The Carteaux business was at an end. He felt free to act. Fortune for once favored him. Since he had spoken to his mother of his journey and the lessened household knew of it, Pearl had even more sedulously avoided the pleasant talks in the garden and the rides, now rare, with Aunt Gainor and himself. The mother, more and more uneasy, had spoken to her daughter very decidedly, and Madame grew less familiarly kind to the girl; while she herself, with a mind as yet in doubt, had also her share of pride and believed that the young vicomte had ceased to care for her, else would he not have created his chance to say what long ago that night on the ice seemed to make a matter of honor? She was puzzled by his silence, a little vexed and not quite sure of herself.

He put off to the last moment his talk with his mother and watched in vain for an opportunity to speak to Margaret. His instructions were ready, his last visits made. He had had an unforgettable half-hour with the President and a talk with Hamilton, now on a visit from New York. The ex-secretary asked him why he did not cast in his lot frankly with the new land, as he himself had done. He would have to give notice in court and renounce his allegiance to his sovereign, so ran the new law.

"I have no sovereign," he replied, "and worthless as it now seems, I will not renounce my title, as your law requires."

"Nor would I," said Hamilton. "You

will go home some day. The chaos in France will find a master. The people are weary of change and will accept any permanent rule."

"Yes, I hope to return. Such is my intention," and they fell into talk of Schmidt.

De Courval's last day in the city had come. Schmidt had left him the free use of his horses, and he would try one lately bought to see how it would answer for his long journey.

About eleven of a sunny June morning he mounted and rode westward up Chestnut Street. At Fifth and Chestnut streets, Congress having just adjourned, the members were coming out of the brick building which still stands at the corner. He knew many, and bowed to Gallatin and Fisher Ames. Mr. Madison stopped him to say a word about the distasteful English treaty. Then at a walk he rode on toward the Schuylkill, deep in thought.

Beyond Seventh there was as yet open country, with few houses. It was two years since, a stranger, he had fallen among friends in the Red City, made for himself a sufficient income and an honorable name and won the esteem of men. Schmidt, Margaret, the Wynnes; his encounters with Carteaux, the yellow plague, passed through his mind. God had indeed dealt kindly with the exiles. As he came near to the river and rode into the thinned forest known as the Governor's Woods, he saw Nanny seated at the roadside.

"What are you doing here, Nanny?" he asked.

"The missus sent me with Miss Margaret to carry a basket of stuff to help some no-account colored people lives up that road. I has to wait."

"Ah!" he exclaimed, and, dismounting, tied his horse. "At last," he said, and went away up the wood road. Far in the open forest he saw her coming, her Quaker bonnet swinging on her arm.

"Oh, Miss Margaret!" he cried. "I am glad to have found you. You know I am going away to-morrow for two months at least. It is a hard journey, not without some risk, and I cannot go without a word with you. Why have you avoided me as you have done?"

"Have I?" she replied.

"Yes; and you know it."

"I thought—I thought—oh, let me go home!"

"No; not till you hear me. Can you let me leave in this way without a word? I do not mean that it shall be. Sit down here on this log and listen to me." He caught her hand.

"Please, I must go."

"No; not yet. Sit down here. I shall not keep you long—a woman who wants none of me. But I have much to say—explanations, ah, much to say." She sat down.

"I will hear thee, but—"

"Oh, you will hear me? Yes, because you must? Go, if you will. It will be my answer."

"I think the time and the place ill chosen,"—she spoke with simple dignity,—"but I will hear thee."

"I have had no chance but this. You must pardon me." She looked down and listened. "It is a simple matter. I have loved you long. No other love has ever troubled my life. Save my mother, I have no one. What might have been the loves for brothers and sisters are all yours, a love beyond all other loves, the love of a lonely man. Whether or not you permit me to be something more, I shall still owe you a debt the years can never make me forget—the remembrance of what my life beside you in your home has given me."

The intent face, the hands clasped in her lap, might have shown him how deeply she was moved; for now at last that she had heard him she knew surely that she loved him. The long discipline of Friends in controlling at least the outward expression of emotion came to her aid as often before. She felt how easy it would have been to give him the answer he longed for; but there were others to think about, and from her childhood she had been taught the lesson of consideration for her elders. She set herself to reply to him with stern repression of feeling not very readily governed.

"How can I answer thee? What would thy mother say?" He knew then what her answer might have been. She, too, had her pride, and he liked her the more for that.

"Thou art a French noble. I am a plain Quaker girl without means. There would be reason in the opposition thy mother would make."

"A French noble!" he laughed. "A banished exile, landless and poor—a pretty match I am. But, Pearl, the future is mine. I have succeeded here, where my countrymen starve. I have won honor, respect, and trust. I would add love."

"I know, I know; but—"

"It is vain to put me off with talk of others. I think you do care for me. My mother will summon all her prejudices and in the end will yield. It is very simple, Pearl. I ask only a word. If you say yes, whatever may then come, we will meet with courage and respect. Do you love me, Pearl?"

She said faintly, "Yes."

He sat silent a moment, and then said, "I thank God!" and, lifting her hand, kissed it.

"Oh, René," she cried, "what have I done!" and she burst into tears. "I did not mean to."

"Is it so hard, dear Pearl? I have made you cry."

"No, it is not hard; but it is that I am ashamed to think that I loved thee long—long before thou didst care for me. Love thee, René! Thou dost not dream how—how I love thee."

Her reticence, her trained reserve, were lost in this passion of long-restrained love. Ah, here was Schmidt's Quaker Juliet!

He drew her to him and kissed her wet cheek. "You will never, never regret," he said. "All else is of no moment. We love each other. That is all now. I have so far never failed in anything, and I shall not now."

He had waited long, he said, and for good reasons. Some day, but not now in an hour of joy, he would tell her the story of his life, a sad one, and of why he had been what men call brutal to Carteaux and why their friend Schmidt, who knew of his love, had urged him to wait. She must trust him yet a little while longer.

"And have I not trusted thee?"

"Yes, Pearl."

"We knew, mother and I, knowing thee as we did, that there must be more cause for that dreadful duel than we could see."

"More? Yes, dear, and more beyond it; but it is all over now. The man I would have killed is going to France."

"Oh, René—killed!"

"Yes, and gladly. The man goes back to France and my skies are clear for love to grow."

He would kill! A strange sense of surprise arose in her mind, and the thought of how little even now she knew of the man she loved and trusted. "I can wait, René," she said, "and oh, I am so glad; but mother—I have never had a secret from her, never."

"Tell her," he said; "but then let it rest between us until I come back."

"That would be best, and now I must go."

"Yes, but a moment, Pearl. Long ago, the day after we landed, a sad and friendless man, I walked out to the river and washed away my cares in the blessed waters. On my return, I sat on this very log, and talked to some woodmen, and asked the name of a modest flower. They said, 'We call it the Quaker lady.' And to think that just here I should find you again, my Quaker lady."

"But I am not a Quaker lady. I am a naughty 'Separatist,' as Friends call it. Come, I must go, René. I shall say good-by to thee to-night. Thou wilt be off early, I do suppose. And oh, it will be a weary time while you are away!"

"I shall be gone by six in the morning."

"And I sound asleep," she returned, smiling. He left her at the roadside with Nanny, and, mounting, rode away.

(To be continued)

ANDREW JOHNSON IN THE WHITE HOUSE

BEING THE REMINISCENCES OF WILLIAM H. CROOK

WRITTEN BY MARGARITA SPALDING GERRY

SECOND PAPER

CONGRESS convened on the first of September, 1867. Every one awaited its action with a good deal of excitement, for it was generally understood that when the President submitted the question of the removal of Secretary Stanton from the War Department the final struggle between Congress and Mr. Johnson would begin. It was a foregone conclusion that the President's action would not be indorsed. It was, with those of us who knew the President, equally certain that he would persist in his determination not to allow Mr. Stanton to remain in his cabinet. Of course my sympathies were with Mr. Johnson. Even if I had not felt that Mr. Stanton was a harsh and arrogant man, I could not have failed to see how he had thwarted the President at every turn. One surely did not have to know about constitutional questions to understand that a President has a right to be surrounded by a cabinet who are in sympathy with him, and that if one member consistently opposes him and all the other members, and refuses to resign, the President should have a right to dismiss him.

At this time particularly, when, since the Southern States had been again placed under military governors, the retention of Mr. Stanton meant that Mr. Johnson could not have the slightest control over the administration of the unfortunate eleven States, it was necessary to remove Mr. Stanton. The President naturally desired to do the little that was left in his power to make their condition more bearable.

Within the time prescribed by the Tenure of Office Act, the President reported the removal of Secretary Stanton, with his reasons. On the 14th of January, Congress refused to acquiesce, and ordered his restoration to office. At this point General Grant yielded his portfolio of office to Secretary Stanton, and retired from the position. General Grant's action made of President Johnson a bitter enemy. Together with Stanton, he became the object of the President's hatred. In fact, General Grant seemed to stand, in Mr. Johnson's eyes, as the type of all the opposition the President had undergone. It is useless to discuss whether General Grant was right or wrong. He acted as he thought right. He was a modest man, and it was distasteful to him to seem to usurp a position claimed by another man. I believe that he was honestly convinced that, until the constitutionality of the removal of Secretary Stanton was decided, his was the proper course. But to President Johnson, General Grant's action was that of a traitor.

One week after the action of Congress, the President removed Mr. Stanton and appointed General Lorenzo Thomas in his place. The struggle between Stanton and Thomas had a humorous side. General Thomas made a daily visit to the War Department to demand possession of the office and the records, and Secretary Stanton as regularly refused to

yield his position. In order to prevent a night attack upon his fortress, Stanton had a bed in his private office.

On the twenty-first, General Thomas called and made his demand. There was parleying, but Secretary Stanton reserved his decision. On the twenty-second, early in the morning, by the orders of Secretary Stanton, General Thomas was arrested. He was taken to the station-house, but was immediately released on bail. This was done with the intention of having a court verdict on the matter. General Thomas then repaired to the office of the Secretary of War, and made his second demand. Mr. Stanton refused to yield, and General Thomas refused to depart.

Immediately after this the Secretary of War *ad interim* was tried, and released. He continued to attend cabinet meetings and to make demands upon the Secretary of War. He became generally known as "Ad Interim Thomas."

On the third day after the removal of Secretary Stanton, the House of Representatives decided that "the President be impeached" before the Senate "for high crimes and misdemeanors."

The managers of the prosecution were: John A. Bingham, George S. Boutwell, James F. Wilson, Thomas Williams, Benjamin F. Butler, John A. Logan, and Thaddeus Stevens. The most bitter against the President were Butler, Stevens, and Wilson. Butler opened the prosecution. There were eleven articles of impeachment, but the only actual charge—that of having disregarded the Tenure of Office Act—was contained in the eleventh.

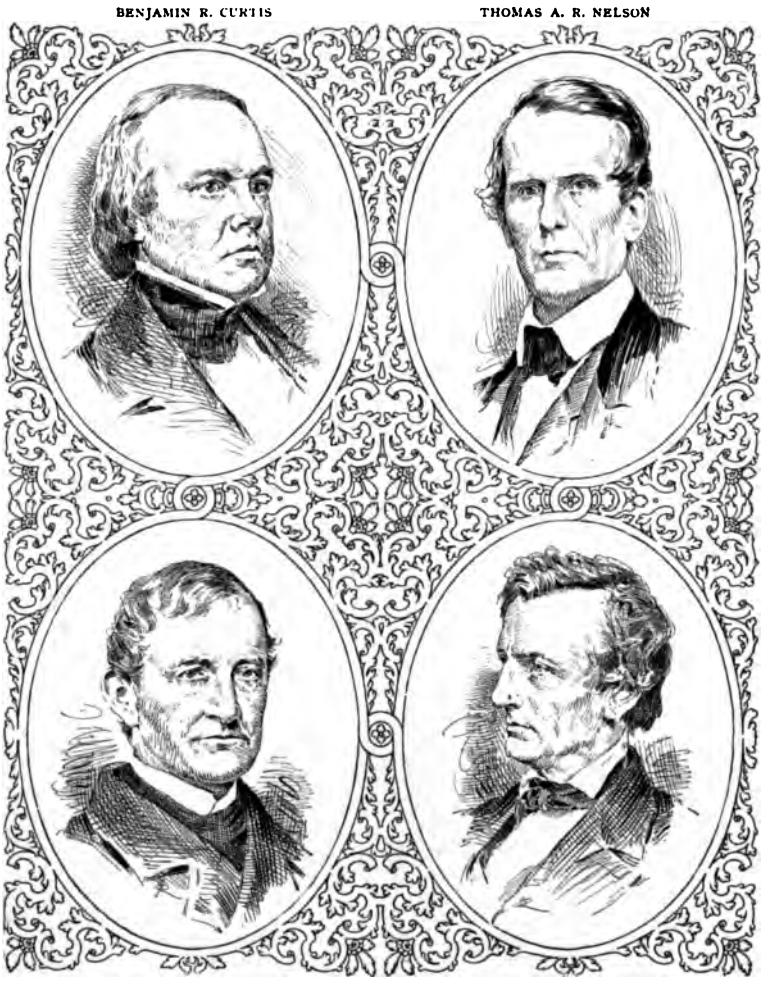
All over the country men wished to take a part in choosing the President's counsel. Suggestions poured in, and people flocked to the White House, each one with a candidate to put forward. Country lawyers sent in briefs, with the very evident hope that they might be chosen. Others, not so modest, directly offered their services. However much difference

JAMES F. WILSON GEORGE S. BOUTWELL JOHN A. LOGAN

BENJAMIN F. BUTLER THADDEUS STEVENS THOMAS WILLIAMS JOHN A. BINGHAM

From a photograph by Brady. Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

MANAGERS FOR THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES OF THE IMPEACHMENT OF ANDREW JOHNSON



Drawn by Jacques Reich, from photographs

THE COUNSEL FOR THE PRESIDENT

of opinion there might be as to other men, the country was virtually unanimous in putting forward the claim of Benjamin R. Curtis, who needed no advocacy, for the President appointed him immediately. The other members of the counsel were William M. Evarts, Thomas A. R. Nelson, and Judge Jeremiah S. Black. Judge Black had hardly agreed to undertake the case before he resigned. This occasioned a great deal of discussion. It was said that Judge Black had given up the case because of its hopelessness, and this gossip injured Mr. Johnson's cause. That the President did not announce the real reason was to his credit.

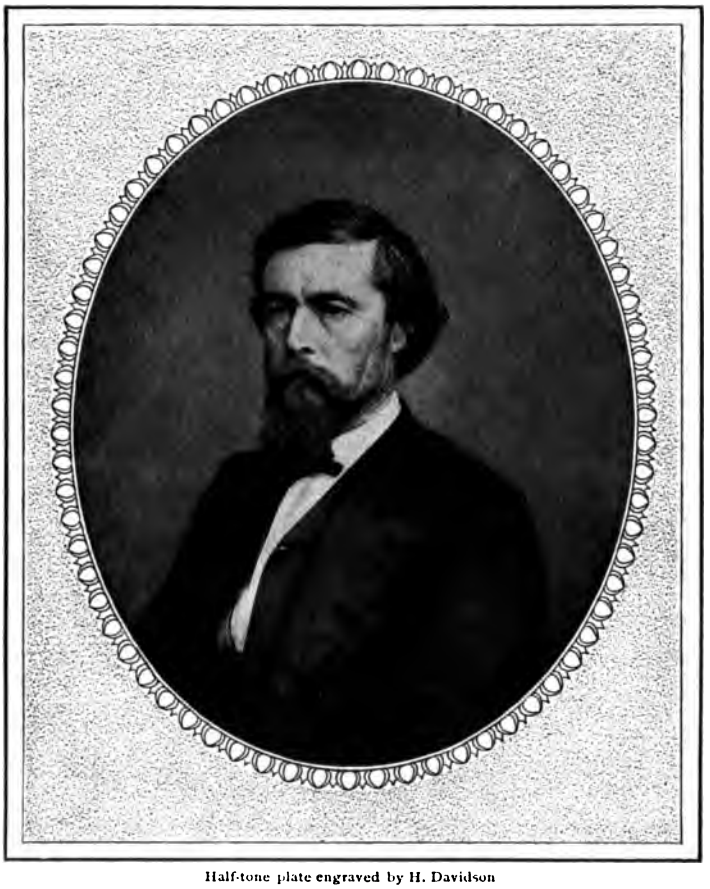
The true story of the transaction is this: Judge Black was one of the attorneys for the Vela Alta claim. Vela Alta was an island near San Domingo which was rich in guano. The President was asked to interfere in the contest as to its possession by pronouncing it the property of a United States company. Whether the contention was a just one or not it is of course impossible to discuss here. Secretary Seward was opposed to United States interference. But the unfortunate thing was that just at this time Judge Black pressed the case, sending in as indorsers four out of the seven managers of the case against the President, Mr. Butler among them. The inference that Mr. Johnson's consent to act as these gentlemen desired might possibly influence their attitude toward the President is an ob-

vious one. It was obvious enough to cause Mr. Johnson to refuse to interfere. Thereupon Judge Black promptly resigned from the counsel, feeling, in all probability, that his participation in the trial would prevent success of the private enterprise. William S. Groesbeck was appointed in his place.

Another matter for debate was whether Senator Wade, who was acting-President of the Senate since Mr. Johnson had become President, should have a vote. In the event of the President's being convicted of the charge against him, Mr. Wade would of course become President. It would seem hardly decorous for him to cast a vote; but it was decided, after much discussion, that his vote should count. Mr. Wade was jubilant. In fact, it was stated that he had already selected his cabinet. I happened to be present when Mr. Johnson was told this. He chuckled and said:

"Old Wade is counting his chickens before they are hatched."

The formal opening of the trial was on the thirteenth of March. The President's counsel asked for forty days in which to prepare the arguments. They were rather ungraciously refused, and were allowed ten days instead. The court then adjourned until the twenty-third.



Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

SENATOR EDMUND GIBSON ROSS OF KANSAS

This photograph is from an original negative made by Brady during the time Mr. Ross was in the Senate, and has been verified by comparison with the portrait in Mr. L. C. Handy's "History of Kansas" in the Congressional Library.

During this preliminary time and during the trial, the spiritualists all over the country tried to gain a proselyte by playing upon the President's natural anxiety as to the outcome. A Mrs. Colby sent him marvelous messages from Lincoln

and other statesmen. The messages were, like most of their kind, illiterate, impudent, and absurd. The "Davenport Brothers" also tried to gain his interest. It was even reported that President Johnson was a spiritualist. Although he was a member of no church, the President was as definite in his orthodox religious views as he was in his political policy. There was nothing of the mystic in his nature, and he was too clear-sighted for mere superstition.

On the 23d of March, when the actual trial began, the President took leave of three of his counsel,—Mr. Evarts, Mr. Curtis, and Mr. Nelson,—who had come to the White House for a final discussion. I was near them as they stood together in the portico. Mr. Johnson's manner was entirely calm and unconcerned. He shook hands with each of them in turn and said:

"Gentlemen, my case is in your hands; I feel sure that you will protect my interests." Then he returned to his office. I went off with the gentlemen. By the desire of the President, I accompanied them to the Capitol every day.

When, from my seat in the gallery, I looked down on the Senate chamber, I had a moment of almost terror. It was not because of the great assemblage; it was rather in the thought that one could feel in the mind of every man and woman there that for the first time in the history of the United States a President was on trial for more than his life—his place in the judgment of his countrymen and of history.

There was a painful silence when the counsel for the President filed in and took their places. They were seated under the desk of the presiding officer,—in this case, Chief-Justice Chase,—on the right-hand side of the Senate chamber. The managers for the prosecution were already in their seats. Every seat in the gallery was occupied.

The dignity with which the proceedings opened served to heighten the sense of awe. It persevered during the routine business of reading the journal and while the President's reply was being read; but when Manager Butler arose to make the opening address for the prosecution, there was a change.

His speech was a violent attack upon the President. It was clever. Actually blameless incidents were made to seem traitorous. The address was so bitter, and yet so almost theatrical, that it seemed unreal. I wondered at the time why it impressed me. In Butler's later action—to which I shall hereafter refer—came a possible explanation of this impression.

The trial lasted three weeks. The President, of course, never appeared. In that particular the proceedings lacked a spectacular interest they might have had. Every day the President had a consultation with his lawyers. For the rest, he attended to the routine work of his position. He was absolutely calm through it all. The very night of the 23d he gave a reception to as many of the members of Congress as would come. I was fully prepared to have the White House deserted, but, instead of that, it was crowded. I wondered why men who hated the President so bitterly could accept his hospitality until I came to a group of about fifteen Radicals gathered together in the East Room, where they had proceeded after paying their respects to the President. They were laughing together and teasing one another like boys.

"What are you here for?" I heard.

"And you—what are you doing here yourself?"

"Why, I wanted to see how Andy takes it," was the answer. I thought to myself as I passed them that they were getting small satisfaction out of that, for no one could have seen the slightest difference in Mr. Johnson's manner. He greeted every one as pleasantly as though it were a surprise party come to congratulate him on his statesmanship.

It was the same with the affairs of his personal life. If he had any doubt as to the outcome of the trial, he did not allow it to affect his interest in those who had any claim on him. It was in the midst of the excitement following the impeachment that Slade, the steward, fell ill. Slade was a mulatto, a very intelligent man, and the President had a great deal of confidence in him. I remember very well when, on the 2d of March, I went with Mr. Johnson to see Slade in his home.

The poor fellow was suffering when we entered. He had asthma, and it was piti-

ful to hear him struggle for breath. Mr. Johnson went up to the bed, and took the sick man's hand in his.

"How are you to-day, Slade?" he asked kindly, and when the dying man shook his head, the President tried to cheer him up.

His death followed soon. It is easy to understand how hard it was for Mr. Johnson to spare the time just then, but he went to the funeral. I was there with him. The family of the dead man were greatly pleased because the President honored them and their father, and the daughter thanked him touchingly.

As the trial proceeded, the conviction grew with me—I think it did with every one—that the weight of evidence and of constitutional principle lay with the defense. There were several clever lawyers on the prosecution, and Butler had his legal precedents skilfully marshaled, but the greater part of the proceedings showed personal feeling and prejudice rather than proof. Every appeal that could be made to the passions of the time was utilized. "Warren Hastings," "Charles I," "Irresponsible tyranny," were always on the lips of the prosecution.

In comparison, the calm, ordered, masterly reasoning of the defense must have inspired every one with a conviction of the truth of their cause. Their efforts were of varying ability and character, of course. The minds of these men were as diverse as their faces. Mr. Nelson was a short, stout man with a ruddy face. Mr. Evarts, who was then laying the foundation for his future unquestioned eminence, was a very tall, thin man. Mr. Groesbeck, who was ill during the trial, and was forced to have his clerk read his argument, had, with appropriateness, considering his name, a prominent, curved nose. Mr. Nelson's address was the most emotional of them all. His appeal was largely for sympathy, for admiration of the man Andrew Johnson; it was personal. Mr. Groesbeck was the surprise of the trial. He had been able to take very little part in the proceedings, but his argument was remarkably fine. Mr. Evarts's address was clearly reasoned. Mr. Curtis's argument, in my opinion, was the finest of them all.

But the legal struggle, after all, with that assemblage of violent passions was hardly the contest that counted. The debate was for the benefit of the country at large; while the legal lights argued, the enemies of the President were working in other ways. The Senate was thoroughly canvassed, personal argument and influence were in constant use. Every motive, good or bad, was played upon. Long before the final ballot, it became known how each man would probably vote. Toward the end the doubtful ones had narrowed down to one man, Senator Ross of Kansas. Kansas, which had been the fighting ground of rebel guerrilla and Northern abolitionist, was to have, in all probability, the determining vote in this contest.

Kansas was, from inception and history, abolitionist, radical. It would have been supposed that Senator Ross would vote with the Radicals. He had taken the place of James Lane, who had shot himself. Lane was a friend of the President, and, had he lived, in all probability would have supported him. But Ross had no such motive. It became known that he was doubtful; it was charged that he had been subject to personal influence—feminine influence.

Then the cohorts of the Senate and the House bore down upon the Senator from Kansas. Party discipline was brought to bear, and then ridicule. Either from uncertainty, or policy, or a desire to keep his associates in uncertainty, Ross refused to make an announcement of his policy. In all probability he was honestly trying to convince himself.

The last days before the test vote was to be taken were breathless ones. The country was paralyzed. Business in the departments was almost at a standstill. Still, the President was the calmest man in the country, with interest to spare from his own affairs for those of other men. On the 14th, he was visited by an enthusiast, Sergeant Bates, who had taken the Federal flag on a tour through the South to see whether he could prove that the South was loyal, and had walked to Washington from Vicksburg. The President gave him an interview. The man's enterprise evidently appealed to him. With a good deal of feeling and a clasp of his hand, he said when Bates entered:

"I just want to welcome you to Washington."

Bates wanted to wave the flag from the top of the Capitol, but Congress refused. The President gave him permission to take the Stars and Stripes to the top of the unfinished Monument. At the last, Mr. Johnson put a purse into his hand, for all of Bates's expenses had been defrayed by the Southern cities through which he had passed.

On May 15, a rainy, dismal day, the Lincoln Monument in front of the city hall was dedicated. Either the anxiety of Congress to have the impeachment over, or, more probably, a desire to show contempt for Andrew Johnson, who was to preside, caused both houses to refuse to adjourn to honor the memory of the dead President. I accompanied Mr. Johnson, and saw the exercises, which were finished without the recognition of our legislators.

On May 16 the vote was taken.

Every one who by any possible means could get a ticket of admission to the Senate chamber produced it early that morning at the Capitol. The floor and galleries were crowded.

The journal was read; the House of Representatives was notified that the Senate, "sitting for the trial of the President upon the articles of impeachment," was ready to receive the other house in the Senate chamber. The question of voting first upon the eleventh article was decided.

While the clerk was reading the legal statement of those crimes of which, in the opinion of the House of Representatives, the President was guilty, some people fidgeted and some sat with their hands tensely clasped together. At the end, the Chief-Justice directed that the roll be called. The clerk called out:

"Mr. Anthony." Mr. Anthony rose.

"Mr. Anthony,"—the Chief-Justice fastened his eyes upon the Senator,—"how say you? Is the respondent, Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, guilty or not guilty of a high misdemeanor as charged in this article?"

"Guilty," answered Mr. Anthony.

A sigh went round the assemblage. Yet Mr. Anthony's vote was not in doubt. A two-thirds vote of thirty-six to eighteen was necessary to convict. Thirty-four of the Senators were pledged to vote against the President. Mr. Fowler of Tennessee, it was known, would probably vote for acquittal, although there was some doubt. Senator Ross was the sphinx: no one knew his position.

The same form was maintained with each senator in turn. When Fowler's name was reached, every one leaned forward to catch the word.

"Not guilty," said Senator Fowler.

The tension grew. There was a weary number of names before that of Ross was reached. When the clerk called it, and Ross stood forth, the crowd held its breath.

"Not guilty," called the Senator from Kansas.

It was like the bubbling over of a caldron. The Radical Senators, who had been laboring with Ross only a short time before, turned to him in rage; all over the house people began to stir. The rest of the roll-call was listened to with lessened interest, although there was still the chance for a surprise. When it was over, and the result—thirty-five to nineteen—was announced, there was a wild outburst, chiefly groans of anger and disappointment, for the friends of the President were in the minority.[1]

I did not wait to hear it, for, barely waiting for the verdict to be read,—it was no surprise to me, as I had been keeping tally on a slip of paper,—I ran downstairs at the top of my speed. In the corridor of the Senate I came across a curious group. In it was Thad Stevens, who was a helpless cripple, with his two attendants carrying him high on their shoulders. All about the crowd, unable to get into the court-room, was calling out, "What was the verdict?" Thad Stevens's face was black with rage and disappointment. He brandished his arms in the air and shouted in answer:

"The country is going to the devil!"

I ran all the way from the Capitol to the White House. I was young and strong in those days, and I made good

[1] I find in my diary mention of a dream that I had on the night of the 26th of March. I thought that the vote on the impeachment had been taken and that the numbers were thirty-five for the prosecution to fifteen for the defense, with four absent. It is odd to notice that it was almost the actual vote. With the four who in my dream were absent added to the fifteen, it would have been the exact division of votes. I suppose it meant that I had been canvassing the probable disposition of the votes, and had repeated my guessing in my dream.

time. When I burst into the library, where the President sat with Secretary Welles and two other men whom I cannot remember, they were quietly talking. Mr. Johnson was seated at a little table on which luncheon had been spread in the rounding southern end of the room. There were no signs of excitement.

"Mr. President," I shouted, too crazy with delight to restrain myself, "you are acquitted!"

All rose. I made my way to the President and got hold of his hand. The other men surrounded him, and began to shake his hand. The President responded to their congratulations calmly enough for a moment, and then I saw that tears were rolling down his face. I stared at him; and yet I felt I ought to turn my eyes away.

It was all over in a moment, and Mr. Johnson was ordering some whisky from the cellar. When it came, he himself poured it into glasses for us, and we all stood up and drank a silent toast. There were some sandwiches on the table; we ate some, and then we felt better. In a few minutes came a message of congratulation from Secretary Seward to "my dear friend." By that time the room was full of people, and I slipped away.

Now I want to tell a very curious thing, which I did not understand at the time, and still can explain only by conjecture.

During the latter part of the trial, while Ben Butler was still apparently the President's bitterest enemy, and was making fierce attacks on him in the Senate chamber, many messages passed between the President and him of which nothing was known to any one but themselves and me. I was the messenger, and the letters were always sent at night. Mr. Johnson would call me to him and say:

"Crook, here is a letter for General Butler. I wish you would take it to him and wait for an answer." Although I can remember no positive direction from the President, my recollection is that these messages were not to be talked about. Sometimes the President would say:

"There is no answer."

General Butler lived on I Street, near 15th. It was a short walk from the White House to his home. When I rang the bell, the butler answered it. He was a curious old chap, cross-eyed like his master. When there was an answer, I always gave it into the President's own hands. He always tore up the notes; I saw him do it.

It used to puzzle me a good deal. Why should Mr. Johnson and a man who was pleading so bitterly a case against him have this correspondence? Why should President Johnson, who always kept every scrap of correspondence, even his bills, tear up these notes?

Another thing: Not long after the trial was over, it began to be a matter of comment that Ben Butler had become a friend of the President. Mrs. Ann S. Stevens, a popular novelist of the day, who knew the President well, laughed about Mr. Johnson's "sudden and ardent friend Gen. Butler." I don't pretend to explain these things, but questions will suggest themselves.

Was General Butler sincere when he denounced the President so fiercely, or did he think that the side of the Radicals was the popular one? Since he changed front so completely, as there is evidence that he did, at what time did he change, and what was his motive? Is it possible that he felt that impeachment was going to fail and thought that it would be well to make friends with the winner?

After the excitement of the trial was over, we settled down into what seemed like quiet, although there were always things enough happening. Among others, it was discovered that William P. Wood, who was chief of the Secret Service in the Treasury, had offered $10,000 to N. M. Young, who had been Jefferson Davis's private secretary, for any letters he might furnish showing complicity between President Johnson and Davis.

Another echo of tragic things was the request made by Booth's noble brother, Edwin Booth, for the possession of the body of the murderer, lying all this time in an unmarked grave at the Arsenal. He asked with no spirit of bitterness, but with the deepest sadness, for permission to remove the body of the "poor misguided boy." The request was granted, and the family buried the body again.

Although the verdict had been with the President, the nation was by no means convinced. It must be remembered that almost two thirds of the Senate had voted to impeach him. The Radical leaders

were unremitting in their opposition. In a speech delivered on the 7th of July, 1868, Thad Stevens, after having stated that he had decided it was impossible to remove an executive by peaceful means, said that the only recourse from tyranny would be "Brutus's dagger."

In spite of his outward stoicism, the long strain of his position was beginning to tell on the President. He had had for three years a continued struggle, almost alone, to maintain his position. He was strong, but he felt his isolation. I believe the nearest approach to discouragement in Andrew Johnson's life came immediately after the verdict was rendered which acquitted him. Even he had not the slightest hope of reëlection, and reëlection alone could mean full vindication. A telegram which he sent to a friend who had written to him with encouragement shows plainly his depression:

> The will of the people, if truly reflected, would not be doubtful. I have experienced ingratitude so often that any result will not surprise me. I thank you most sincerely for the part you have taken in my behalf; it is appreciated the higher because unsolicited. You have no doubt read in the morning paper Stevens' articles of impeachment, together with his speech thereon, in which he states: "The block must be brought out and the ax sharpened; the only recourse from intolerable tyranny is Brutus' dagger," which he hopes may not be used. How is it possible for me to maintain my position against a vindictive and powerful majority, if abandoned by those who profess to agree with me and be supporters of the administration? Such an abandonment at this moment, when the heaviest assaults are being made, would seem an admission that the administration was wrong in its opposition to the series of despotic measures which have been and are being proposed to be forced upon the country.

Mr. Stevens did not live long to fight for the cause which, in his own fierce way, he was convinced was the righteous one. He died in Washington two weeks after Congress adjourned. Mr. Johnson lived to fight longer.

As the summer burned itself out to autumn, the President remained in the country a longer time on our daily drives. Except when the children were with us, he was more somber than ever. One afternoon when we were at the Soldiers' Home he strolled into a little vine-covered summer-house which stood at the summit of a gentle slope. I entered and stood with him. Below us lay, line upon line, almost as far in both directions as our eyes could reach, plain little white tombstones marking the graves of the Federal soldiers. We were both silent. At last the President said under his breath:

"It 's a city, Crook—a city of the dead."

That afternoon, when we were almost home, Mr. Johnson said to me suddenly:

"Everybody misunderstands me, Crook. I am not trying to introduce anything new. I am only trying to carry out the measures toward the South that Mr. Lincoln would have done had he lived."

The last autumn that he was in the White House, Mr. Johnson secured my appointment as a third-class clerk, detailed to the Executive Office. I received the notification on the 21st of November, 1869. From this time promotion would depend wholly upon my own efficiency and faithfulness. My family thought that a great deal had been gained with that third-class clerkship. My case was a type of the President's attitude toward his subordinates: he always looked out for their interests. I went to him and thanked him for his efforts in my behalf. He said he was glad I had the place.

Somehow I had expected that there would be a change in Mr. Johnson's position after his victory over the Radicals. If I had thought of it, I might have realized that the two-thirds majority was still against him. The only difference was that when they passed measures over the President's veto it was without debate. There was no longer need for discussion. It does seem unfortunate that none of them took the trouble to read his message protesting against the reconstruction measures. To me it seemed fine.

There was one difficulty, growing out of the division between the President and Congress, which I believe no other chief executive has ever had to contend against. It was virtually impossible for Mr. Johnson to have his appointments to office confirmed, unless the men happened to be in high favor with Congress. It was a peculiarly irritating situation. The President, however, robbed it of its most humiliating features by the frankness with

which he accepted it. He announced that he could not recommend any man for position who could not place on file, together with the usual credentials, proofs that he could command enough votes to be confirmed by the Senate. One of the President's self-appointed advisers was in a great state of indignation over this.

"You ought not to make such a statement," he said. "It is an indignity for the President of the United States."

In answer, Mr. Johnson smiled slightly. He was one of the men who see nothing humiliating in looking a situation in the face. He was practical about this, as about everything else. Since Senatorial pledges must be had to secure the confirmation of appointments, he would give the men he wished to appoint an opportunity to secure the names. Therefore part of the regular office routine was the consideration of the number of senators whom a would-be collector or postmaster could marshal to his support.

Mr. Ross of Kansas, the senator whose vote had saved the President from impeachment, was at the White House a good deal during the last months of Mr. Johnson's administration. I knew Mr. Ross well. He was a well-looking man of medium height, slightly stooped. He always wore a frock-coat. He was concerned over some appointments in Kansas which he considered necessary for the welfare of his party. It was natural that he should expect help from the man he had saved, and for whom he was suffering. For no one to-day can understand the effect in Kansas of Senator Ross's action. It was hardly safe for any one to speak in favor of him or of the President. One lady, whom I still know, was in Lawrence, Kansas, at the time. Her husband happened to be in Washington on business during the whole period. This gentleman was in favor of Johnson, and therefore approved of Senator Ross's vote. His wife did not dare let any of her friends and neighbors know of the opinions of the family.

The President could do little to help Mr. Ross. The Senator had to rely, like every one else, upon what congressional support he could muster, and he was naturally in bad odor in both houses. As it happened, nothing could have saved Ross's political position in Kansas. I have been told that when he went home old neighbors would not speak to him. He found life in Kansas impossible. When he had entered the Senate he apparently had a great career before him. He was now made governor of New Mexico. I believe he afterward published a newspaper in Texas. But so far as I can understand, his life never fulfilled all it had seemed to promise. His vote for Andrew Johnson marked the end of his national career.

As Mr. Johnson's administration wore to its close, the daily mail brought to light many contrasting sides of human nature. A few men wrote to him, assuring him of their approval. Amos Kendall, the ex-Postmaster-General, who gave the land for Gallaudet College, was one of these, as was "Sunset" Cox. A fine address of the latter in which he said that Mr. Johnson's career was an example of "moral courage against party discipline" was forwarded to the President, and I pasted it in the scrap-book.

A great many men made suggestions for the President's future guidance. Soon after General Grant was elected, one correspondent had the happy thought that if Mr. Johnson would only refuse to accept General Grant's resignation from the army, it would then be impossible for the coming President to be inaugurated, and Mr. Johnson would have things all his own way! Another guileless being sent a supposedly counterfeit bill by means of which he was convinced a gang of outlaws were endeavoring to seduce his honesty. He was willing to furnish further proof for the sum of ten thousand dollars. This communication was labeled a "confidence game," and the dollar was appropriated for charitable purposes. At intervals amateur detectives furnished information as to meetings of conspirators with schemes inimical to the President.

But by far the greater part of the letters were personal appeals for help. Helpless citizens of the Southern States, men and women, pleaded with their only champion for aid. One woman, the last of a great line, begged the President to save her from being despoiled of the land on which her family had lived for generations. A widow, who said that he had before this furnished her transportation out of his own pocket, asked for further

assistance. An old journeyman tailor who had once worked for Mr. Johnson sought for help, with an evident confidence that it would be granted: part of both feet had been carried off by a shell, and he wanted ten or fifteen dollars to take him back to his friends.

Simple pleas of this nature the President could and did answer; but to the great cry for help that went up from the whole South he was able to give only slight response. His hope had been, as he often told me, to "build up" the South. The accounts of riots, of violence, the insolence of negro agitators, like Hunnicutt of Richmond, the wholesale pilfering of the land by carpet-baggers, were agonizing to those of us who had lived among the Southern people and knew what they were suffering. The only power that was left to the President was the appointment and removal of the military governors. In some cases Mr. Johnson answered the cry for justice by removing the men who seemed to the people of several States responsible for the condition of affairs. It was of course the system of reconstruction that was to answer, not the governors; but the appointment of new men gave the sufferers a gleam of hope.

It is not wonderful that, with all these things to harass him, the President had to turn somewhere for recreation. It was to the children he went. It is a pleasing thought that Andrew Johnson celebrated his sixtieth birthday, in the closing months of the bitterest struggle ever waged from the White House, with a great holiday party for children.

It was on the 30th of December, and there were almost four hundred children present. Almost as many households had been in a state of excitement since the arrival of the truly magnificent cards of invitation. "The President of the United States" it was who desired their presence: no mere child was the host! Every child whose father had any share in the public life of the time and was not the President's bitter enemy, was there. All of Marini's dancing academy were invited, for there was to be wonderful fancy dancing in the great East Room. In the years that I have been at the White House,—and almost every White House family has had its petted children,—there has never been a children's party so wonderful.

Mr. Johnson received, with Mrs. Patterson and his grandchildren about him, and Mrs. Johnson came down-stairs for a glimpse of the pretty scene. This was, unless I am mistaken, the second appearance she made during her White House life.

The dancing was in the East Room. There were a great many square dances, and a few waltzes and polkas; but the fancy dances were the best. Marini's picked pupils showed their prettiest steps. There was the "Highland fling" of course, and the "sailors' hornpipe." There was a Spanish dance, danced by small Miss Gaburri in a Spanish dress flashing with sequins. Then there was a very sentimental affair—which all the children liked best because there was a "story" in it where one little girl postured with every evidence of languishing devotion, and another little girl circled coquettishly and tantalizingly around her. Pretty Belle Patterson danced prettily, but the stars were the Spanish dancer and little Miss Keen, who were particular friends of the Patterson and Stover children. At the end, the whole company, tots and big girls and boys, were lined up for the "Virginia Reel." After that came "refreshments," the real "party," most of the children thought.

After his frolic with the children, there was little that was not unpleasant before the President. Early in 1869, Hugh McCulloch resigned his position as Secretary of the Treasury. There was a large clique which was violently opposed to McCulloch. He was suspected of Southern sympathies—his home was in Maryland. There had been constant attacks upon him and endless appeals to the President to remove him. But Johnson was loyal to the man who, with Secretary Welles and Secretary Seward, had been faithful to him through the whole of his troubled administration. He sustained McCulloch, as he sustained his own reconstruction policy. I do not understand the secret of the opposition to McCulloch. He was an absolutely honest man; perhaps that is the reason he had so many enemies.

During the last two months Mr. Johnson sat at the White House waiting for

the man whom he hated to take his place. Whatever personal resentment he may have had against his enemies was swallowed up at this time, I am convinced, by his sympathy for the struggling masses in the South. He has told me how he felt for them and talked of his own frustrated plans. His hatred of the Southern leaders—the "brigadiers"—was for the moment lost sight of, though it was by no means assuaged. He was calm, however, and, as usual, there was nothing in his manner to reveal his feeling. I could not trace a single line in his face to testify to his four years' fight. He went about his preparations for departure in his orderly, methodical fashion. All his bills were called for and settled long before he left the White House. The steamship companies evidently thought he would be in need of rest and recreation, for they vied with one another in offering him free transportation to any European port he might desire to visit. He might well have wished to accept their offer, for he stood high in the opinion of European nations, and his trip would have been an ovation. But flight was not in his mind.

While the President was so unmoved, the rest of us were beginning to understand what it was that Congress had been doing. Whether public opinion had begun to change to any marked degree I cannot state, but the last public reception that Mr. Johnson gave was marked by a good deal of enthusiasm. Still, he was with the mass of people a very unpopular man.

During all the long contest, as far as I know, neither Thad Stevens nor Charles Sumner ever came to the White House. No one would have expected Stevens to do it; he was too bitter, too passionate. But with most people Sumner stood for calm and unprejudiced principle. One would have thought that he, at least, would have endeavored to have a consultation with the President, to have found out just where he stood, and why he believed as he did, before making him a target for daily denunciation. Of course it is possible that there may have been interviews of which I knew nothing, but I do not think it likely.

Perhaps I was prejudiced against Sumner, knowing how he had opposed President Lincoln, and having seen how Mr. Lincoln felt toward him. In my opinion, Sumner made most of the trouble. Stevens did not have much weight. Every one knew that he was prejudiced and fierce, and they made allowances for that. But Sumner gave the impression of calm. He was a gentleman, he had correct manners, he was well-groomed, he had learning. To a large element in the country he was a sort of god. Of course there were a few men, like some one in the New York "Herald," who called him a monomaniac on the subject of the negro; and he did irritate the other members of his party by delaying legislation while he quibbled as to whether negroes should be so far distinguished from other men as to be called "negroes"—he himself referring to them as "unionists."

It was to the party of Sumner and Stevens that Andrew Johnson yielded on the 4th of March, 1869, when, a little before noon, he left the White House, and it was to a man by whom he considered that he had been betrayed. Mr. Johnson had refused to ride in the carriage with President Grant, as has always been the custom for the outgoing President. I have heard it said that General Grant refused to ride with him. I do not know whether that is true or not; it does not seem like President Grant, who was kindliness itself. But I do know that Mr. Johnson refused to ride with the new President. I heard him say that he would not do it.

So Mr. Johnson remained quietly in the White House while the inauguration ceremonies were in progress, gathering up his papers and making final preparations. He took away with him all the records of the office and the scrap-books which I had compiled. He said:

"I found nothing here when I came, and I am going to leave nothing here when I go."

When he left all the employees of the White House gathered on the portico to say good-by to him. No one else was there. His friends and enemies alike had flocked to see the installation of the new President. The family had preceded him. With all the others, I shook his hand and said:

"Good-by, Mr. President."

"Good-by, Crook," he said. "And God bless you!"

He went down to the carriage which

was waiting to take him to the home of Mr. John F. Coyle, who was one of the two owners and editors of the "National Intelligencer," one of the papers which had constantly supported the administration. Coyle was a brilliant man and a warm friend; he was perhaps the best friend whom the President had in Washington, and Mr. Johnson was very fond of him and of his family. Some one once laughingly asked him when he was going to "shake off this mortal Coyle?" He had no desire to shake him off. Mr. Johnson was a good friend.

SOMEHOW, when Andrew Johnson left the White House I did not feel that that was the end of him. Yet, in a nation where the retiring executive is usually the only man in the country without a future, there apparently never was so dead a President. During the few days he spent with Mr. Coyle he was almost deserted. He had realized long before the end that his election to the Presidency, which was the only thing that would have meant vindication, was an impossibility. But he was too vital a man to stop fighting.

Drawn by Jacques Reich, from a photograph
CHIEF-JUSTICE SALMON P. CHASE

Therefore I followed with eagerness his career during the years that followed. Every one knows that when he returned to Tennessee he found himself hopelessly unpopular. Brownlow had seen to that. It did not seem to daunt Mr. Johnson in the least. He went to work to win back lost ground. Soon after his return to Greenville there was a United States senator to be chosen. He ran for the position. He was defeated in that. It was too soon. Again he went patiently to work. The same method of personal talk with the "plain people" which had brought him to the front before served him now. Little by little he regained his ascendancy over his State. In 1872 he was announced as candidate for congressman at large from his State. He conducted a campaign of public speaking and again he was defeated, but by a smaller margin. When, in 1875, he came forward to claim the United States senatorship, he was victorious. That was not a bad record for a man who, at sixty, had retired from the White House unpopular and discredited.

It was not seven years after he had been on trial before the Senate that Andrew Johnson took his place as a member of the body that had judged him. Public opinion had traveled a farther journey than the years had done, for his entrance was the scene of a great demonstration. It was the opening day of the special session of 1875. The Senate chamber and the galleries were crowded. His desk was piled high with flowers. Possibly some of the children to whom he used to give nosegays from the White House conservatories were old enough to remember and to return the gifts in kind. Senator Wilson of Massachusetts, then Vice-President was, as President of the Senate, to administer the oath. As Charles Sumner's colleague, he had been Johnson's persistent enemy.

There were three new senators to be sworn in, one of them Hannibal Hamlin. As Andrew Johnson's rival for the Vice-Presidency, he had also been an opponent. He took the oath before Johnson; but the name of the ex-President was called before Hamlin had gone to his seat.

The square, sturdy figure of Andrew Johnson advanced to the desk. The three men stood together before the multitude, who had only one thought: "How would he meet these men who had been his enemies? Would he take their hands?"

There was no pause, although to us who

Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

ANDREW JOHNSON

This portrait is from a photograph said to have been taken not long before his death.

were looking on there seemed to be. Johnson put out his hand without hesitation or embarrassment, without apparent realization that there was anything unusual in the situation. He shook hands first with Hamlin, then, turning, with Wilson, who stood before them both. From floor and galleries went up a thunder of applause. Both Wilson and Hamlin were tall men, and Andrew Johnson was short, but to every one present there was no taller man in the Senate that day.

The oath taken, he went into the cloakroom to avoid publicity. But there he was surrounded by senators, every man eager to take his hand.

There was one man of those whom he considered his enemies, whom Mr. Johnson had not forgiven. It was only a day or two after he took his seat in the Senate that he sent for me to come to his hotel, the old Willard on Pennsylvania Avenue. I found him, on a nearer view, looking very little changed. He was older, of course; there was more gray in his hair; his whole face looked bleached. He seemed finer to me; not less strong, but more delicate. There were no more lines in his face: those that had been there were deeper graven; that was all.

I asked for all the family, and he told me what there was to tell. Mrs. Johnson I knew was still living, but poor Robert Johnson had died soon after his father returned to Tennessee. He spoke to me of them both. The grandchildren were growing up. He told me of his fight for election.

"And now," he said, "I want you to tell me where I can find notices about Grant in my scrap-book. You remember where you pasted them in. I don't." He got the scrap-books, and I put slips of paper in to mark the references he wanted. As I rose to go he said.

"Crook, I have come back to the Senate with two purposes. One is to do what I can to punish the Southern brigadiers. They led the South into secession, and they have never had their deserts. The other—" He paused, and his face darkened.

"What is the other, Mr. Johnson?" I asked.

"The other is to make a speech against Grant. And I am going to make it this session."

He made the speech in less than two weeks from that evening. It was a clever one, too, and bitter. Every point of General Grant's career which might be considered vulnerable was very skilfully attacked. The fact that he had taken gifts and that it was suspected he desired a third term, were played upon. Yes; Mr. Johnson did what he had intended to do, had been intending to do ever since he left the White House. He was the best hater I ever knew.

He went back home at the end of the session, and then to visit his daughter, Mrs. Stover, in eastern Tennessee. There, given up to the family associations he clung to, and with the grandchildren he loved, he was stricken suddenly with paralysis and July 31, 1875, he died. It seemed as if, with his speech against President Grant, some spring of action which had kept him fighting broke. The rest was peace.

QUATRAIN

BY SANBORN GOVE TENNEY

THESE lichens pressed to fence and rock and tree
Mayhap have meaning that we do not see;
Perchance are seals on old Time's wrinkled deeds
By which he holds the forests, hills, and meads.

Owned by the late John H. Brinton, M.D.

See "Open Letters"

Engraved on wood by Henry Wolf

GILBERT STUART'S PORTRAITS OF MEN. V—WILLIAM SMITH, D.D., FIRST PROVOST OF THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA

A MAN OF IMAGINATION

BY L. FRANK TOOKER

Author of "The Call of the Sea," "Under Rocking Skies," etc.

I

THE winter had set in sadly for Blackwater, and long before the close of the year twelve of her vessels had gone down, and the churches on Sunday looked more than ever like conventual chapels, with the black weeds of widows. It was on New Year's Day that word came of the loss of the Wallace boys off Hatteras, and three days later, as I turned out of High Street into the River Road, with my head lowered against the driving snow, I heard a crying up the street, and stopped in wonder. Out of the loom of the storm old Mr. Foley, with his apple-red cheeks, came staggering through the drifts, wringing his hands and moaning aloud. I called to him. He neither stopped nor turned his eyes my way, but went steadily on, crying "Tommy 's gone! Tommy 's gone!" in a heart-broken voice. Tom was his son and a sailor; I needed to know no more. A week later we heard that four of the crew of the *Harwich* had been picked up at sea and carried into Charleston. Two days later, Phil Challenger, her captain, came home.

Phil was then twenty-six, genial, handsome, and a general favorite. His father, old Captain Henry, had been one of the most successful shipmasters that ever sailed out of our port, a bluff, hearty, daring man. With his father's influence and his own good qualities, young Challenger's seafaring life was made easy. A master at twenty-three, and by inheritance one of the wealthiest men in the town, life had opened pleasantly for him. His first reverse came with the wreck.

He was now welcomed back like a hero, though he modestly put aside any claim to such honor. Before the end of his first day at home every child in the town knew the story of his three terrible days on a raft. The following night, being at the protracted meeting in the First Church with Lucy Wilder, he listened with a boyishly flushed face to more than one fervid reference to his home-coming in prayer and exhortation; and when, just before the close of the meeting, Mr. Blackshaw called on him to relate the experiences of those three days and nights, he told them simply and diffidently, yet so vividly that our throats ached with the suffering of the ship-wrecked men and our eyes were hot with tears.

Challenger had come home by rail, and three days later, John Ketchum, his mate, who had waited for the steamer, arrived. The story of the wreck renewed its life with his coming, but Ketchum had little to say. When Captain Amos Cosgrove, with a touch of reproach in his voice, told him of the meeting in the church, where the captain had related the story with such feeling that the whole audience had been moved, Ketchum simply grinned.

That afternoon, Sim Bennett, the cook, who had returned with Ketchum, came into Palmer's store. Sim, a wiry, red-haired little man of fifty, with a homely wit and a sharp tongue, was warmly welcomed; but when Challenger, who was present, rose, and held out his hand, Sim drew back, fairly yelping:

"No, sir; I don't shake hands with no coward."

No one was prepared for what then happened. Challenger blushed like a boy, and his eyes fell; then slowly he lifted them to the angry man's face.

"Sim," he said in a choking voice, "that 's not fair, and you 'll realize it some day. I could break every bone in

your body for that speech; but I won't. It would n't help to set me right. I 'll do that in my own way, so that even you will see." With that he turned abruptly to walk out of the store.

"Break ev'ry bone in my body, could ye?" Sim shouted after him. "Yes, if my back was turned, an' I was fightin' for my life, like Ole was. If—" But Challenger had gone.

Sim turned to the circle of startled faces standing about him. His voice shook.

"Set himself right in his own way, will he?" he cried. "Well, he 'll have to bring dead men back to help him—men that went down because he lost his nerve. An' that ain't the worst. Our boat was stove, an' when we saw that the schooner was a goner, we patched up a raft. We did n't have much time, and it was n't much of one, but good enough, too. But when the schooner went down, some did n't get to her in time, an' some was drawn down by the suction, so mighty few of us had a show. I 'd got to the raft, an' was lookin' round to see if I could give anybody a hand, when I saw Ole reaching out. He wa'n't no swimmer, but he 'd been all right if he 'd been let alone; but him there, the cap'n, he pulled Ole off,—I saw him with my own eyes, an' so did Mr. Ketchum,—he pulled Ole off, an' clumb over him to git to the raft. An' he was cryin' like a baby, an' half out of his head, he was that scart. Mr. Ketchum had to lash him fast with his own hands. But we did n't see Ole no more."

THAT same evening at eight, Lucy Wilder was sitting with her mother in the living-room of her home, making a forlorn pretense of being busy on a bit of fancy work. Her eyes showed that she had been weeping.

She started nervously as the door-bell rang; but when her mother rose, she put out her hand.

"I 'm going, mother," she said sharply. "You stay right here." Then she walked firmly out of the room, closing the door behind her.

At the outside door she hesitated an instant, then slowly opened it, and stood, tall and pale and silent, confronting Challenger.

He gave a quick glance at her face, and his own fell.

"I see you 've heard," he said with bitterness, "and are against me, like the rest."

"Come in," she said unsmilingly. As he stepped within the hall, she closed the door again, and turned, with her hand still on the knob. "Phil," she asked, "is it true?"

He hesitated a moment before answering.

"I don't know what you 've heard," he replied, with just a hint of irritation in his voice, "but if you mean about Ole, I can't tell you. I really can't. They say I pulled him away from the raft; but as true as there 's a God, Lucy, I did n't know it, if I did. The schooner went down sooner 'n we thought she would, and I was aft. When I saw her head fly up as it did, and knew she was going, I ran. I guess I was pulled down by the suction, for when I came to the surface, there was the raft three or four yards away, and my breath was almost gone. I knew I had to get to the raft at once, if I got there at all, with the sea running as it was, and I suppose I was excited. I guess I did n't think of much but just getting my grip on those planks. How I got there I don't remember; it was all a blank. Certainly I don't remember anything about Ole. I would n't do a thing like that—you ought to know it. I 'd lost my vessel, and I have n't got used to that sort of thing, like some of the folks who 're talking so much about me,—" he spoke bitterly;—"it meant a good deal to me. A captain would feel that most. Somehow I 'd known all along we would n't pull through; it was a kind of presentiment. If any mistake was made, I 'm ready to shoulder it; but that I deliberately took away another man's chance, knowing I did it, that 's false. You ought to know that."

"I do," she said.

He looked up at her quickly, and his face was less wan.

"Then if you—"

"Wait," she said. She hesitated, then looked at him forlornly as she went on: "I do know it; I believe what you say: but, Phil, I can't stand it. You know my father lost his vessel once. I was only a child, but I can remember as plainly as

Drawn by Leon Guipon. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"'NO, SIR; I DON'T SHAKE HANDS WITH NO COWARD'"

if it were yesterday how proud and happy I was when they told of the things he did and stood and suffered—bravely and coolly. You say you have n't got used to losing vessels like some who are blaming you. I suppose you mean Cap'n Jim Miller. Heaven knows he 'd *talk;* but, Phil, you know what he 's mostly had—vessels that were n't fit to leave a duck-pond. It was reckless to go out with them, and maybe he 's reckless at sea. But a woman can't judge that too hard: it 's *brave* at least. And you know the stories they tell about him—how he 'd joke when they thought they were going under any minute; and once he brought all his crew home in an open boat, fairly keeping them alive through those terrible days with his stories and courage and hope. This is different, and I can't bear it. I *can't.*"

His face had grown stern, and when she finished, he turned to the door.

"I see," he said; "you don't care for me any longer. You think I 'm—"

"I *do* care," she cried passionately, "and I always shall; but you 've got to make me proud of you again, and trust you. If things should go on the same with us, I should feel that everybody was pitying me. Phil, I could n't stand it. We 'd never be happy."

She cried herself to sleep that night, and awoke in the gray dawn, accusing herself of pride and hardness. Love was not love, she told herself, that asked all, giving nothing. She would let their world know that she trusted him still; she would make that her pride. But it was too late. Challenger had gone away in the stage even while she was waking.

II

It was the middle of the morning, and Challenger was sitting on the gallery of the ship-broker's office in Port-au-Spain, surrounded by a group of shipmasters. They were telling stories of the sea. He was very quiet, for his own disaster was still too fresh in his mind to bring other than gloomy thoughts, and as he listened, he looked out across the roadstead to where his new vessel, the brig *Cygnet*, lay, with a lighter alongside.

On the bulkhead, a hundred yards away across the open space that skirted the water-front, a throng of negroes were rolling casks aboard other lighters with a gay joyousness that gave to the task a note of merry-making. One, a brawny fellow, was specially conspicuous as he stalked back and forth, singing in a loud recitative, which at times he interrupted to fling back a retort to some laughing comment on his song. They were a happy lot, Challenger thought, as he turned his gaze idly toward them.

Suddenly the singer straightened up, lifting his hand to his head. He must have uttered an exclamation, unheard at that distance, for Challenger saw his companions turn and look at him in strained attention. Then he wheeled about on his heels, staggered away toward a shed, and half-way to it fell with a little cry. The group about him broke and ran.

Behind him Challenger heard a chair scrape as its occupant sprang to his feet, crying: "My God! that nigger 's took quick! Yellow fever 's here, boys."

Challenger had not stirred. In a strange fascination he sat staring across the hot square, now deserted, to where the half-clad negro lay on the glaring white of the shell-covered plaza. The sun beat down upon him; the white sky seemed pitiless. A sickly cocoa-palm by the sea-wall drooped motionless against the glare of the horizon.

The men about him had risen, but in a kind of strained horror Challenger gripped the arms of his chair, powerless to stir. The sight had unnerved him. His head reeled, and his lips were parched. In a sort of abandonment to a flood of self-abasement, he whispered: "It 's all true: I 'm a coward—a coward."

At his shoulder Captain Parrott said angrily:

"That man should n't lie there. I could n't see a dog struck down like that and not lift my hand. We 've got to get him under cover and send word to the hospital. Come, Cap'n Lyons; lend a hand."

"No, sir," retorted Lyons; "I don't run no risks. Where 's the man's friends?"

"Well, Cap'n Challenger," said Parrott, "you, then. You 're young and strong. I guess it won't hurt you to help get a poor sick nigger under cover."

With an effort Challenger rose to his feet and followed Captain Parrott into the hot sunshine.

It seemed to him that his feet dragged and the sky spun dizzily above him. He pushed back his hat, and passed his hand across his forehead. For an instant he saw the world grow black before his eyes, and he bit his lips cruelly to keep back the rising faintness. "I could n't even refuse to go, like Lyons," he thought; "I was afraid to do even that."

He had not lifted his eyes from the ground, his sense of repulsion for the body he was approaching was so great, and he stumbled against Parrott as the latter suddenly paused.

"Good enough!" he was exclaiming. "They 've got some sense, after all."

Then Challenger looked up, and, with a wave of relief, saw half a dozen negroes running with a hand-cart toward the fallen man.

On the gallery, when they went back, they were talking of yellow fever. There was a restrained gravity about them; and the mood, so unlike their usual gay insouciance, deepened Challenger's sense of danger. His fear of death was an obsession; it had always been, he recalled to himself. It was something hideous, abnormal. He watched his vessel lying far out in the windless roadstead, and in his desire to escape to her deck from the danger ashore, he wondered at the indifference of his companions, who sat stolidly on. Yet he dared not make the first move. Gradually he began to listen to their talk.

"You want to keep out of the sun," Lyons was saying, "and don't go out in the night air. That 's bad."

"What you eat has a good deal to do with it," added Captain Parrott; "but, best of all, don't think of it. That 's what bowls a man over."

"I guess that 's so," agreed Captain Mason. "Now, I had a mate once that that moral fitted to a T. We were in New Orleans, loading with cotton for Liverpool, when the fever broke out. It was n't bad, but that man was doomed from the first—could n't seem to get it out of his mind. He talked it when he got up, and he talked it at meals. Got to be a craze with him. Finally I got mad.

" 'See here,' says I, 'suppose you take a rest on yellow fever. You 've got it too much on your mind. It ain't good for you.'

"Well, he quit talking, but he did n't stop thinking, and I used to watch him going about like a man figuring out something in his head, and not noticing anything. Well, it was just as I said. He came down into the cabin one day looking pretty white, and says he: 'Cap'n, how does it come on?' Then I saw his teeth were chattering and he was blue about the mouth. In four hours he was dead."

"Well, I guess I 'm immune," declared Captain Martin. "Had it in Sagua years ago. Nearly keeled me over." He spoke with a calm complacency that seemed to Challenger impious.

Across the square a man was approaching from the direction of the city. He held a buff, green-lined umbrella low over his head and walked slowly. As he stepped upon the gallery, lowering his sun-shade, they saw that it was Burke, the ship-broker. His face wore an anxious look.

"Well, Cap'ns," he said, "I guess you 're going to get demurrage all right."

"How 's that?" demanded Captain Parrott.

Burke waved his hand toward the water-front.

"See that?" he asked. "Quiet 's a graveyard—a good deal quieter than ours are going to be for the next few weeks. I heard yesterday that the fever had broken out over at the south end. They tried to hush it up; but the jig 's up now—ten cases over there this morning, twenty right here in the city. You saw that fellow fall out there?"

They nodded.

"The niggers are in a panic, and are leaving town; everybody 's leaving. There won't be another lighter loaded till the fever 's over. I guess you won't do anything much but grow barnacles out at the anchorage."

"Can't say I mind demurrage, but I 'm not hankering to stay cooped up in this hole," said Captain Lyons.

"Well, I don't want to hurry you away from the office," replied Burke, "but ashore 's no place for most of you. I 'd advise you to get aboard. And keep out of the sun and the night air."

"I guess that 's good advice," Captain Lyons declared. "That 's my boat coming ashore now. Who wants to be set aboard?"

There was a scraping of chairs on the

brick floor of the gallery as the captains rose. Only Captain Martin kept his seat.

"I 'm immune," he said composedly. "I 'm going to stay a while and enjoy Burke's company. It 's better 'n anything I 'll get aboard, with two dumb square-heads for mates."

"Good enough!" declared Burke. "I guess we 're in the same boat—have to put up with what we can get."

III

As Challenger stepped aboard, his mate was sitting on the rail forward, keeping tally on the casks as they were hoisted in. Five were left in the lighter. He marked them down in his tally-book, and followed the captain aft. Challenger was standing in the companionway, scanning the city through the ship's glass.

"A hundred and fifty more will fill us up," the mate said cheerfully. "Now, if we have good luck—"

"We won't," replied the captain. "Yellow fever 's broken out. Everybody 's leaving the city. See that road?" He gave the mate the glass.

The long, white road that mounted steeply into the hills behind the city was crowded with a throng crawling slowly upward. Afoot and in donkey-carts, with here and there a carriage hurrying past the crowd, with its trail of white dust, the long procession streamed upward like files of moving ants. The mate looked long.

"Say, they 've got it bad, ain't they?" he exclaimed, with his eyes still at the glass. "Why, the whole blame' town 's leavin'!" He laid the glass down, and turned his eyes toward the landing. Not a living thing was to be seen. "Everybody struck work ashore?" he asked.

Challenger nodded.

"Catch them niggers stickin' to a job if they can get an excuse for droppin' it!" declared the mate. "Well, I guess we 're goin' to get that month of Sundays folks talk about." His only thought seemed one of detached interest. For himself it had no significance.

For the weeks that they had been together on the brig there had been no real companionship between them. Bunt was a good mate, and knew his place; beyond the formal talk that the working of the vessel made necessary, they had never gone. Now, in his dread, Challenger clung to the man, fascinated by his unconcern.

The days dragged slowly; a week passed. Challenger rarely visited in the fleet, and beyond a withered, impassive, old negro bumboatman who daily made a round of the shipping, they had no communication with the shore. The waterside was deserted. For days the bells in the churches had tolled almost continuously, but now for more than a day not a sound had risen from the stricken city. This in itself seemed ominous.

About three o'clock, Challenger, sitting under the awning over the quarter-deck, saw the bumboat creeping off. Later, he walked to the rail, where the steward stood bargaining with the negro for yams. The mate strolled up. Challenger asked about the fever, and the man shook his head.

"Very bad," he answered.

"I don't hear the bells any more," Challenger went on. "Why 's that?"

The negro was stooping over, filling a basket with yams. Challenger did not catch his reply.

"What did he say?" he asked the mate.

"Says they 're beyond that now; ain't even burying the dead," replied Bunt. Challenger turned away; the thought made him faint.

The thought had impressed itself upon the mate's mind, also, it seemed; for when, later, he followed the captain aft, he recurred to it, but in a wholly different spirit.

"Now, ain't that like these blame' half-baked critters down here?" he said musingly. "Any amount of frills to send a man out of the world with when they 've got the time, an' they ain't no danger—priests a-marching, an' boys with banners an' candles, an' bells a-tinklin', an' all the people kneelin' as they go by; but just as soon 's the dead get to comin' too quick for all such fuss an' circus shows, they drop everything, an' light out without buryin' 'em at all. Makes me tired." He paused, in his eyes a musing look. Then he threw his abstraction aside. "When my time comes, all I ask is to get home. There 'll be a service in the parlor, with all the neighbors droppin' in an' settin' round solemn; an' Dominie

Parker 'll come to the hall door, read a bit, make a prayer an' a little speech. Say, he 'll do the best he can for me, though I ain't never frequented his precincts enough to get round-shouldered settin' in the pews. Angie White 'll sing 'Nearer, My God, to Thee,' an' everybody 'll file out an' ride or walk to the grave; an' there 'll be another prayer an' readin'—dust to dust, ashes to ashes. You know how it goes. No fuss an' feathers, but sincere an' well intentioned from the word go."

Challenger stirred uneasily. This casual familiarity with death shocked him, and he tried to put the thought aside. But the image of Bunt's pictured scene kept rising before him, as he had often seen it at home, now real and terrifying, with this stricken city lying hushed and desolate before his eyes. The white and yellow houses, with their dusty patches of greenery, seemed the very habitation of desolation, the indwelling spirit of which was death. His old inclination to put away from him quickly any disturbing thought was powerless now before this visualized image of his fears. The very atmosphere seemed ominous: it had no life. The stifling heat wrapped him about; the glare from the windless roadstead, which gleamed like molten metal, beat up against his eyeballs. Over against the town the heat-waves rose dizzily, colored and unwholesome, like a miasma.

" 'T ain't very lively, is it?" Bunt had spoken abruptly. It was clear that his thoughts moved, if somewhat more turgidly, through the same channel in which his captain's ran.

Challenger had not replied. He was watching, with painful intentness, a flag slowly rising on the spanker gaff of a vessel anchored off to starboard. In the windless air it rose limp and rag-like; but as it reached the peak, and the halyards were carried inboard, it spread out in straight folds. The union was down.

Challenger leaped to his feet.

"It 's come!" he exclaimed. "The fever 's reached the fleet!"

"Well, I wonder if they think that upside-down flag 's goin' to lift 'em out o' that hole by the slack o' their pants," Bunt drawled. "I take it there ain't any great number of doctors settin' around ashore waitin' for their door-bells to ring. They ain't watchin' no flag of distress."

"They ought to send ashore for one," replied Challenger, irritably.

"Oh, I guess they know it ain't no use," replied Bunt, easily. "I take it that flag 's intended more to let the rest of us know trouble 's on the way than for any good it 's intended to do. Did you ever notice, when we hear bad news, how quick we are to hurry off to tell somebody else about it? Kind o' seem proud of it, though of course we 're sorry. I guess there 's a good deal of human nature in that flag. Well, who next?"

Challenger turned away quickly, seeing in that moment the crew standing at the rail forward, watching the flag. The strained intentness of their gaze, filled as it was with a sort of horrified fascination, oppressed him anew with a sense of the imminence of this lurking danger; and leaving the deck abruptly, he passed down into the cabin. As he stood dazed and uncertain in the familiar place, now no longer a retreat, he heard through the open slide a quick exclamation from Bunt, and then his voice calling sharply down to him. As they met at the head of the companionway, Bunt thrust the ship's glass into Challenger's hand, saying curtly:

"Look there."

Challenger gazed off toward the stricken vessel. Two boats, filled with men, were pulling out from her side. For a moment they paused under the stern of a neighboring vessel, and then shot out toward the land, heading away from the town toward the high, wooded hills that came down to the beach on the right. On the deck of the abandoned vessel nothing moved.

"It 's the crew," he said slowly. "I can't make out Cap'n Lyons or his mate in the boat. The mate 's an old fellow with a gray beard. Here, see if you can find them." He passed the glass to Bunt.

"It 's the crew," agreed Bunt, after a long pause; "and the second mate is there, too. Well, I guess we don't need to know no more: the old man or his mate, or both, are down with the fever." He lowered the glass and looked at Challenger.

Challenger nodded, and stepped out upon the deck. With a quick marshaling

of all his faculties, he went below, opened his medicine-chest, and, seizing his book of directions, ascended to the deck.

"Mr. Bunt," he ordered, "lower the dinghy over the side, and put in an oar."

Bunt hesitated.

"Why, Cap'n," he said, "don't you think—"

Challenger waved him off.

"Don't wait," he commanded. "Hurry."

Taking a slip of paper from his pocket, he wrote down the name of Lucy Wilder and her address; and when, five minutes later, he stepped over the rail, he gave it to Bunt.

"If I don't come back," he said, "write to her, and tell her why."

"I will," Bunt promised; "but you 'll come back," he added with quiet hopefulness. "You 're too good a man to lose like that."

Challenger shook his head impatiently.

"The point is, I 'm ready to take the risk of not coming back," he corrected. Then he dropped into the boat, and standing erect, sculled away.

He did not once look back. For a moment his exaltation of mood beat down his morbid fear of death, and in a vivid picture he saw himself returning home, whither the tidings of his deed had preceded him, calm and apparently unmoved amid a chorus of awed praise, which was to be all the sweeter because of its touch of remorse. At that moment he could even think with calmness of dying, and with a touch of that barbaric satisfaction in the suffering of those we love that we all feel, when aggrieved, he pictured Lucy passing her days in sad repentance.

But as he drew near the deserted vessel, and saw her sinister hull rise darkly before him, his horror of the terrifying presence that lurked behind her wooden walls awoke again. Yet he sculled steadily on, even exulting in his spiritual mastery of his fear, though all his physical being was near to collapse.

In such fashion he moved on till his boat scraped along the side, and seizing the channel with cold hands, he caught up his painter and swung himself up to the deck. For a moment he gazed about him, noting the evidence of haste in the departure of the crew. The uncovered hatchways, the smoke still rising from the galley fire, the paint-pots and scrapers cluttering the disordered deck—he stared at them dully, comprehending their significance only as fresh and vivid details of the horror that lay hidden in the silent cabin which he must even then enter. With a quick bracing of all his senses to meet the shock, he walked slowly toward the open door.

IV

He was gone just five days. Twilight was falling as he went up the side of his own vessel, where Bunt stood waiting with a smile of welcome. His own face was white and drawn with fatigue, but in his eyes there shone a light that Bunt had never seen in them before—the light of hope.

"Well?" exclaimed Bunt as he wrung his hand.

"The mate 's gone," replied Challenger, "but Cap'n Lyons is getting well. Cap'n Martin 's with him now; he 's had the fever."

"I saw him go aboard," the mate declared. "An' no one else came near you?"

"No," Challenger answered. "I 'm pretty tired."

"The cowards!" exclaimed Bunt, hotly. "I 'd gone myself, but I had to stand by the vessel. The crew would have taken to the hills; had to watch 'em every minute. But some one else might have gone—some captain. Well, it ain't no picnic, I suppose," he added.

Challenger looked at him with a tired smile.

"Mr. Bunt," he said, "I was afraid myself—every minute. I 've got to tell you."

"But you went, did n't you?" said the mate. "That 's the point. Now, me—you know how I am; one thing 's about the same 's another. I don't feel things. Some folks call that courage! Good Lord! by that kind o' reckonin', I guess a wooden Injin in front of a cigar store 's about the bravest thing you could scare up. But when a man sees things to the very end, an' all that can happen, but goes right on, that 's what I take my hat off to every time."

"Well, don't take it off to me," replied Challenger; but as he sank upon the lounge in the cabin, he was still smiling, and it was clear that he was pleased.

Bunt seemed not to hear. He had

paused in the middle of the cabin in deep thought, but suddenly he looked up.

"Cap'n," he said, "I suppose I ought to tell you, but George ain't feelin' just right. He 's in a good deal o' pain. I had the deck-house cleared out, an' carried him in there. The crew 's badly scared."

Challenger rose to his feet.

"I got that out," the mate went on impassively,—he thrust his foot out toward the medicine-chest,—"an' doctored him for the fever. Did n't think it was worth while experimentin' on any other disease just now."

"I 'll go and take a look at him," said the captain, and moved heavily toward the companionway; but Bunt caught his arm.

"You 've done your share for one spell, sir," he protested. "Go turn in now. You 're played out. I 'll look out for George."

But Challenger shook his head.

"It 's my place to look out for my crew, Mr. Bunt," he replied. "You stay right here."

He was white and spent when he came out of the deck-house half an hour later. As he mounted to the poop-deck, where Bunt was standing, he said:

"Don't you think we ought to try to get a doctor aboard?"

Bunt smiled.

"Say, Cap'n, did you ever have any dealin's with any of these doctors down here? As a general thing, I take it they 're kind of a cross between an Indian medicine-man and a female Christian Scientist. Besides, they don't take to *Americanos* no great. Sooner work over a pet cat; an' that ain't professional. Then, too, they 've got their hands full ashore, if they have n't lit out for the hills. Any which way you look at the proposition, I guess we 're up a tree."

The captain nodded.

"I suppose you 're right," he acquiesced, and went back to the cabin. At half-past nine he returned to the deck-house, to give George his hourly medicine. By the light of the lantern the man's face had shown haggard, but his pain was gone. The air of the place was stifling, and Challenger had not lingered. Though inexpressibly weary, his heart was light, and he returned with new hope.

"I think he 's going to pull through," he said. "I 'd like to save him."

But as he sank into a chair by the cabin table, and rested his head on his hand, Bunt glanced at him.

"Cap'n," he said, "you 're used up; let me do this. You 've done your share."

Challenger raised his head.

"My share 's bigger than you know," he replied enigmatically. "I 've got old scores to pay off."

They sat on in silence. The loud tick of the clock seemed to fill the place. As the hands marked the hour of ten, and the clock struck four bells, Challenger jumped nervously.

"I thought it was later," he said.

"Slow work," Bunt replied composedly.

The lamp burned lower, and all at once began to sputter. A red rim showed about the wick.

"That blame' steward 's forgot to fill it again," exclaimed Bunt, and rose.

"Blow it out," said the captain. "It hurts my eyes."

Out of the darkness at last Bunt spoke again.

"Turn in for a while, sir," he begged. "I 'll look after George."

"No," answered Challenger, stubbornly.

Then his weariness, the darkness, and the ready sympathy of Bunt, made him loquacious.

"Did you ever do anything,—make a mistake or something,—and find that nothing you could ever do after that could set it right?" he asked. "Everything seemed to lead right back to that, like a dead wall; and there you were, helpless."

"More times than you could shake a stick at," replied Bunt. "An' after every one I 'd say, 'Well, this finishes me,' an' I 'd feel pretty down in the mouth. But somehow I kept on goin', an' gradually gettin' chirpier an' chirpier, an' first thing I knew that blame' fatal mistake had slipped clean out of my mind. Now I 've got so I kind o' distrust 'em." He laughed.

"Well, this is different," declared Challenger, and began to tell of the loss of his vessel.

When he finished there was an awkward pause, which Bunt at last broke.

"Hard luck!" he said, and relapsed into sympathetic silence.

Challenger's heart sank with a sickening sense of defeat. It seemed to him

that there was a difference in the man's tone—as if he had withdrawn all sympathy. He felt unutterably alone and helpless. Back of all his fidelity, his patient endurance, his subjugation of self, he saw the specter of his old defeat rise, dominating his life. As if a prop had been removed, his strength seemed suddenly to give way. As he rose to go up to the deck he staggered.

As he drew near the deck-house, he saw that the lantern was out; the acrid smell of burnt wick in the place disclosed the cause.

"Confound it! Can't they keep any lamp filled!" he muttered, and angrily lighted a match. As the blue flame flickered up, he started. The face on the blanket was ghastly. The man's jaw had fallen. With a startled exclamation, Challenger dropped the match, and reached out his hand to the man's forehead. As his fingers touched it, he drew sharply back. It was cold.

Challenger went blindly out of the deck-house and aft, stumbling down the companionway as Bunt was lighting a lamp. The mate turned, stared, then jumped forward.

"Why, Cap'n!" he exclaimed. "Cap'n!"

"He 's dead," muttered Challenger—"George is dead." He sank into a chair, raising his hand mechanically to his forehead. A shiver ran through his frame, and with a sinking of the heart Bunt saw that his lips were blue and drawn and his teeth were chattering.

It was near the middle of the next forenoon when Captain Martin, who had been summoned, came aboard. Later, as he came up out of the cabin with Bunt, and walked to the side-ladder, he stood for a moment at the rail. His face wore a puzzled look. He turned to the mate.

"You say you don't know what made him think the man dead?"

Bunt shook his head sadly.

"Have n't a notion," he replied. "Soon 's I got the cap'n fixed comfortable, I went up to see about George. He was settin' up. His forehead was moist, an' his pain gone. Then he told me he 'd bought some fruit of the bumboatman. The cap'n would n't allow it aboard just now. It 's pretty queer."

"Yes," replied Captain Martin; "it 's a strange case—very strange." He stepped over the rail and began to descend the side-ladder. Half-way down he paused. "But one thing 's pretty sure," he said: "it was n't yellow fever that killed Captain Challenger. There 's not a tinge of yellow on the body. There always is, you know, in yellow fever—always."

"I guess he was played out, if the truth was told," said Bunt. "He could n't seem to do enough; and he had too much imagination. Did n't only see a thing, but saw 'way beyond it—all the consequences, an' just how they 'd happen."

Captain Martin nodded.

"I guess that 's so," he agreed. "I noticed he was a good deal worked up the day the fever broke out. Looks as if it was a kind o' presentiment, don't it?"

"Yes," said the mate. "I guess he 'd have 'em pretty easy—with his imagination. Now, I ain't got no more 'n a cow. I don't know but what that 's a good thing for a sailor. But, Cap'n Martin, when a man like that can do the thing he 's done, I take off my hat to him every time. It was the bravest thing I ever saw."

A month later Lucy Wilder sat reading over for the fifth time the letter in which Bunt had set down the story plainly but vividly in his characteristic fashion. Through a mist of tears she read the last words, then dropped her face on her folded arms as they lay along the table. In the hush that followed her mother stepped softly across the room and laid her hand on Lucy's head.

"Don't, dear!" she begged. "You 'll kill yourself grieving so. Don't!"

Lucy lifted her face. It was almost luminous.

"I 'm not grieving, mother," she said, —"not yet. Just now I can only be glad —and proud—proud of him. Though I shall never see him again, I shall never forget him or cease to be proud of him, for he was a brave man and did brave things. I doubted him once, but now I know the truth, and I feel that he knows that I know it, and is glad. He must, if God is good."

THE SPELL OF EGYPT

AS REVEALED IN ITS MONUMENTS

SIXTH PAPER: PHILÆ

BY ROBERT HICHENS

Author of "The Garden of Allah," etc.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM NATURE BY JULES GUÉRIN

AS I drew slowly nearer and nearer to the home of "the great Enchantress," or, as Isis was also called in bygone days, "the Lady of Philæ," the land began to change in character, to be full of a new and barbaric meaning. In recent years I have paid many visits to northern Africa, but only to Tunis and Algeria, countries that are wilder-looking, and much wilder-seeming, than Egypt. Now, as I approached Assuan, I seemed at last to be also approaching the real, the intense Africa that I had known in the Sahara, the enigmatic siren, savage and strange and wonderful, whom the typical Ouled Näil, crowned with gold, and tufted with ostrich plumes, painted with kohl, tattooed, and perfumed, hung with golden coins and amulets, and framed in plaits of coarse, false hair, represents indifferently to the eyes of the traveling stranger. For at last I saw the sands that I love creeping down to the banks of the Nile. And they brought with them that wonderful air which belongs only to them—the air that dwells among the dunes in the solitary places, that is like the cool touch of liberty upon the face of a man, that makes the brown child of the nomad as lithe, tireless, and fierce-spirited as a young panther, and sets flames in the eyes of the Arab horse, and gives speed of the wind to the Sloughi. The true lover of the desert can never rid his soul of its passion for the sands, and now my heart leaped as I stole into their pure embraces, as I saw to right and left amber curves and sheeny recesses, shining ridges and bloomy clefts. The clean delicacy of those sands that, in long and glowing hills, stretched out from Nubia to meet me, who could ever describe them? Who could ever describe their soft and enticing shapes, their exquisite gradations of color, the little shadows in their hollows, the fiery beauty of their crests, the patterns the cool winds make upon them? It is an enchanted *royaume* of the sands through which one approaches Isis.

Isis and engineers! We English people have effected that curious introduction, and we greatly pride ourselves upon it. We have presented Sir William Garstin, and Mr. John Blue, and Mr. Fitz Maurice, and other clever, hard-working men to the fabled Lady of Philæ, and they have given her a gift: a dam two thousand yards in length, upon which tourists go smiling on trolleys. Isis has her expensive tribute,—it cost about a million and a half pounds,—and no doubt she ought to be gratified.

Yet I think Isis mourns on altered Philæ, as she mourns with her sister, Nepthys, at the heads of so many mummies of Osirians upon the walls of Egyptian tombs. And though the fellaheen very rightly rejoice, there are some unpractical sentimentalists who form a company about her, and make their plaint with hers—their plaint for the peace that is gone, for the lost calm, the departed poetry, that once hung, like a delicious, like an inimitable, atmosphere, about the palms of the "Holy Island."

I confess that I dreaded to revisit Philæ. I had sweet memories of the island that had been with me for many years—memories of still mornings under the palm-trees, watching the gliding waters of the river, or gazing across them to the long sweep of the empty sands; memories of drowsy, golden noons, when the bright world seemed softly sleeping, and the almost daffodil-colored temple dreamed under the quivering canopy of blue; memories of evenings when a benediction from the lifted hands of Romance surely fell upon the temple and the island and the river; memories of moonlit nights, when the spirits of the old gods to whom the temples were reared surely held converse with the spirits of the desert, with Mirage and her pale and evading sisters of the great spaces, under the brilliant stars. I dreaded, because I could not believe the asseverations of certain practical persons, full of the hard and almost angry desire of "Progress," that no harm had been done by the creation of the reservoir, but that, on the contrary, it had benefited the temple. The action of the water upon the stone, they said with vehement voices, instead of loosening it and causing it to crumble untimely away, had tended to harden and consolidate it. Here I should like to lie, but I resist the temptation. Monsieur Naville has stated that possibly the English engineers have helped to prolong the lives of the buildings of Philæ, and Monsieur Maspero has declared that "the state of the temple of Philæ becomes continually more satisfactory." So be it! Longevity has been, by a happy chance, secured. But what of beauty? What of the beauty of the past, and what of the schemes for the future? Is Philæ even to be left as it is, or are the waters of the Nile to be artificially raised still higher, until Philæ ceases to be? Soon, no doubt, an answer will be given.

Meanwhile, instead of the little island that I knew, and thought a little paradise breathing out enchantment in the midst of titanic sterility, I found a something diseased. Philæ now, when out of the water, as it was all the time when I was last in Egypt, looks like a thing stricken with some creeping malady—one of those maladies which begin in the lower members of a body, and work their way gradually but inexorably upward to the trunk, until they attain the heart.

I came to it by the desert, and descended to Shellal—Shellal with its railway-station, its workmen's buildings, its tents, its dozens of screens to protect the hewers of stone from the burning rays of the sun, its bustle of people, of overseers, engineers, and workmen, Egyptian, Nubian, Italian, and Greek. The silence I had known was gone, though the desert lay all around—the great sands, the great masses of granite that look as if patiently waiting to be fashioned into obelisks, and sarcophagi, and statues. But away there across the bend of the river, dominating the ugly rummage of this intrusive beehive of human bees, sheer grace overcoming strength both of nature and human nature, rose the fabled "Pharaoh's Bed"; gracious, tender, from Shellal most delicately perfect, and glowing with pale gold against the grim background of the hills on the western shore. It seemed to plead for mercy, like something feminine threatened with outrage, to protest through its mere beauty, as a woman might protest by an attitude against further desecration.

And in the distance the Nile roared through the many gates of the dam, making answer to the protest.

What irony was in this scene! In the old days of Egypt, Philæ was sacred ground, was the Nile-protected home of sacerdotal mysteries, was a veritable Mecca to the believers in Osiris, to which it was forbidden even to draw near without permission. The ancient Egyptians swore solemnly "By him who sleeps in Philæ." Now they sometimes swear angrily at him who wakes in, or at least by, Philæ, and keeps them steadily going at their appointed tasks. And instead of it being forbidden to draw near to a sacred spot, needy men from foreign countries flock thither in eager crowds, not to worship in beauty, but to earn a living wage.

And "Pharaoh's Bed" looks out over the water and seems to wonder what will be the end.

I was glad to escape from Shellal, pursued by the shriek of an engine announcing its departure from the station, glad to be on the quiet water, to put it between me and that crowd of busy workers. Before me I saw a vast lake, not unlovely,

THE ISLAND OF PHILÆ

PAINTED FROM NATURE BY JULES GUÉRIN

where once the Nile flowed swiftly, and far off a gray smudge—the very damnable dam. All about me was a grim and cruel world of rocks, and of hills that look almost like heaps of rubbish, some of them gray, some of them in color so dark that they resemble the lava torrents petrified near Catania, or the "black country" in England through which one rushes on one's way to the North. Just here and there, sweetly almost as the pink blossoms of the wild oleander, which I have seen from Sicilian seas lifting their heads from the crevices of sea rocks, the amber and rosy sands of Nubia smiled down over gritstone and granite.

The setting of Philæ is severe. Even in bright sunshine it has an iron look. On a gray or stormy day it would be forbidding or even terrible. In the old winters and springs one loved Philæ the more because of the contrast of its setting with its own lyrical beauty, its curious tenderness of charm—a charm in which the isle itself was mingled with its buildings. But now, and before my boat had touched the quay, I saw that the island must be ignored—if possible.

The water with which it is entirely covered during a great part of the year seems to have cast a blight upon it. The very few palms have a drooping and tragic air. The ground has a gangrened appearance, and much of it shows a crawling mass of unwholesome-looking plants, which seem crouching down, as if ashamed of their brutal exposure by the receded river, and of harsh and yellow-green grass, unattractive to the eyes. As I stepped on shore, I felt as if I were stepping on disease. But at least there were the buildings, undisturbed by any outrage. Again I turned toward "Pharaoh's Bed," toward the temple standing apart from it, which already I had seen from the desert, near Shellal, gleaming with its gracious sand-yellow, lifting its series of straight lines of masonry above the river and the rocks, looking from a distance very simple, with a simplicity like that of clear water, but as enticing as the light on the first real day of spring.

I went first to "Pharaoh's Bed."

Imagine a woman with a perfectly lovely face, with features as exquisitely proportioned as those, say, of Praxiteles's statue of the Cnidian Aphrodite, for which King Nicomedes was willing to remit the entire national debt of Cnidus, and with a warmly white rose-leaf complexion—one of those complexions one sometimes sees in Italian women, colorless, yet suggestive almost of glow, of purity, with the flame of passion behind it. Imagine that woman attacked by a malady which leaves her features exactly as they were, but which changes the color of her face—from the throat upward to just beneath the nose—from the warm white to a mottled, grayish hue. Imagine the line that would seem to be traced between the two complexions—the mottled gray below the warm white still glowing above. Imagine this, and you have "Pharaoh's Bed" and the temple of Philæ as they are to-day.

"Pharaoh's Bed," which stands alone close to the Nile on the eastern side of the island, is not one of those rugged, majestic buildings, full of grandeur and splendor, which can bear, can "carry off," as it were, a cruelly imposed ugliness without being affected as a whole. It is, on the contrary, a small, almost an airy, and a femininely perfect thing, in which a singular loveliness of form was combined with a singular loveliness of color. The spell it threw over you was not so much a spell woven of details as a spell woven of divine uniformity. To put it in very practical language, "Pharaoh's Bed" was "all of a piece." The form was married to the color. The color seemed to melt into the form. It was indeed a bed in which the soul that worships beauty could rest happily entranced. Nothing jarred. Antiquaries say that apparently this building was left unfinished. That may be so. But for all that it was one of the most finished things in Egypt, essentially a thing to inspire within one the "perfect calm that is Greek." The blighting touch of the Nile, which has changed the beautiful pale yellow of the stone of the lower part of the building to a hideous and dreary gray,—which made me think of a steel knife on which liquid has been spilt and allowed to run,—has destroyed the uniformity, the balance, the faultless melody lifted up by form and color. And so it is with the temple. It is as it were cut in two by the intrusion into it of this hideous, mottled complexion left by the receded water. Everywhere one sees disease

on walls and columns, almost blotting out bas-reliefs, giving to their active figures a morbid, a sickly look. The effect is specially distressing in the open court that precedes the temple dedicated to the Lady of Philæ. In this court, which is at the southern end of the island, the Nile at certain seasons is now forced to rise very nearly as high as the capitals of many of the columns. The consequence of this is that here the disease seems making rapid strides. One feels it is drawing near to the heart, and that the poor, doomed invalid may collapse at any moment.

Yes, there is much to make one sad at Philæ. But how much of pure beauty there is left—of beauty that mutely protests against any further outrage!

As there is something epic in the grandeur of the Lotus Hall at Karnak, so there is something lyrical in the soft charm of the Philæ temple. Certain things or places, certain things in certain places, always suggest to my mind certain people in whose genius I take delight—who have won me, and moved me by their art. Whenever I go to Philæ, the name of Shelley comes to me. I scarcely could tell why. I have no special reason to connect Shelley with Philæ. But when I see that almost airy loveliness of stone, so simply elegant, so, somehow, spring-like in its pale-colored beauty, its happy, daffodil charm, with its touch of the Greek,—the sensitive hand from Attica stretched out over Nubia,—I always think of Shelley. I think of Shelley the youth who dived down into the pool so deep that it seemed he was lost forever to the sun. I think of Shelley the poet, full of a lyric ecstasy, who was himself like an embodied

> longing for something afar
> From the sphere of our sorrow.

Lyrical Philæ is like a temple of dreams, and of all poets Shelley might have dreamed the dream, and have told it to the world in a song.

For all its solidity, there are a strange lightness and grace in the temple of Philæ; there is an elegance you will not find in the other temples of Egypt. But it is an elegance quite undefiled by weakness, by any sentimentality. (Even a building, like a love-lorn maid, can be sentimental.) Edward Fitzgerald once defined taste as the feminine of genius. Taste prevails in Philæ, a certain delicious femininity that seduces the eyes and the heart of man. Shall we call it the spirit of Isis?

I have heard a clever critic and antiquarian declare that he is not very fond of Philæ; that he feels a certain "spuriousness" in the temple due to the mingling of Greek with Egyptian influences. He may be right. I am no antiquarian, and, as a mere lover of beauty, I do not feel this "spuriousness." I can see neither two quarreling strengths nor any weakness caused by division. I suppose I see only the beauty, as I might see only the beauty of a woman bred of a handsome father and mother of different races, and who, not typical of either, combined in her features and figure distinguishing merits of both. It is true that there is a particular pleasure which is roused in us only by the absolutely typical—the completely thoroughbred person or thing. It may be a pleasure not caused by beauty, and it may be very keen, nevertheless. When it is combined with the joy roused in us by all beauty, it is a very pure emotion of exceptional delight. Philæ does not, perhaps, give this emotion. But it certainly has a lovableness that attaches the heart in a quite singular degree. The Philæ-lover is the most faithful of lovers. The hold of his mistress upon him, once it has been felt, is never relaxed. And in his affection for Philæ there is, I think, nearly always a rainbow strain of romance.

When we love anything, we love to be able to say of the object of our devotion, "There is nothing like it." Now, in all Egypt, and I suppose in all the world, there is nothing just like Philæ. There are temples, yes; but where else is there a bouquet of gracious buildings such as these gathered in such a holder as this tiny, raft-like isle? And where else are just such delicate and, as I have said, light and almost feminine elegance and charm set in the midst of such severe sterility? Once, beyond Philæ, the Great Cataract roared down from the wastes of Nubia into the green fertility of Upper Egypt. It roars no longer. But still the masses of the rocks, and still the amber and the yellow sands, and still the iron-

colored hills, keep guard round Philæ. And still, despite the vulgar desecration that has turned Shellal into a workmen's suburb and dowered it with a railway-station, there is mystery in Philæ, and the sense of isolation that only an island gives. Even now one can forget in Philæ —forget, after a while, and in certain parts of its building, the presence of the gray disease; forget the threatening of the altruists, who desire to benefit humanity by clearing as much beauty out of humanity's abiding-place as possible; forget the fact of the railway, except when the shriek of the engine floats over the water to one's ears; forget economic problems and the destruction that their solving brings upon the silent world of things whose "use," denied, unrecognized, or laughed at, to man is in their holy beauty, whose mission lies not upon the broad highways where tramps the hungry body, but upon the secret, shadowy byways where glides the hungry soul.

Yes, one can forget even now in the hall of the temple of Isis, where the capricious graces of form are linked with the capricious graces of color, where, like old and delicious music in the golden strings of a harp, dwells a something—what is it? A murmur, or a perfume, or a breathing?—of old and vanished years when forsaken gods were worshiped. And one can forget in the chapel of Hathor, on whose wall little Horus is born, and in the gray hounds' chapel beside it. One can forget, for one walks in beauty.

Lovely are the doorways in Philæ; enticing are the shallow steps that lead one onward and upward; gracious the yellow towers that seem to smile a quiet welcome. And there is one chamber that is simply a place of magic—the hall of the painted portico, the delicious hall of the flowers.

It is this chamber which always makes me think of Philæ as a lovely temple of dreams, this silent, retired chamber, where some fabled princess might well have been touched to a long, long sleep of enchantment, and lain for years upon years among the magical flowers—the lotus, and the palm, and the papyrus.

In my youth it made upon me an indelible impression. Through intervening years, filled with many new impressions, many wanderings, many visions of beauty in other lands, that retired, painted chamber had not faded from my mind—or shall I say from my heart? There had seemed to me within it something that was ineffable, as in a lyric of Shelley's there is something that is ineffable, or in certain pictures of Boecklin, such as "The Villa by the Sea." And when at last, almost afraid and hesitating, I came into it once more, I found in it again the strange spell of old enchantment.

It seems as if this chamber had been imagined by a poet, who had set it in the center of the temple of his dream. It is such a spontaneous chamber that one can scarcely imagine it more than a day and a night in the building. Yet in detail it is lovely; it is finished and strangely mighty; it is a lyric in stone, the most poetical chamber, perhaps, in the whole of Egypt. For Philæ I count in Egypt, though really it is in Nubia.

One who has not seen Philæ may perhaps wonder how a tall chamber of solid stone, containing heavy and soaring columns, can be like a lyric of Shelley's, can be exquisitely spontaneous, and yet hold a something of mystery that makes one tread softly in it, and fear to disturb within it some lovely sleeper of Nubia, some Princess of the Nile. He must continue to wonder. To describe this chamber calmly, as I might, for instance, describe the temple of Derr, would be simply to destroy it. For things ineffable cannot be fully explained, or not be fully felt by those the twilight of whose dreams is fitted to mingle with their twilight. They who are meant to love with ardor *se passionnent pour la passion.* And they who are meant to take and to keep the spirit of a dream, whether it be hidden in a poem, or held in the cup of a flower, or enfolded in arms of stone, will surely never miss it, even though they can hear roaring loudly above its elfin voices the cry of directed waters rushing down to Upper Egypt.

How can one disentangle from their tapestry web the different threads of a spell? And even if one could, if one could hold them up, and explain, "The cause of the spell is that this comes in contact with this, and that this, which I show you, blends with, fades into, this," how could it advantage any one? Nothing would be made clearer, nothing be

really explained. The ineffable is, and must ever remain, something remote and mysterious.

And so one may say many things of this painted chamber of Philæ, and yet never convey, perhaps never really know, the innermost cause of its charm. In it there is obvious beauty of form, and a seizing beauty of color, beauty of sunlight and shadow, of antique association. This turquoise blue is enchanting, and Isis was worshiped here. What has the one to do with the other? Nothing; and yet how much! For is not each of these facts a thread in the tapestry web of the spell? The eyes see the rapture of this very perfect blue. The imagination hears, as if very far off, the solemn chanting of priests, and smells the smoke of strange perfumes, and sees the long, aquiline nose and the thin, haughty lips of the goddess. And the color becomes strange to the eyes, as well as very lovely, because, perhaps, it was there—it almost certainly was there—when from Constantinople went forth the decree that all Egypt should be Christian; when the priests of the sacred brotherhood of Isis were driven from their temple.

Isis nursing Horus gave way to the Virgin and the child. But the cycles spin away down "the ringing grooves of change." From Egypt has passed away that decreed Christianity. Now from the minaret the muezzin cries, and in palm-shaded villages I hear the loud hymns of earnest pilgrims starting on the journey to Mecca. And ever this painted chamber shelters its mystery of poetry, its mystery of charm. And still its marvelous colors are fresh as in the far-off pagan days, and the opening lotus-flowers, and the closed lotus-buds, and the palm and the papyrus, are on the perfect columns. And their intrinsic loveliness, and their freshness, and their age, and the mysteries they have looked on—all these facts are part of the spell that governs us to-day. In Edfu one is inclosed in a wonderful austerity. And one can only worship. In Philæ one is wrapped in a radiance of color. And one can only dream. For there is coral pink, and there a wonderful green, "like the green light that lingers in the west," and there is a blue as deep as the blue of a tropical sea; and there are green-blue and lustrous, ardent red. And the odd fantasy in the coloring, is not that like the fantasy in the temple of a dream? For those who painted these capitals for the greater glory of Isis did not fear to depart from nature, and to their patient worship a blue palm perhaps seemed a rarely sacred thing. And that palm is part of the spell, and the reliefs upon the walls, and even the Coptic crosses that are cut into the stone.

But, at the end, one can only say that this place is indescribable, and not because it is complex or terrifically grand, like Karnak. Go to it on a sunlit morning, or stand in it in late afternoon, and perhaps you will feel that it "suggests" you, that it carries you away, out of familiar regions into a land of dreams, where among hidden ways the soul is lost in magic. Yes, you are gone.

To the right—for one, alas! cannot live in a dream forever—is a lovely doorway through which one sees the river. Facing it is another doorway, showing a fragment of the poor, vivisected island, some ruined walls, and still another doorway in which, again, is framed the Nile. Many people have cut their names upon the walls of Philæ. Once, as I sat alone there, I felt strongly attracted to look upward to a wall, as if some personality, enshrined within the stone, were watching me, or calling. I looked, and saw written "Balzac."

Philæ is the last temple that one visits before he gives himself to the wildness of the solitudes of Nubia. It stands at the very frontier. As one goes up the Nile, it is like a smiling adieu from the Egypt one is leaving. As one comes down, it is like a smiling welcome. In its delicate charm I feel something of the charm of the Egyptian character. There are moments, indeed, when I identify Egypt with Philæ. For in Philæ one must dream; and on the Nile, too, one must dream. And always the dream is happy, and shot through with radiant light—light that is as radiant as the colors in Philæ's temple. The pylons of Ptolemy smile at you as you go up or come down the river. And the people of Egypt smile as they enter into your dream. A suavity, too, is theirs. I think of them often as artists, who know their parts in the dream-play, who know exactly their function, and how to fulfil it rightly. They sing, while you are

THE GREAT ROCK-TEMPLE OF ABU-SIMBEL

PAINTED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY JULES GUÉRIN

dreaming, but it is an under-song, like the murmur of an Eastern river far off from any sea. It never disturbs, this music, but it helps you in your dream. And they are softly gay. And in their eyes there is often the gleam of sunshine, for they are the children—but not grown men—of the sun. That, indeed, is one of the many strange things in Egypt—the youthfulness of its age, the childlikeness of its almost terrible antiquity. One goes there to look at the oldest things in the world and to feel perpetually young—young as Philæ is young, as a lyric of Shelley's is young, as all of our day-dreams are young, as the people of Egypt are young.

Oh, that Egypt could be kept as it is, even as it is now; that Philæ could be preserved even as it is now! The spoilers are there, those blithe modern spirits, so frightfully clever and capable, so industrious, so determined, so unsparing of themselves and—of others! Already they are at work "benefiting Egypt." Tall chimneys begin to vomit smoke along the Nile. A damnable tram-line for little trolleys leads one toward the wonderful Colossi of Memnon. Close to Kom Ombos some soul imbued with romance has had the inspiration to set up—a factory. And Philæ—is it to go?

Is beauty, then, of no value in the world? Is it always to be the prey of modern progress? Is nothing to be considered sacred; nothing to be left untouched, unsmirched by the grimy fingers of improvement? I suppose nothing.

Then let those who still care to dream go now to Philæ's painted chamber by the long reaches of the Nile; go on, if they will, to the giant forms of Abu-Simbel among the Nubian sands. And perhaps they will think with me, that in some dreams there is a value greater than the value that is entered in any bank-book, and they will say, with me, however uselessly:

"Leave to the world some dreams, some places in which to dream; for if it needs dams to make the grain grow in the stretches of land that were barren, and railways, and tram-lines, and factory chimneys that vomit black smoke in the face of the sun, surely it needs also painted chambers of Philæ and the silence that comes down from Isis."

THE END

THE DAYS

BY MARY THACHER HIGGINSON

I MUST arise and meet the new-born Day.
She comes with eager step; but shall I dare
To look upon her purity, and share
The ventures of her brief, untrodden way?
For Yesterday and I went far astray.
She took my hopeful hand, she cried, "Beware!"
But long ere sunset she was bowed by care;
My thoughts or deeds had made her old and gray.
Still let me try again, and yet once more,
O messengers of the forgiving sky!
For though thy lessons be forgotten lore,
Though disappointed months and years flit by,
And this dear, puzzling life will soon be o'er,
I crave one perfect day before I die.

THE REMINISCENCES OF LADY RANDOLPH CHURCHILL

BY MRS. GEORGE CORNWALLIS-WEST

ELEVENTH PAPER: THE DEVONSHIRE HOUSE FANCY-DRESS BALL—THE OUTBREAK OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN WAR—FORMATION OF THE COMMITTEE OF THE AMERICAN HOSPITAL-SHIP *MAINE*—DEPARTURE FOR SOUTH AFRICA

RARELY has the London social world been so stirred as by the fancy-dress ball given at Devonshire House, July 2, 1897. For weeks, not to say months, beforehand, it seemed the principal topic of conversation. The absorbing question was what characters our friends and ourselves were going to represent. Great were the confabulations and mysteries. With bated breath and solemn mien a fair dame would whisper to some few dozen or more that she was going to represent the Queen of Cyprus or Aspasia, Frédégonde or Petrarch's Laura, but the secret *must* be kept. Historical books were ransacked for inspirations, old pictures and engravings were studied, and people became learned in respect to past celebrities of whom they had never before heard. The less well-known the characters, the more eagerly were they sought after. "Never heard of Simonetta? How curious? but surely you remember Botticelli's picture of her—one of the beauties of the Florentine court? No? How strange!"

"My dress is to be old Venetian pink velvet, with gold embroideries—one of those medieval women. I can't remember her name; but that 's of no consequence. Masses of jewelry, of course."

The men, oddly enough, were even more excited over their costumes than the women, and many paid extravagant sums for them. There is no doubt that when a man begins to think about his appearance, he competes with women to some purpose, money, time, and thought being of no account to him. On the night of the ball, the excitement rose to fever heat. Every coiffeur in London and Paris was requisitioned, and so busy were they that some of the poor victims actually had their locks tortured early in the morning, sitting all day in a rigid attitude, or, like Agag, "walking delicately."

Devonshire House, with its marble staircase and glorious pictures, was a fitting frame for the distinguished company which thronged its beautiful rooms. Every one of note and interest was there, representing the intellect, beauty, and fashion of the day, from the present King and Queen (then Prince and Princess of Wales) dressed respectively as the Grand Prior of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem and Marguerite de Valois, to the newest Radical member of Parliament, gorgeously attired as the Great Mogul. The Duchess of Devonshire, who looked exceedingly well as Zenobia, Queen of Palmyra, and the Duke as the Emperor Charles V, on a raised daïs at the end of the ball-room received the endless procession that passed by, bowing, courtesying, or salaaming, according to the characters they represented. Princess Pless, lovely as Cleopatra, was surrounded by a retinue in Oriental garb, some of whom so far sacrificed their appearance as to blacken

their faces. A number of the ladies were more becomingly than comfortably attired. A charming Hebe, with an enormous eagle poised on her shoulder and a gold cup in her hand, made a perfect picture, but, alas! in one attitude only, which she vainly tried to preserve throughout the evening, while the late hereditary Prince of Saxe-Coburg (Prince Alfred of Edinburgh), as the Duke of Normandy, A.D. 1060, in casque and chain armor, kept his vizor down until heat and hunger forced him to sacrifice his martial appearance. A beautiful and fascinating duchess, famous for her jewels, elected to appear as Charlotte Corday in cotton skirt and mob-cap, whereas Lady ——, trembling on the verge of bankruptcy, was covered with gems of priceless value. The late Lady Tweedmouth was a striking figure as Queen Elizabeth, with eight gigantic guardsmen surrounding her, all dressed as yeoman of the guard. Many people copied the portraits of their ancestors, and Sir John Kaye, in chain mail, represented Sir Kaye of the "Morte d'Arthur." Many, too, were the heartburnings over failures or doubles. In one case a well-known baronet had been perfecting himself for weeks in the rôle of Napoleon, his face and figure lending themselves to the impersonation. But what was his dismay at finding in the vestibule another victor of Austerlitz even more lifelike and correct than himself. It was indeed a Waterloo for both of them.

Few danced, as in a raree-show of that kind people are too much occupied in gazing at one another or in struggling to play up to their assumed parts. Sometimes this was carried further than was intended. Toward the close of the ball, two young men disputed over a certain fair lady. Both losing their tempers, they decided to settle the matter in the garden, and pulling out their weapons, they began making passes. But the combatants were unequally armed, one being a crusader, with a double-handed sword, the other a Louis XV courtier, armed with his rapier only. He, as might be expected, got the worst of it, receiving a nasty cut on his pink silk stocking. Where so many magnificent and exquisite dresses were worn, it is invidious to mention names, but I remember thinking that the Duchess of Somerset's was the most correct and beautiful, with every detail carefully carried out, the result being absolutely perfect.

On the Saturday following this great entertainment I went to Kimbolton to stay with the Duchess of Manchester, where most of the company were persuaded to don their fancy dress once more. Of course the ball was discussed *ad nauseam*. Many were the divergent opinions as to who looked the best, the majority giving the palm to Lady Westmoreland.

In the winter of 1898, persistent rumors of war with South Africa were prevalent, although few realized how soon England was to be plunged into its grim realities. At a shooting party at Chatsworth, I remember meeting Mr. Chamberlain, then Secretary of State for the Colonies. One night at dinner we discussed the situation, and he frankly told me he considered it inevitable. A few months later, hostilities were declared, and great was the excitement. But not even the most gloomy of pessimists could have foreseen or imagined the proportions the war was going to take, or the length of time it was to last. As is well known, the war was very unpopular with many people, particularly with those who knew South Africa well and had lived there; but in the growing enthusiasm their voices were as of "one crying in the wilderness," and before long they were dubbed "Pro-Boers," or even traitors.

Mr. Selous,[1] writing to me November 5, 1899, said:

> I am terribly depressed about this war. I believe it to be unjust and impolitic, and fraught with the gravest danger to the British Empire in the not distant future. By our attitude at the time of the Jameson raid, and ever since, we gave the Transvaal every excuse for arming to resist an attack on their independence. The country was practically unarmed for war with an European nation before the Jameson raid; but we now say that the Transvaal Government has been arming for many years past, with the idea of driving the British out of South Africa. What your husband wrote some years ago as to what would have happened had we carried on the war and crushed the Transvaal Boers in 1881, is singularly applicable to the present

[1] Mr. Frederick Courtney Selous, author of several books on travel and hunting adventures in South Africa.

situation. You know the passage of course, but I will quote it: "Better and more precise information combined with cool reflection leads me to the conclusion that had the British Government of that day taken advantage of its strong military position, and annihilated, as it could easily have done, the Boer forces, it would indeed have regained the Transvaal, but it might have lost Cape Colony. The Dutch sentiment in the Colony has been so exasperated by what it considered to be the unjust, faithless, and arbitrary policy pursued towards the free Dutchmen of the Transvaal that the final triumph of the British arms, mainly by brute force, would have permanently and hopelessly alienated it from Great Britain." As this war has been entered upon, I trust it will soon be brought to a victorious conclusion. That is the only chance of peace in the immediate future, and there is a possibility that by good government and a conciliatory and sympathetic attitude towards the conquered Boers, we may gradually wear away any ideas they may have of another war of independence a generation hence. But I have little hopes for the future. My views are of course very unpopular in this country just now, and I am freely called a traitor, etc., and have lost many old friends.

A few days later he wrote again:

. . . Now that the war has broken out in South Africa, no Englishman, I think, can wish for anything else than complete and absolute victory for our arms. I hope and I believe that soon after all our forces now on their way to South Africa have arrived there, Sir Redvers Buller will be able to overcome all opposition, so that our Government can dictate its own terms of peace. Should those terms of peace bear out Lord Salisbury's statement that the British Government seeks to gain neither gold-fields nor territory by this war, then every honest Englishman will support the Government, but not otherwise. I wish I could persuade myself that this war was just and necessary, and would bring honor to England and lasting benefit to the Empire; but I cannot believe any of these things. The Jameson raid was, though a seeming failure, in reality a magnificent success; for the Jameson raid caused the Transvaal and the Orange Free State to arm, and the arming of these States—the menace to British supremacy in South Africa, as it was called—is what has really brought about this war. . . . I long to go out to South Africa and offer my services to Lord Methuen, whom I know well; but yet cannot do so because of the views I hold as to the real causes of the war, and because I don't see how, holding the views I do, I could bring myself to raise my rifle against men from whom I have received nothing but kindness, and the vast majority of whom are patriots fighting for the independence of their country, which they believe to have been unjustly assailed by Mr. Chamberlain.

That Mr. Selous's pessimistic views as regards the Transvaal have not been fulfilled must be a great joy to him, as it is to all those who have the welfare of South Africa at heart. There is no doubt that the policy which he advocated of "a good Government and a conciliatory and sympathetic attitude towards the conquered Boers," which has been followed by the present Liberal Administration, has brought about the existing happy state of affairs. One sometimes wonders what would now be the condition of South Africa had the late Conservative government remained in power and carried out their proposed measures. But this is by the way.

In moments of great stress and struggle, inactivity becomes a positive pain. The people who were the most to be pitied during the war were, as a friend wrote to me at the time, those who had to remain at home. "It is like being in a country house, and seeing day after day other guests going out to hunt, while compelled oneself to remain indoors. I know nothing so depressing." People feeling this, every sort of movement was soon set on foot for raising funds to alleviate the miseries of the sick and wounded. Every one became interested and occupied in some scheme.

One day in October I received a visit from Mrs. Blow, an American lady who had lived for some time in Australia. The object of her visit was to suggest the idea of an American hospital-ship to be sent out to South Africa. I confess the project did not strike me as practical, and for some days I gave it no thought. Happening, however, to meet Sir William Garstin (of Egyptian fame), I discussed it with him, and he strongly advised me to take it up. "Believe me," he said, "you will be making history apart from the excellence of the work." Then and there I made up my mind to do it.

On October 25, 1899, the first committee meeting was held at my house, at which a number of my compatriots attended. Mrs. Blow was made honorary

From a photograph by Lafayette, Ltd.

LADY RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, AS THE BYZANTINE EMPRESS THEODORA, AT THE DEVONSHIRE HOUSE FANCY-DRESS BALL

secretary, Mrs. Ronalds treasurer, and I was elected chairman, and subsequently Mrs. Adair was made vice-chairman. A large and influential general committee was formed.[1] All worked with zeal and enthusiasm, and soon the whole thing was well in train. There was a general impression that the war would be short and sharp. Hospitals of all kinds were greatly needed, and we hurried with feverish activity. Funds and a ship—those were our two great and immediate occupations. No stone was left unturned to procure money—much money, and it had to be all American money. It would be useless to deny here the fact that the war was viewed with disfavor by my countrymen. They had a fellow-feeling for the Boer, fighting, as they thought, for his independence. But the plea of humanity overran their political opinions, and the fund once started, money poured in. A resolution carried at the meeting of the executive committee was embodied in our appeal to the public:

That whereas Great Britain is now involved in a war affecting the rights and liberties of the Anglo-Saxon people in South Africa, and has under arms 70,000 troops to maintain such rights and liberties.

And whereas the people of Great Britain have, by their sympathy and moral support, materially aided the people of the United States of America in the war in Cuba and the Philippine Islands; *it is therefore resolved:*

That the American women in Great Britain, whilst deploring the necessity for war, shall endeavor to raise, among their compatriots, here and in America, a fund for the relief of the sick and wounded soldiers and refugees in South Africa. It is proposed to despatch immediately a suitable hospital ship, fully equipped with medical stores and provisions, to accommodate 200 people, with a staff of four doctors, five nurses, and forty non-commissioned officers and orderlies.

To carry the above resolution into effect, the sum of $150,000 (£30,000) will be required.

Concerts, matinées, and entertainments of all sorts and kinds were organized. Large firms of many nations contributed their specialties, until the amount of medical comforts became so great that we found some difficulty in storing them.

Checks and gifts from two shillings to £1000 were given to us by private persons, whose generosity seemed to know no bounds. On the other hand, we sometimes met with rebuffs, notably in the case of an American multimillionaire to whom I cabled, asking for a subscription for the hospital. He replied that he had "no knowledge of the scheme." The press by that time both in England and the United States was full of our enterprise. I cabled back, "Read the papers," but this, alas! did not untie his purse-strings. Another American of vast means, whose generosity along some lines we thought a good omen, also refused. Some of his workmen, however, subscribed £500.

We had asked for £30,000, but eventually received £41,597, which, it must be admitted, was a noble sum to raise in two months, particularly under the circumstances.

Our researches and inquiries respecting a suitable vessel were not at first crowned with success. We were particularly anxious to secure an American ship if possible, and cabled to Mr. Roosevelt, then Governor of New York, to know if he could help us in the matter. Unfortunately, he could not suggest anything. Had we but known it, owing to the large sum collected, a good liner might have been hired, which would have served our purpose admirably. We were in great tribulation until the offer came through the chairman of the Atlantic Transport Company to lend us the *Maine*.

At the outbreak of the South African War this company offered the *Maine* to the English Government for service as a hospital-ship; the captain and crew were to be maintained at the company's expense during such time as the ship was in use. The Government accepted the offer; but the ship being a cattle boat, and the expense of fitting her out as a hospital-ship being very great, the Admiralty had taken no steps to alter her up to the time when the American Ladies' Committee was formed. Mr. Bernard Baker, Presi-

[1] Executive Committee of the American Hospital Ship *Maine:* Lady Randolph Churchill (Chairman); Mrs. Adair (Vice-Chairman); Mrs. Blow (Hon. Secretary); Mrs. Ronalds (Hon. Treasurer); The Duchess of Marlborough; Lily, Duchess of Marlborough; the Countess of Essex; Mrs. Bradley-Martin; Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain; Mrs. Earle; Mrs. Field; Mrs. Moreton Frewen; Mrs. Hugh Reid Griffin; Mrs. Haldeman; Mrs. Leslie; Mrs. Arthur Paget; Mrs. Taylor; Mrs. Van Duzer; Mrs. Ralph Vivian; Madame Von Andre.

dent of the company, hearing of our committee and its aims, generously proposed to the Admiralty to hand over the *Maine* to us to fit out. The Admiralty agreed. The committee took over the ship from the Government on the same terms. This arrangement pleased both parties.

Our chief difficulty was ignorance of the requirements of such a hospital. Compared with it, the many field hospitals which were being organized were easy matters to arrange, for every detail was already laid down by the Army Medical Department. It is true that four or five other ships were being equipped for the same purpose, but I imagine they found themselves equally embarrassed. There was no precedent that one could go upon in England of a properly constituted floating hospital for war-times.

In vain I haunted the precincts of the Army and Red Cross Medical departments, they were of little use in the way of advice. Taken *au dépourvu*, they themselves did not know which way to turn, their resources being strained to the utmost limit. However, they supplied us with a certain number of men from the St. John Ambulance Brigade, who, owing to their training and military discipline, were of the greatest use and comfort on board.

The Atlantic Transport Company luckily proved more helpful, as, having already, during the Cuban war, equipped and given the twin-ship of the *Maine*, the *Missouri*, to the American Government, they had a certain amount of experience. We were determined that the staff of doctors and nurses should be American. Mrs. Whitelaw Reid was communicated with in New York, and with her knowledge of nursing and her connection with the Mills School, which her father, Mr. D. O. Mills, had founded, was able to send us out a most efficient staff of doctors, nurses, and orderlies.

During October and November the committee met almost daily. I shall always look back to that time as perhaps the most absorbing of my life. The gloom and terrible depression which had settled on London at the unexpected reverses to the British arms did not affect us, and the daily accounts of horrors and sufferings only doubled our activity. We had no time for tears. All our thoughts were centered in that small cattle boat which was to be converted by our efforts and the generosity of our compatriots into a haven of rest and comfort where some of the terrible suffering could be alleviated.

The *Maine* Committee worked with such will and fire that they carried all before them. The War Office and the Admiralty were badgered and heckled: Would they supply us with this? Would they guarantee us that? We would not take "No" as an answer. Our cause was a righteous one, and we did not mind being importunate.

Nothing could exceed the kindness of Lord Lansdowne, then Minister of War. He helped us in every possible manner, waiving aside all red-tape, as he realized how anxious we were to get our ship under way. Indeed, it was greatly owing to him and the late Lord Goschen, the First Lord of the Admiralty, that our efforts were crowned with success.

November 12, we held our first general committee. It was with conscious pride that I was able to point out that although the scheme had been in existence only a little more than a fortnight, we already had a ship, a magnificent staff, hundreds of gifts, sympathizers working for us in every part of the globe, and, what was even more important, £15,000. I confess that I had a suspicion that some of those present criticized the policy which necessitated the sending of so many gallant soldiers to the front. But with this policy *we* had nothing to do. My friend Mrs. Craigie (John Oliver Hobbes), writing to me at the time, said: "The wounded are the wounded, irrespective of creed or nationality." This I quoted with much effect to the meeting; also the trite saying that "deeds were better than words," and that the *Maine* would probably do more to cement the friendship between the two nations than any amount of flag-waving and pleasant amenities.

Although the *Maine* was an American hospital-ship, it was very important for its welfare that we should have it under the ægis of the British Government. There were many privileges which they alone could give us. It was also absolutely necessary for our proper status that we should be recognized as a military hospital-ship, and that our principal medical officer should be an Englishman of such standing in the army as to give

This picture of the Duchess of Somerset as she appeared at the Devonshire House fancy-dress ball, is after a photogravure from the painting by Sir E. J. Poynter, published by Walker & Boutall.

him ample authority. On this subject we did not at first get much encouragement from headquarters. In a letter to me, Lord Wolseley, the commander-in-chief, deprecated the idea, and rather hinted that as we were going to be *so* independent, we had better be entirely so. But later he changed his mind, and wrote:

I am only too anxious to help you in this matter to show you how thoroughly our army, and indeed the nation, appreciate this evidence of the interest that American ladies take in our sick and wounded.

Surgeon Lieutenant-Colonel Hensman, A.M.D., late of the 2nd Life Guards, was eventually chosen for us, and we never had cause to regret the choice, for to a sense of duty, he added tactful and courteous manners. It was no easy matter to control men of two nationalities, for although they were united in a common cause, English and Americans have different ideas and methods, and it is a lasting credit to the ship that there never were any serious differences on board.

The arrival of the American staff from New York occasioned much excitement and interest not only in the committee, but in all circles. Hotels vied with one another to offer them accommodation at very reduced rates pending the departure of the ship to South Africa.

Indeed, they were lionized, luncheons and dinner-parties and every sort of entertainment being given them, among which was one given for them by the matrons and nurses of the London hospitals. They were invited to Windsor, where, after viewing the state and private apartments and having luncheon, they were personally presented to Queen Victoria by Her Royal Highness, Princess Christian, whose interest in hospital matters is well known. Her Majesty was deeply interested, wishing them Godspeed on their errand of mercy. She added: "I am very pleased to see you, and I want to say how much I appreciate your kindness in coming over to take care of my men." Before returning to London, the staff had tea with Princess Christian at Cumberland Lodge, thus getting an opportunity of seeing the great park as they drove through it.

Two days later I was bidden to dine and sleep at Windsor, and had a most interesting conversation with the Queen about the war. Her Majesty asked me many questions about the *Maine,* and spoke of the visit of the surgeons and nurses, whom she professed to be very pleased with; but said, "I think the surgeons look very young." "All the more energetic, therefore," I hoped. The Queen was full of inquiries about my sister-in-law, Lady Sarah Wilson, who was then reputed to be a prisoner in the hands of the Boers. "They will not hurt her," she said, with a charming smile.

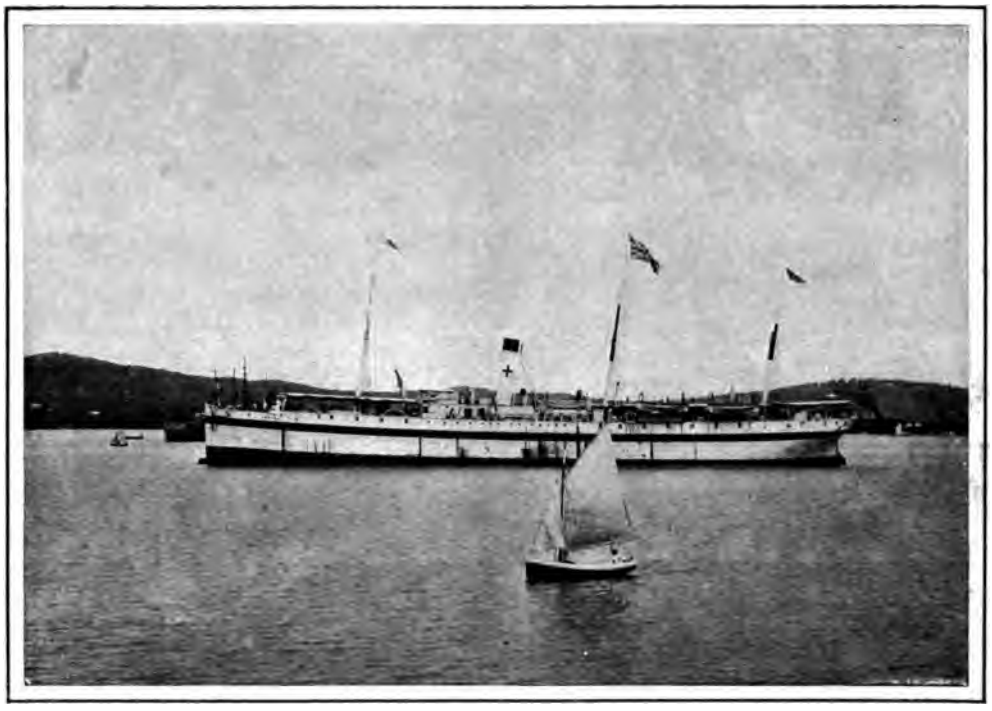
The next day Mrs. Ronalds and Mrs. Blow came to the Castle to be personally thanked for their work. I was asked to present them to the Queen, and felt very proud of my handsome countrywomen as they came forward with that self-possession and grace which seems inherent in them.

The committee were very desirous that President McKinley should give us the American flag we intended to fly on our hospital-ship, and accordingly I cabled, asking him to do so, adding that it would carry no political significance. After some delay there came an answer through Secretary Hay, to the effect that the President thought it would not do for him to present a flag to the ship, as his "motives might be misconstrued." I cabled again: "Would not red cross on flag remove difficulty? Wounded are to be tended irrespective of nationality." But I suppose the pro-Boer feeling was running too high in America, for my request was again refused.

Meanwhile I had enlisted the kind offices of the Duke of Connaught to ask the Queen to give us a Union Jack, and never doubting that we should secure the Stars and Stripes from the President, I mentioned the fact to His Royal Highness. A few days later I received the following letter:

Bagshot Park, Surrey,
Dec. 4th, 1899.

DEAR LADY RANDOLPH: I am happy to be able to tell you that the Queen has consented to present a Union Jack to the Hospital-Ship *Maine* as a mark of her appreciation of the generosity of those American ladies who have so nobly come forward, and have at such great expense equipped a hospital-ship for wounded British officers and men. I hope to be able to bring the flag down with me on the 16th, and to present it in the Queen's name.



From a photograph by The Bower Studio, Durban, South Africa

THE AMERICAN HOSPITAL-SHIP *MAINE* IN DURBAN HARBOR

The Duchess and I have accepted to dine at the Carlton on the 17th to meet you all, and I understand the nurses, too.

Hoping you got your telegram through to Pretoria.

Believe me,

Yours very sincerely,

Arthur.

The refusal from Washington placed me in rather an awkward position, as the Queen, in presenting a flag, was under the impression that the President was doing the same. In the circumstances, I thought the best policy was to preserve a judicious silence, and the American flag was not mentioned. On the appointed day the Queen's present of a gorgeous Union Jack, embellished in the center with the red cross on a white ground was duly hoisted. This ceremony was attended with all the éclat we would ensure for it. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught, Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne), and a number of distinguished people came to the luncheon and witnessed the presentation.

The Duke of Connaught made a most felicitous speech, which delighted us all.

In the name of her Majesty the Queen, he presented the Union Jack to the hospital-ship *Maine*.

as a mark of her appreciation of the generosity of those who have found the money for this ship, and also of that charity which a large number of American ladies and gentlemen have shown towards the soldiers of her kin, speaking their own language, who are now fighting gallantly in South Africa. It is a great pleasure to me to have been asked to perform what I believe is a unique ceremony. Never before has a ship sailed under the combined flags of the Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes; and it marks, I hope, an occasion which brings out that feeling of generosity and affection that the two countries have for each other. I cannot sufficiently thank those who have come forward in such a liberal manner for what they have done. As an officer in the English Army, I feel, I can assure you, most deeply what you all have done for us this day, and I am sure that the officers and men who may reap the advantage of this well-equipped ship will bless those who have done so much towards it. I should like to mention many names, but I am afraid it is impossible, and I will therefore ask Lady Randolph Churchill to accept in the name of all those who have worked with her the thanks both of the Sovereign of our country and of all

English men and women for this splendid present which has been made in aid of our wounded soldiers in South Africa.

To this I replied:

Your Royal Highness, I beg to thank you in the name of my committee for your kindness in coming here to-day to present on behalf of her Majesty the Queen, her gracious gift of the Union Jack to the American ladies' hospital-ship *Maine*. I trust your Royal Highness will convey to her Majesty how deeply we feel honored by this kind and thoughtful act, which we look upon as an acknowledgment and appreciation of our efforts. It is a source of much gratification to us Americans that our compatriots have responded so generously to our call on behalf of the sick and wounded, enabling us by their sympathy and money to fit out this splendid ship. We have also had many donations from English people who have come forward most lavishly with their gifts. Indeed, all who have been interested in this work have made it a labor of love. We hope that the *Maine* will be more than useful on her errand of mercy, and that our charity will be as wide-spread as possible irrespective of nationality.

The flag was then fastened to a halyard and run up by the Duke to the mainmast, where, after an energetic pull or two, it flew out to the breeze, the band of the Scots Guards playing "Rule Britannia." This they quickly changed to the "Star-Spangled Banner" as the Stars and Stripes were run up to the mizzen, and the Red-Cross flag to the foremast. With the Admiralty's transport flag at the helm, it is not surprising that we felt much beflagged and bedecked. It was a great moment for us all, and I confess I felt a lump in my throat. We had had an anxious moment in the morning when the Bishop of London, who was to have blessed the flag, telegraphed that he was suddenly taken too ill to come. London was scoured to find a divine to take his place; fortunately we secured the Bishop of Islington. But he, too, gave us a scare, as he missed his train and barely arrived in time.

On December 23, the *Maine* sailed for Cape Town. I had made up my mind some time previously to go with her, feeling that the committee should be represented

SOME OF THE STAFF OF THE AMERICAN HOSPITAL-SHIP *MAINE*

From left to right (sitting): Miss Hibbard; Sister Ruth (Miss Manly); Lady Randolph Churchill; Miss Eleanor Warrender; Sister Sarah (Miss McVean). (Standing): Dr. Weber; Sister Virginia (Miss Ludekins); Colonel H. F. Hensman, in command; Captain Stone; Dr. Dodge; Sister Margaret (Miss McPherson).

From a photograph by The Bower Studio, Durban, South Africa

LADY RANDOLPH CHURCHILL AND HER SON, MR. JOHN CHURCHILL, ON BOARD THE AMERICAN HOSPITAL-SHIP *MAINE*

by an unsalaried person with authority. Although the morning broke dark and foggy, I started with a light heart, as I had just received a cable to say that my son Winston, who had escaped from Pretoria, where he had been a prisoner after the armor train disaster at Chieveley, was safe at Lorenzo Marquez. Had it not been for the absorbing occupation of the *Maine*, I cannot think how I could have got through that anxious time of suspense.

To say that the ship was in a state of chaos does not express it. On the Sunday before 10,000 people had visited her, which did not help to keep the new paint immaculate. The decks were covered with mud from the boots of the numerous workmen; painters, carpenters, plumbers, and engineers were seen in every nook and corner putting on the last touches, the wards were littered with wood-shavings, paint-pots, ropes, scaffoldings, and the thousand and one kind of débris which the conversion of a cattle boat entails. With my friend Miss Warrender, who was going out with me, I stood on the deck as the vessel moved out of the docks, leaving family and friends behind. A gleam of sun shone on us for a moment

as those on shore burst into cheers, which were taken up by the crews of the ships which lay alongside. "Mind you bring home Kruger, and we 'll eat him" and a few similar recommendations, came from grimy colliers, but these cries were soon lost in the black fog which settled down upon us. Although, owing to it, we got only as far as the outer basin, we felt we had started on our journey.

(To be continued)

THE WRIT OF INJUNCTION AS A PARTY ISSUE

A COMPARISON OF THE REPUBLICAN AND DEMOCRATIC PLATFORMS IN THEIR TREATMENT OF THE LABOR QUESTION

BY SETH LOW

IT is no accident that the platforms of both the Republican and the Democratic parties contain a plank relating to the use of injunctions in labor disputes. I am not able to discuss this question from a technical point of view, for I am not a lawyer; but I hope to be able to present the subject as one sees it who is familiar with the point of view of organized labor, and who is so much in sympathy with the general aims and purposes of organized labor as to understand its point of view, while yet remaining, from circumstances and from habit of mind, sufficiently independent to form his own opinions.

For many years organized labor has been protesting against the use of the injunction in labor disputes, and for several years there have been pending before Congress two bills relating to this subject. One of these bills, indorsed by the American Federation of Labor, has sought to forbid the use of the writ itself in labor disputes, on the ground that, as so used, it is an extension of the equity powers of the court into a field which constitutes a perversion of this writ. The other bill, which was indorsed by the Railroad Brotherhoods, contemplated merely a more careful regulation of the conditions under which the writ should be issued especially in the matter of notice. Both bills were vehemently antagonized by the opponents of organized labor, on the ground that both proposed to limit the powers of the court in a domain where the interests of society require that the powers of the court to prevent the doing of irreparable injury should be maintained to the uttermost. Broadly speaking, the Democratic platform seems to take the first view, though it does not consistently do so. Again broadly speaking, the Republican platform approximates the second view while not exactly taking it; and the third, or the view of the opponents of organized labor, that the criticism of labor upon the use of the injunction is without merit, has been disregarded by both of the great parties.

The extreme opponents of organized labor are not slow to urge that the objection of organized labor to the use of the injunction in labor disputes arises from the fact that organized labor wishes to be free to accomplish by violence what it cannot accomplish in a peaceful and orderly manner. This is to imply that millions of our fellow-citizens are indifferent to disorder and anarchy; and, unless one is able to rise above this point of view, he cannot hope to consider the subject dispassionately. Labor objects to the use of the injunction, either wholly

or without limitations, partly because it believes that, as used, the injunction has sometimes been the make-weight in a labor dispute, which has prevented labor from gaining its cause, not by preventing violence and disorder, but by preventing united action in perfectly legitimate ways at the psychological moment; and, partly, because it believes that the use of the injunction in labor disputes involves a discrimination against labor from which other citizens are free. There is at least one injunction which has been made permanent, although no strike was in force at the time, by which the officers of a union, and others, have been forbidden to organize the workmen in the employ of a certain company; forbidden to come into their neighborhood; and forbidden to ride on trolley cars with them. As I understand it, none of these things can be done at any time by the persons affected by the injunction, without exposing them to the liability of punishment for contempt of court.

The ordinary use of the injunction, as one observes it in other fields, is to prevent something being done for which, if done, damages afford no adequate compensation. The temporary injunction, or restraining order, aims to maintain the *status quo* for the time being, until the court can have the opportunity to determine definitely the course of action to be pursued in a given controversy. Mr. Taft has pointed out how injustice has sometimes been done in labor controversies by the issuing of such temporary orders without notice, while the date for the hearing on the injunction itself has been designated for weeks or months later. Some labor injunctions have been made so broad as to forbid the doing both of things that are criminal in themselves and of things that are not criminal. So far as the things forbidden are criminal, labor maintains that the injunction which substitutes punishment for contempt of court for the ordinary processes of the criminal law, involves a departure from the constitutional method of preserving the peace, obtaining not only in the States but in the United States. In the case of a crime the ordinary processes of law contemplate an indictment for the crime charged, a trial by jury, and punishment only after conviction. When a crime is forbidden by injunction, and the man who commits it is thrown into jail for contempt of court, the contention is, that the judge has constituted himself lawgiver, judge, and jury, all in one; and that government by a person has so far been substituted for government by law. When a thing forbidden by the injunction is not criminal, the contention is, that the attempt to preserve the *status quo* in a controversy between employer and employee upon the *ex parte* testimony of the employer, without notice to the employees, is really to throw the weight of the court in that particular controversy in favor of the employer; for the reason that the injunction against actions not in themselves illegal prevents the combined action of the Union, precisely when combined action is necessary for the success of their cause.

This is a layman's statement of the case; but if it be correct, and I think it is, it seems impossible to deny that there is ground for the objection on labor's part to some of the writs that have been issued. So much is virtually conceded by the present attitude of both of the two great parties in the platforms which they have adopted. The question is, Which of the two platforms comes nearer offering the right remedy? If organized labor really is discriminated against every good citizen will wish the discrimination removed. But when such a claim is made, it is legitimate to ask whether organized labor, smarting under a grievance that in instances is admitted, is not seeking a remedy that would, on the other hand, constitute organized labor a favored class in a citizenship which, in this sense, should know no classes. The courts justify the use of the injunction in labor disputes on the ground that it is necessary to use it at times in order to protect property from irreparable injury. If labor disputes involved nobody but the contestants it might be less difficult to sustain the extreme labor point of view, that no writs of injunction should be used in labor disputes; but as matter of fact, labor disputes are carried on in the midst of organized society, and society suffers from them while they are in progress only less than the actual disputants. It is said by the labor leaders that the disorder and violence which not infrequently attend strikes are neither practised nor justified

by the Unions. Probably there are few responsible labor leaders who do not throw all their influence in favor of good order and of peaceful methods whenever a strike is on. And yet it is also true that, human nature being what it is, some members of the organization, and men not members of the organization, are only too apt at such times to indulge in practices fatal to the welfare of society and abhorrent to the judgment of all good men in their calmer moments. As this fact has slowly developed with a persistency and uniformity that compel men to look upon it as one of the probable incidents of a strike involving large numbers of men, the courts in their relation to labor disputes may, perhaps, have taken this fact into consideration. At all events, to the lay mind, it is this aspect of the matter which gives special importance to the use of the writ of injunction from the point of view of the public. There is no doubt that society must and will find a way to prevent, as far as possible, disorder and violence that can be foreseen, whatever the occasion; but whenever new conditions call for the development of new methods of protecting society against new forms of danger, it is always legitimate to consider whether any particular method is the best adapted to the case in hand. The first American case involving the use of the injunction in a labor dispute was decided in 1888, twenty years after the first English use of the writ in a labor controversy. So used, the injunction involves the revival of an old doctrine which had its origin in the time of Edward III rather than the development of a new doctrine. While the doctrine itself is not new, the modern application of it is. It is certainly a serious criticism upon the use that has thus been made of the injunction in labor disputes, that it has made hundreds of thousands of good citizens feel that the courts, even when acting, as they believe, in the general interest, have really thrown their influence on the side of one party to the labor controversy, and always on the same side.

THE ATTITUDE OF THE GENERAL PUBLIC TOWARD THE INJUNCTION

On the other hand, the sympathy of the disinterested public has usually gone with the use of the injunction, without much regard to the merits of the particular controversy or to the character of the injunction, because the disinterested public has perceived that the injunction, as actually used, has proved an efficient agency for maintaining the peace and for preventing dreaded interruptions of the orderly movements of commerce. The platforms of both the great parties give evidence of a consciousness of this fact; for, while the Democratic platform frankly emphasizes the grievance, it is careful to try to protect itself against the charge of belittling the efficiency of the courts. The Republican platform, though it emphasizes rather the importance of maintaining untrammeled the powers of the courts "to protect life, liberty, and property," nevertheless frankly admits that there is need to define more accurately, by statute, the rules of procedure with reference to the issuance of the writ of injunction. In other words, in all labor disputes there are not two parties only to the controversy, labor and capital; but also a third, the general public; and the interests of the general public, in a certain sense, embrace and include the fundamental interests of the other two. That is to say, however much the special interests of the employer or of the employee may be involved in a given controversy, the fundamental interests of both, in the last statement, are identical with the fundamental interests of society at large; for neither labor nor capital can prosper except under conditions in which good order is so much the rule that the peaceable employment of both labor and capital may be taken for granted, almost like a law of nature. Society, therefore, is not selfish in insisting upon it that labor disputes shall be kept within such limits as do not interfere with the general well-being; for, in so insisting, society at large is simply demanding that conditions shall prevail which are essential for the successful employment of both labor and capital.

This being so, however, it is vitally important that society shall maintain good order upon conditions that leave labor as free as capital to strive for the advancement of its own welfare. It would be intolerable in a free country to have the laws favor capital against labor, or yet labor against capital, or to have the laws

so administered that laws which are themselves fair press unfairly in one direction or the other; and it is because organized labor has felt that the writ of injunction has pressed unfairly upon laborers that both of the old political parties have taken cognizance of their complaint.

A COMPARISON OF THE INJUNCTION PLANKS

EXCEPT for the explicit indorsement of the Bill passed by the United States Senate in 1896, when the Senate was under Democratic and Populistic control, the plank in the Democratic platform bearing upon this question might fairly be described as meaning anything or nothing according to the wishes of the reader. But the Bill so indorsed provided for summary punishment by the court in direct contempt cases, and made it mandatory for the court to grant a trial by jury, if asked for, in all cases where such contempt was committed outside of the presence of the court. In other words, in its platform Democracy says, first, that it does not propose to weaken the dignity of the courts; secondly, that injunctions should not be issued in any cases in which injunctions would not issue if no industrial dispute were involved. This probably means nothing, because injunctions cannot be issued in labor cases or any other except upon the allegation that irreparable injury will be done if the injunction does not issue. And, thirdly, the Democratic platform commits itself to a definite limitation of the power of the courts upon the assumption that injunctions will continue to be used in labor disputes. The platform may not be an attempt to run with the hare and hunt with the hounds, but it conceals its definite pledges by reference to a bill which never became law and with the details of which few people, if any, are familiar. This treatment of the question does not encourage the belief that the party which has so dealt with it, if placed in power, can be trusted to handle the question in a large-minded, impartial fashion.

By contrast with this platform, the treatment accorded the subject in the Republican document is clear and explicit. It distinctly says that the right and power of the courts "to protect life, liberty, and property" shall be maintained in full efficiency; and thus pledges itself to maintain in the courts, unimpaired, the power to protect the general welfare. At the same time, the Republican platform explicitly recognizes a grievance in connection with the use of the injunction, by pledging itself to define more accurately by statute the rules of procedure in the Federal Courts with respect to the issuance of this writ. It also says that no injunction or temporary restraining order should be issued without notice, except where irreparable injury would result from delay, in which case a speedy hearing thereafter should be granted.

It is clear that the makers of this platform had a perfectly definite idea in mind. They propose to the country, in explicit terms, that the power of the courts in respect of the writ of injunction shall not be limited; but they also propose that the rules under which this power is exercised shall be so clearly defined as to avoid, as far as possible, the abuses of which complaint is made. Every one—those who like the policy and those who do not like it—can readily understand what is proposed. The platform starts from the point of view of protecting the general welfare and aims to remedy the specific complaint. It does not start from the point of view of the complaint, as the Democratic platform does, and promise simply not to weaken the dignity of the courts. Inasmuch as the whole is greater than any part, the starting point of the Republican platform seems the wiser; and the fact that the platform says exactly what it means, without attempting to balance one phrase against another, encourages the belief that the party which makes the declaration, if continued in power, will honorably redeem its pledge. When this has been done, if there still remains just ground for complaint, there can be no doubt that further action will be considered. In a matter involving such vast interests, it is certainly wise to test every new departure by experience.

LABOR AND RESTRAINT OF TRADE

THERE is in the Democratic platform a paragraph which has no parallel in the Republican platform. It is as follows:

The expanding organization of industry makes it essential that there should be no abridgment of the right of wage-earners and producers to organize for the protection of wages and the improvement of labor conditions, to the end that such labor organizations and their members should not be regarded as illegal combinations in restraint of trade.

Everybody will assent to that, for there is no proposal pending in any quarter to regard labor organizations and their members as illegal combinations in restraint of trade. There is a question to what extent, under the Sherman Anti-Trust Act, such organizations and their members may not be held to be capable of actions in restraint of trade. In the Danbury Hat Case, recently decided by the Supreme Court of the United States, a conspiracy in restraint of trade was found to exist which brought those concerned in it under the provisions of the Sherman Anti-Trust Law. What was actually condemned was the inter-State boycott of hats made by a certain Danbury firm; but the court found the evidence of a conspiracy in restraint of trade not only in the boycott which was the outcome of the conspiracy, but in a strike at the factory; in certain trade agreements by which seventy out of eighty-six hat factories in the United States had been unionized; and, finally, in the boycott itself, which interfered with the sale of those particular hats in many States of the Union. The fact that the court cited as elements in the conspiracy in restraint of trade which it condemned, the strike at the factory and the trade agreements, has certainly awakened in the mind of organized labor and its friends, very widely, a fear lest even a strike and a trade agreement, quite apart from any boycott, might be held to be a conspiracy in restraint of trade.

It is probable that neither a strike nor a trade agreement *per se* is a conspiracy in restraint of trade; but it is evident that either or both may be adduced, under the Sherman Anti-Trust Law, as partial evidence of a conspiracy which is in restraint of trade. It is intolerable that there should be any doubt cast upon the right of labor to strike; for that is a necessary incident of freedom of contract. A man cannot be made to work unless he is a slave or under some sort of temporary control. It is equally intolerable that employer and workmen should not be at liberty to enter into trade agreements, provided such trade agreements, on their merits, do not contravene any public interest. As the Sherman Anti-Trust Law now stands, in view of this recent decision of the Supreme Court in the Danbury Hat Case, I have maintained and firmly believe that the right of labor to organize, to make trade agreements and to strike should be explicitly recognized by the laws of the United States; and I am confirmed in this opinion by the fact that the late Senator Hoar in a debate upon this Bill in 1901 gave expression to substantially the same view: that is to say, he gave it as his opinion that the rights of labor under the Sherman Anti-Trust Act ought to be more carefully defined. The amendment to the Sherman Anti-Trust Act then proposed by Senator Hoar reads:

Sec. 4. That nothing in said Act shall be so construed as to apply to any action or combinations, otherwise lawful, of trade unions or other labor organizations, so far as such action or combinations shall be for the purpose of regulating wages, hours of labor, or other conditions under which labor is performed, without violence or interfering with the lawful rights of any person.

In the discussions upon this subject before the Judiciary Committee of the House of Representatives last spring, the Federation of Labor took the extreme view that labor ought to be exempt altogether from the operation of the Sherman Anti-Trust Law, on the ground that labor which produces, and which is only another name for human beings at work, is so different in nature from the things produced by it, that it is not possible wisely to legislate for both together under the same law. The Democratic platform does not frankly commit itself to this view; but, on the other hand, it commits itself to an abstract proposition which nobody has challenged, and thus encourages organized labor to believe that the Party indorses labor's position in connection with this particular law; while the Party, in fact, carefully keeps itself free from the embarrassment which the attitude of a part of organized labor in this regard involves. So far as labor is engaged in production, I think the claim is good that

it ought to be free from the restrictions of the Anti-Trust Law; and for that reason I think its right to combine, its right to make trade agreements, and its right to strike, ought to be explicitly recognized, and, not even by the slightest implication, be called in question. That some of labor's rights might be called in question under the Sherman Anti-Trust Law was foreseen, as I have said, by Senator Hoar; and that, under this law, some of them have been called in question is labor's fear to-day. Of course such rights as these on the part of the workmen involve corresponding rights on the part of the employers to combine for the purpose of securing labor on satisfactory terms, to make trade agreements with their workmen, and to dismiss or lockout their employees; and these rights also should be explicitly recognized. But when labor leaves the field of production, and undertakes to limit the distribution and sale of the products of labor, as it certainly does in every secondary boycott as described by the Anthracite Strike Commission, there would seem to be no reason why this sort of restraint of trade even though practised by labor should not be forbidden under any law that prohibits such restraints of trade as may be practised by a trust or by a combination.

WHY PARLIAMENT MAY PASS CERTAIN LEGISLATION AND CONGRESS MAY NOT

For really a fundamental principle is herein involved. The representatives of organized labor frequently point to the Trades Disputes Act, passed by the British Parliament in 1906, under which act trade disputes were placed in a category by themselves. Under the terms of this act, nothing is actionable when done or procured to be done by a combination of men in a labor dispute unless it would be actionable if done by one person alone. It is quite clear that under the terms of this act even a secondary boycott would not be illegal; for no one doubts that a person can buy or decline to buy of any one he pleases and ask his friend to do the same. Organized labor, therefore, says: "Why is it that in a republic like the United States labor cannot enjoy the privileges which it has secured in a monarchical country like England?"

This question goes to the very root of the matter, and the answer to it makes it clear why organized labor cannot be exempted from the Sherman Anti-Trust Act when organized labor indulges in restraint of trade, so long as all others are forbidden by this act to indulge in restraint of trade. The answer to this question is partly legal. Great Britain has an omnipotent Parliament, while Congress can legislate only in the exercise of the powers given to it under the Constitution of the United States; and under this Constitution the Congress of the United States probably has no power to enact such legislation. The Parliament of Great Britain, however, has this power; and, what is even more to the point, society in Great Britain has been established on a class basis from time immemorial. In days gone by Parliament frequently legislated for the noble class; then, again, for the landlord class, and it is both easy and natural for it, if it wishes to do so, to legislate now for the labor class. On the other hand, it is the essential characteristic of American democracy that there shall be no classes in the body politic, and that all citizens shall stand in precisely the same relation to the law. This is the philosophical reason why the Sherman Anti-Trust Act cannot be amended so as to leave organized labor free to indulge in restraint of trade, when all other citizens of the United States are forbidden to take action in restraint of trade; and this is why the paragraph quoted from the Democratic platform is open to such serious criticism. As this platform appeals to organized labor, it seems to offer a word of promise to the ear; but, as matter of fact, that promise must be broken to the hope unless the Democratic party of the United States deliberately proposes to make the country a country of classes.

"'SO?' SAID GRIMM"

THE UNPLEDGED MAN

BY ELLIOTT FLOWER

WITH PICTURES BY FREDERIC R. GRUGER

ALBERT KENNEDY, driving along the country road, swerved in toward the fence and stopped his horse. This being accepted as an indication of a desire to pass the time of day, the man on the other side of the fence brought his horses to a standstill, and leaned against his plow. The man on the other side of the fence was Adam Grimm.

"Hullo, Adam!" Kennedy called out cheerily.

"Mornin', Mr. Kennedy," Grimm replied stolidly.

"Rather early with your plowing, ain't you?" asked Kennedy, who knew as little about plowing as he did about the pearly gates.

"No," answered Grimm; "late."

Kennedy flicked his whip at a fence-post idly, as if waiting for the spirit to move him to some other passing pleasantry, and Grimm seemed content to rest for a moment in silence.

"Been noticing the political talk much lately?" Kennedy finally inquired.

"Don't never bother none about that," returned Grimm.

"You ought to," advised Kennedy. "There 's a chance for a new man to go to the legislature."

"So?" said Grimm.

"Why don't you try for it?" asked Kennedy.

"Me!" exclaimed Grimm.

"Sure," urged Kennedy. "It 's a great chance for you."

"Gidap!" said Grimm to his horses, and went on with his plowing.

Kennedy, surprised, followed the retreating figure with his eyes, and then smiled grimly. "He is n't much to talk," he reflected, "but I guess I 've got the seed planted. He 'll do a good bit of thinking."

Half a mile down the road Kennedy made another stop, to discuss politics with Jonas Ritter, another farmer. This time he had a more loquacious man, and the conference was longer and more intimate.

"Been watching the political situa-

tion?" asked Kennedy, after the usual greetings.

"Some," answered Ritter.

"We ought to beat Hanchett for the legislature," remarked Kennedy.

"I thought he was your man," said Ritter, in surprise.

"Not this time," explained Kennedy. "He 's been there so long that he 's getting careless, and I can't stand for his record."

"It 's bad," agreed Ritter. "I ain't had any use fer Hanchett since he hitched up with the corporations; but it looks like he 's got a cinch on this district."

"Oh, no," returned Kennedy, confidently; "the right kind of a man can beat him."

"Who 's the right kind of a man?"

"Adam Grimm."

Ritter scratched his head thoughtfully, and then rested his arms on the top of the fence and looked off down the road. "He 'd git the farmer vote solid, if he was nominated," he said, "but I don't see no way to nominate him. We farmers mostly git flimflammed in the conventions."

"I don't," returned Kennedy.

"That 's so," admitted Ritter.

"You 'd all have to back me up strong, but I could put him through."

"He 's a good man," reasoned Ritter, half to himself; "them corporation people would have trouble handling him, an' we 'd like to have a chance to 'lect a man that we really know. But what 's *your* game?" he asked suspiciously.

"I 'm merely looking for a man who can beat Hanchett," replied Kennedy. This was true; but he neglected to say that his reason for wanting to beat Hanchett was a purely selfish one. "We 've got to beat him with a farmer," he explained, "for he 's strong in town, and he might run independent when he 's turned down in the convention. Only a man who could poll the solid farmer vote would have much chance, and Adam Grimm looks like that man."

"He looks like him," said Ritter, slowly.

"Think it over," advised Kennedy. "I 'll be along again in a few days."

Kennedy also discussed the situation with a few others during his drive, but he was careful to do no more than suggest the availability of Grimm. No one knew better than he the folly of trying to force a boom: the farmers must be given time to think and talk, so that the movement would seem to be their own. Besides, he must rely largely upon their influence with Grimm, and the esteem in which Grimm was held made him the one man for the purpose in view.

It was a week or ten days before Kennedy decided that he had business in the country again, and this time, as before, he found Grimm busy with his plow.

"Hullo, Adam!" he called cheerily.

"Mornin', Mr. Kennedy," returned Grimm.

"Well, I guess Hanchett won't go back to the legislature," remarked Kennedy.

"So?"

"Not if you care to go."

Grimm made no reply, but he did not seem to be in such a hurry to move on this time.

"The talk is all for you," Kennedy added.

"They 're doin' some talkin'," Grimm admitted. "There 's been one or two of them here."

"All you 've got to do," urged Kennedy, "is to come out as a candidate. You can be elected all right."

"I reckon I 'd have a middlin' good chance," said Grimm, slowly, "if I was nominated on the reg'lar ticket. But it don't look to me like I could be nominated. We mostly git the worst of it at conventions."

"I can look after that," suggested Kennedy, insinuatingly.

"You!"

"Sure. I can get the nomination for you."

"Gidap!" said Grimm, and he trailed off after his plow.

There was an intimation of something decidedly unflattering in this, and Kennedy's frown was dark; but a practical politician cannot afford to be sensitive, and Kennedy was soon able to smile again. For purposes of his own he had need of Grimm, and Grimm, on this occasion, had listened longer than when the subject was first broached.

Kennedy stopped to talk with no other farmers that day, but a trusted lieutenant, not too closely identified with his master, took the field on the next, and the boom was most adroitly handled. It was not

wise that a man of Kennedy's political reputation should show absorbing personal interest in the success of such a movement as this.

Grimm, meanwhile, was unconsciously preparing himself, and being prepared, for the third interview. He was slow, but he was human, and he could not dismiss the subject from his mind as easily as he had dismissed the discussion of it with Kennedy. It would be an honor to go to the legislature. It had not seemed to him that he was exactly qualified, but it was beginning to be evident that his neighbors thought differently. So the possibility lingered with him as he plowed, was discussed over the fence with some who passed, and was finally taken to the house for the consideration of his wife.

Mrs. Grimm, having heard much of Kennedy, was suspicious of him, but her eyes sparkled at the thought of such splendid recognition for her husband.

"I ain't keen fer it," he explained, "an' that 's what makes it look safe. I don't trust Kennedy much myself, but he ain't said a word that 's wrong, an' mebbe he 's only tryin' to beat Hanchett, like he says. Anyhow, he can't put any halter on me when I ain't askin' anything of him. He 's forcin' the office on me, an' that leaves me free."

"An' you *stay* free!" she said with emphasis.

"Of course."

"Don't you make a promise to nobody of what you 'll do after 'lection."

"Only what I promise open to the voters," he assured her, and this, of course, was quite satisfactory.

So, having this indirect encouragement, he was ready for Kennedy when the latter came again. In his slow but straightforward way he had been considering all the phases of the question that his mind could grasp, and he had been building some rather hazy air-castles. He would like to show his neighbors that their confidence in him was not misplaced; he would like to have the honor of representing them; he would like to demonstrate what a man of stubborn honesty and direct methods could do; he would like to prove that he was more than a mere farmer: but he also wished to be sure that there were no entanglements in his path.

He moved over to the fence when Kennedy gave him the usual cheery greeting.

"Look here, Al Kennedy," he said bluntly, "what 's back o' this?"

Drawn by Frederic R. Gruger

"THE POSSIBILITY . . . WAS DISCUSSED OVER THE FENCE WITH SOME WHO PASSED"

"Politics," answered Kennedy, smiling.

"What kind o' politics?"

"Good politics. I want to send a good man to the legislature."

"An' then what?"

Kennedy preferred not to answer the question directly. He wound the reins around the whip, jumped from the buggy, and walked over to the fence.

"Adam," he said, "it 's just a question of beating Hanchett, and you 're the man to do it. Hanchett has no business to be in the legislature: he was all right when he first went, but he 's turned out bad, and he 's disgracing the district. But the man who 's in has a big advantage, and the only way we can beat Hanchett is to put up somebody who can draw the solid farmer vote. That 's why a few of us picked out you. We can hold him down some in town, but we 've got to have the solid farmer vote to do the trick."

All this was said with an air of the greatest frankness, and it was very plausible. If he had further explained that there was a split in the local "machine," as a result of which Hanchett was no longer available for certain desired purposes, the explanation would have been quite complete.

"I ain't makin' any promises," announced Grimm, after a long pause.

"I have n't asked for any, have I?" returned Kennedy.

"No," admitted Grimm; "but I want to make that p'int good an' clear."

"Make it as clear as you like," said Kennedy, cheerfully.

"I would n't go to the legislater unless I was a free man," persisted Grimm.

"I can't see that anybody 's got a string on you," laughed Kennedy. "You have n't noticed me trying to hand you a halter, have you?"

"No," answered Grimm, frowning perplexedly; "an' that 's what 's worryin' me."

Kennedy became serious. "Why, Adam," he said, "the trouble with you is that you get your ideas from the sensational press. The papers have told so many lies about me that you 're actually making it difficult for me to do a fine thing for both you and the district. I 'm offering you the nomination, and I 'm asking you for no pledge of any sort whatever. Do you want it?"

"Yes, I want it," replied Grimm, desperately, "if it comes to me fair an' proper."

"All right," said Kennedy. "Tell

Drawn by Frederic R. Gruger

"'AN' YOU *STAY* FREE!'"

Drawn by Frederic R. Gruger

"'A MAN DOES N'T SET OUT TO BEAT HIMSELF VERY OFTEN'"

your friends you 're out for it, let them whoop it up a little, and I 'll do the rest." He offered Grimm his hand to bind the bargain, and Grimm, now fully committed, shook it with painful earnestness. Then Kennedy climbed back into his buggy and drove away, alternately frowning and smiling.

"He 's going to be difficult," mused Kennedy, "but not impossible—certainly not impossible." For Kennedy, in a desperate political plight, was risking much on his judgment of human nature—all human nature. "The man to whom the bird in the bush is no temptation," he reflected, "will do much to retain possession of the bird in the hand."

THREE days before the convention Kennedy drove out to see Grimm again, and Grimm was much perturbed. They had met in town a day or so before, at which time Kennedy had assumed an air of proprietorship of Grimm and his political fortunes that was not wholly pleasing. While he had made no direct attempt to exact a pledge of any sort, he had intimated rather broadly that he expected Grimm to be guided by his judgment and wishes in all matters wherein he might choose to exert the influence that gratitude for favors done should give him. So adroitly was this done that Grimm felt himself being drawn into the meshes of the political net without a fair chance to free himself. There was nothing that he could openly resent, yet he had an uncomfortable feeling that he was being led into an inferential pledge that was wholly foreign to his purpose when he consented to run for the legislature.

Then Kennedy, with fine tact, had succeeded in inviting himself to Grimm's farm for a general discussion of the situation. Grimm had no objection to the arrangement, but he realized that it was not of his making, and he was troubled by the thought of the ease with which Kennedy had managed him. It was a trifling matter, and it had all come about quite naturally, but there was an unpleasant consciousness that he was merely doing what Kennedy had previously decided he should do. So he had looked forward to the interview with some misgivings.

Kennedy, however, was in fine humor when he arrived. So far as outward indi-

cations went, the purpose of his visit was one of friendly congratulation. He treated Grimm as if they had been on terms of the closest intimacy since boyhood, and he quite overwhelmed Mrs. Grimm and Miss Anna Grimm with his high spirits and his hearty assurances that the husband and father was virtually a legislator already.

"The only man who can beat him now," he said confidently, "is himself, and a man does n't set out to beat himself very often."

To Miss Anna Grimm he was particularly attentive. She had been away from home, working in the city, so he felt that she was of the world and would have the better appreciation of the pictures he drew of life at the State Capital. Still, he made this look very attractive to Mrs. Grimm, also. Both listened attentively, but Anna Grimm seemed to have much of her father's taciturnity, and said little. However, Kennedy was satisfied that he made the desired impression: any girl would prefer the excitement of life at the State Capital during a session of the legislature to the monotony of life on a farm, or even working in the city.

"When you get the women going," was one of Kennedy's wise sayings, "you 've got the family going."

He dined with them, and he knew he had the women with him before dinner was over. Mrs. Grimm was specially interested in the Governor's receptions, and there were occasions when Anna Grimm's eyes sparkled. But Grimm himself grew ever more moody and taciturn, seeming to have an unpleasant suspicion as to where all this was leading.

After dinner, the two men withdrew to the porch for a smoke, tilting their chairs back against the side of the house and making themselves otherwise comfortable. The rattle of dishes in the distant kitchen showed how the women were engaged, and, by contrast, added something to the contentment of the indolent men.

"There 's a United States senator to be elected at the next session of the legislature," Kennedy finally remarked carelessly.

"So?" returned Grimm, although he knew it perfectly well.

"Yes," said Kennedy, closely watching the effect of his words, "and I 'd like to see Sparkins elected."

The effect was easily observable. Grimm took his pipe from his mouth and turned a look of blank amazement on the politician. "I thought he 'd withdrawed," he said.

"Hardly," replied Kennedy. "There was such a rumpus when he was first mentioned that he 's keeping in the background until after the election; but he 'll be on deck all right when the legislature meets. He 's a good man, too."

"He don't suit me," said Grimm, shaking his head solemnly.

Kennedy had expected this, so it disturbed him not at all. "What 's your objection to him?" he asked.

"Boodle," answered Grimm.

"Oh, that 's all talk!"

"He looks to me," persisted Grimm, "like a rich man who 's tryin' to buy a comfortable place down to Washin'ton. It 's jest payin' his way into a swell club fer him."

"All tommy-rot," argued Kennedy. "You got that from the newspapers. But even if it were true, it 's no crime to be ambitious for honor after achieving mere worldly success, and he 'd be a senator that would do this State credit."

"The men that make their money the way he did," returned Grimm, "don't never represent the honest people; they don't know how. If he 's such a good man, why don't he dare come out before the people now?"

"The people are fools," exclaimed Kennedy. "Half the time they don't know what they want."

"They know what they don't want sometimes," remarked Grimm, sententiously. "What 's the matter with Senator Kenshaw? Why don't we send him back?"

"Oh, he 's been in office too long."

"A good man ain't never in office too long," retorted Grimm, slowly.

The old farmer was developing unexpected cleverness in argument, which was annoying, but not of great importance. Kennedy was still quite certain that he knew where the battle would be won, but the victory would not be quite so easy as it had looked.

"Politically," he urged, "it is quite important that Sparkins shall be given

the senatorship. I should like to be assured that you will vote for him as a matter of political expediency. I think you owe me that much."

"I don't owe you nothing," returned Grimm, with some heat.

"That is rather ungrateful," argued Kennedy, temperately reproachful. "If you will stop to consider all that I 've done for you—"

"You said you would n't ask fer no pledge," put in Grimm.

"I said I had n't asked for any pledge," corrected Kennedy; "but I must ask for this one."

"I won't give it," said Grimm, bluntly. "I 'm a free man, an' I 'm goin' to stay one."

"Have you considered the cost?" asked Kennedy, bluntly.

Grimm did not seem to understand this, and made no reply.

"The only man who can beat you is yourself," pursued Kennedy, giving point to his previous remark to the same effect; "but you can do it. I hardly thought you 'd try, though."

Grimm was beginning to comprehend, but he only turned a wondering gaze upon the tempter.

"It would be hard to explain to your neighbors," remarked Kennedy, "and it would be a big disappointment to your wife and daughter. They seem to have their hearts set on this thing."

And Kennedy's efforts to make the future look alluring to them had been one of the things that had disturbed Grimm. His purpose was reasonably clear now.

"Adam," said Kennedy, impressively, "you 've got the solid farmer vote, which is necessary to beat Hanchett, but you can't be nominated without me."

"Are you goin' to turn me down?" asked Grimm.

"Are *you* going to turn *me* down?" retorted Kennedy. "That 's the question. You 've got your future in your own hands: you can be a big man, or you can be a plow-horse; you can give your wife a little of the happiness of real life, or you can tie her up on the farm; you can make a lady of your daughter, or you can let her be a drudge. And this is n't merely a possibility or a chance: it 's a cinch; it 's right in your hands now; the convention is only three days off, and I can give you the roll-call this minute. You have it right in your fist. Are you going to let go? It 's up to you, Adam."

Here was Kennedy's theory put to the practical test. A man might be little tempted by the bird in the bush, but could he release the bird in the hand? Grimm seemed to find it no easy task.

"Why, Mr. Kennedy," he reasoned, "Sparkins ain't never done anything fer anybody but himself, an' he never will. He 's jest money—that 's all he is. Why, we would n't be sending a man to Washin'ton; we 'd be sending a bank-account, an' folks would say it was the bank-account that got us to do it. Everybody knows he started out to buy his way in. I guess you ain't stopped to think how people will yell."

"Let 'em yell," returned Kennedy. "They 'll forget it a month after it 's all over. You 'd better think less of Sparkins and more of yourself, Adam."

"I 'm thinkin'," said Grimm, dubiously; "but I ain't sure I git it right. There ain't anything hid anywhere, is there?"

"Not a thing," replied Kennedy. "There 's no other condition of any sort. I 'll give you the nomination in exchange for your promise to vote for Sparkins; otherwise, I 'll throw it to Hanchett. If you won't do that much for me, I 'd rather have Hanchett, and I 've got enough delegates to hand it to whichever I choose. It 's a pretty big thing to give up, Adam."

"It is," agreed Grimm, after a long pull at his pipe, "an' I think I 'll stick to it."

Kennedy settled back in his chair in evident relief. "Then you 'll vote for Sparkins," he said.

"No, I won't," said Grimm.

Kennedy was jarred out of his feeling of self-satisfied contentment, so sharply and unexpectedly did this come.

"I got to go to the legislater as a free man," added Grimm.

"You won't go at all," exclaimed Kennedy, angrily. "You 're a fool, Adam."

"I don't reckon you better call me 'Adam' any more," cautioned Grimm. "That name 's only fer my friends, an' I don't like folks that work underhanded. You ain't even dared come out fer him open; you ain't dared tell me until now."

"That will do for you!" retorted Kennedy, with much heat. "You 'll stick to your plow." To be thus defied in the moment of victory was enough to try any man's temper.

"That there nomination 's mine, as things stand now," said Grimm, speaking with more than his usual deliberation, "an' I don't look to have you interfere. If folks knowed what you said to me—"

"They don't know," interrupted Kennedy, with an unpleasant laugh, "and you 'd have some trouble convincing them."

"So?" returned Grimm. He reached over and tapped on the closed blinds of a window that opened on the porch. The blinds swung open, disclosing Anna Grimm with note-book and pencil. "Anna 's been workin' down to the city as a steno*graph*er," explained Grimm. "Looks to me like she come home at a right handy time."

Kennedy looked from the man to the girl, and from the girl back to the man. His mind, usually quick, seemed to be slower than ever Grimm's was, but some of the things he had said stood out with startling distinctness.

"Good newspaper yarn," suggested Grimm. "Do you reckon I 'll go to the legislater unpledged?"

"I think you will," answered Kennedy, reluctantly.

THE BIRDS OF WESTLAND

(PRINCETON, JUNE, 1908)

BY R. W. G.

O BIRDS of Westland, singing on
  As blithely as of yore!
Do ye not know how deep he sleeps
  Behind that closed door?

Do ye not know that he who hailed
  Your music, dawn by dawn,
Hath, since he harkened yesterday,
  From hearing been withdrawn?

O happy birds! I think ye know
  He loved your joyful song,
And therefore in the growing light
  Ye carol loud and long.

O birds! ye know he would not wish
  To hush that singing sweet,
Though since he heard your music last
  That great heart ceased to beat.

LOMBROSO, PROPHET AND CRIMINOLOGIST

BY GUGLIELMO FERRERO

CESARE LOMBROSO belongs, like Spencer, Darwin, and Taine, to the class of naturalist philosophers who have applied the methods of natural science to the study of psychological and social phenomena. After studying medicine, he became a professor of psychiatry, and devoted himself to pathological anatomy, to anthropology, to morbid and normal psychology and to sociology; but if I were asked to say what Lombroso really is, I should neither call him a naturalist nor an anthropologist, nor a sociologist; I should call him a Jewish prophet in the garb of a modern philosopher. This is the most accurate and comprehensive definition of his personality.

A MODERN PROPHET

LOMBROSO belongs to a Hebrew family of Verona, and among all the great Jews of the present century he is perhaps the one in whom are most intensely embodied the most original characteristics of his race, namely, the ethical spirit and the passion for social reform. Renan has already noted, that whereas the mission of Greece was esthetic and philosophic, that of the Jews is moral. While Greece was strong to realize the ideal of absolute beauty and perfect wisdom, the Jews of antiquity were tormented by a longing to found the kingdom of absolute justice. This longing was manifested in prophecy, that singular phenomenon of Hebrew history. The prophets from Isaiah to Jesus, who was the last and greatest prophet of all, were social reformers who strove to purify the morals of their nation; and the entire literature of prophecy, which forms the most profound part of Hebrew literature, is one impassioned propaganda in favor of virtue and justice, conveyed to a world full of vice and violence. After the lapse of many centuries the gift of prophecy may once more be noted in the Hebrew men of genius of modern times, who are all more or less critics and moral reformers—Spinoza, the founder of the first great modern ethical theory; Heine, the implacable scoffer at the moral contradictions of his country; Marx and Lassalle, the two great leaders of German socialism, who strove to reform the commercial morality of our times; and Max Nordau, who has analyzed the "conventional lies of our civilization" in a profound and terrible book.

This spirit of ancient prophecy, which was above all a work of criticism and moral reform, is very powerful in Lombroso, and obviously distinguishes him from the other great naturalist philosophers of the present century, such as Spencer, Darwin, and Taine. The latter have studied and solved great problems, but they were always animated by the purely intellectual desire of solving a scientific question; thus, Darwin wrote the "Origin of Species" with the intention of expounding one of the most important problems of biology; Spencer formulated the theory of evolution for the sake of furnishing a new and general formula of life; Taine wrote "De l'intelligence" in order to establish the psychology of thought upon a new basis. Lombroso, on the contrary, is always urged on to scientific research by deep moral motives. In all his books he, on the one hand, proves himself a physiologist and psychologist who applies the methods of science to the study of certain questions; on the other,

an apostle of moral and social reforms, who, like the prophets of olden times, is endeavoring to amend existing morals and institutions. Thirty years ago he engaged in long clinical studies upon the origin of the *pellagra,* a terrible disease which makes havoc among the peasants of Lombardy; and he advanced a new theory which, although violently opposed at first, is now generally accepted. From the point of view of purely pathological and chemical research, it would seem as if no moral element could have any connection with the matter; yet the prophetic spirit is so strong in Lombroso that he made the conclusions of his researches conducive to an agitation for moral and social reform. According to his theory, the disease arose from the fact that the peasants were in the habit of eating bad maize, which the landowners preferred to give them instead of throwing it away; and this fact impelled him to enter upon a violent campaign against the selfishness of landed proprietors, demanding the interference of the Government on behalf of the peasants. For five years he traveled through the parts of the country which were the most afflicted with this disease, giving popular lectures on the measures to be adopted for its care; he wrote pamphlets in the form of dialogues or short stories on the causes and cure of the pellagra, and distributed thousands of copies among the peasants; he tried to organize societies and hospitals in order to fight the disease; until at length the landowners, wearied of this prophet who went about preaching redemption from pellagra, succeeded by means of petty persecutions in rendering his life at Pavia, where he was then living as professor, so unbearable that he was forced to remove to Turin.

At Turin, Lombroso devoted himself to a zealous study of criminals. For the last twenty years he has been examining criminals with the patience of a Benedictine, measuring their faces, their skulls, their degree of sensitiveness, studying their diseases and their psychology, collecting an enormous mass of physiological, anthropological, and psychological data. But it would be wrong to credit him with a mind which is capable of undertaking this endless task for the sake of a purely intellectual pleasure in explaining what a criminal really is. The problem he wishes to solve is one of a higher and more complex nature—that of finding a more vigorous method by which a juster proportion between crime and its punishment may be established. Lombroso has not drawn practical conclusions from his studies with the calm indifference of a philosopher giving advice to men more ignorant than himself, but rather with the impassioned ardor of an apostle who feels that he has a noble mission to fulfil upon earth, so much so that the most eloquent pages in his works are always those in which he attacks with violent and ironical criticism the fundamental injustice of our modern method of penal repression, which is more favorable to the evil-doer than to the honest man. He is actually so thoroughly penetrated and pained by the thought of all this injustice that he does not rest content with instituting an immense propaganda against it by means of books, articles, pamphlets, and speeches, but is continually talking of it in his family-circle and among his friends. He often mentions this subject to us; giving vent to a verve of bitter sarcasm against the men who thus neglect justice; and he often becomes so excited in the discussion that he falls into the most extravagant paradoxes. Then he affirms that men are by no means superior to animals, that civilization is a lie, that all things will end in ruin for want of that which is so dear to the Jew—justice. In short, he has solved a great scientific problem solely in order to attain the means of modifying certain social institutions, and the reform of these institutions means more to him than a simple desire: it is a mission to which he has dedicated his life. Scientific research serves to excite in him the prophetic instinct peculiar to his race, by which, if, on the one hand, he is closely related to Spallau, Zani, Lamarck, Darwin, and Spencer by the kinship of great minds, on the other, his ethical spirit renders him a direct descendant of Ezekiel and Isaiah.

A GREAT PESSIMIST

PESSIMISM is a transitory state of Aryan thought, but it is the normal condition of Hebrew thought. As Renan observed, in the whole of the Bible there are only two

bright and joyful books—the "Song of Solomon" and the "Book of Ecclesiastes." All the rest, especially the Prophets and the "Book of Job," form one sublime and colossal cry of pain. Even to-day, after the lapse of many centuries, every Jew of genius is almost destined to convey bad tidings to men, for all the great Jewish thinkers have almost always brought to light some painful phenomenon of life. Thus Spinoza announced to mankind that good and evil do not exist; Marx, that society is the battle-field of a desperate struggle between the social classes; Lassalle, that, by the "brazen law," workmen, in spite of their most strenuous efforts, can never earn more than the minimum which is just sufficient to keep them from starvation.

In this, Lombroso shares the common fate of his race. Not only has he affirmed that civilization augments crime and that man is fundamentally inclined to evil, but he has formulated the theory which is perhaps the most pessimistic one of the whole century—the theory which was destined to destroy the hero-worship introduced by Carlyle, and which has so many followers in England: I mean the theory that genius is a form of degeneracy. It is not that this theory is pessimistic in itself; for the truth is neither good nor bad, and all theories are equally capable of a pessimistic or of an optimistic interpretation. If the theory of the degeneracy of genius had been discovered by an optimist, he would have found a way of once more admiring the infinite wisdom and goodness of nature, which

Drawn by Albert Abendschein, from a photograph by G. Vanetti

CESARE LOMBROSO

knows how to make use even of disease to serve some great purpose. In the mind of Lombroso, on the contrary, this theory became so tragic as cruelly to wound many timid consciences by means of that species of bitter pleasure with which he set to work to destroy old-fashioned illusions with regard to great men and especially by proving that their intellectual greatness is obscured by serious moral defects, and that almost all of them are bad and often criminal. One is almost led to think that there exists in him an extravagant desire to appear as a blasphemer of hero-worship. I shall never forget the satisfaction that he once derived from certain unpublished documents which served to convince him that Galileo was a slanderer and a bad, hard-hearted man—an unscrupulous thief of discoveries made by his pupils. Thus for some time past Lombroso has been beset by the idea of proving that Dante was in reality a criminal. Dante was sent into exile by his political adversaries upon the accusation of extortion. This does not really prove anything, because that was a pretext by which, during the Middle Ages, political parties in power in Italy were wont to rid themselves of their enemies. In spite of this, Lombroso has investigated all manner of documents in order to persuade himself that the accusation was true. He did not find the proofs, and was much discontented, although such an accusation against Dante would create an enormous scandal in Italy, where Dante is venerated not only as the greatest of poets, but also as one of the grandest characters of our history and a hero of righteousness and justice.

THE MAN AND THE WRITER

MANY persons are in the habit of judging a writer's personal character from his works. This method, however, if applied to Lombroso, would lead to erroneous conclusions. One of the most curious traits which distinguish this man of genius is the incongruity which exists between his personal character and the scientific work he has undertaken—an incongruity so striking as to make one doubt whether the Lombroso who thinks and writes is the same person as the Lombroso who lives and speaks.

Lombroso will certainly be considered one of the greatest psychologists of the century; for, with a marvelous depth of thought, he has laid bare many of the most abstruse phenomena of the human soul, especially those relating to the psychology of the genius and the criminal. In spite of this, there is no one who has less penetration; for, while he is so great in theoretical psychology, he is as ingenuous as a child in practical psychology, and easily mistakes a fool for a great genius or a knave for an ingenuous enthusiast. He himself frankly admits that those whom he had originally believed his best and most trustworthy friends have proved his bitterest enemies, and we who are intimate with him are so thoroughly convinced of this want of penetration that when he expresses an opinion with regard to a person whom he has known only for a short time, we instinctively incline to believe that the truth is exactly the contrary. On the other hand, at a hospital, in his laboratory, in a prison, face to face with a madman or a criminal, or at his desk, before a heap of documents relating to the life of a man of genius, Lombroso is transformed into a psychologist, gifted with the greatest lucidity of thought and most extraordinary intuitive power. He understands—I might almost say he sees—the most complicated mechanism of thought and feeling, and is able to interpret it with wonderfully clear syntheses. This is due to the fact that, like almost all men of great genius, he possesses an intuitive insight into things, divining rather than observing. He has always boasted of being an experimentalist, of having introduced the experimental method into the study of morbid psychology; but this is one of the weaknesses which are so frequently observed in men of genius, who think themselves great in things in which they are not. Thus Frederick II boasted of being a very clever flute-player, and Goethe desired to be considered a great painter. As an experimentalist, Lombroso does not really surpass the average, because he possesses neither the patience nor the precision nor the nicety of analysis which are the essential attributes of the true experimentalist. He is a real poet, a truly creative genius, a man who possesses a lofty and vehement imagination, desirous of

expounding great syntheses, incapable of studying an isolated fact in all its details, but capable of divining the great laws of the human mind at a glance. I should say that the light which emanates from his mind is too diffusive and too intense to illuminate minor objects; it is rather fitted to enlighten the distant depths of gloom and ignorance by which we are surrounded.

A still more curious fact is that his most profound psychological researches are those treating of the sentiments most foreign to his own character. He has analyzed all the evil and vicious passions of man, all the most monstrous perversities of moral feeling, with a surprising profundity, revealing the savage bestiality which still lies concealed in the criminal. Yet personally he is the mildest of men, and the basis of his character is a childlike ingenuousness. He is easily angered by things of slight importance, and, when vexed, stamps his foot in the manner peculiar to children; but he is easily pacified. He has many childish habits, one of which is that of holding a glass with the whole palm of his hand instead of with his fingers, as if he were almost afraid of letting it fall. Many of his tastes are essentially childish. For instance, he is fond of scampering through fields like a boy and of watching fireworks (the latter amusement is a favorite one with him); he is also given to continually playing with small Chinese *bibelots*. Any one seeing him at a time when these childish traits happened to be most evident would find it hard to believe himself in the presence of the terrible analyst of the most savage human passions, the man who for forty years has been living in contact with wild beasts in human form, who has studied their feline movements and passions, and measured the force of their teeth and the means of extracting them.

It was Lombroso who formulated the law of misoneism; namely, that man is by nature an enemy of innovations, and that the latter are to be looked upon as pathological and unnatural experiments. Yet he is perhaps one of those who are the fondest of novelty, for that quality in a thing suffices to inspire him immediately with a great liking for it. In his eyes, whether in science, art, industry, or politics, novelty takes the place of reason and beauty. If a new mechanical invention is announced, he immediately applies it; if a new system of cure is discovered, he immediately has recourse to it; if a new literary school is founded, he immediately becomes one of its adherents. At fifty-five he became a cyclist and a follower of Kneipp's cure; he was at first a great admirer of Zola, Flaubert, and De Goncourt; now he admires Tolstoi, Ibsen, and Wagner. In politics he began by being a conservative and a monarchist; now he is almost a socialist. Until a few years ago he was an opponent of spiritualism; now he affirms that spiritualism will open up endless horizons to human thought. He is never afraid of confessing himself in the wrong and of changing his opinion. Yet while so fond of novelty, he has calmly affirmed that man is naturally conservative and has a right to oppose innovation, as if the discoveries of the thinkers were destined to contradict the man.

Lombroso is, in short, a man and a thinker of a most complex and interesting character. If he had lived in the days of Isaiah or Ezekiel his name would have been classed among those of the old Jewish prophets; but as he was born twenty-seven centuries too late, the pessimistic prophet has turned philosopher, for today philosophy and science are the two greatest instruments of moral and social reform. He entered the world with a mission of justice to accomplish, and for forty-five years he has been laboring toward its fulfilment with admirable zeal, never becoming wearied by opposition or illusions—as young at the age of 72 as at 25. He is irritable, violent, passionate. His character lacks the monumental solemnity of purely contemplative minds, like Spinoza, Kant, Goethe, and Spencer, just as his colossal work is wanting in harmony and proportion of outline. On the other hand, not only the thinker but the man himself stands revealed to us in his books, more than is the case with contemplative minds—the man of intense passions, who is pleased and saddened by the same things which please or sadden us, and who, in spite of all defects, is noble and generous.

Drawn by George S. DuBuis

Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

NEW LIFE AT THE OLD TURNPIKE TOLL-GATE

(SCENES FROM AMERICAN RURAL LIFE)

ROBERT FULTON IN FRANCE

HE INVENTS AND DESIGNS THE FIRST PARIS PANORAMA, AND INVENTS AND DEMONSTRATES THE FIRST SUBMARINE TORPEDO-BOAT

BY ALICE CRARY SUTCLIFFE

Great-granddaughter of the Inventor

IN the year 1797, the Earl of Malmesbury went to Lille to propose terms of peace between England and France. During that neutral period, Fulton thought that he saw an opportunity to convey to the world, through the French Directory, his ideas for future tranquillity, which embraced "a Universal betterment of Humanity, through a constructive system of Canals, and a destructive system of Torpedoes." His large views of universal welfare led him to dream of an ultimate invention which should set at naught the oppression of maritime influences. He planned to make the seas and waters open channels to a peaceful intercourse among the nations. To this end, without abandoning his hope of canal structures for the welfare of inland districts, he conceived a submarine contrivance, which he named a "Torpedo," that through tremendous explosive force might destroy the armaments of the seas. The French statesman Carnot, an inflexible republican, formerly Minister of War, was then an executive of the Directory, but after the revolution of 18 Fructidor he was obliged to flee to Germany. Fulton had reason to hope that he would be able to influence Carnot, who was already, through correspondence, his personal friend.

For this purpose, and with the hope of perfecting patents in France for his inventions relating to canals, Robert Fulton journeyed from London to Paris. He called immediately on the poet and diplomat Joel Barlow, to whom he presented credentials, and took up his abode in the same hotel where Mr. and Mrs. Barlow were living. Later, when the Barlows opened a home of their own, they invited Fulton to join them. A rare friendship between the two men ensued, and for seven years thereafter, Fulton made his home with them. Miss Mifflin, in her "Memoirs of John Ross," refers to Robert Fulton as the private secretary of Joel Barlow during that period. No other mention of such an arrangement appears in any known publication, and it is to be doubted.

During Fulton's sojourn in France, Barlow was not charged with American public duties; but in French politics he identified himself with the Girondist party, and was not without political influence; Robert Fulton shared his political enthusiasm and interest.

Fulton invented the first panorama ever shown in Paris, which was ready to be exhibited about the year 1800. A wealthy American had purchased a large tract of ground in a central position, and had built upon it a row of shops, arranged along two sides of a covered cloister. Upon one section of this property, Fulton suggested the erection of two lofty, circular buildings, and these were constructed for the exhibition of the panorama. The venture attracted great attention and yielded a substantial profit. It was of sufficient importance to suggest the name of the street upon which it was reared, and to this day "Rue des Panoramas" serves as a reminder of Fulton's production.

The subject of the panorama, recently discovered upon record in Paris, was

From a painting by Robert Fulton, in the possession of Judge Peter Barlow

JOEL BARLOW

"l'Incendie de Moscow." The scenes depicted were obviously those of one of the early devastations by fire, of which several are recorded in history, and of course not that later famous tragedy of 1812. It is interesting to consider that many of the survivors of Napoleon's army of invasion and retreat may have looked upon the canvases whereon Fulton had depicted earlier scenes of horror and devastation.

Robert Fulton possessed to a remarkable degree the power of concentrated thought. He studied French, Italian, and German, and acquired a proficiency in the three languages. Higher mathematics, physics, chemistry, and perspective also demanded his attention as he progressed in scientific research. It is known that he painted several portraits while in Paris, and one of these, of Joel Barlow, is here reproduced. He mingled with the prominent artists of the day. Houdon, who had visited America with Benjamin Franklin, executed an admirable bust of Robert Fulton, a cast of which may be seen at the National Academy of Design in New York, from which the picture on page 934 has been taken. The original was shown at the Salon in the Year IX, but its present whereabouts is unknown.

As early as 1793, in a correspondence with the Earl of Stanhope, Fulton showed a desire to investigate the possibilities of steam navigation. Appended to the inaugural address of Mr. John Ward, President of the Institution of Engineers and Ship-Builders in Scotland (1907), is a letter by Robert Fulton to Messrs. Boulton and Watt, Engine-Builders, which affords new and indisputable proof that Fulton was engaged in definite work upon the steamboat invention as early as 1794.

But just at that period canal extension was the main topic of his thought. To this end he addressed letters explanatory of his project to men of distinction in America, France, and England. The following letter to President Washington, written early in the year Fulton went to Paris, is in the archives of the Congressional Library:

London, Feby. 5th, 1797.

SIR: Last evening Mr. King presented me with your Letter acquainting me of the Receipt of my publication on Small Canals, which I hope you will Soon have time to Peruse in a tranquil Retirement from the Buisy operations of a Public Life: Therefore Looking forward to that period when the whole force of your Mind will Act upon the Internal improvement of our Country, by Promoting Agriculture and Manufactures: I have little doubt but easy Conveyance, the Great agent to other improvements will have its due Weight And meet Your patronage.

For the mode of Giving easy Communication to every part of the American States, I beg Leave to draw your Particular attention to the Last Chapter on Creative Canals; And the expanded mind will trace down the time when they will penetrate into every district Carrying with them the means of facilitating Manuel Labour and Rendering it productive. But how to Raise a Sum in the different States, has been my Greatest difficulty. I first Considered them as national Works. But perhaps An Incorporated Company of Subscribers, who Should be Bound to apply half or a part of their profits to extension would be the best mode. As it would then be their Interest to Promote the work: *And Guard their emoluments.*

That Such a Work would answer to Subscribers appears from Such Information as I have Collected; Reletive to the Carriage from the Neighborhood of Lancaster, to

Philadelphia. To me it appears that a Canal on the Small Scale might have been made to Lancaster for 120 thousand £ and that the Carriage at 20 Shillings per ton would pay 14 thousand per Annum, of which, 7,000 to Subscribers and 7,000 to extension. By this means in about 10 years they would touch the Susquehanna, and the trade would then so much increase as to produce 30,000 per Annum, of Which 15,000 to Subscribers, the Remainder to extension; Continuing thus till in About 20 Years the Canal would Run into Lake Erie, Yielding a produce of 100,000 per annum or 50 thousand £ to Subscribers, which is 40 per Cent; hence the Inducement to Subscribe to such undertakings.

Proceeding in this manner I find that In about 60 or 70 years Penselvania would have 9360 Miles of Canal, equal to Bringing Water Carriage within the easy Reach of every house, nor would any house be more than 10 or 14 Miles from a Canal: By this time the whole Carriage of the country would Come on Water even to Passengers—and following the present Rate of Carriage on the Lancaster Road, it appears that the tolls would amount to 4,000,000 per year. Yet no one would pay more than 21 shillings and 8d. per ton, whatever might be the distance Conveyed, the whole would also *be pond Canal*, on which there is an equal facility of conveyance each way. Having made this Calculation to Show that the Creative System, would be productive of Great emolument, to Subscribers, It is only further to be observed that if each State was to Commence a Creative System, It would fill the whole Country, and in Less then a Century bring Water Carriage within the easy Cartage of every Acre of the American States,—Conveying the Surplus Labours of one hundred Millions of Men.

Hence Seeing that by System this must be the Result, I feel anxious that the Public mind may be awakened to their true Interest: And Instead of directing Turnpike Roads towards the Interior Country, or expending Large Sums in River navigations—Which must ever be precarious and lead [— —] I Could wish to See the Labour, and funds applied to Such a System As would penetrate the Interior Country And bind the whole In the Bonds of social Intercourse.

The Importance of this Subject I hope will plead my excuse for troubeling you with So Long a Letter, And in expectation of being Favoured with your thoughts on the System and mode of Carrying it into effect, I Remain with the utmost

Esteem and Sincere Respect
Your Most Obedient Servant
Robt. Fulton.

HIS EXCELLENCY GEORGE WASHINGTON.

The foregoing letter offers ir
ble proof that Fulton was the
suggest the Erie Canal. The
this priority has been disputed,
above testimony seems conclusive

In the Lenox Library may b
the French original of the follo
ter, which apparently was addr
Bonaparte shortly before his c
for Egypt.

TO GENERAL BONAPARTE.

Citizen General: Citizen Perie
informed me that you would like to
quaintance with my Work on the
Small Canals, I take the liberty of p
you with a copy and shall be hap
find therein some means of improvi
dustries of the French Republic.

To this copy I have added two
which I purpose putting before th
the Directory. One relates to t
lutely new system of Small Canals
it is adopted, will produce the most
able portion of the public revenue
other I try to show the favorable
this system and at the same time, t
sity of an entire liberty of Commer

These plans of improvement and
tions upon Commerce, are elaborati

From the original painted by himself in 17
owned by Mrs. Robert Fulton Blight

ROBERT FULTON

This portrait was purchased from the author
Hall, Lancaster, Penn., by Robert Fulton Blig
hibited at the World's Fair in Chicago, and at
the German Consul was copied by Thomas An
Postal Museum at Berlin.

following ideas which I regard as the base of political welfare, and which seem to me worthy of the consideration of all republicans, of all friends of humanity: Labor is the source of riches of all kinds; it follows that the more numerous the industrious and useful class, the more a country should gain in riches and comfort. It is then to the interest of each Nation to draw from its natural advantages every feature possible. To that end Governments must apply themselves above all to domestic improvements and search continually to increase the number of useful individuals; and only by eliminating as far as possible the causes of war, will men be enabled to devote themselves to industrious works, and reduce beggary.

Among all the causes of wars, it is true, each day sees disappear that which relates to Kings, Priests, and the things which accompany them. But nevertheless Republics themselves will not be exempt from melancholy quarrels, in as much as they do not separate themselves from the erroneous sys-

BUST OF ROBERT FULTON BY HOUDON

The bust is signed and dated, "Houdon An. XII (1804) R. Fulton, 38 An." From the cast in the National Academy of Design, New York. The location of the original is unknown.

tems of exclusive commerce and distant possessions. Therefore, all who love their fellow men should try to search to destroy these errors. Ambition itself should not search for glory further than to show to men the way of truth, and to set aside the obstacles which hinder nations from arriving at a lasting peace,— for what glory can survive that does not receive the sanction of Philosophy?

To liberate the nations, Citizen General, you have executed vast enterprises, and the glory you have achieved should be as durable as time. Who then could render a more efficacious approval of the projects which can contribute to the general welfare? It is with this idea that I submit my work to you, hoping that if you find there some useful truths you will vouchsafe the support of your powerful influence, and in fact, favor projects the execution of which should render more happy millions of men. Could virtuous genius find a more delightful satisfaction? It is from this point of view that interior improvements and liberty of commerce become of the highest importance.

If success crowns the efforts of France against England, it will only remain for her to terminate gloriously this long war by according liberty to commerce and by compelling other powers to adopt this system. Political liberty would thus acquire that degree of perfection and of extent of which it is susceptible, and Philosophy would see with joy the Olive Branch of Eternal Peace sheltering Science and Industry. With salutation and respect,

Robert Fulton.

PARIS, 12 FLORÉAL, AN 6

On August 28, 1798, Mr. Joshua Gilpin of London said in a letter to Lord Stanhope: "I hear from France that Mr. Fulton has not yet gone to America; and probably it may be some time before he gets away, as an embargo rests on our vessels; besides which the Government and he are amusing each other (I think however to little purpose) on his new invention of the submarine boat. I fear this will keep him from more useful pursuits." Many of Fulton's friends were doubtful of the value of his ventures. That the rumor of their disapproval reached him is shown by a passage in a letter dated "Paris, November the 20th, 1798," to Mr. Gilpin:

I thank you for . . . Mr Chapman's observations on my system of small canals— which observations I expect will tend to bring the subject to discussion and Render its importance understood. . . . But for the pleasure of Seeing my Canal system stand in its true Light I look to America, and to America I look for the perfecting of all my plans— which plans are not numerous but their Consequences perhaps may be immense on the future improvement and happiness of America. The plan of my *Nautilus* [Fulton's plunging boat] you say is not liked, this must be because its Consequences are not understood. The Idea is yet an Infant, but I think I see in it all the nerve and muscle of an Infant hercules which at one grasp will Strangle the Serpents which poison and Convulse the American Constitution.

Every man who has the least pretension to expanded Reflection and a Knowledge of the interest of nations must admit that a perfect free trade is of the utmost importance, but a free trade or in other words a free Ocean, is particularly Important to America. I would ask anyone if all the American difficulties during this war is not owing to the Naval systems of Europe and a Licensed Robbery on the ocean? how then is America to prevent this? Certainly not by attempting to build a fleet to cope with the fleets of Europe, but if possible by Rendering the European fleets useless. A letter has not Room for much on this head, my Reasons on the Subject shall make their appearance in time, and I hope in manner which will Carry Conviction—From what I have heard, some of my friends fear that I may become an instrument in the hands of party—but of this I believe there is not the least danger. If I know myself I believe I am much governed by my own Contemplations which Contemplations I believe always tend to promote the Interests of Mankind—at least Such is my wish and I Cannot unite with any party or polity nor will I aid them unless I Clearly see that an obstacle between Society and a Lasting peace or improvement Can be Removed.

Remember me with the utmost affection to Mr and Mrs West tell them how much I love them, and wish to imitate their Social Virtues. I am happy Ralph has gone to America where I hope to return early in the Spring.

Remember me also to Mr Cartwright's family, with Regard to his engines I will write him.

Fulton's reference to Mr. Cartwright reminds us that Edmund Cartwright, an English clergyman and graduate of Oxford, had in 1785 obtained the first patent for a power-loom for the weaving of cotton cloth. Two years later he invented a wool-carding machine; and, in 1797, a steam-engine in which alcohol was used.

It is asserted that he "assisted Robert Fulton in his experiments with steamboats." Joel Barlow also mentions him, in a letter to Fulton in 1802, when, after an interview with Mr. Livingston, he says that he has heard unfavorable reports about Cartwright's engine, and doubts whether it will do for the proposed steamboat. "If you recur to Watts," he adds, "it is probably best to lay it horizontal, his fears with regard to the strain on the boat from the up-and-down stroke are not without foundation."

The letter to Joshua Gilpin, never before published, gives additional proof of Robert Fulton's constancy to his country. Those who have criticized his aim of securing "a lasting peace" by means of a destructive agent, the torpedo-boat, a weapon designed to cause wholesale ruin and devastation, should remember that he was animated by the hope that so powerful an instrument in the hands of a righteous nation would ultimately put an end to all warfare on the seas.

As early as December, 1797, Fulton, aided by Barlow, experimented upon a machine designed to impart motion under water to "carcasses" of gunpowder. An elongated and oval construction was to be forced to a point below water, and, at a calculated time, discharge its fire. The project contained the initial idea of Fulton's subsequent invention of the torpedo-boat, but at that time the test failed to be satisfactory. The name "torpedo," chosen by Fulton for his submarine contrivance, has since been given to all similar machines. Sir Thomas Herbert, the English traveler and author, had written:

> The Torpaedo or Cramp Fish came also to our hands, but we were amazed (not knowing that fish but by its quality) when a sudden trembling seazed on us; a device it has to beget liberty, by evaporating a cold breath to stupefie such as either touch or hold a thing that touches it.

Fulton's countryman, David Bushnell, a graduate of Yale, during the Revolution had invented a submarine "magazine" which by means of clockwork would explode a case of gunpowder under water; but the attempts to use the device resulted in failure.

After the first failure, with characteristic hopefulness Fulton began immediately to formulate a variety of new experiments. There is no doubt that at this time he valued the torpedo project with more favor than his already conceived idea of steam navigation.

Throughout the summer of 1800, Fulton was at Havre, busily engaged upon experimental work with his torpedoes. Mrs. Joel Barlow, on medical advice, had gone there for the invigoration of the sea air and baths. Mr. Barlow's affairs detained him in Paris, and his letters to his wife, to whom he was devotedly attached, are filled with interesting references to Fulton's submarine projects. Fulton made divers tests with his torpedo-boats against the British frigates which hovered along the coast. The situation was filled with suspense, and the utilization of a new weapon of warfare seemed soon to be realized. But the experiments were costly, and Fulton was frequently in need of money for the furtherance of his schemes. From time to time Barlow forwarded drafts, which apparently were the profits from Fulton's panorama, then on exhibition in Paris. These profits were shared by a Mr. Thayer, who had secured an extension to fifteen years of the original ten years' patent granted to Fulton on April 26, 1799. Barlow wrote to his wife, on 29th Thermidor, 1800:

> Tell Toot he shall have the $1000 in a day or two, but Thayer has not paid according to his promise. The pictures go not well,—50 or 60 livres a day for both,—and at this season! But the excessive heat prevents everybody from stirring out, especially upon the Boulevard, and in the day time.

"Toot" was Barlow's pet name for Fulton, possibly suggested by the tooting of the steam-engine with which he was already experimenting.

A few days later Barlow forwarded $500 through a banking house, and promised more in a day or two.

During that summer Fulton gave every effort to the development and practical demonstration of submarine navigation. His friends, of whom Barlow was chief, were anxious lest he should overtax his strength. With this thought in mind Barlow wrote to his wife on the 13th Fructidor:

Tell Toot that every strain and extraordinary exertion in middle life, and cold, and damp and twisting and wrenching, and unnatural and strained positions that our bodies are exposed to, tend to stiffen the nerves, joints and muscles, and bring on old age prematurely, perhaps sickness or decrepitude; that pains, gouts, rheumatism and death are not things of chance but are physical effects from physical causes; that the machine of his body is better and more worthy his attention than any other machine he can make: that preservation is more useful than creation; and that unless he could create me one in the image of himself he had better preserve his own automaton. Read this lecture to him, or a better one, on the preservation of health and vigor, every morning at breakfast.

The torpedo experiments were attended with danger and under hostile observation. Barlow wrote to his wife 17th Fructidor:

And poor Toot, I suppose, is now gone. I have not believed of late there was much danger in the expedition especially if they don't go over to the enemy's coast. I have certainly seen the day when I would have undertaken it without fear or apprehension of extraordinary risk. I can't say that I am now without uneasiness. I should probably have less if I was in the boat and without bodily pain. But there is really very little to fear. The weather is fine; they are only going along the coast. He is master of all his movements, and it appears to me one of the safest of all hostile enterprises.

The following day he wrote:

I am glad you made such good lectures to the poor boy before he went away. They will be useful to him always, whether there is any danger but fatigue or not. I feel very anxious, but it is rather from the magnitude of the object than from the danger.

Throughout his manœuvers, Fulton recognized the necessity of governmental coöperation. The project in hand was, he believed, for the benefit of the nations of the earth, and not for the furtherance of individual or even of national aggrandizement. His device for submarine gunnery must, if it should prove to be practicable, be guarded by wise laws for the safety of navies. But first it must be practised and proved of value in warfare by some one nation. To that end he hoped to find the Government of France willing to give the system a fair trial.

His first appeal to the Directory was encouraged. With the appeal he forwarded a descriptive letter which defined the advantages of his invention. He described it as a weapon capable of freeing the Republic from all oppressors. The Directory gave him reason to hope that his plan would be received with favor. Day by day he awaited the reply. Barlow added his influence to obtain official sanction for an expedition against the enemy's boats; but there were many rebuffs and few encouragements, as may be inferred from the following letter. On the 19th Fructidor, after a call upon the Minister of the Marine, in Paris, Barlow wrote:

Your letter of the 16th came yesterday about 4 o'clock, too late to see the Minister, and this morning he seems to have got up wrong end foremost. I went to his porter's lodge at 9 o'clock and sent up a letter, concise and clear, explaining the affair and telling him I should wait there for an answer, or for leave to speak to him. The porter returned and said he put the letter into his hands, and he read it and shrugged his shoulders, and when the porter asked him for the answer he said, "Je ne puis pas, je ne puis pas." And that was all he could get out of him; that he seemed to be very busy and vexed about other things. The porter, who was very civil, said it would be useless for me to wait; he was sure I should get no answer today. However, as tomorrow is *de cadi*, I will go again today about 2 o'clock and send up another note, and write you tomorrow my success. I always doubted whether this Government would suffer your expedition to go into effect. It is possible they have reserved to themselves this method to prevent it, always in hope before that your preparatory experiments would fail, or that your funds and patience would be exhausted.

Of this latter contingency there seems to have been little likelihood. The patience of Fulton was inexhaustible. It is marked and emphasized at every period of his busy life. Barlow mentions a further manifestation of Fulton's characteristic courage, and his charity in dealing with unsympathetic officials, in his next letter, written on the 20th Fructidor:

TOOT: I went to the Marine again yesterday at 3 o'clock and sent up a written request for an answer to my letter of the morning. The Minister referred me to Forestier, who, he said, had orders to attend to this affair.

I went to Forestier's bureau: his adjoint told me that the business was done; that the orders were sent that day by post to the prefect of the Marine at Havre to deliver you the commission and dispense with the caution. Thus if you can rely on a class of men on whom I have learned long ago not to rely at all, the business is done.

But if there is any more difficulty, which is altogether probable, explain it to me, and I will go to Forfait [Secretary of the Commission] with pleasure to get it removed. . . . Your old idea that these fellows are to be considered parts of the machine, and that you must have as much patience with them as with a piece of wood or brass, is an excellent maxim. It bears up my courage wonderfully every time I think of it, and makes me a better part of the machine than I should otherwise be. I have told it to several persons, who say it is a maxim to be quoted as a mark of a great mind. I will take care that it shall not be forgotten by the writer of your life, who, I hope is not born yet.

The commission had been appointed by the Minister of the Marine during the preceding year (1799), and the reply sent by Fulton is here printed for the first time in America, if not in all the world. The original manuscript, written in French, is the only Fulton document preserved in the British Museum, and a translation is herewith reproduced by permission. It conclusively proves that Fulton had received very definite encouragement from the Government of France, and it emphasizes the inventor's desire, dominating his enthusiasm throughout all his experiments, that an eternal peace would result from his warlike machine:

CITIZEN DIRECTOR: From the report of the Commissioner named by the Minister of the Marine, it would seem that the machine and the means by which I have proposed to destroy the English Fleet, are pronounced to be practicable, — Permit me then to recall to your consideration the consequences which should result from the success of this enterprise. The enormous commerce of England, no less than its monstrous government, depends upon its military marine. However if their vessels of war are destroyed by means so novel, so hidden and so incalculable, the confidence of the sailors will be destroyed, and the fleet rendered useless in the first moment of its terror. In such a state of affairs the Republicans in England would rise to facilitate a descent of the French, or would change their government of themselves without shedding much blood and without any expense to France. With England Republicanized, the seas will be free. The liberty of the seas would become a guarantee of perpetual peace to all maritime nations.

By such a peace France will gain more than any other nation, because of her great population and the immensity of her resources. Only then will humanity perceive, how priceless are the principles for which the French have expended prodigies of their blood, in all their miracles of bravery.

If at first glance, the means I propose seem revolting, it is only because they are extraordinary. They are anything but inhuman; it is certainly the most peaceful and least bloody mode that the philosopher could imagine to overturn the system of plunder and of perpetual war, which has always vexed the maritime nations: To give, at last, peace to the earth, and to restore men to their natural industries, and to a happiness, until now, unknown. I salute you with respect,

Robert Fulton.

6 BRUMAIRE, AN 7.

Epistolatory skirmishes between the parties to this transaction were almost as numerous as between the two warring nations. All of the correspondence is not now to be had, but the part that has been preserved reveals for the first time the actual details of the agreement relative to the *Nautilus,* the first submarine torpedo-boat. It was built during the latter part of 1800, and throughout the succeeding summer Fulton was at Brest, where the superb harbor, the finest on the coast of France, gave him the right opportunity for experiment. On the 8th Ventôse (February 28, 1801) Fulton had received authoritative word from Napoleon, through the Secretary of the Port, to send his torpedo-boat against the English fleet. After considering the matter four days, Fulton accepted the proposition and agreed to the terms of the contract. The following letter, found among Fulton's family papers, is here published for the first time:

1ST DIVISION
BUREAU OF THE PORT.

Paris, 7th Germinal,
the 9th year of the One
and Indivisible Republic.

The Minister of the Marines and Colonies.

To Monsieur Robert Fulton,
Rue de Vaugirard No. 50, Paris.

I announced to you, Sir, on the 8th of Ventôse, that the First Consul had authorized

me to accept your proposition relative to the *Nautilus*. You will have seen by that letter that you will, as a consequence, be credited with the sum of 10,000 francs to repair this Machine, construct the auxiliaries, and to convey, at your own expense, the *Nautilus* to Brest.

It has been decreed that you will be allowed for the destruction of the Enemy's boats, according to their strength, as follows:

400,000 francs for those of more than 30 cannon.

200,000 francs for those of more than 20 cannon up to 30 cannon.

150,000 francs for those of from 12 to 20 cannon.

60,000 francs for those of 10 cannon.

This force is the minimum, below which you will have no power to return claim.

By your letter of the 12th Ventôse, you declare your acceptance of these conditions, and I give the order to put to your account the sum of 10,000 francs, by means of which you must put in order the armor, the equipment and the expedition of the *Nautilus*.

There exist several means of determining in an authentic manner the destruction of the enemy's boats. The attestations, the declarations, and the interrogations put in legal form by competent authorities, will serve you as title to reclaim the payment of the sums which may ultimately be due you.

The navigation which you are about to undertake being absolutely different from others, also the style of war which the *Nautilus* is destined to make upon the enemy, it is not possible to indicate in advance a fixed method of affirming the truth of the facts. But it will be supplied by the information of the Commissary of the Government of England, and to the Maritime Prefects, every time it becomes necessary.

(Signed) *Forfait.*

Fulton's continued appeal to Napoleon led to the appointment of a commission to examine the plans for submarine navigation, and to provide funds for the furtherance of the work of necessary construction. Napoleon desired, at the conclusion of the experiments, personally to view the plunging boat; but arrangements at the time being incomplete, a view of the apparatus was not granted. Fulton explains the reason for his refusal to grant an exhibition of his drawings to a committee of engineers, in a letter printed below. The Citizens Monge, La Place, and Volney were prominent members of the National Institute, and Napoleon had taken care to select the three men whose judgment could best be relied on. Gaspard Monge, mathematician, had served as Minister of the Marine during two years, and later founded the Polytechnic School of Paris. Pierre-Simon de Laplace, astronomer, had held the position of professor of mathematics in the École Militaire, and was later vice-president of the senate. And Count Volney, a famous French scholar and author, whose travels had brought him to America, was a member of the constituent assembly. It was these three men who held the power of judgment over the newly devised weapon.

Among Fulton's papers were found two letters addressed to this commission. Both are of unique interest, the first because it shows Fulton's personal reasons for guarding his invention with all care, the second because of its detailed recital of his various experiments with dates and subsequent consequences. These are here given to the public for the first time:

"PARIS, the 3d Complimentary Day,
An 9.

"Robert Fulton to the Citizens Monge, La Place, and Volney, Members of the National Institute and Commissionaries appointed by the First Consul to promote the Invention of Submarine Navigation.

"CITIZENS: This morning I received yours of the 2nd Compl. As to the expense of a plunging Boat, I believe when constructed in the best manner with every improvement which experience has pointed out, She cannot cost more than 80,000 Livers. The Bombs Submarine may be estimated at 80 Livers each, on an average independent of the powder.

"I am sorry that I had not earlier information of the [first] Counsul's desire to see the Plunging Boat. When I finished my experiments, She leaked very much and being but an imperfect engine, I did not think her further useful,—hence I took Her to pieces, Sold Her Iron work lead and cylinders and was necessitated to break the greater part of her movements in taking them to pieces. So that nothing now remains which can give an Idea of her combination; but even had She been complete I do not think She could have been brought round to Paris. You will be so good as to excuse

me to the Premier Consul, when I refuse to exhibit my drawings to a Committee of Engineers. For this I have two reasons; the first is not to put it in the power of anyone to explain the principles or movements lest they should pass from one to another till the enemy obtained information: the Second is that I consider this Invention as my private property, the perfectionment of which will give to France incalculable advantages over her most powerful and active enemy; and which Invention, I conceive, ought to secure to me an ample Independence. That consequently the Government should stipulate certain terms with me Before I proceed to further explanation. The First Consul is too just, and you know me too well, to construe this into an avaricious disposition in me. I have now laboured 3 years and at considerable expense to prove my experiments. And I find that a man who wishes to Cultivate the useful Arts, cannot make rapid Progress without sufficient funds to put his succession of Ideas to immediate proof; and which sufficiency I conceive this invention should secure to me. You have intimated that the movements and combination of so interesting an engine should be confided to trusty persons, lest any accident should happen to me. This precaution I took previous to my departure from Paris for my last experiments, by placing correct Drawings of the Machine and every movement with their descriptions, in the hands of a friend; so that any engineer capable of constructing a Steam engine, could make the plunging Boat and Carcasses or Bombs.

"You will therefore be so good as to beg of the First Consul to permit you to treat with me on the business. And on this point I hope there will not be much difficulty. Health and sincere respect,

"ROBERT FULTON."

"PARIS, the 22d Fructidore, An 9.

"Robert Fulton to the Citizens Monge, La Place, and Volney, Members of the National Institute, and Commissioners appointed by the first Consul to promote the invention of Submarine Navigation.

"CITIZENS: Yesterday on my return from brest I received your note and will with pleasure communicate to you the result of my experiments, during the summer, also the mode which I conceive the most effectual for using my invention against the enemy. Before I left Paris I informed you that my plunging boat had many imperfections, natural to the first machine of so difficult a combination added to this I found she had been much Injured by the rust during the winter in consequence of having in many places used Iron bolts and arbours instead of copper or brass. The reparation of these defects and the difficulty of finding workmen consumed near two months, and although the machine remained still extremely imperfect, yet She has answered to prove every necessary experiment in the most satisfactory manner.

"On the 3rd of thermidor I commenced my experiments by plunging to the depth of 5 then 10 then 15 and so on, to 25 feet, but not to a greater depth than 25 feet as I did not conceive the Machine sufficiently strong to bear the pressure of a greater column of water. At this depth I remained one hour with my three companions and two candles burning without experiencing the least inconvenience.

"Previous to my leaving Paris I gave to the C[itize]n Queyton, Member of the Institute, a calculation on the number of cube feet in my boat which is about 212. In such a volume of air he calculated there would be sufficient Oxygen to nourish 4 men and two small candles 3 hours. Seeing that it would be of great improvement to dispense with the candles, I constructed a small window in the upper part of the boat near the bow, which window is only one inch and a half diameter, and of glass nine lines thick. With this prepared, I descended on the 5th of Thermidor, to the depth of between 24 and 25 feet at which depth I had sufficient light to count the minutes on the watch. Hence I conclude that 3 or 4 such windows arranged in different parts of the boat, would give sufficient light for any operation during the day. Each window may be guarded by a valve in such a manner that should the glass break, the valve would immediately shut and stop out the water. Finding that I had air and light sufficient, and that I could plunge and Rise perpendicular with

facility, on the 7th Ther. I commenced the experiments on her movements. At ten in the morning I raised her anchor and hoisted her sails, which are a main sail and Gib, the breeze being light I could not at the utmost make more than about two-thirds of a league per hour. I tacked and re-tacked, tryed her before and by the wind, and in all these operations found her to Answer the helm and act like a common dull sailing boat. After exercising thus about an hour, I lowered the mast and Sails and commenced the operation of Plunging. This required about two Minutes. I then placed two men at the engine which gives the Rectilinear motion, and one at the helm, while I governed the machine which keeps her balanced two waters. With the bathometer before me and with one hand, I found I could keep her at any depth I thought proper. The men then commenced their movement and continued about 7 minutes when, mounting to the surface, I found we had gained 400 metres. I again plunged, turned her round under water and returned to near the same Place. I again plunged and tried her movements to the right and left, in all of which the helm answered and the compass acted the same as if on the surface of the water. Having continued these experiments the 8, 9, 10 and 12th, until I became familiar with the movements and confident in their operation, I turned my thoughts to increasing or preserving the Air. For this purpose the Cn. Queyton advised to precipitate the carbonic acid with lime, or to take with me bottles of Oxygen which might be uncorked as need required: but as any considerable quantity of bottles would take up too much room, and as Oxygen could not be created at sea without a chemical operation which would be very inconvenient, I adopted a mode which occurred to me 18 months ago, which is a simple globe or bomb of copper capable of containing one cube foot to [*the paper is here torn*] a pneumatic pump by means of which pump 200 atmospheres or 200 cube feet of common air may be forced into the Bomb, consequently the Bomb or reservoir will contain as much oxygen or vital air as 200 cube feet of common respirable Air. Hence if according to the Ch. Queyton's calculation 212 feet which is the volume of the boat, will nourish 4 men and two small candles 3 hours, this additional reservoir will give sufficient for 6 hours. This reservoir is constructed with a measure and two cocks So as to let measures of Air into the Boat as need may require. Previous to my leaving Paris I gave orders for this machine but it did not arrive till the 18th of Thermidor. On the 19th I ordered 2 men to fill it, which was an operation of about one hour. I then put It into the boat, and with my three companions, but without candles, plunged to the depth of about five feet. At the expiration of one hour and 40 minutes I began to let off measures of air from the reservoir and so on from time to time for 4 hours 20 minutes, without experiencing any inconvenience. Having thus succeeded

"To sail like a common boat.

"To obtain air and light.

"To plunge and Rise perpendicular.

"To turn to the right and left at pleasure.

"To steer by the compass under water.

"To renew the Common Volume of air with facility.

"And to augment the respirable air by a reservoir which may be obtained at all times.

"I conceived every experiment of importance to be proved in the most satisfactory manner. Hence I quit the experiments on the Boat to try those of the Bomb Submarine. It is this Bomb which is the Engine of destruction, the plunging boat is only for the purpose of conveying the Bomb to where it may be used to advantage. They are constructed of Copper and of different sizes to contain from 10 to 200 pounds of powder. Each bomb is arranged with a Gun lock in such a manner that if it strikes a vessel or the Vessel runs against it, the explosion will take place and the bottom of the vessel be blown in or so shattered as to ensure her destruction. To prove this experiment, the Prefect Maritime and Admiral Villaret ordered a small Sloop of about 40 feet long to be anchored in the Road, on the 23rd of Thermidor. With a bomb containing about 20 pounds of powder I advanced to within about 200 Metres, then taking my direction so as to pass near the Sloop, I struck her with the bomb in my passage. The explosion

took place and the sloop was torn into atoms, in fact, nothing was left but the buye [buoy] and cable. And the concussion was so great that a column of Water, Smoke and fibres of the Sloop were cast from 80 to 100 feet in Air. This simple Experiment at once proved the effect of the Bomb Submarine to the satisfaction of all the Spectators. Of this Experiment you will see Admiral Villaret's description in a letter to the Minister of Marine.

"Having given you a short Sketch of the Succession of my Experiments, the mode of using these inventions against the enemy is now to be considered. On this Point, time and experience will make numerous improvements, As in all other new inventions and discover modes of operation which could not possibly occur to me. When powder was invented, its infinite applications were not thought of, nor did the Inventors of the Steam Engine conceive the numerous purposes to which I[t] could be applied. In like manner it is impossible at present to see the various modes, or the best method of using a plunging boat or the Bomb Submarine. But as far as I have reflected on this point, I conceive the best operation to be as follows:

First.

"To construct one or two good plunging boats each 36 feet long and 12 feet wide. Boats of this capacity would be sufficient to contain 6 men and air for 8 hours. With provisions for [*here the paper is torn*] days and transport from 25 to 30 Bombs at a time. Their cylinders should be Brass and of a strength to admit of descending 60 or 80 feet under water in case of need. And they may be constructed to sail from 5 to 7 miles an hour; Hence it may be well to observe that Quick sailing is not one of the most important considerations in this invention. If such a boat is pursued, she plunges under water, and as She can remain under Water from 4 to 8 hours and make at least one Mile per hour, She could rise Several miles from the place where she plunged to renew her air. Thus the enemies ports could be approached And particularly under the cover of the Night. Nor do I at present see that any possible vigilance could prevent these invisible engines entering their ports and returning at pleasure.

Second.

"Let there be also some hundreds of Bombs Submarine constructed of which there are two sorts,—one arranged with clockwork in such a manner as to go off at any given period, from 4 minutes to 4 hours. The other with a Gun lock as before mentioned, so as to go off when it strikes against a vessel or when a vessel runs against it. Each of these carcasses is arranged so as to float from 4 to 15 feet under water in proportion to the water which the Vessels to be attacked, draws. And in this there are two advantages, the first is that the bomb is invisible,—the second is that when the explosion takes place under water, the pressure of the column of water to be removed forces the whole action of the powder against the vessel: It was the resistance of the water which caused the sloop on which I proved the experiment, to be reduced to atoms: for water, when struck quick, such as the stroke of a cannon ball or the expansion of powder, acts like a Solid; and hence the whole force was spent on the Sloop, or rather passed through the sloop in finding its passage to the air by the perpendicular and shortest line of resistance. The same effect would no doubt be produced on a vessel of any dimensions by applying a proportionate quantity of powder, such as 2, 3 or 4 hundred weight.

"Therefore being prepared with plunging boats and Bombs Submarine, let the business of the boats be to go with cargos of bombs and let them loose with the current into the harbours of Portsmouth, Plymouth, Torquay or else where. Those with their graplings floating under water could not be perceived. Some would hook in the cables, bow or stern, or touch in their passage: many, no doubt, would miss but some would hit, go off and destroy the vessels they touched. One or more vessels destroyed in a Port by such invisible agents would render it too dangerous to admit of any vessel remaining. And thus the enemy may at all times be attacked in their own Ports, and by a means at once cheap, simple, and I conceive, certain in its operation.

CARICATURE OF FULTON'S SUBMARINE TORPEDO-BOAT ON AN AMERICAN HAND-BILL OF THE YEAR 1811

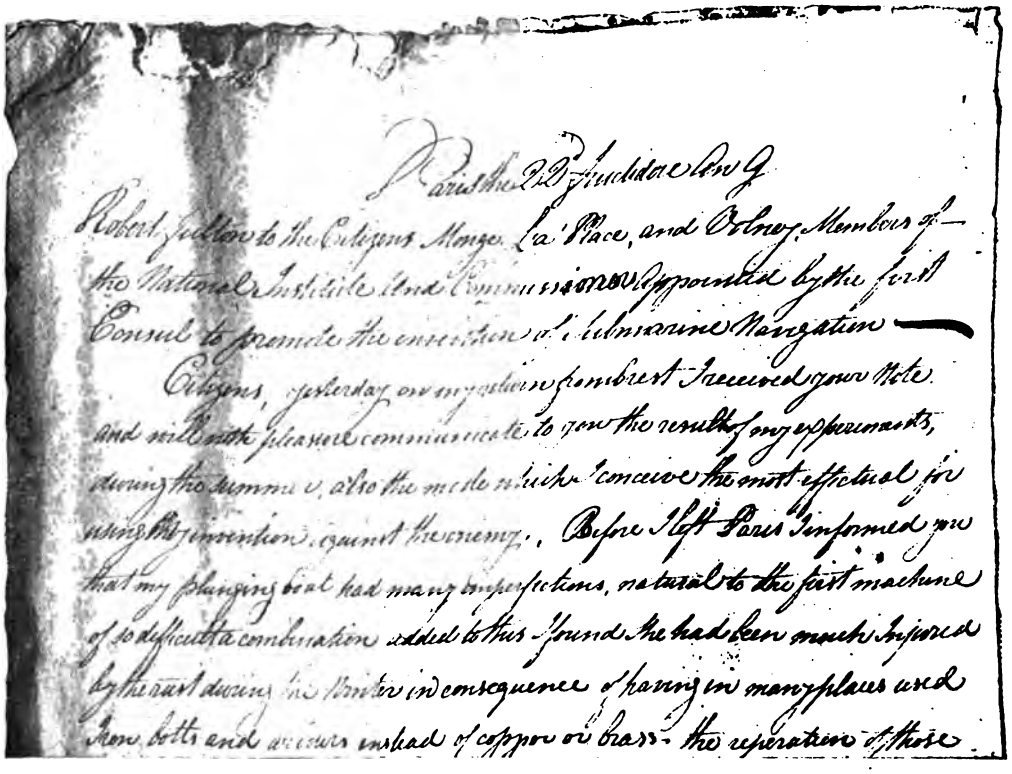
This hand-bill, the only copy now known to exist, was preserved by Robert Fulton's sister, and is owned by Mrs. Robert Fulton Blight.

"Another mode would be to go with cargoes of bombs and anchor them in the entrance of rivers so as to cut off or blockade the commerce. 2 or 3 hundred, for example, anchored in the Thames or the Channels leading to the Thames would completely destroy the commerce of that river and reduce London and the Cabinet of St James to any terms. No pilot could steer clear of such hidden dangers,—no one dare to raise them even if hooked by grapplings, as they could not tell the moment they might touch the Secret Spring which would cause the explosion and destruction of everything around them. No vessel could pass without the utmost danger of running on one of them and Her instant destruction. If this measure should ever become necessary some Vessels will most certainly be destroyed and their destruction alarm the whole commerce of the Thames. By this means the Thames may be blockaded and the trade of London completely stopped,—nor can the combined fleets of England prevent this kind of attack. And this is perhaps the most simple and certain means of convincing England that Science can put her in the power of France and of compelling Her to become a humble pleader for the liberty of the seas, which She now denies to her neighbors.

"I therefore conceive that it will be good policy to commence as soon as possible the construction of the boats and bombs. If they can be finished before the arrival of Peace their effects may be proved during this War. Should Peace be concluded before they are finished the experiments can be continued. Men can be exercised in the use of the engines. And it is possible in a few years England will see it Her best policy never to give France reason to exercise this invention against her. If England cannot prevent the blockade of the Thames by the means of plunging boats and Bombs Submarine, of what use will be to her her boasted Navy? The free navigation of the Thames nourishes the immense commerce of London, and the commerce of London is the Nerve and Vitals of the Cabinet

of St James. Convince England that you have the means of stopping that source of riches, and she must submit to your terms. Thus, Citizens, I have presented you with a short account of my experiments and Plan for using this invention against the Enemy, hoping that under your protection it will be carried to perfection and practised to promote the Liberty of the Seas. Health and Sincere Respect.

"ROBERT FULTON."



FACSIMILE OF A PART OF THE FIRST PAGE OF FULTON'S LETTER, ON PAGE 940, TO THE CITIZENS MONGE, LA PLACE, AND VOLNEY

The original manuscript is owned by the estate of Cornelia Livingston Crary, daughter of Robert Fulton.

The demonstration of the destruction of the sloop during the month of August, 1801, was attested by numerous spectators, and was described by Admiral Villaret, sometime Commander of the Fleet, in a letter to the Minister of the Marine. It was considered a success, and established without doubt in the mind of the multitude of spectators the facts which Fulton had essayed to prove. Nevertheless, as time went on, the officials of France withheld from Fulton a full knowledge of their satisfaction: perhaps they did not feel well disposed toward the adoption of such destructive weapons; possibly it was difficult to convince the sailors who would have to man the new boats that the project was one which justified the apparent danger. Mr. C. Harrison Suplee, Editor of "Cassier's Magazine," in a recent article suggests that it was upon a final requirement that Fulton included in his terms,—although it is not here noted in Forfait's reply,—that he and his men be officially recognized, and might receive protection which would be accorded to Frenchmen, should they chance, in the fulfilment of their warring enterprises, to fall into the hands of the enemy. Fulton spent an unsuccessful summer in reconnoitering the coast, and apparently received no pecuniary reward for his dangerous labor, for he failed to overtake an English ship.

AN AMERICAN LITHOGRAPH ENTITLED, "FULTON AND NAPOLEON IN 1804"

Below the above title is printed the following: "Robert Fulton, Inventor of Steam Navigation, exhibiting his plans to Napoleon Bonaparte, 'Great Man,' says Fulton, 'if you will give me your support to put these plans into execution, you can have the largest and most powerful Navy in the world.' This invention, however, appeared so extraordinary to Napoleon at the time that he could not conceive it practicable; yet, from the forcible impression it made upon his mind, he deemed it expedient to lay the particulars before the Academy of Sciences in Paris for their serious consideration. The following was the reply of the Academy of Sciences to Napoleon, 'Sire, we have effectively found a motive power in steam, but of a nature comparatively so feeble that a child's toy could hardly be put in motion by it.' Such was the reply of these sapient Academicians. Nor was it again until Napoleon beheld from St. Helena a steamship that he remembered the words of Fulton, and perceived how grossly the Academy of Sciences had been mistaken."

The above indicates that the lithograph (made in Philadelphia) was executed after the death of Napoleon in 1821. Fulton died four months before the battle of Waterloo. This picture, from the only copy known, is owned by Mrs. H. H. Cammann.

Fulton continued his experiments with boats, upon and beneath the water, during the remainder of his stay in France. He openly demonstrated the principles of his inventions, and vainly offered them to the French Government. If Napoleon had been favorable to them, the history of Europe might have been changed. But Napoleon's scientific counselors had pronounced Fulton "a visionary" and his invention "a mad scheme" and "simple absurdity."

English statesmen were not unacquainted with the development of Fulton's plans, and Lord Stanhope delivered to the House of Lords a message of warning. Barlow wrote to Fulton to acquaint him of the discussion, which terminated in September, 1803, in an invitation from the British Government to Fulton to display his torpedo contrivance. His note-book contains this entry:

I agreed on certain conditions and Mr. Smith set off for London to give in my terms. I then met him in Amsterdam in December with the reply, which not being satisfactory, he returned to London with other proposals and I went on to Paris.

The following March Mr. Smith returned with a letter from Lord Hawksbury. It contained a more satisfactory proposition, and Fulton left Paris on April 29, 1804, and reached London on the 19th of May. The next two years were spent in vainly seeking to introduce his inventions in England, and at the end of that time, baffled and disappointed, Fulton returned to his own country, where, until his death, in 1815, he continued his experiments with torpedoes, in connection with his immortal work of establishing the success of steam navigation.

EXPERIENCES OF A NAVAL ATTACHÉ

A BOLD RAID FOR INFORMATION AT RIO JANEIRO—A THEORY AS TO THE DESTRUCTION OF THE *MAINE* IN THE HARBOR OF HAVANA—A RECEPTION AT THE ROYAL PALACE IN ROME—AN ANECDOTE OF THE LATE SIR WILLIAM VERNON HARCOURT—AN INTERVIEW WITH EMPEROR FRANCIS JOSEPH

BY COMMODORE W. H. BEEHLER, U. S. N.

AFTER the war with Spain I had the honor of being appointed Naval Attaché to the United States embassies at Berlin and Rome and the legation at Vienna. The appointment was signed by John Hay, Secretary of State, upon the recommendation of John D. Long, Secretary of the Navy, who directed that I should proceed to Rome and relieve Commander F. M. Barber, who was on the retired list and who had requested to be relieved.

This appointment did not prescribe the duties I should perform, but merely that I should at all times consider myself under the direct orders of the United States Ambassadors in Berlin and Rome and the Minister Envoy at Vienna. I was verbally instructed to use my own judgment and collect such information abroad as I might deem of value to the United States naval service. From time to time I received definite orders to ascertain particular facts and to make certain purchases, but the bulk of the work depended entirely upon what I deemed necessary, previous years of service as a staff intelligence officer having qualified me for collecting the kind of information that was most wanted in the Navy Department to keep pace with naval progress.

Captain Mahan in his great work, "Influence of Sea Power," has enlightened the world upon the important "mission" of the navy. Before this work became well known, the important influence of sea power was not realized by Americans, nor even fully appreciated by the English, who owe their prestige as a world power entirely to the British navy. All the world has come to acknowledge the preponderating influence of sea power upon history and its absolute necessity for the maintenance of the peace and prestige of the nation.

The peculiar duties of a naval attaché are performed under the general direction of the Chief Intelligence Officer of the navy, to whom the attaché sends his reports to be filed for use by the Secretary of the Navy and the bureaus of the Navy Department. The duty is chiefly to collect naval information abroad, the importance of which can be fully realized only by considering the rapid progress in all details of naval affairs.

I had the honor of being one of the first intelligence officers appointed. I was then in the United States flagship *Brooklyn* at Rio Janeiro. An elaborate series of printed questions were sent with the appointment. These questions covered every conceivable modern feature in the construction, armament, and equipment of war-ships, torpedo-boats, and auxiliary vessels; besides elaborate queries concerning the defenses, facilities, resources, armaments, communications, etc., of the

ports visited, together with questions on all the naval and military establishments, schools, barracks, and hospitals of the ports and countries.

The information required seemed almost like taking a census of the naval and military resources of the country, and the instructions required that every reply to the queries should be accompanied with the authority for the reply. Intelligence officers were required to state whether the information was obtained from their own personal observations, hearsay, official publications, or newspaper reports; and the reliability of statements in the reports was thereby clearly shown upon the face of the report. As to how to obtain the data the instructions were silent, and no funds were available wherewith to purchase publications or to defray expenses incurred in going about to ascertain the facts.

I consulted with the admiral as to how I should proceed to obtain permission to inspect the Brazilian forts and ships, and he said to do as I saw fit. The use of diplomatic channels at that time would have been misunderstood, and it was feared that a direct request through the United States minister might fail and prevent any open and above-board investigation.

Having authority to proceed in my way, I went to the arsenal in uniform with a conspicuously large note-book, and, returning the salute of the Brazilian sentry at the gate, I deliberately began to investigate a pile of shot and examine stands of arms in the park, and make entries in the note-book under the observation of a distant group of officers, who were evidently astonished at this peculiar conduct by a foreign officer in uniform. As I took no special notice of these officers, one of them finally came up and, after passing the usual greetings, apologized for interrupting me and said he was curious to know what I was doing. I said I was taking an inventory of their arms and ammunition to make a report of their supplies to my government. After recovering from his amazement at this bold statement he said, "But that is not permitted." I replied that there was no notice forbidding it and I would be very much obliged, in case he could not permit me to proceed, if he would inform me what steps to take to obtain the necessary permission. He said he never had heard of such a request and did not think any one would be allowed to do what I wanted unless the Minister of War should authorize it. I then turned to leave, and informed him that I would go to see the Minister of War.

At the War Office I was courteously received by the minister, who was as much astonished at my request as was the arsenal officer. He said, "My dear sir, I should be very glad to gratify your wishes, but indeed I never heard of a foreign officer requesting permission to inspect all the forts and arsenals of a country." As the conversation was in French, he said, "I fear I have not correctly understood you." I said I thought he had gathered the idea, and that I had orders to make a complete intelligence report on all the defenses and naval and military resources of the port of Rio Janeiro, and that I should be very grateful if he would facilitate me in doing so. The minister seemed perplexed, as he was undoubtedly anxious to gratify me and could not understand such an unprecedented wish. Finally he asked me to make the request in writing that he might see if he could grant it.

I reported my straightforward proceeding to the admiral and asked him to indorse the written request. This he declined, as it was evident the minister would grant the request if he could do so, and his refusal would embarrass both the admiral and the minister; whereas the minister could either refuse or grant the personal request of a lieutenant in the navy without any diplomatic consequences. In my written request I stated that I personally desired to inspect the forts, arsenals, etc., of Rio Janeiro as a student of naval and military science, and I carefully enumerated all the military establishments of the port. I incidentally stated that whenever Brazilian ships of war visited the United States, their officers were invariably invited to inspect the United States naval and military establishments, and I assured his excellency that his courtesy would be appreciated and reciprocated by my government.

I delivered the letter in person and at the same time took one of similar import to the Minister of Marine. Replies were

received promptly, granting both requests with a cordial note from the War Minister, stating that the best facilities would be afforded if I would give timely notice, a day or two in advance, when I would visit any particular fort or military establishment. Every facility was granted, and in the course of the following two months I visited every one of the military and naval establishments in Rio Janeiro, including all the ships, torpedo stations, and boats, as well as the schools and dockyards. At that time the United States Navy did not possess a single torpedo-boat, while Brazil had a large flotilla of both Thornycroft and Yarrow torpedo-boats, built in England, of the latest design, and which had made the voyage out from England. The Brazilian naval officers facilitated the inspections and often anticipated my wishes to the extent of even sending a Thornycroft torpedo-boat alongside the *Brooklyn*, in which I went out and manœuvered, and from which I fired a torpedo that destroyed a floating barrel used as a target. Such courtesy afforded facilities for collecting data for a valuable report, besides furnishing many facts not contemplated in the list of questions that were required to be answered.

Similar reports were made by intelligence officers in other ships in all parts of the world, so that the Office of Naval Intelligence soon contained valuable files in every department of naval and military science of the countries of the world, such data having been collected largely without expense and always without resorting to underhand means. An intelligence officer is not required to play the part of a spy. He is to collect all the information that may be freely given, and in case any government should see fit to restrict his investigations, he must confine himself to those which may be permitted.

The tendency to reciprocate in giving information is growing, and naval and military attachés in different countries are often furnished with valuable confidential information, provided that their governments will reciprocate and give information as to their methods, etc., of accomplishing the same object. The cost of manufactured articles depends largely upon the quantity made, and governments find it economical to encourage makers of such articles exclusively used by the naval or military forces to sell abroad to foreigners that the quantities made may reduce the cost of that which is needed for the country's own service. Armor-plate when made in large quantities is much cheaper per ton than when a small quantity is manufactured at a time.

Modern inventive genius has brought weapons and war material to such a stage of perfection that we have almost come to realize the prediction of ancient writers on international law, Puffendorf, Grotius, and others, that modern inventions will make war so terrible that no nation will dare to indulge in it against a well-prepared foe.

FEBRUARY 4, 1899, in obedience to orders, I sailed in the North German Lloyd steamer *Aller* from New York for Naples via Gibraltar and Genoa. While a passenger in this steamer I made notes on the efficiency and suitability of the ship for naval service as either an auxiliary cruiser, transport, collier, supply-ship, scout, or troop-ship, blank forms for such reports being issued by the Office of Naval Intelligence for Intelligence reports on merchant steamers.

The American Ambassador to Italy at that time was General W. F. Draper. He resided with his hospitable wife in the Piombino Palace, where he entertained magnificently. The naval attaché has a comfortable office in the suite of rooms in the embassy, where my predecessor kindly gave me all the details of the office work, the names, and especially the rank and title of officers, and firms with whom to deal, and lists of my colleagues, the foreign naval and military attachés, and facts about the diplomatic corps as to social duties and obligations. We then made an official call upon the Italian Minister of Marine, Rear-Admiral Palumbo, in full-dress uniform. My predecessor introduced me, and the minister kindly informed me that he would be happy to be of any service, and in reply to the request to be allowed to visit the Italian naval establishments, he said that he would be most happy to afford every facility after I had seen his Majesty the King.

I formally took charge of the office the next day, and my predecessor left for

Sicily that afternoon. Our Ambassador, General Draper, thereupon wrote to the Foreign Office announcing my arrival and requesting an audience for me with the king. A reply was received the next day, informing the ambassador that his Majesty King Humbert would receive the new American naval attaché after the military dinner at the Quirinal, an invitation to which accompanied the note

This dinner was one of the usual series of military entertainments given by their Majesties, the King and Queen. The guests were chiefly naval and military officers, foreign attachés, members of the Italian Cabinet, and the usual officers of the court. The ambassadors, ministers, and other civilian members of the diplomatic corps are not invited. Queen Margherita was attended by three ladies in waiting.

This dinner in the Quirinal Palace was a beautiful and most brilliant scene. Their Majesties sat side by side in the center of a long table, two of the ladies on the opposite side. There were about sixty persons at the table. The foreign officers were distributed between admirals and generals opposite their Majesties. The table decorations were tastefully arranged, and the service was royal in every respect. The menu was dainty, eight or nine courses served with precision and celerity. The elaborately decorated porcelain made it appetizing, and the choicest wines were served during the dinner. The officers near me were much interested to learn of my experience in the Spanish-American War. In this war I was the executive of the cruiser *Montgomery*, which, besides participating in the bombardment of San Juan, Porto Rico, captured several Spanish ships, chased gunboats up rivers, and served chiefly on the blockade of Havana. The officers were most interested in my opinion of the destruction of the *Maine*. They claimed that the ship was blown up by the spontaneous explosion of high explosives in the magazine. I told them that the *Maine* had had no smokeless powder on board, that I had gone into Havana in the *Montgomery* after the destruction of the *Maine* to give quarters to the surviving officers and men during the investigation of the wreck by the court of inquiry, of which Captain Sampson was president. I reminded them that this court had made a thorough investigation and decided that the ship was destroyed by a submarine mine under the ship.

This led me to an elaborate statement of my theory of the catastrophe, as follows: The *Maine* was destroyed by the explosion of a mine, and this mine was probably an improvised affair, a wine-cask with about two hundred pounds of ordinary gunpowder and buoyant, fitted with any kind of a mechanical contact fuse, a bottle of sulphuric or other strong acid, arranged so that when struck by a vessel the acid would ignite and explode the mine. This cask could have been fitted with a chain and anchor so that the mine would float ten feet above the bottom and twenty feet below the surface of the water. I believe that doubtless such a mine had been placed about thirty feet ahead of the *Maine*, then lying at the buoy, riding to the trade-winds, as usual in that harbor, so that when the ship should swing, she would strike the contact mine and blow herself up. The *Maine* was in the act of swinging at the time she was destroyed. The plausibility of this is confirmed by all the circumstances of the time and place. The trade-winds prevail in the harbor of Havana, and ships head to the wind; but the trade-winds fail once in every four or six weeks, and ships that had been heading northeast swing around and head southwest. Such was the case that evening in Havana.

In our Civil War the Confederates destroyed more vessels of the Union navy by just such improvised mines than they destroyed by gun-fire, and history shows that up to the Spanish War there had been more ships destroyed by torpedoes and mines, since their invention, than by guns. Any one with a smattering knowledge of these facts could have rigged such a mine and fitted it with anchor, or stone to serve as anchor, and could have placed it at proper depth and position ahead of the *Maine* without having been observed by those on board.

Merchant vessels did not go alongside wharves in Havana, but anchored southeast of the wharves. Cargoes were transferred to and from merchant ships by large lighters that sailed across the bay.

The *Maine* and other men-of-war lay at buoys in position, so that these lighters passed constantly day and night right across their bows, and one man could easily have sailed his lighter with his mine from the shore across the bows of the men-of-war until directly ahead of the *Maine,* when he could have dropped the whole affair and have left it there to do its work when the *Maine* should swing around to head southwest.

The adequacy of two hundred pounds of gunpowder to cause such damage was definitely established by the celebrated "Scandinavian Mine Experiments" in 1876, the report of which I translated while on duty at the torpedo station in 1880, and subsequently published in No. VII of "Proceedings of the U. S. Naval Institute." This report went into elaborate details of submarine mine explosions, such as the size and extent of the crater formed by the different kinds of mines at various depths and with varying amounts

From a photograph by C. Pietzner

FRANCIS JOSEPH, EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA

and kinds of gunpowder and other explosives.

One of the experiments there recorded was with a submarine mine having two hundred pounds of gunpowder placed ten feet below the surface in contact with an old armored hulk, the *Foersigtigheten,* at Carlskrona, Sweden. This ship was armored in one section with twenty inches of iron armor that was carried down to her keel, to ascertain how much if any protection armor would give to a vessel's hull ten feet below the surface. The report was illustrated by photographs, and these illustrate clearly that the damage done to the *Maine* was almost identically the same as that done to the *Foersigtigheten.*

Fourteen divers, chiefly men employed in private wrecking companies, examined the wreck of the *Maine.* These divers investigated singly, and as soon as they came up, they were taken immediately before the court of inquiry and then and there made their reports of what they had found in the wreck of the *Maine.*

The court did not state in their finding what was the size or the exact nature of the mine, or exactly how it was fitted, but in view of all the facts that could be ascertained, besides the glaring fact that the bottom plates of the hull were in plain sight to every one who saw the wreck, it was clearly evident that the *Maine* had been blown up by a mine that exploded underneath the ship, and not by an explosion within the ship. All that has ever been ascertained about an explosion of a mine shows that the explosive force takes the line of least resistance up to the atmosphere, through the ship rather than through the mass of ten feet of superincumbent water, the "tamping" effect of ten feet of water being greater than the resistance of iron armor twenty inches thick. The underwater hull of the *Maine* had no armor. Moreover, her bottom plates could not on any tenable theory have been blown up by an explosion within the ship.

The *Maine* drew twenty-two feet of water, and lay in a depth of a little over thirty feet. When she swung that fatal evening, she struck this contact mine, which exploded underneath the six-pounder fixed ammunition-room. This ammunition is fitted with percussion-caps that are exploded by percussion by impact of a steel firing-pin. When the mine exploded underneath, the steel plates of the bottom were blown up and struck this percussion-primed ammunition that gave the second explosive report which survivors testified that they heard.

The report of the court of inquiry only mentioned the facts positively ascertained, that the *Maine* had been destroyed by an explosion of a mine under the ship. They did not accuse any one of having placed the mine there, but merely reported that it was exploded under the ship.

The Italian officers listened with greatest interest and seemed to be convinced. They were very much gratified to learn that American naval officers did not believe the infernal deed had been done by Spanish authorities. I stated my belief that it was done by a fanatic who thought to do his country a service, a superstitious man who placed the mine in position and then believed that whatever might result would be the act of God.

In this assembly of officers, attachés from different countries, there is a comradeship, a feeling that a commissioned officer in any naval or military service could not stoop to commit such an infamous deed in time of peace against a foreign guest in his port. Probably they sympathized with Spain during the war, but they fully realized that both sides fought honorably and they were pleased that Americans did not attribute such a crime to an officer of another service.

The dinner was served with perfection, and yet was not specially marked except by the last course, which was of bonbons in silver paper surmounted with photographs of the royal family. That which fell to my lot was the photograph of the Crown Prince, the present King Victor Emmanuel III. After this, the King and Queen rose, and we all followed their Majesties and the ladies into an adjoining room, where coffee was served, the guests standing. Soon after the coffee had been served, their Majesties withdrew into an adjoining room.

In company with about a dozen others who were to have special audiences, I was invited by one of the court chamberlains to follow. The other guests departed. In this audience-chamber the Queen stood over in one corner talking

with the ladies while the King stood with a small group of officers in another. We ranged along the sides of the room.

While I was there talking with the Minister of Marine, the beautiful Queen Margherita came toward us, and after a few words with the minister, she approached me and held out her hand, which I took and kissed, as I had seen the minister do, respectfully bowing, according to the custom. She then addressed me in perfect English, welcoming me to Rome. She asked me how long I had been in Rome and how I liked it. I told her that I had been greatly surprised at the cleanliness of the streets and was enchanted with the wonderful progress that had been made with the excavations. She then asked me about my own country and said she had many dear friends among my countrymen, many of whom she admired highly. She said she hoped I would enjoy my stay in Rome, and extending her hand, which I kissed again, she went on to the next officer, the Japanese naval attaché.

After the usual salutations she asked him if he preferred to converse in English or in French. He replied, "As it pleases Your Majesty." She said, "I can't speak Japanese, though my brother claims to be able to do so fluently." He replied that he knew of her brother's remarkable proficiency in the Japanese language.

Then my attention was diverted by the approach of the King, who had been conversing with the Minister of Marine, who then presented me. The King was very cordial in his manner. He gave me a warm welcome, saying as he gave me his hand, "Je suis bien aise de vous voir."

He then complimented me on the great naval victories in the war with Spain. I thanked him and expressed my regret that so many brave Spaniards lost their lives.

"Ah," he said, "that can't be helped. *C'est la guerre.*" The conversation was very brief. He said he hoped I would like Italy and that, as he understood from the admiral that I desired to visit the naval establishments, he would be most happy to authorize me to do so. Then shaking my hand cordially, he left to speak to others.

We all remained in this room talking and examining the wonderful tapestries and the exquisite decorations of the apartment, until one of the court chamberlains called attention by tapping loudly on the floor with his staff. The King then escorted the Queen out of the audience-chamber, and we all departed.

My impression of this dinner in the beautifully furnished Quirinal Palace was like a child's dream of Cinderella. The beauty of the lovely Queen and the soldierly comradery of the brusque King Humbert seemed to verify the old stories and bring them to life again. There was regal splendor under modern conditions.

Our Ambassador and Mrs. Draper were exceedingly hospitable and entertained handsomely. At one of their receptions I met Sir William Harcourt. He was very much of an American; in fact, he had an American wife. He approached me and said he was weary of trying to talk French, and took me out to a quiet corner in the magnificent suite of apartments in the grand Piombino Palace and asked me to tell him about the Italian navy. I replied, "Why, sir, I have just arrived at this post and am quite sure that you are very much better informed on that subject."

"Oh, well, if you won't, I 'll tell you something about the army," he said. "I had a remarkable interview to-day with a prominent member of the Italian cabinet, and I said to him, 'I have a question to ask you which you need not feel obliged to answer, as I am not connected with the government now, and I would like to know out of pure curiosity.'

" 'Why,' he said, 'certainly. What is it?'

" 'Well, I was just thinking, supposing England had gone to war with France on the Fashoda question, what would you have done in Italy?'

" 'Why, surely you know Italian sympathies would have been with England.'

" 'Oh, yes, I know all about the sympathy; but I am curious to know what you would have done.'

" 'I do not really understand what more you would have wanted Italy to do.'

" 'The sympathy is all very well, but the fact is that if England went to war with France, the British Mediterranean fleet would have proceeded to invest Toulon, and would have required a convenient base for operations to coal—for in-

stance at Genoa. Now, you need not answer, but I am curious to know if you would have permitted the use of Genoa for that purpose.'

"He replied, 'I am afraid that would mean war with France.'

" 'I suspect it would.'

" 'Well, frankly,' he said, 'Italy could not risk that, as we could not defend our borders from a French invasion unless supported by Germany. Italy could not defend her frontiers if attacked by France. Southern Italy is so poor that there would be no hope of resisting an invasion of northern Italy.' "

Sir William then asked me, "What do you think of a country unable to defend her borders from an enemy engaged at the same time with another power? How can the Italians justify the enormous expense of maintaining an army and admit its utter inadequacy to do that for which it exists?" There was no reply necessary, as Sir William was simply reiterating his well-known opposition to army appropriations.

Three days were devoted to the inspection of the Italian naval arsenal at Naples, and during this period I was courteously received and entertained on board the Italian ships and at the officers' casino. The Italian officers speak French fluently, many of them speak English a little, and they were all very friendly. They were interested in the accounts of naval operations in the war with Spain. For the most part their sympathies during the war were with Spain, but this sympathy was much less evident than could be expected. The Italian people have a strong sympathy for the United States. They feel that they owe something for the moral support given them in the unification of Italy and in the establishment of a constitutional government for Italy. The officers seem to regard Americans with special admiration, and, while free to impart information about their navy, they were surprised to think that an American naval officer could deign to look for anything new in the Italian navy.

But their modesty is a politeness, for the Italians are, and always have been, among the greatest and most advanced naval architects. The ancient Roman galleys, Roman sea power that defeated Hannibal, the great victory at Lepanto, and the fleets of Venice and Genoa, bear witness to the genius of Italy's naval architects, and in the originality and advanced thought illustrated by their naval designs, they still lead the world, England not excepted. During the two decades when the United States Navy was neglected, Italy produced the most formidable battle-ships. The monsters *Duilio*, *Lepanto*, *Italia*, etc., in their day carried the heaviest guns afloat. The Italians were the first to adopt triple-screw engines. The Americans followed with two ships, and now the Germans build all their larger ships with three screws, making it highly probable, from the successful experience in the German navy, that future battle-ships will all have three. They built the first typical "scouts," such as those that won brilliant victories in the Chilean Balmeceda war, when the *Lynch* and the *Condell* proved so redoubtable.

On returning to Rome I reported to the Italian Minister of Marine that every possible courtesy had been extended to me upon visiting the naval establishments near Naples and at Taranto. I thanked him for his kindness, and he was pleased to know that the trip had been pleasant and profitable. Among the technical details that had been observed, was the peculiar character of the armor used, and I asked the minister if, in addition to the permits he had given, it would be possible for me to visit the armor-plate works at Terni. He hesitated about this, as it was not usual to permit strangers to inspect these works, and he would first have to consult the directors of the works, as this factory is a private industry not belonging to the navy. The minister was anxious to gratify the wish, as it so happened that among the "Notes on Naval Progress" that I had given the minister there was one item of information that was of special value to him at that time, and he was disposed to reciprocate in naval information as far as possible. Permission was granted, and I visited the works at Terni on my way to Vienna.

Soon after my arrival in Vienna I called in full-dress uniform upon the Austrian Minister of Marine, Admiral Baron von Spaun, a most distinguished officer, who had at one time been Austrian naval attaché in London and who knew the na-

ture of my duties and was willing to assist me. I was the only naval attaché accredited to Austria, and so the Minister of Marine could give me information without being partial. The officer in charge of the Naval Intelligence Office had also served as naval attaché in London, and, like the minister, expressed his willingness to assist me in the work.

Soon after my arrival our minister, the Hon. Addison C. Harris, requested an audience for me with his Apostolic Majesty the Emperor and King. This request was made through the Austrian Minister of Foreign Affairs, from whom I received a letter informing me that I would be received in private audience in the office of the Emperor in the palace at eleven o'clock on a certain date. I thereupon called on the Emperor's military aide, General Paar, and from him ascertained exactly what was expected of those who had audiences with the Emperor.

At the appointed time I drove to the ancient Burg in special full-dress uniform. A guard in the palace courtyard received me, and at the door one of the young adjutants met and escorted me to the office of General Paar, who then took me through a series of rooms to the suite at that time occupied by the Emperor. The general escorted me to a vacant room of this suite and gave directions for me to pass through and to open the opposite door without knocking. I did so, and there stood the Emperor, a kindly old gentleman dressed in the uniform of a general. He had been standing writing at his desk at the side of a window commanding a view of the palace courtyard where I had arrived. He greeted me in German, shaking hands and saying that he was glad to see me. He then began to ask about my service in the war with Spain, and I told him that I had served chiefly on the blockade of Havana in the cruiser *Montgomery*.

He then said, "Can you tell me what made the Spaniards shoot so badly?"

I replied, "Because they had had no drill, Your Majesty."

"That is exactly what I told them, for it is folly to go to war unprepared and without having had thorough drills."

He did not dwell on this subject, but went on to ask me about my duties and whether I was detailed to serve as naval attaché elsewhere also. I replied that I was also appointed to Berlin and Rome.

"Oh, then, you belong to the Triple Alliance."

I said, "Yes, sir, and I believe I have the honor of being the only officer that does belong to the Triple Alliance in any way."

He laughed and said that was strange for an American officer, in view of the fact that the United States claimed to be free from any ambition of entangling European alliances, but he expected that this would not long be the case.

He then said, "I presume you would like to visit the navy-yard at Pola." I said that was my wish, as I expected to learn a great deal from his Majesty's navy, which had the reputation of being most efficient, though very small; to which his Majesty replied that he was very proud of the navy and he believed it was good ever since the time of Admiral Tegethoff and the battle of Lissa, and he would be glad to give me every privilege. This closed the audience, and giving me his hand, the Emperor wished me a pleasant trip. I bowed myself out of the room, and met the adjutant, who escorted me back to my carriage.

That afternoon I wrote the formal request for permission to visit the Austrian naval establishments and the vessels of the Austrian navy at Trieste, Pola, and Fiume at such time as would suit the convenience of the Minister of Marine.

After the audience with the Emperor and while waiting for the reply to my request to visit the naval establishments, it was necessary for me to be introduced to the diplomatic corps and ministers of the government. The card of Minister Harris was sufficient to introduce me to all of the diplomats of or below his rank; but for the Austrian archdukes and the ambassadors of other countries, it required a formal letter requesting an appointment of the personage upon whom I was expected to call before the formal visit could be accepted.

Our minister had not yet made his calls upon most of these higher officials, and it was my privilege to accompany him to some, which made it pleasanter.

The visit to the Archduke Rénier I made alone; but when I went at the ap-

pointed time, it was my good fortune to meet Lieutenant-Commander Hoeynel of the Austrian navy, who was making his first visit after he had been appointed one of the aides on the Emperor's staff. This officer had had command of the Austrian school-ship *Donau*, which I had met in Havana when I was there in the *Montgomery* at the investigation of the wreck of the *Maine* just before the war. I had opportunity at that time to show him and his officers some courtesies, which were appreciated, and now at this time he kindly mentioned that fact upon my presentation to the archduke.

These formal visits, attended with so much conventionality and observed with such ostentatious conservatism in Vienna, as a relic of aristocratic feudal times, appeared very stupid and tedious. The visitor was escorted through halls and anterooms and finally to the reception-room where, after waiting a while, he was ushered into the presence of his host. The conversation was commonplace and very brief, after which the visitor bowed himself out and resumed his route, to go through a similar scene, calling upon another distinguished official. The elaborate preparations for such ceremonious calls did not seem to pay. The names were duly recorded in the visitors'-book and cards preserved for subsequent reference to ceremonial officers in case of court functions at which the diplomatic corps were expected.

In the diplomatic corps the military attachés of other countries were a fine set of men. Among these there was Colonel Count von Moltke, the German military attaché, a relative of the famous Count von Moltke, who created the German army general staff. This officer lived in the same hotel, and I saw him frequently. This was when the English press began to publish articles, which were republished by the American and German press, tending to stir up bad relations between Germany and the United States. My intercourse with this officer was an opportunity for us mutually to ascertain that we entertained no such ideas, and I emphatically declared my sentiments as those of the great majority of the American people, as of great friendship and good-will for the prosperity of Germany. There was no conflict of interest and no ground whatever for anything but the most friendly relations between our countries. The "yellow press" published some sensational stories, which were falsely colored and did not reflect the sentiments of either Americans or Germans.

I had expected to find a strong feeling against the Americans in Austria, because the Spanish Queen Regent belonged to the Austrian imperial family, and their sympathies must have been with Spain during the war. Doubtless the entire nobility of Europe sympathized with Spain as against the great republic, but, since the war was over, the victories of the American navy silenced all sympathy for the defeated nation. The world worships success, and mere sentimental sympathy for a lost cause is short lived at best.

On returning to Vienna, after my official tour, I thanked Admiral Baron von Spaun, the Minister of Marine, for the courtesies that had been so cordially extended to me at the naval establishments, and in reply to his question as to my opinion I could scarcely find words to express the high state of efficiency that I found in every department I had inspected. The Austrian navy is small, but what they have is thoroughly up to date and kept in condition for immediate service.

The minister was especially obliging in regard to the vexed problem of the expense of armor-plate. The Austrians have the very best materials in their ships, as they consider the best to be the cheapest, and they use Krupp armor, which is made at Wittkowitz, near Oderberg. I expressed a wish to visit these works, and the minister gave me every assistance. The representative of the firm in Vienna did not feel authorized to grant this permission to a foreigner, and it was necessary to refer the request with the approval of the Austrian Minister of Marine to the board of directors, who invited me to call at the office and explain the nature of my wish, upon which they granted the permission and facilitated my investigations as far as possible.

(To be continued)

TOPICS OF THE TIME

THE NEW LIGHT ON FULTON'S GENIUS

AT no time since his death, in the prime of life, in 1815, has the public ceased to take an interest in the personality of Robert Fulton. Since the first trip of the *Clermont*, in 1807, past the Palisades of the Hudson, the whole world, in ever-expanding measure, has enjoyed with ungrudging recognition the fruit of his inventive genius. But it is only in the last decade that a fuller and completely successful adaptation of his ideas has aroused a new admiration for his wonderful resource and daring.

Two years after his death his friend Cadwallader Colden ascribed his achievements to "that rare union of genius and science with *practical knowledge* which Mr. Fulton so happily possessed." In the light of present-day opportunities for scientific study and experiment, his friend's well-considered praise amounts only to saying that Fulton's mechanical genius was intuitive, and marched to practical results by new yet well-measured steps along the path of individual experiment. He certainly profited by the vague ideas and false starts of others, but he brought to their development an inventive power, an insight into mechanical principles, and a vision of future usefulness, that must ever give him a high place among the creative geniuses and benefactors of mankind.

In the paper on "Robert Fulton's Early Life" printed in last month's CENTURY, and even to a greater extent in this month's account of his activity in France from 1797 to 1804, new light, mainly from his own unpublished letters and papers, is thrown on the most prolific inventive period of his life. As in the case of Franklin, his inventive genius was the handmaid of philosophy, and was urged forward by large ideas of accruing benefits to mankind.

His first plans for national systems of canals, made practical by his inventive talents, were urged with accurate insight into the principles of economic statesmanship, and in the fifty years succeeding his death Europe and the United States advanced in wealth by their application. While he was in France the problem of curbing the unequal and vexing aggression of sea power led him to experiment with under-water explosive machines, to which he applied the now familiar name "torpedo," after a peculiar fish, and to devise a submarine torpedo-boat, which in its essential features has required only the application of modern electrical appliances to become the indispensable and terrible submarine boat of our own day, capable, as the English have just shown, of making a cruise of five hundred miles always under the surface of the sea. No one will read Fulton's own account of his experiments on the French coast, printed in this number of THE CENTURY, without marveling at what he dared and what he accomplished. Napoleon and his scientific helpers were impressed by Fulton's plans for attacking the English squadrons with torpedoes, submarine boats, and war vessels propelled by the new steam-engine, but they could not see in them much more than ingenious toys. For that matter, neither could the English, to whom Fulton next applied; but as the British already ruled the seas, they were not so much interested in the destruction of ships. Likewise, after his return to the United States, his arguments, demonstrations, and appeals to his own government to adopt his warlike inventions, met with interest and curiosity, but with little practical encouragement. The billions of money invested in battle-ships and submarine torpedo-boats in our day indicate how thoroughly Fulton was ahead of his age; though they do not quite convince us of the philosophy of his motive for trying to do away with the terror and wasteful-

ness of war by the application of a concentrated terror. But the minor fame of his warlike appliances is merged in the glory of his achievements for commerce and navigation.

ORGANIZATION AND ELECTIONS

IT is easy to underestimate the practical utility and the definite importance of organizations in elections. It is equally easy to overestimate their importance, and this overestimation is persistently made by members of organizations themselves and by those who take their tone from them. The headquarters people and the "hustlers" in the field naturally see themselves in the foreground of political campaigns. It is not surprising that their conviction as to the value of their activities in such campaigns should lead so pleasantly to the idea of reward through public office. Indeed, considering the multitude of the "workers" and their profound belief in the value of their services, it is really surprising that the merit system should have grown so rapidly in popular favor as it has.

The public sentiment that has so remarkably thwarted the wide-spread demand for reward of workers by means of offices, manifests itself also in campaigns and at the polls by a decided contempt for political organization in general. This contempt is sometimes misplaced, for participation in "practical politics" is a part of good citizenship. But this contempt has a basis of right when it opposes sordid self-seeking, through office-holding or through "opportunities," on the part of members of the organization, and when it sets up a standard of independence when an organization has, in the sight of all men, acted on a low plane, surrendered principle to expediency, truckling openly to the "immoralists" among the voters.

This independent element it is which the organization is always appealing to and always misconceiving. The independent element is not merely a minority group who have to be persuaded in order that either party may obtain a victory at the polls: it is the independent spirit in the individual, whether he be enrolled or unenrolled under party standards.

No matter how useful organization may ordinarily be, there are times when it becomes ineffectual and insignificant, and when its methods and prognostications are conspicuously at fault. When a moral issue is clearly involved, the bonds of partizan affiliation are snapped asunder with a promptitude and cheerfulness that absolutely stagger the man of the machine.

The moral of this is that organization is useful as a servant, and a snare and a derision when, without warrant, it assumes mastership over the mind and morals of a free electorate.

"MINISTER AND CITIZEN"

IN THE CENTURY for January, 1884, comment was then made on the recent consecration of Bishop Henry C. Potter as an event of importance not only inside the Episcopal Church, but in the general community, on account of the antecedents and character of the man. "For Dr. Potter," we said, "as rector of Grace Church, has not only proved himself on occasion a sympathizer and co-worker with other communions, but he has shown himself to be one of those clergymen [like Dr. Bellows], equally zealous and useful in the capacity of minister and in that of citizen."

After a quarter of a century of public service in his high office, Bishop Potter's distinction as a minister who was also a great citizen very notably increased. The metropolitan community and the country at large can never forget his important public services at certain crises of our history. There have been times when his public decisions did not command universal approval, but the independence, courage, democratic sympathy, good-will, and good intent manifested throughout his career are matters of general and hearty recognition.

The genial humanity of the man, his tone of encouragement for all whom he recognized as sincere workers for the public good—such traits endeared him to innumerable persons and make his loss as poignant personally as it is publicly grievous.

The church and the community are indeed fortunate in that his former coadjutor and successor, Bishop Greer, is also a minister of proved usefulness and valiancy as a citizen.

OPEN LETTERS

Gilbert Stuart's Portraits of Men

V—WILLIAM SMITH

BY CHARLES HENRY HART

WHEN Gilbert Stuart went to Philadelphia, in the winter of 1794–95, he at once made the acquaintance of that sturdy Scotch educator, Dr. William Smith, Provost of the University of Pennsylvania, who gave the painter a house to live in on his own place, at the Falls of Schuylkill, a few miles distant from the built-up portion of the town, and a room to paint in at the southeast corner of Fifth and Chestnut streets, in the house of his son, William Moore Smith, a poet and lawyer of high standing. To aid Stuart, Dr. Smith sat to him for his portrait, and the picture, owned by the late Dr. John Hill Brinton of Philadelphia, is one of the artist's masterpieces.

The beautiful reproduction by Henry Wolf (page 878) shows this canvas to be the most elaborate known work by Stuart on this side of the ocean, the only one approaching it in this respect being the whole-length picture of Washington, while no comparison can be made between the two as works of art. It is odd that we have not more portraits by Stuart painted as this one is, with the subject's Lares and Penates about him, telling of his life,—his home atmosphere, as it were,—for one of Stuart's canons, written down from his lips, in 1816, by Jouett,[1] was:

> Backgrounds should contain whatever is necessary to illustrate the character of the person. The eye should see the application of the parts to the illustration of the whole, but without separating or attracting the attention from the main point. Backgrounds point to dates and circumstances, and peculiarity of employment or profession, but the person should be portrayed as to be read, like the Bible, without notes, which in books are likened unto backgrounds in paintings. Too much parade in the background is like notes with a book to it, and is very apt to fatigue by the constant shifting of the attention.

In his portrait of Dr. Smith, Stuart has introduced the theodolite, or transit instrument, in commemoration of the doctor's association with David Rittenhouse in the memorable observation of the transit of Venus, on June 3, 1769, at Norriton, Pennsylvania. This was an event of great importance in his life. He was conspicuously proud of it and wrote the official report.

Dr. Smith wears the university gown, with the red hood of Oxford, which accompanied his degree of doctor of divinity. One of the most beautiful bits of transparent painting that I know is the sheer white cambric bib, showing the scarlet of the hood beneath. After seeing this picture, no one can say, as has often been said, that Stuart could not paint a hand. Careless he was, but incompetent in nothing connected with his craft.

Stuart could do anything that he would with a brush and paint, on canvas or on panel. When we view the glimpse of silvery landscape that he has so charmingly painted into the background of this picture,—a scene at the Falls of Schuylkill, where the doctor lived,—we cannot but regret that he did not sometimes turn from his portrait work to the free delineation of open-air nature, and leave us American landscapes full of the atmosphere and feeling that we see he knew how to do so well, and in which he would have been no mean rival to his famous English compeers, Wilson and Gainsborough.

We have said that Stuart was careless, and he was distressingly so in many ways. In the spring of 1803, his cousin, Joseph Anthony, wrote from Philadelphia to the painter Trumbull: "Stuart is still here in very indigent circumstances; never works but when compelled to it by necessity, although the applications to him are so numerous that he might in a very short time make himself independent." Two months earlier, Dr. Smith had written to Stuart: "My son in two or three weeks will embark for England; I shall never see him again, as I believe. He has consented to sit to you for his picture before he goes. I shall pay you cash down as we may agree." But the picture never was painted, and Dr. Smith died three months later, in his seventy-sixth year, when Stuart lost a good friend.

[Conclusion of the series]

An American National Air

EVERY American, after traveling abroad, returns home with the wish that there might be established an American national anthem. To some extent the same desire exists among those remaining at home; but it is aug-

[1] See "Kentucky's Master-Painter" and "Jouett's Kentucky Children," by the present writer, in "Harper's Magazine" for May, 1899 and June, 1900.

mented when the traveler sees the customs of other countries, and is brought face to face with the fact that for Americans no particular air has been selected to be received with respect. The traveler notes that for a tribute to Americans foreign bands and orchestras play any one of several different airs, and that the Americans present are guided by no settled custom in regard to such airs.

Nothing is more distressing to the average American, after witnessing the respect with which the playing of "God Save the King" is received, than to hear one or more so-called American national airs played in medley with the music of other nations. Such music is, of course, chosen and performed with the very best intentions, and we have only ourselves to blame for the unintentional offense. Until we have chosen some one national air, and have agreed upon our own attitude toward it, we can expect no change in the habits of the foreign bandmasters.

The United States Army regulation on the subject is, in part, as follows:

> Whenever the "Star-Spangled Banner" is played by the band on a formal occasion at a military station, or at any place where persons belonging to the military service are present in their official capacity, all officers and enlisted men present will stand at attention, such position being retained until the last note of the "Star-Spangled Banner." The same respect will be observed toward the national air of any other country, when it is played as a compliment to official representatives of such country.

The United States Navy regulations include the following:

> At morning "colors" the drum shall give three rolls and the bugle sound three flourishes, all officers and men shall face the ensign and stand at attention, and sentries under arms shall come to the position of present. At the end of the third roll the ensign shall be started up and hoisted smartly to the peak or truck, and the band shall play the "Star-Spangled Banner," at the conclusion of which all officers and men shall salute, ending the ceremony.

The same ceremonies are observed at sunset "colors."

The great advantage of such rules was shown recently at the bullfight at Lima, when, according to the newspapers, the Peruvian spectators were very much impressed, as well as astonished, when their band played the "Star-Spangled Banner," to see the entire force of 3000 American sailors from Admiral Evans's fleet stand up as one man and take off their hats. This admirable unanimity was the result simply of the fact that the men were relieved of all doubt by the designation, in regulations, of the proper attitude for the occasion.

An instance of the absurdity of our having no similar rule for civilians was furnished at the recent celebration of the opening of the Hudson River tunnel, which was largely of an official and patriotic or national character. On the part of those present at the banquet there was clearly a disposition to "stand up to" almost any American air. When "Hail Columbia" and "Dixie" were played a few stood up, and then more arose, until finally almost every one was standing. But then, unfortunately, when the medley led off into other airs, not necessarily American, the willing audience did not know whether to continue standing or what to do. Later in the evening the "Star-Spangled Banner" was played, when all rose immediately, and remained standing until it was finished. When this air is played in London the few Americans present are in doubt. But when, in America, "God Save the King" is played, every Englishman present knows, without any doubt whatever, that he is expected to stand, with head uncovered, till the air has been played through.

I am sure that the time is ripe for the selection of a national air and a settlement of what our custom is to be in regard to its reception. Unfortunately, our form of government does not provide an authority or department having jurisdiction over such questions. I believe, however, that the public would gladly respond to a suggestion in this line from some authoritative source — for instance, from our worthy President, who has on occasion dipped into outside and semi-social questions to the great benefit of the people.

Can you not be instrumental in establishing a uniform custom for civilians, and in preventing the national air from being played upon other than formal or ceremonial occasions?

Schuyler Skaats Wheeler.

AMPERE, N. J.

SINCE the writing of this letter of Dr. Wheeler, the attention of the public has been usefully called to this subject by the letter of President Roosevelt to Mr. Joel Chandler Harris of Atlanta, written a fortnight before the lamented death of Mr. Harris, and suggesting that in view of the acceptability of "Dixie" to the North it might be possible for the South to lead in adopting as the national anthem Mrs. Julia Ward Howe's noble poem "The Battle Hymn of the Republic."

No one would take issue with the President's patriotic intention, but there appears to be a double obstacle to the idea: first, that the hymn is sung to the air of "John Brown's Body," and second, that it was written in direct furtherance of the Union cause as related to the abolition of slavery. While no one would wish to restore that institution, it must be remembered that the attitude of the South in the war was complicated by